

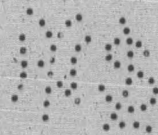
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PAINTED BY MRS ALLINGHAM

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY

CARLYLE.

IN HIS GARDEN AT CHELSEA.

68

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THE ART JOURNAL.

THE VEILED LADY OF RAPHAEL.



AMONGST the most beautiful and interesting portraits in Florence, or indeed in Italy, is one of a woman in a greyish white silk dress trimmed with black, and with a white scarf over her head, of which a woodcut is given below. The engraver, working directly from a photograph, has

reproduced faithfully enough the general character of the picture. But the tones of the flesh, rather low in the original, are in the engraving brought still lower, and the masses of light and shadow on the sleeve are too much frittered away. The forms of the mouth, of the upper lip particularly, are moreover imperfectly rendered; the eyes lose power, and there has been some misunderstanding of the delicate shadows on the forehead at the edge of the hair. Thus much it is fair to warn the reader, not in depreciation of the manner in which our engraver has acquitted himself of a very difficult task, but in order that, if he has never seen the original, he may the better realise what it is like. It represents, then, a woman of the strong Roman type, with dark brown hair simply parted and brushed behind the ears; the forehead well proportioned, the eyebrows full-arched and regular, the eyes dark, large, and shapely. The ear is set far back, and a little coarsely formed; the nose slightly aquiline; the mouth well modelled, with a sweet and rather sad expres-

sion; the under lip a very little drawn in, and the lower jaw somewhat receding, with a round and neat, but not prominent, chin.

The personage so featured is set before us in this portrait with the simple, penetrating force and quiet mastery of which none but the greatest artists are capable—I speak, at least, of the general presentment, and of the execution of the face and flesh parts; for in that of the accessories there are inequalities. Thus the scarf or veil passing from the left shoulder of the sitter over her head, and down again in advance of the

right shoulder so as to envelop her right arm, is treated sketchily, as if the painter, after putting it in adequately for the purpose of his composition, had not cared to return to it again. Not so the full, richly crumpled sleeve, which is rendered with extreme care as well as brilliancy. This sleeve almost hides the low, open bodice, laced with gold along the top; above which a gathered chemise, fastened with black laces at the shoulders, covers the lower part of the chest, leaving its upper part and the throat bare except for a necklace of black cut stones.

Hanging rather high in one of the rooms of the Pitti Gallery (No. 245 in the room called the *Education of Jupiter*), and attributed in the official catalogue to a painter unknown,

this picture of the 'Veiled Lady,' or *Donna Velata*, as she is commonly called, is not one of those which possesses a guide-book notoriety. By the generality of travellers it is



Donna Velata.

accordingly overlooked. Those, however, who do happen to be struck by it are not likely to miss perceiving the resemblance which it bears, both in type and in the arrangement of the veil over the head, to the most admired of the creations of Raphael, the 'Madonna di San Sisto.' In a secondary degree our portrait also recalls another famous ideal head by Raphael, that of the tall, dark-haired Magdalene who stands in profile, with her face turned to the spectator, on the right-hand side of the picture of 'St. Cecilia' at Bologna. Does not this portrait at the Pitti, we instinctively ask ourselves as we stand before it, represent in their every-day aspect the features of the selfsame woman whom Raphael has in those famous works idealized and glorified—in the one case into a companion for saints and martyrs, and in the other into that vision of the Queen of Heaven which has power above all others to enthrall and pacify the spirits of men? And if this is so, is the portrait a work of Raphael himself? and whose are the features that it depicts?

To answer these questions we must first inquire into the relations which exist between this portrait and another and better known one unquestionably by the hand of Raphael. I mean the so-called 'Fornarina' signed with his name, of which half-a-dozen different copies exist at Rome, while the Barberini Palace contains the version which is on all hands recognised as the original. In this a woman, naked but for a thin white veil which she holds up with her right hand between her breasts, and a red drapery on which her left hand lies in her lap, sits before a dark background of laurel and myrtle sprays. A yellow turban wound round her head suits oddly with her general disarray; and this, together with the constrained action of the hand holding up the drapery to her bosom, gives the picture a singular and ambiguous character. It looks like a study of the nude, painted from a model not accustomed to pose in this guise, and painted quite literally except for the background of foliage, which would seem to have been merely added in order to give the work some appearance of an ideal character.

In portrait painting Raphael often enough abandons his habitual pursuit of perfected form and purified line, in order to penetrate and express with uncompromising truth the character of the individual life engaging him. But he has painted no other portrait so blunt in its directness, or so common in its expression, as is this nude study at the Barberini Palace. Splendid, indeed, in modelling and colour is the luminous, pale olive flesh. The face, on the other hand, much as must be allowed for its injured state, can never have been very attractive. It bears a baffling likeness in unlikeness to that of our 'Veiled Lady' of the Pitti. The general character of the features is the same, but their imperfections are far more strongly marked. The turban gives an appearance of undue width, and the somewhat compressed upper lip and chin of shortness, to the face. The ear is uglier and the nose less refined than in the Pitti picture. The eyes, though strong and bright beneath the same fine eyebrows, are stolid and somewhat sensual in expression. That the two pictures represent one and the same person is obviously possible, but cannot be regarded as certain. If they do so, then it is natural to suppose that we possess an ascending series of efforts made by Raphael in the delineation of the same model. The Barberini study would be the lowest term of this series, representing the mere carnal life of the sitter, apprehended in no very felicitous mood. The Pitti portrait would be the middle term,

representing the same sitter with far more refinement, but still literally and humanly, in the charm of her ordinary household garb and aspect. The third and highest term would be the Sistine Madonna, representing her this time transfigured in heaven—an artistic motive already suggested in the second term; that of the veil over the head, being here retained and perfected, and the features and their expression being harmonized and glorified by the operation of the idealizing mind.

Admitting for the moment this supposition, what are we to infer as to the personality of the woman thus diversely portrayed, first as model, next as lady, and lastly as mother of Christ? It is natural, especially considering the peculiar character of the Barberini picture, to recognise in her that mysterious mistress to whom Raphael was devoted during all his latter years at Rome and until his death. To give her the name "Fornarina," meaning furnace-girl—that is, baker's daughter or potter's daughter—is merely misleading, inasmuch as everybody now knows that this name, and the tales relating to it, are inventions of recent date and of no authority whatever. All that we really know of the matter is this: that a mistress there was to whom Raphael at Rome was devoted; that for her sake he was glad to decline or defer proposals of marriage, although he did, apparently as a mere matter of business, accept one such proposal, which the death of the lady—a niece of the Cardinal Bibbiena—brought to nothing; that she, the mistress, was still with the painter when he died, in 1520, of fever consequent upon a sudden chill; and that he had painted her portrait twice, once about 1515, and again, as it seems, about 1517.

If the hypothesis we have stated about the relations of the 'Veiled Lady' to the Barberini 'Fornarina' on the one hand, and to the 'Madonna di San Sisto' on the other, and of all three to the inner life of Raphael, is right, then in the first we may possibly possess the earlier, and in the second the later of the two portraits Raphael is recorded to have painted of his mistress. At any rate, the extraordinary interest and value of the 'Veiled Lady' would be sufficiently established. In that hypothesis I myself believe; but it is not capable of proof, and has been advanced and contradicted many times since our picture was first brought, in 1824, from the villa of Poggio Reale, and placed where it now hangs in the Pitti Gallery. Of its previous history nothing certain is known. Neither are students of Raphael agreed in the question whether or not the painting can, on internal grounds alone, be attributed to his hand. O. Mundler, Passavant, Prof. Springer, and Dr. Ruland in his catalogue of the Raphael collection at Windsor, concur in saying Yes—at least so far as the head and flesh parts are concerned. With these critics I entirely agree—so far as such agreement can be of weight without a close technical examination of the surface of the work. On the other hand, Mons. F. A. Gruyer, one of the most zealous and ingenious students of the master, gives his reasons for an opposite conclusion, in his recent work on "Raphael peintre de portraits." M. Eugène Müntz, in his still more recent book, "Raphael, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, et son Temps," contents himself with echoing the opinion, briefly expressed by Dr. Bode in his edition of Dr. Buckhardt's "Cicerone," to the effect that the picture is the work of a later hand, probably Bolognese, perhaps after an original of Raphael. For this latter opinion I can see no ground whatever. The picture has neither the opaque shadows, nor the cutting outlines, nor the academic ostentatiousness, nor any other quality whatever of the

Bolognese school that I can perceive. These grey and white tones, it is true, are not usual in the work of Raphael, but they occur; compare, for instance, the cloak in the portrait of Castiglione at the Louvre, and for the treatment of the sleeves compare the portraits both of Joan of Aragon and of Leo X. Again, it is true that the 'Veiled Lady' is painted on canvas, whereas Raphael usually painted on panel. But usually is not always; and on canvas also is painted precisely that picture of Raphael with which we claim that the 'Veiled Lady' has most affinity, the 'Madonna di San Sisto.' Lastly, we have positive proof that as early as the first half of the seventeenth century a picture identical in composition

with this was ascribed to the hand of Raphael. The work in question was in the collection of the famous Earl of Arundel, and represented the same sitter, posed and draped in precisely the same way, only with a kerchief folded somewhat higher about her throat, and with the addition of an aureole, a palm-branch, and a segment of a wheel, by which she was converted into a St. Catherine. This picture was engraved by Hollar in reverse. We subjoin a rough fac-simile of his engraving in order to show the identity of the two compositions. The Arundel St. Catherine has disappeared, unless it were the same as an exactly corresponding picture which Passavant had heard of, but not seen, in the collection of



St. Catherine.

the Marchese Letizia at Naples. It may here be urged that Raphael would hardly have himself repeated the same composition; and it may be asked, which of the two is more likely to have been original, the lost Arundel St. Catherine, or the 'Veiled Lady' of the Pitti? Our answer is certainly the 'Veiled Lady,' inasmuch as nothing was commoner than for a pupil to take some study which his master had made from life, and to convert it into a saint or martyr by the addition of the necessary attributes—Raphael's portrait of Joan of Aragon furnishes a case in point, having been more than once copied by pupils with the addition of saintly attributes; whereas an instance of the opposite process is un-

known. On the whole, then, our conclusion in regard to the 'Veiled Lady' of the Pitti is this—that the picture is certainly of Raphael's designing, and almost certainly of his painting, at any rate in the more important parts; that, on the one hand, it very possibly represents the same sitter as the Barberini 'Fornarina,' while, on the other hand, it is unquestionably allied to the Sistine Madonna. This being so, it is much to be regretted that so beautiful a work should remain comparatively unknown, while scores of far more doubtful "Raphaels" parade under the great master's name in the public and private galleries of Europe.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

ROUEN.



MINENT amongst the paintings in the Salon of 1881 was a picture hung on the line, which was greatly admired both by the public and the Art world. On either side of the scene were sloops and schooners moored to wharfs lined with quaint picturesque houses, whose oddly shaped roofs, however, were but dimly outlined. The picture owed its chief beauty to

the splendid glow of colour which the sun's dying glory was shedding upon the motley-coloured, half-furled sails, and to the iridescence of the rippling river, which, under the illuminated sky, was charged with a gem-like radiance.

It was Lappstolet's painting of the port of Rouen. The choice of subject and the originality of its treatment proved the freshness which lies even in much-worked mines of artistic wealth to the artist who comes with the talent of seeing new beauties in well-known scenes.

Of the more famous sites on the Seine there are few which have been so repeatedly visited, sketched, painted, and etched as Rouen. There is scarcely one of its narrow gable-housed streets but has had its painter; while its carvings and sculptures and upspringing cathedral towers and spires have been reproduced by brush and pencil.

Still Rouen remains as full of new subjects, and as fresh and replete in suggestive resources, as if this beautiful treasure city had never sheltered an artist's easel.

There is, however, one danger to be feared. Unless the amateur or artist visit Rouen shortly, there will be found no Rouen—no old Rouen, that is, left standing; for the demon of demolition is waging daily, nay, hourly, war against this ancient citadel of the Dukes of Normandy. Already much that made the poetry and the completeness of its mediæval charm is gone. Commerce and a busy city's necessities have impressed their nineteenth-century character upon the street life. The trumpet of the tramway echoes where the Norman duke's arrival was heralded by the blast of a very different order of music, and Rouen linens flaunt their dull domestic hues from windows that two centuries ago were gay with banners to greet the pageant of kings. The tall smoke-breathing chimneys of the manufactories encroach also upon the most picturesque sites and streets. The cathedral spires and carved circlets of the beautiful towers rear their treasures into an air so dense and grimy that it is no empty boast that Rouen has become the Manchester of France. But neither the prose of street-cars nor the dullness of a smoky atmosphere is the worst evil that has befallen Rouen. As a city of the past she is doomed. The municipal council sealed her fate when they voted a subsidy to tear down that portion of the city which for half a century all Europe had travelled far to see. Not only houses, but entire streets, are disappearing to make room for the boulevard, the mansarde apartment-house, and the modern shop.

The authorities have been compelled to prosecute this war of demolition the more rigorously as the Rouen which makes the delight of the sight-seer and the artist has proved the

plague spot of the newer, healthier city; those curious winding old streets, and the beautiful gable-faced houses, have become dens of iniquity and breeders of pestilence, while repeated fires, ravaging whole districts, have proved the danger existing in a city built of wood.

But neither municipal councils nor the most active of workmen can destroy the ancient city of Rouen in weeks or even in months. There are still streets and entire quarters remaining wherein one may lose one's self for hours, and all reminders of the nineteenth century be as completely removed as if the town were still the stronghold of the Norman dukes. Who has not experienced the charm of wandering about those winding streets, streets that remind one, in their irregularity and narrowness, of a meadow rivulet, as Madame de Staël has said of a certain old street in Paris? The timbered, gabled houses, with their wonderful blending of colours, their tiled roofs, their carvings, eaves, and deep dormer windows, their narrow doorways and wide courtyards, make pictures for the eye at every turning. In the purest sense of the word is old Rouen picturesque, the houses and the streets presenting that delightful *mélange* of the unexpected and the beautiful which makes every street corner a delight to the eye. The chief beauty, architecturally, of the Rouen houses consists in their infinite variety of design, for no two houses are alike, and in the amazing art shown in producing, by means of angles, diversely shaped doors, windows, and roofs, with wonderful effects in narrow spaces. What would architects in these days be found doing with the façade of a house twelve feet wide and sixty feet high in a street not fifteen feet wide? Yet the mediæval builders made an entire city of such houses. In what a narrow space, for example, did the architect of Diana de Poitiers' house have to work! Yet what elegance, grace, and strength in that Renaissance *bijou* of a dwelling, its wooden front as complete and as minutely finished as a Swiss carving!

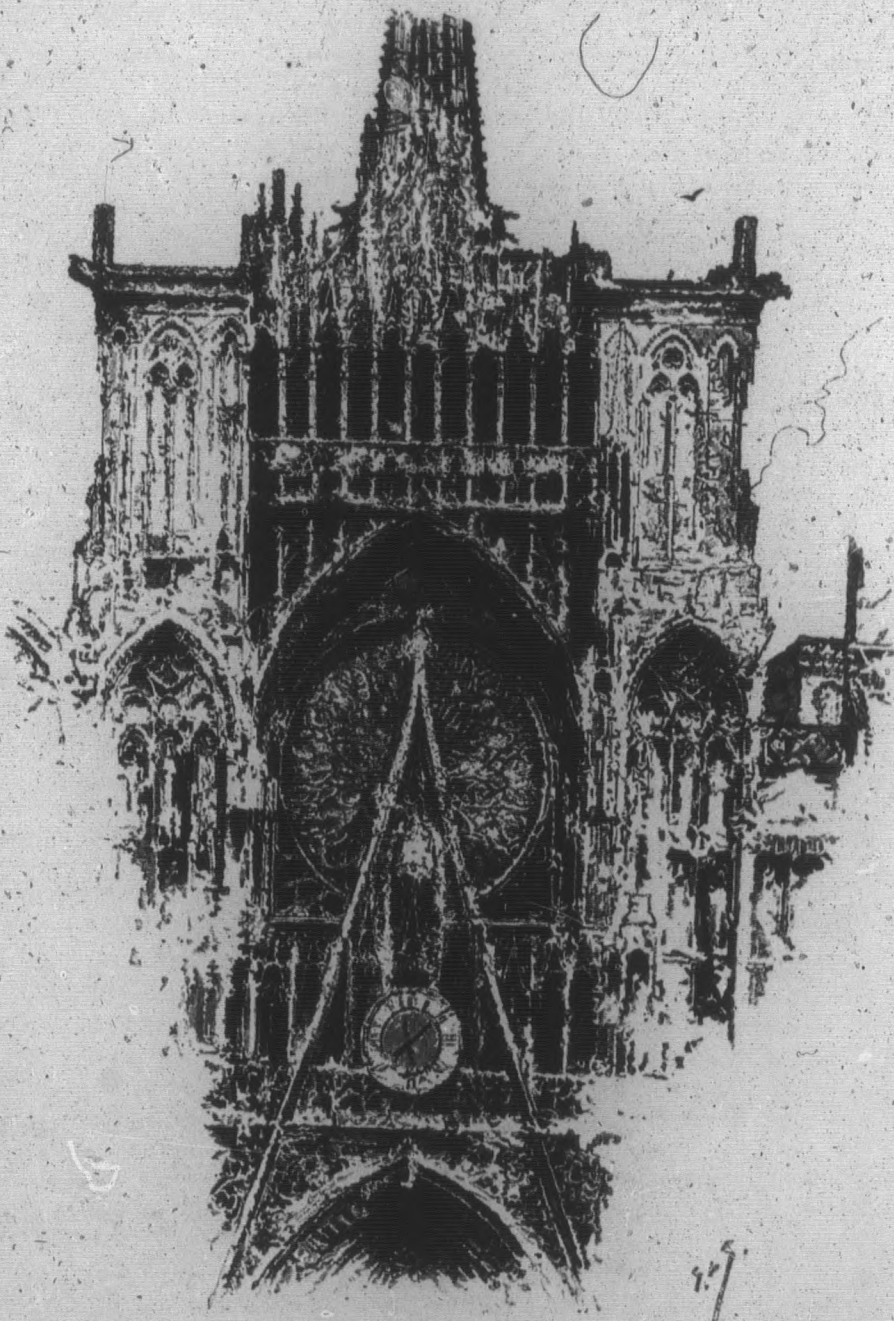
Even the very poorest and least pretentious among these houses bear upon their faces the beautifying touch of these old builders, who loved their work. A bit of a carved lintel, a sculptured frieze, a daintily moulded cornice, or a dormer window, curiously contrived to fit into a barely possible space—these are the marks by which the old master-architects ineffaceably proved their originality and the fertility of their resources. To-day these blackened worm-eaten façades receive an additional embellishment from that instinct which incites even the very poorest among the French peasants to adorn their dwelling with flowers; so that the dark, deeply stained houses are lit into some semblance of bloom by the bright rows of flowering plants.

For the most part the human life that peoples these ancient dwellings, beautiful to the eye and horrible to that sense more acute to certain conditions of the atmosphere than sight, is curiously in keeping with the age and the generation in which these houses were built. Curiously, it is said, for one hardly looks for the mediæval type in these days of progress. But modern civilisation has by no means swept clean all the dark alleys and purlieus of the older cities. Here in these antique Rouen streets the mediæval type still survives—the type of a people accustomed to huddle together in narrow close quarters, to live on wretched food, to be oppressed and

down-trodden, and given over to the vices of a coarse and degrading animalism of life. Faces fierce, bestial, and besotted; ragged, wild-looking forms; old age that has the vacancy, but none of the innocence, of childhood; and childhood with all the hardness and rapacity of old age: such faces and forms pass between the tall walls of the old houses, people the streets and the windows, seeming to issue forth into our brighter day like the shadows of that older, sadder time when despair was the law of life, and living was regarded as a curse.

But from the artistic point of view, the fact that the people match with the houses naturally enough enhances the interest of Rouen street life. The local colour is thereby the more complete. No picture can be conceived of the fourteenth or fifteenth century life more perfect in its appointments than that which greets the eye as one walks down the Rue des Arpents, a street so narrow that since it was built the sun has never fairly penetrated its gloomy shade. The tall houses all but meet above: between their projecting eaves the sky appears as when in some deep mountainous defile one looks aloft to view the slender strip of heaven's blue. In such streets the modern life of rattling wheels and briskly stepping horses is kept at bay; these are the narrow thoroughfares of a walled city, built for foot-passengers and the mounted cavalier; and they echo now as then to the click of the sabots and the sound of coarse loud voices. Glimpses are caught, as one glances through courtyards and into open windows, of strangely unmodern faces, of dimly lighted interiors, of a mysterious confusion of winding alleys, carved stairways, tiny doors, and intricate hall-ways. All that made the squalor, the filth, and the wretchedness of the Middle Ages period confronts one still in these ragged, coarse-featured peasants, who swarm like ants about an ant-hill in these quaint little streets. But what pictures they present! Here is a group of toothless, wrinkled, tattered old women, haggling over some vegetables which the vendor, a woman whose sex could never be divined were it not for her ragged skirts, is wheeling through the streets. What parchment skins, what savage looks, what sharp wolfish eyes, what skinny hands trembling with age and avidity! But what colours those rags and tatters present; and what a setting the old ochre-tinted house, near whose deep cavernous courtyard these women are standing, with its defaced carved lintels, its lovely pointed roof, and the splendid shadows the projecting gables cast, makes for the group! On the opposite side of the street, leaning far out into

the brilliant noonday glare from a sixth-story dormer window, is a younger woman's face; her bronzed skin and strong bold



Façade of Rouen Cathedral.

features are etched against a square yard of blue sky; for a background there is a massing of tiled roofs, and a slender-columned bell-tower springs into mid-air in the sunlit distance.

Another turning in the street and one passes from the poverty and the gloom to that which made the glory and the grandeur of those struggling centuries. We are in the open square of the cathedral, whose massive majesty rises aloft like some vast mountain of stone. Its spires and tower pierce the blue ether, as if nature, in a whim of fancy, had lifted into the air a delicate masonry of gigantic cobwebs, and then, magician-like, had turned it to stone. It is these sudden contrasts that make the fascination of Rouen, which impart to every street turning the charm of a surprise, filling the eye with an endless succession of pictures replete with unexpected combinations of colour and architectural devices. To the

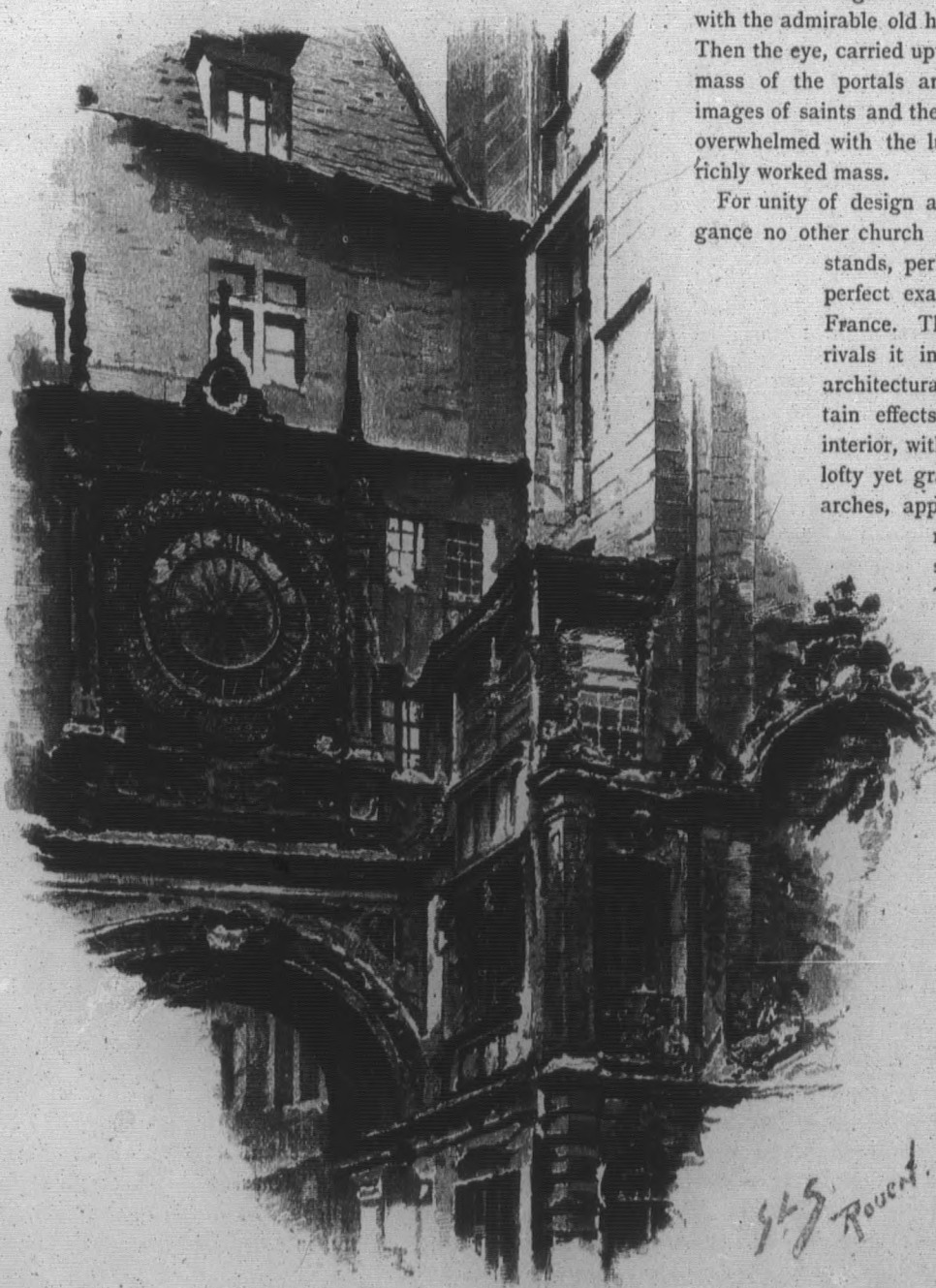
pathos of crumbling ruins is added the artistic contrast of elaborately carved cathedral portals or upspringing spires. All the streets running into the square fronting upon St. Maclou, St. Ouen, and the cathedral are wonderful sites for an artist's easel. The angles of the houses, the projecting and receding roofs, the jumble of the chimney eaves, the square filled with the white-capped Normandy peasants; the eye, at another turning, carried aloft by the sudden lifting of the glorious mass of the noble Butter Tower or St. Ouen's Gothic spire—such pictures as these make the rapture and the despair of the artist. The famous cathedral owes something, perhaps much, of the effect it produces upon the imagination to these sharp and sudden contrasts. Its massive greyness rises like some frost-worked Alpine peak from amid the dormer-windowed houses which surround it. Considered

whole, it lacks the one quality which it ought, as its first and chief characteristic, to possess—it is wanting in impressiveness. This is no doubt chiefly due to the elaborateness of its ornamentation, and to the fact that as a whole it is neither complete nor are its several parts harmonious—the usual defect characteristic of the work produced during those later centuries, in which many portions of this church were built. The older parts of the building are by far the more pure and refined in their style. The Tower of St. Romaine is a beautiful and most complete production, outrivalling in purity of design the more celebrated but overworked Butter Tower, whose chief merit consists in the delicacy, lightness, and grace of its beautifully carved circlet and its pretty tourelles. It is not as a whole that the cathedral is most effective. Its true beauties are best seen when taken in portions. Its towers and magnificent west front group wonderfully with the admirable old houses in the Halles and Square. Then the eye, carried upward from the elaborately carved mass of the portals and canopies to the sculptured images of saints and the pointed crocketed pinnacles, is overwhelmed with the luxuriance and splendour of the richly worked mass.

For unity of design and mingled simplicity and elegance no other church in Rouen equals St. Ouen. It stands, perhaps, as the purest and most perfect example of the Gothic style in all France. The Sainte Chapelle in Paris alone rivals it in its flawless beauty. For the architectural painter St. Ouen presents certain effects hard to find elsewhere. Its interior, with its triple rows of windows, the lofty yet graceful lines of its columns and arches, appeals to the imagination as the most perfect combination possible of lightness and strength.

Then the effect of the tones and shades of colour is something extraordinary. The beautiful fourteenth-century stained glass, with the glowing jewelled figures of saints and martyrs set in their soft grey-tinted background, makes the church at certain hours seem like Browning's description of a Florentine twilight—"of a silver greyness everywhere," columns, walls, glass, and stone seeming blent in one rich fusion of greyness. Light here loses its audacity and brilliance, and shines with an almost cloistral soberness, in keeping with the spiritual beauty of this wonderful church.

It was a beautiful sight that greeted my eyes one



La Grosse Horloge.

as an architectural chef-d'œuvre, the cathedral cannot be compared with the Cologne or Milan Cathedral. Taken as a

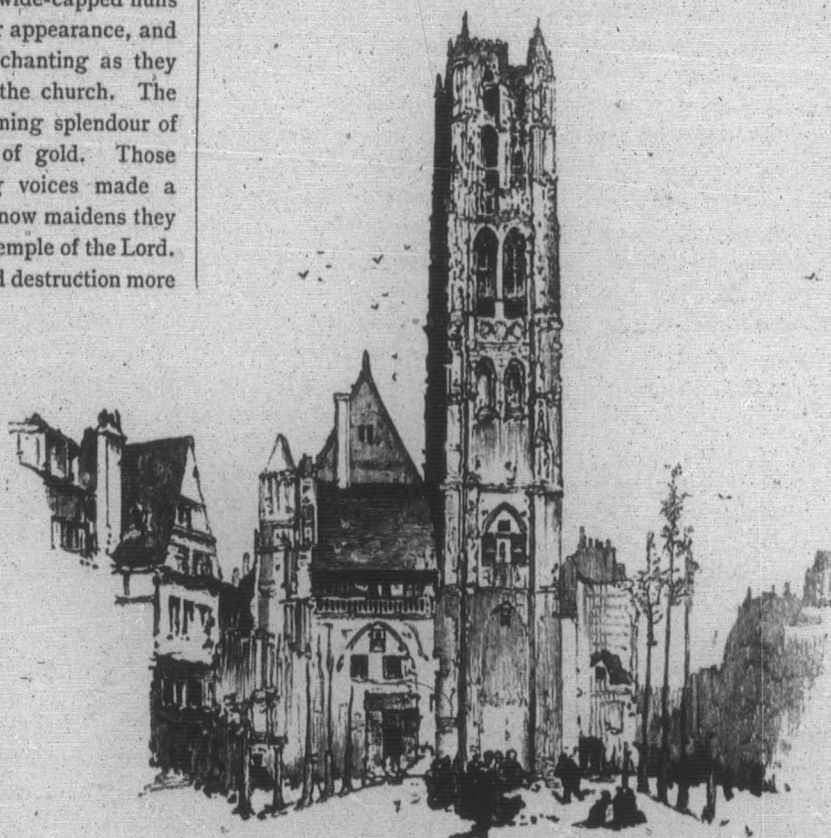
brilliant June noon as I passed into the cool and the shade of the vast nave for a few moments' rest and contemplation

of its perfection. It was Confirmation Day. Two hundred or more white-clad and veiled young girls were seated close to the altar, whilst about them blue-robed, wide-capped nuns were hovering. Soon the priests made their appearance, and then all rose and passed down the aisles, chanting as they slowly marched to the wide-open doors of the church. The procession issued into the street, the streaming splendour of noonday sun making for them a pathway of gold. Those fair veiled children and their pure young voices made a wonderful picture on that June morning; snow maidens they seemed, singing hymns of purity in a noble temple of the Lord.

This beautiful church has narrowly escaped destruction more than once. During the Huguenot rising in 1562 the insurgents made three bonfires within the edifice, and gave over all the clerical properties, stalls, organ, pulpit, and vestments, to the flames. Again, in 1793, the revolutionary fury swept over it. The Republicans converted the church into an armourer's shop; a blacksmith's forge was raised on one of the altars; whence rose dense columns of smoke to blacken and deface the numerous windows of the pile. It was still nearer destruction during the First Empire, when a project for razing it to the ground was actually put before the corporation of the city. Rouen was not won over early to the revolutionary movement. All Normandy was royalist at first. Hence the excesses of the populace when they actually got the upper hand, such as the breaking open of the tombs of the Cardinals d'Amboise, and their desecration in melting the coffins and scattering their contents to the four winds. Before this the National Assembly had shorn Rouen of much of its clerical importance. Prior to the Revolution it had possessed thirty-six churches; these were reduced to fourteen, and the parishes of the city to thirteen, by decree. Among the churches suppressed in 1791 was that of St. Laurent, an ancient edifice, originally constructed between 1444 and 1554. Its principal feature is an elegant and lofty tower, some hundred and twenty feet high, which is still standing. But the church has degenerated from its sacred office; no services have been performed within it for nearly a century. The interior is partitioned off and devoted to the base usages of trade. One end of it is the office of a livery stable; in another part is a cobbler's bench; in a third a blacksmith's forge.

An unmistakably ancient monument of Rouen is La Grosse Horloge, the "big clock," and its tower. It is situated at the end of a street of the same name, at the place where once stood one of the city gates, the Porte Cauchoise, or that leading into the Pays de Caux, a gate styled also La Porte

Massacre. The tower is square, it has large ogival windows, and is topped by a platform surrounded by an iron balustrade.



Tour de St. Laurent.

The antiquity of the edifice is undoubted. The date of construction, 1389, may still be deciphered upon a copper plate at the foot of the inner staircase, which leads to the top of the tower. There are two clocks within the tower, the Cloche Ribaud and the Cloche d'Argent. The latter gives the alarm of fire in the city; it still serves, too, to sound the curfew at nine every night. This silver clock is so named from the quantity of silver used in the casting. This Beffroi, or clock tower, was a badge of municipal freedom, showing that the city had gained corporate privileges. These Charles VI. confiscated in 1381 as a penalty for rioting, but presently restored them. A new bell was thereupon cast; the inhabitants, overjoyed at regaining their rights, freely throwing offerings of silver into the melting-pot. The clock placed above the arch is also of considerable antiquity. It has two dial plates above the arch which connects it with the old Hôtel de Ville. At the base of the arch is a fountain, still used, and dating from 1250, although the sculptures of Alpheus and Arethusa are certainly of the time of Louis Quinze.

CARLYLE IN HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR.

THIS etching is from the first of about a dozen water-colour portraits of Mr. Carlyle, done from life during his last years by Mrs. Allingham, who had the privilege of frequent and familiar access to him. Inclined to resist at

first, like most people who have been much painted and sculptured and photographed, he became very kind and compliant, discovering in the first place that he was not required to "pose" in any given attitude, and, secondly, that the artist

had, as he used emphatically to declare, 'a real talent for portraiture, the only form of pictorial art, it may be said in passing, in which he took any interest.

The little back garden of No. 5, Cheyne Row, measuring some twenty yards by six, was not without shade and greenery in summer-time. It had three or four lilac-bushes and a pear-tree; ivy on the end wall; a vine, neighboured by a jasmine, hanging on your left as you came from the house, and on your right a Virginia creeper. The middle was a grass-plot with a young ash-tree and a little copper-beech—natural umbrella to sit under when the sun was hot. In this garden Mr. Carlyle, when weather allowed, was accustomed during many years to solace himself with tobacco, the only creature comfort that gave him any satisfaction. After working some hours he always had, as he said, "an interlude of tobacco." He smoked long clay pipes (sometimes called *churchwardens*) made at Paisley, whence he got them by the box: "no pipes good for anything can be got in England." He liked best a new pipe, and used for a long time to smoke one each day, its predecessor being put out at night on the doorstep for who would to carry off. In spite of all this smoking, neither his clothes nor his rooms smelt noticeably of the nicotian weed. In this, as in everything else, he was neat and careful to fastidiousness. Before lighting his pipe indoors it was his habit to sit on the floor beside the fireplace with his back against the wall, most of the smoke thus going up the chimney, and many a memorable monologue has he uttered in that attitude. His favourite smoking dress was an old dressing-gown (here represented), long and wide, faded to a dim slaty grey; a gorgeous oriental one that had been presented to him he seldom put on.

When Mrs. Allingham sketched him in the garden, as he sat reading, in company with "Tib," a large handsome cat that he made a pet of (he had much liking for animals, and especially remembered the horses and dogs he had known), Carlyle was within a few months of his eightieth birthday, an anniversary marked by the presentation to him of a gold medal and address, signed by a group of his friends and admirers, as well as by a much-prized letter written by the hand of Prince von Bismarck to the English promulgator of German literature and biographer of Frederick. Oddly enough, the Prince by a slip of the pen congratulated him on the attainment of his *siebzigste* birthday—seventieth instead of eightieth. Eightieth it certainly was, for on the 4th of December, 1795, the little man-child first saw light of day in that Scottish village henceforth famous on his account, and where the old man's mortal body now lies, within a stone's throw of the house he was born in.

In this eightieth year, though gradually growing weaker, Carlyle retained all his faculties of mind, and, in a measure, of body, including sufficient power of vision to read, granting good print and good light, without spectacles, though he generally used their help. Reading remained, as it had always been, his chief pleasure, and although he often complained bitterly of the difficulty of finding anything good, there was usually enough in the perpetual stream of books and periodicals that poured into his house to keep him more or less interested. He looked into all, turned over many, and read no few. He was an astonishingly rapid reader, yet if the matter interested him he could give a clear and exact account of it long after. Writing, as he much lamented, became first difficult and by degrees impossible to him, from the tremor of his hands, which shook sadly when he attempted any manual

operation, though not at other times, and this physical obstruction hindered literary composition (to which his brain and will were still fully equal), as he found dictation to an amanuensis did not suit him. Some writing, however, he did manage in that way.

In this eightieth year, of which we are speaking, Carlyle continued his habit of daily walking—a short walk in the morning, usually along the new Chelsea Embankment, which he thought the greatest improvement done in London in his time; and a longer one in the afternoon. The night strolls, about ten or eleven o'clock, were discontinued, or had become very rare. Every afternoon, at three or half-past (it varied according to time of year and other causes: latterly became half-past two and two), Carlyle, accompanied by his niece or a friend, sometimes with two or three companions, walked out of the street door of 5 (now 24), Cheyne Row, in his broad-brimmed black hat, or, in summer, straw hat painted black, well-brushed long-skirted coat, often a brown, and soft leather shoes with ties (no blacking tolerated); in his hand a large but light stick, chestnut-coloured cane with hook handle; and on his arm, if rain threatened, a mackintosh, for he never would take an umbrella. On his good days the chief sign of debility was the stoop. His grey hair, still with faint brownish streaks in it, was thick and full, and his blue eyes had a flash now and then, under the powerful brow, able to pierce through all films of age. "I am five feet eleven," he said one day; "I used to count myself six feet." His head was very long, from front to back, and of great size. The only hat he ever found too big for him was Bishop Wilberforce's, his fellow-guest sometimes at the Grange, in Hampshire, and intimate for the nonce by propinquity. It is related that they went out riding together one day, and on their return the bishop smilingly told their hostess, "Yes, we galloped along like Faust and Mephistopheles!" "And which was which?" asked Lady Ashburton. So starting from the doorstep in Chelsea, Carlyle would choose his own route, mostly leading, with whatever digressions, to Hyde Park, where his favourite road was that which skirts the ride, and has the Serpentine to the north of it at a field's distance. It was his habit to sit for some minutes on one of the benches here, then make his way to Hyde Park Corner, and return home by a Chelsea omnibus. He often complained of the loss of bodily strength, peculiarly trying to one whose will remained so vigorous. "I am one of the weakest of her Majesty's subjects to-day!" he would say with a smile; but he suffered less from his enemy, dyspepsia, in these latter years than he had done in early and middle life, perhaps from submitting now to a more regular and more nutritious diet.

But weak in body as he might feel, the flow of talk seldom failed—powerful, humorous, picturesque, exact, subtle, full of personal details of the many remarkable people he had known; pungent enough, one-sided very often, prejudiced, biassed, often no doubt unjust without intending it; but never ill-natured, and the fiercest speeches usually ending in a laugh, the heartiest in the world, at his own ferocity. Those who have not heard that laugh will never know what Carlyle's talk was. It cannot be printed. That there was a sincere human sympathy, nay, a deep tenderness, underlying his harshest speech, those who knew him well never thought of doubting, even when he tried them most; that he could ever wilfully harm or hurt any creature, by act or word, is and must to them be always incredible.

W. A.

SMOKE IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.



RECENT events have shown that it is time Englishmen should be roused to combat the preventable evils which at present wait upon their industrial activity. The Kyrle and the National Health Societies have done their best to make Londoners revolt against the dominion of smoke and fog that commences each year when winter compels us to light our domestic fires, and we hope that we or our descendants may some time succeed in escaping from their sway. The question, however, of the manner in which this can be done is a difficult, though by no means an insuperable one. We are all participators in the creation of the nuisance, and the hydra to be slain has a million heads. Moreover, our household diffusion of smoke is sanctioned by immemorial custom, and is not contrary to the existing law. No legal compulsion is likely to be applied to the houses of which London consists, until some efficient stove is invented which, in the first place, consumes our ordinary coal and gives a cheerful blaze without smoke, and, in the second, is applicable to our existing fireplaces at a very small cost.

The inhabitants of the manufacturing districts of England suffer from a tyranny which is at once far more terrible and far more remediable. Throughout the whole of the year the long factory chimneys, at short intervals, pour forth thick clouds of smoke and noxious gases. There is much the same result whatever may be the staple production of each district, for steam power is used by all, but the neighbourhood of works of chemicals, of copper, and of some other minerals is often marked by exceptional sterility. In parts of Swansea the copper fumes have destroyed all the vegetation, not even a blade of grass being seen; and the adjoining valley of the Tawe for some little distance presents the melancholy spectacle of an absolutely barren waste. Many districts of the Black Country in Staffordshire are not much better. In the most thickly populated parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire the trees of every kind are dead or dying, even at considerable distances from the towns, and hundreds of their gaunt and blackened trunks remain as the sole memorial of what were formerly pleasant rural scenes. It was lately stated in the Town Council of Manchester, at a discussion on the premature death of half of a large number of ornamental trees which had been planted by the corporation of that city, that it was hopeless to expect trees to grow there until something had been done to check the smoke from the manufactories. The effect of furnace-smoke upon young trees is that of gradual but sure destruction. Near Rochdale the fine timber trees that formerly surrounded the numerous old manor-houses have almost disappeared, and there is not a vestige of those which once crowned the height on which the parish church stands. Many of the sites of the northern manufacturing towns are naturally of great beauty; bold hills and elevated moorland surround them, and the valleys in which they are situated were at one time marked by clear streams, rich pasture, and hanging woods. They were chosen in days when water power was considered of more value than it is at present, and, in the case of the older towns, the modern industrial hive is the

direct successor of the country market by the side of the trout stream. Now there is often an ugly wilderness, and even when the former features exist in some degree, the thick pall of smoke prevents more than their dim outline being seen. Occasionally, on Sunday, when the furnaces are kept down, the air is clearer. The farms that remain seem blighted, on the moors the farmsteads are falling into decay, and the smoky sheep add to the depression of the scene. On the top of the hills the heather is being rapidly killed, and the grouse moors are consequently depreciating in value.

It is, however, the effect of this gloom and absence of beauty upon the human inhabitants of these districts, and upon their work, which makes it a serious question for us and for the public to consider. The moral and intellectual result can hardly be good. It is impossible to take away from communities the opportunity of exercising some of the noblest and most delicate perceptions of humanity without impairing and blunting the natures of the thousands who compose them.

To this ugliness of their home scenes, and the consequent absence of pleasant recreation, may be largely attributed the drunkenness and the brutal pastimes that disgrace the leisure of so many operatives. In a higher grade of society the same causes produce a want of sensitiveness and the qualities of mind which are commonly styled "Philistinism."

The effect, moreover, upon the work and Art of the affected districts is deplorable. It has frequently been pointed out that one of the great difficulties our manufacturers meet in competing on a large scale with the more beautiful productions of Lyons, Mulhausen, and other foreign manufacturing centres in silk, printed cottons, and textile fabrics generally, is the impossibility of getting our workmen to appreciate the minute distinctions which go towards making their productions works of Art or the reverse. The reason is not far to seek. It is idle to expect that designers and operatives who pass their lives in scenes of gloom and ugliness can acquire the purity of taste which is necessary to render their work eminent in the markets of the world. In a gloomy atmosphere which the sun cannot enliven, how can men gain a sympathy with the endless gradations and subtle contrasts of colours; how, in haze and fume, can they appreciate beauty of form in harmony with the material of which their work is composed? We are the last to undervalue the benefits arising from a sound technical education, such as that now being promoted with so much energy; but it will be in a great measure thrown away unless we can secure that nature, the origin and motive of all beautiful Art, shall prepare and stimulate the minds of the learners. Where the clear air of heaven rests, and where under it there is an ever-present panorama of trees, flowers, grass, hill, or dale, varying only with the changing year, there is an education in beauty, commencing almost from the time of men's birth, that gives them the examples of form and of colour, which are the necessary substructure of all lessons in artistic design. This is not merely a sentimental view; on the contrary, a neglect of it may land us in commercial ruin. In the war of hostile tariffs which assails our export trade there is but one way of maintaining our industrial ascendancy, and that is by the excellence and the artistic beauty of our manufactures. The smoke and gloom have arisen in the creation of our trade: they must be removed if we are to preserve it.

In the manufacturing districts it is interesting and useful to observe how entirely Art is cultivated as an exotic, like the costly plants, for which the world has been ransacked, that fill the spacious glass houses in the gloomy gardens belonging to the wealthy manufacturers. Neither the authors nor the subjects of the fine paintings and sculptures, which the profits of successful cotton or woollen spinners enable them to acquire, have anything to do with the industrial districts, but are part of another life, which the new possessors of these treasures vainly strive to make their own. The pictures that a Dutch or Italian merchant ordered from the painters whom we call the old masters were the representations of the scenes amongst which he himself moved, and which he regarded with affectionate admiration; the modern English manufacturer desires, by the picturing of natural beauties to which his home is a stranger, to be enabled to forget the ugliness of the town or blighted country where his lot is cast. Large sums are willingly spent in Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds in creating annual exhibitions of works of Art from all countries, and they have a civilising and educating influence in many ways; but the best result which we could hope for would be that those who see them should determine to make a native Art possible by

removing the smoky and unhealthy atmosphere that destroys even its early germs.

Our life, physical and mental, we derive from our ancestors, from our surroundings, and from our education. What, if no change is made for the better, will be that of the descendants of the thousands of operatives who live and who bring up their children entirely in these depressing and sooty fumes? There can be no doubt that a further and general deterioration of their natures will take place, which cannot fail to weaken their energy, and thus impair the national prosperity. It is, therefore, the permanent interest as well as the duty of those who are responsible for the diffusion of smoke to amend their ways. The fact, that smoke-consuming apparatus causes a great saving in the cost of fuel, appeals to the most short-sighted manufacturers to adopt these beneficent and economical inventions without delay. The community generally may do their part by insisting that the law of England, which holds factory smoke to be a public nuisance, shall be enforced by the responsibility of the Central Government where it happens, as is too often the case, to be opposed to the wishes or interests of the local sanitary authorities.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD.

ART IN THE GARDEN.



Mutilated Shrubbery in St. James's Park, 1879.

THERE would seem to be some justification in the reproach so frequently brought against us that we are rapidly becoming a town-loving people. The old legend of our devotion to country life and country pursuits, of which three centuries of poets have sung so sweetly, seems to be gradually dying out, or, where it still survives, it has become so overlaid with town prejudices and so subordinate to town requirements that some of us at least would accept without demur the commercial aspects of flower-growing as at all events the least hypocritical.

We English, nevertheless, have some reason to be proud of our love of flowers and their cultivation, for from as far back as we can trace we find evidence of national enthusiasm in this direction. Alexander Neckam, who was Abbot of Cirencester during the latter half of the twelfth century, has left us an idea of a "Noble Garden," which, apparently without suspicion or knowledge, the author of "The Wild Garden," just published, wishes to revive. The ideal garden of the twelfth century was, according to the Abbot, to contain "roses, lilies, sunflowers, violets, poppies and the narcissus." Later the periwinkle and the "gilly-flower" became popular favourites.

The English love of nature resisted the encroachments of artifice and declined to listen to the flattery of Le Nôtre, the

Versailles gardener, when he designated his contortions of nature "Jardins Anglais," wherein

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

But time, the great avenger, was not thus to be outwitted. About thirty years or more ago there grew up the fashion of bedding out, every summer, plants, mostly of sub-tropical origin, whose growth in our genial climate, as long as the frost spared them, was rapid and vigorous. Showy colours were obtained with apparently slight effort, and abundant work was provided for a tribe of gardeners who quickly learnt the simple art of digging up flower beds at one season and filling them up at another. By degrees the plants of home growth were excluded, first thrown back into the shrubberies, but thence again expelled because their vigorous habit interfered with the display of some new aspirants to notice.

The author of the "Wild Garden" (*Garden Office, Southampton Street, Covent Garden*) makes an earnest appeal in favour of a return to our former ways. Enriched as we now are by an almost inexhaustible supply of flowers and plants from climates at least as rigorous as our own, his plea for Art in the Garden is based upon one for the fuller recognition of nature, to whom, if fair play be given, we may trust implicitly for a permanent reprieve from that dreary process which at present insures, with the first frost of November, a desolation lasting many months, only to be repaired each spring at a renewed outlay. The author shows, and his purpose is emphasized by his artist colleague, Mr. Alfred Parsons (whose illustrations are in many instances gems of Art as well as reproductions of nature) that there is no natural obstacle to our gardens being made rich with flower and foliage throughout the greater portion of the year, and

that it is simply barbarous to submit them in the full bloom of spring, when the earth is naturally most strewn with



Giant Cow Parsnip. Siberian Vegetation for rough places.

flowers, to a process which makes them look like new-ploughed fields, in order that the bulbs may be got rid of, and room made for bedding out plants. A very little care in the first instance would bring together a succession of plants graduated in accordance with our seasons, and which, if left to themselves, would make our shrubberies and plantations bright and fragrant throughout the year. The primrose and the cowslip, the snowdrop and the lily of the valley, the bluebell and the foxglove, add to our woods and lanes; but these alone are but feeble representatives of flowers which might be found to grow there without care, were the first impulse given to their introduction. The innumerable varieties of irises and foxgloves, of clematis and primroses, of day lilies and evening primroses, of wind-flowers and asphodels, which form the flora of the northern continents, would thrive in all our gardens.

We have not space to follow our author in his practical suggestions for improving the resources within our reach, but his charming volume should find him numerous disciples, by whom not only the pleasure garden and the wild garden may bloom with renewed beauty, but ditches and hedegrows, copses and thickets, brook-sides, and even bogs may be made to render their tribute of glory to "earth's firmament."

His proposals, however, for the embellishment of our London parks, coming as they do from one who can speak with authority, must not be passed over without notice. The winter sketch of a mutilated shrubbery in St. James's Park is too truthful to need a word of explanation, but, in justice to those who have charge of our public parks and gardens, we must allow that the show of azaleas and rhododendrons, there annually made, without any violent disturbance of nature's working, is highly creditable. It is impossible for those who are not experts to determine how far the "black and greasy soil" of our town parks will, without constant renewal, afford nutriment to the plants and shrubs grown in it; but there cannot be two opinions on the unscientific treatment of the shrubs, which every year are deprived of their most vigorous shoots with an unsparing hand. The shrubs suffer doubly from this treatment; they are at once deprived of their means of self-sustenance, and are allowed to "bleed" away the little life which may survive in the parent stem.

The system of planting bulbs, chiefly snowdrops and crocuses, among the turf has succeeded very well in the limited space accorded for the experiment, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon see varieties of scilla and anemones as well as many of the forget-me-not family added to our present meagre list. In places where turf does not thrive we might have irises, narcissi, lupines, French willows, and other flowers of varied hue whose advent need not be heralded amongst the shrubs by the tramp of scores of gardeners armed with spades and pruning knives, mercilessly digging at or lopping away lovely plants which, if left to themselves, would gladden the eyes of us weary Londoners. Possibly the lesson thus given might by degrees lead us and our country visitors back to those simpler joys of nature and her offerings, on which for so long we have seemed to turn our backs. Gardens of late years have become the special property of the florist and his gardeners, an outlet for his products and for their generally unskilled labour. At best the requirements of the dinner-table and the drawing-room have been kept in view, whilst the beauties and delights of a garden, enjoyments which, with a little care, are still within



Snowdrop Anemones in Shrubbery.

the reach of dwellers in large towns, have been wholly lost sight of, or are deliberately ignored.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

THERE are probably few articles of considerable intrinsic worth which exist on such a precarious tenure as old drawings, or have such ups and downs in the scale of value attributed to them by their possessors. To take a minor example: there is hardly a town in England where in some one house or another there are not, stored away in scrap-books, drawings by artists of the Early English school of water-colour painters. These, at the time of their execution, were no doubt prized, but more for the associations which surrounded them than from a monetary point of view. It is seldom that such a collection is gone through without an expert finding an example of Finch, De Wint, Varley, Copley Fielding, or Cox, or men of a like calibre who at one time or another derived much of their income from giving lessons in water-colour painting. These are generally in good condition, and therefore worth as many pounds apiece as they were shillings when they were first produced. As to the precariousness of their existence we have ourselves seen fine drawings by Nicholson hanging on the walls of a nursery, not only without frame or mount, but with nails driven through their four corners to hold them in position.

And whilst this is the case with works which still possess a sort of pedigree of affection, through having belonged to some one still held in remembrance by the present owner, how much more so is it with musty colourless drawings by the old masters, usually utterly devoid of interest to their owner! That these have perished and are perishing in hundreds in every county in England from ignorance of their value is a certainty. The collection from which our full-page illustration of 'Dancing Children' is taken is an instance. It is selected from some six hundred drawings which for more than a century past have been stowed away in portfolios in a lumber-room at Hovingham Park, near York. They were amassed in the middle of the last century by Thomas Worsley, Esq., a man

of culture, and much about the Court as Surveyor of the Board of Works to George III. That monarch indeed testified to the value he attached to the artistic pursuits of his surveyor by presenting him with a colossal marble group of 'Samson and the Philistines,' by John of Bologna, which had originally been given by the King of Spain to Charles I. when, as Prince of Wales, he was in that country. About a year since the present owner of Hovingham, Sir Wm. Worsley, coming across this stowed-away lumber, and at once appreciating its value, sent it up to London, and now, mounted and catalogued, the majority of the drawings have resumed the

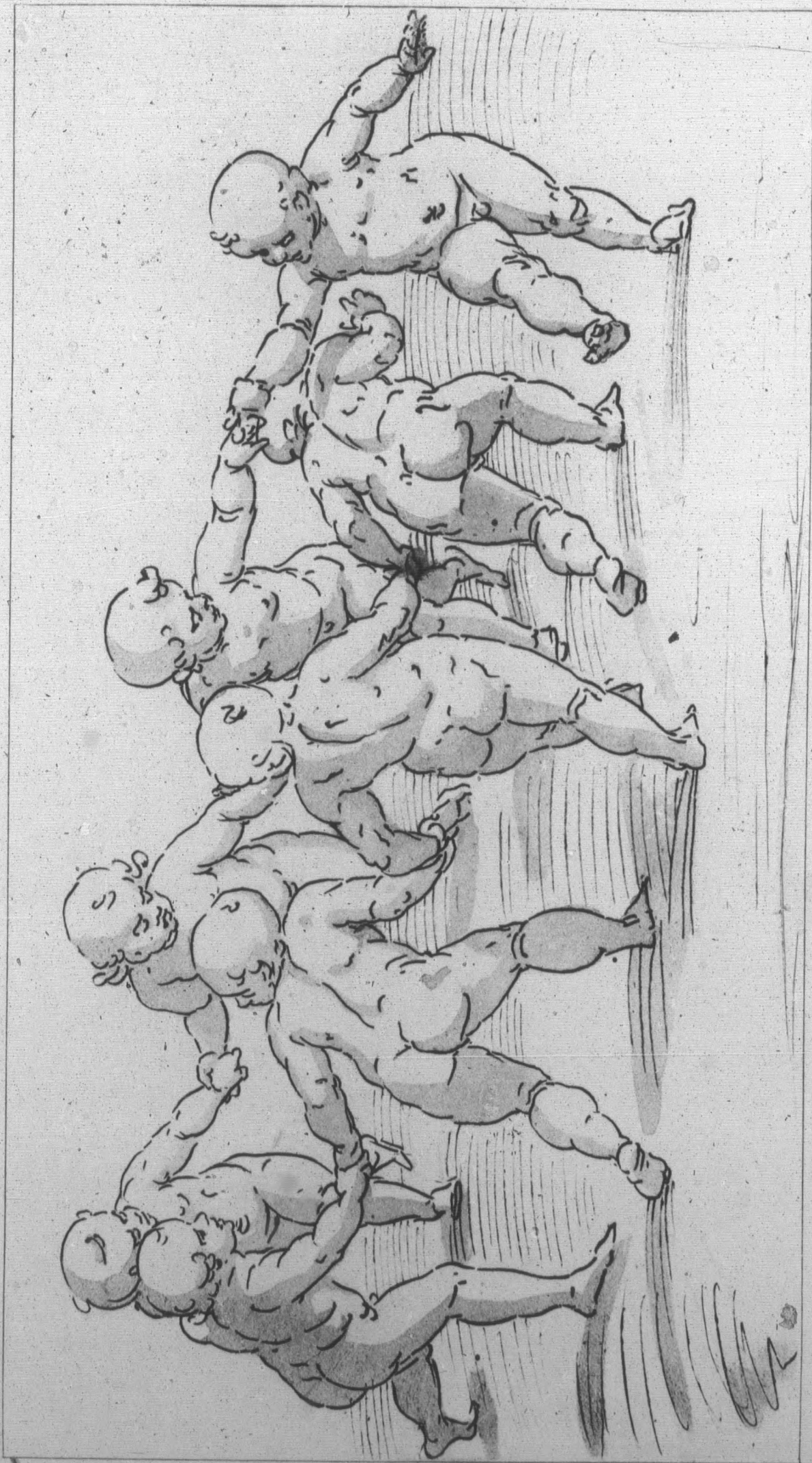
position they should always have occupied amongst the baronet's works of Art. We say "the majority," for having been seen by the authorities of the Print Room at the British Museum, they expressed a desire to enrich the collection there with several of them, and to this in the case of six of the drawings, amongst which may be mentioned examples of Lippi and Cuyp, Sir William Worsley acceded. For these six works the trustees willingly paid nearly two hundred pounds. The Dutch Government have also bought for The Hague a number of drawings by Van der Velde. It is curious to think that whilst numbers of our countrymen are scouring Europe for works of Art, many a valuable work is uncared for and perishing at their very doors, and perhaps this is nowhere more



Reduced Fac-simile of an Heraldic Drawing.

likely to be the case than in our royal palaces.

The drawing of the 'Dancing Children' is attributed to Lucca Cambiaso or Cangiagio, who was born at Genoa in 1527. It is a good example of his ready and facile manner of draughtsmanship. The figures are drawn with a reed pen, and shaded with a brush in the most dexterous manner; their grace and vivacity, too, are charming. The smaller drawing is an heraldic design by an unknown German hand, and is principally remarkable for its quaintness.



DANCING CHILDREN

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY LUCA CANGIAGIO

OUR CARICATURISTS—JOHN TENNIEL.



OME few years ago a banquet was given at the Mansion House to the representatives of Art. Many toasts were drunk, and received with applause. At length the Lord Mayor proposed "Periodical Art, coupled with the name of Mr. John Tenniel." In returning thanks, the honoured representative of illustrated journalism assured his audience that he felt diffidence. It was not strange that he should say so. The moment John Tenniel was seen standing up, the whole of the brilliant company cheered to the echo. Every one in the room felt that "periodical literature" owed its best features to the gentleman before them. The cheers that greeted him were but small reward for a lifetime successfully spent in attaining the noblest ideal. Humorist, satirist—Mr. Tenniel is both. But before all, and above all, he is an artist.

The subject of this article was born in London in 1820, and was the son of the late Mr. John Baptist Tenniel. He was educated in Kensington, the home of many of the colleagues he was to meet in after-years round the *Punch* table in Bouverie Street. Thackeray had a house in Kensington Palace Gardens; John Leech lived in the High Street; Gilbert Abbot & Beckett for many years resided in Kensington Gore; and Percival Leigh, after exchanging the practice of medicine for literature, took up his abode in West Kensington. The royal suburb has always been a favourite spot amongst artists. At this moment Leighton, Millais, Marcus Stone, Val Prinsep, Fildes, Sambourne, and many others live within a quarter of a mile's radius of a common centre. In the early days of *Punch*, Cope, Redgrave, Ansdell, and Cooke lived close to the old Kensington turnpike. It was in Kensington, with its beautiful gardens and its picturesque corners, so delightfully described by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, that John Tenniel passed his boyhood. From the first he showed a wonderful aptitude for Art. Like Millais, his earliest work was full of promise—promise soon to be realised to the widest extent. And from the first there was a purity in his style which has characterized his labours throughout a career which now may be said to have reached its zenith.

Although the name of Tenniel will chiefly be associated with his drawings in *Punch*, his water-colour paintings have gained for him a reputation which would have been amply sufficient to have handed him down to posterity as one of the leading English artists of the nineteenth century. In the pauses of his weekly work on the periodical which owes so much to his genius, he has found time to illustrate a number of books, that owe much of their popularity to the magic of his pencil. For what would "Alice in Wonderland" (from which a specimen is given), and "Through the Looking-glass," be without the marvellous pictures that accompany them? and are not the best illustrations in the "Ingoldsby Legends" signed with the well-known initials, "J. T."?

1882.

Mr. Tenniel is a hard worker, and has given much to the public; the cut in the next page is from "Lalla Rookh," but the principal share of his labours has been claimed by *Punch*, and it is thus in the pages of the *London Charivari* that we find ready to hand the best record of his artistic career.

It was in 1851 that Mark Lemon secured the recruit that was soon to become his first lieutenant. Mr. Doyle had suddenly left the staff, and John Leech was devoting more of his time to "social half blocks" than to "big cuts." *Punch* had been started just ten years before, and had gradually reached the appearance which it has assumed ever since; the influence of Seymour and Cruikshank, clearly to be traced in the rough sketches in the earlier numbers, had faded away, and had given place to the highly finished pictures which for the last thirty years have made the paper unique. The withdrawal of Doyle was a blow, but it is remarkable that *Punch* has always been able to fill up the gaps made in the little body holding their Wednesday council in Bouverie Street. Thackeray declared that there were others ready to take his place, and certainly his prediction has been verified. The "Book of Snobs" and "Jeames' Diary" can never be equalled, but the same may be said of "The Naggletons" and "Happy Thoughts." Before Thackeray there was Douglas Jerrold, and since Thackeray we have had Burnand. It would be invidious to give the living and the dead their places in the Temple of Fame, but there can be no doubt that the *Punch* of to-day is as popular as the *Punch* of yesterday, and will probably not exceed in popularity the *Punch* of to-morrow. So it was that when Doyle seceded Tenniel was ready to take his place. At first he not



From "Alice in Wonderland."

only contributed cartoons, but also "initials" and "small" illustrations. It is instructive to compare his first work in *Punch* with his most recent. Apparently he was nervous when he commenced his labours. He had to throw off traditions and form his own ideals. In looking over the back

numbers it is amusing to note the difference in the appearance of Mr. Punch himself. In 1851 he was not nearly so charming a personage as now. The Mr. Punch of thirty years ago resembled his great original of the streets. He had a perpetual and rather inane grin, and his hump was quite disfiguring. Nowadays the gentleman realises Thackeray's ideal—he wears a white waistcoat, and is altogether a most desirable acquaintance. He is jovial, kind-hearted, and, above all, sensible. Mr. Punch may be fairly said to be Mr. Tenniel's creation, as he has made him quite his own. He has appeared like a popular and versatile actor in a hundred different parts—now he is a general, now a bishop, now a courtier, now a railway porter, now a waiter, and now a judge. In all these parts he is still Mr. Punch, and undeniably English. Mr. Punch can be humorous, sad, grave,

or indignant. He never loses the sense of his importance, and, to use a legal phrase, "the court is always with him." Whatever his mood or situation, he is never absurd. It is said that Mr. Tenniel delights in his creation, and is never so well pleased as when the decision of "the table" places Mr. Punch in the composition of the weekly cartoon. The specimen (which, with the sketches from *Punch's Pocket Book*, are given by the kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew) illustrative of the text is a "big cut," in which the jester of Fleet Street is not introduced. It appeared last year, when Mr. Gladstone was commencing his labours, and a Herculean task seemed to be before him. The portrait of the premier is more a likeness than a caricature, and this is the peculiarity of all Mr. Tenniel's work, that he never exaggerates; "there is a method in his madness."



From "Lalla Rookh."

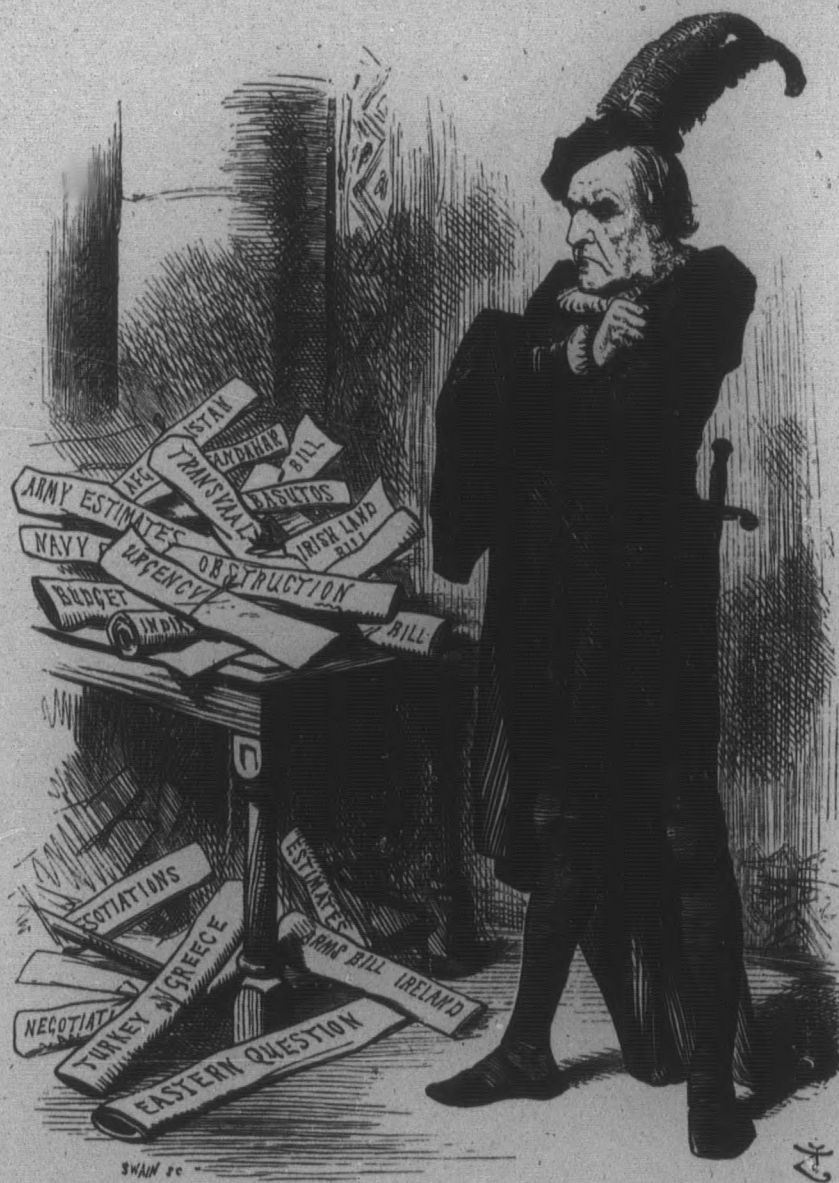
However comical the subject, his treatment is always artistically just. Mr. Tenniel disdains to use pantomimic expedients to secure his effect. He never exaggerates a prominent feature or a marked defect. In one case, and one case only, he made a mistake. It was to give Mr. John Bright an eye-glass, an ornament that has never been assumed by the eminent statesman in question. However, there was something extremely humorous in the notion. An eye-glass twenty years ago was invariably suggestive of a dandy, and consequently the idea of a Quaker wearing one was incongruous in the extreme. Lord Palmerston, too, never appeared in *Punch* without a wisp of straw between his lips. With these exceptions (the latter, by the way, was a legacy from Leech) the characters depicted by Mr. Tenniel have had no characteristic

appendages. They have appeared in different costumes and in different situations, but as in the case of Mr. Punch himself, their disguises and positions have never destroyed their identity. Another marked feature in Mr. Tenniel's work is his wonderful power of composition. The exigencies of the hour frequently test his ingenuity to the utmost limit. The subject of the moment has to be depicted, and at first sight it seems almost impossible to make it capable of illustration. The rough idea is sketched out, and then the artist has to scheme the drawing. It is remarkable that Mr. Tenniel never fails. Whatever he touches becomes a composition excellent in every way. Looking over the old numbers and finding here and there a drawing of a subject now quite forgotten, one thing always remains, a per-

fect picture, that from its intrinsic merits claims our admiration.

Mr. Tenniel, as we see him in the pages of *Punch*, has three styles. He can be playful, pathetic, or terrible. As a rule, he adopts the first style. With a light hand he touches the foibles of the day. His typical licensed victualler is full of humour, and yet a perfectly truthful study. His peers and peasants are equally successful. The one may take for his motto *noblesse oblige*, the other in his stolid stupidity is a living argument of the necessity for the labours of the School Board. When he has to deal with political subjects in a play-

ful vein, he is at his best when he is depicting Mr. Gladstone as a gardener, or Bismarck as an innocent shepherd in Arcadia. Recently a collection of cartoons illustrative of the life of the late Lord Beaconsfield was published. With few exceptions the drawings were from Mr. Tenniel's pencil. Glancing through the pages of the volume, the artist's estimate of the two great English statesmen of the time can be easily gathered. In his cartoon of *The Two Augurs*, Gladstone and Disraeli are brought face to face. Disraelius, with difficulty suppressing his merriment, observes, "I always wonder, brother, how we chief augurs can meet on the opening



A Cartoon from Punch.

day without laughing." To which Gladstonius replies, "I have never felt any temptation to the hilarity you suggest, brother, and the remark savours of flippancy."

But Mr. Tenniel can draw tears as easily as he can provoke laughter. He is infinitely tender when he has to deal with suffering or sorrow. Two cartoons will readily occur to those who are conversant with his work—and who are not? The first appeared some ten years ago. The occasion was the return of the Prince Imperial to France during the Franco-German War. The boy was seen clasped in his mother's arms. The face of the Empress was hidden in the almost

hysterical embrace, but the attitude was full of pathos. Again, more recently, Mr. Tenniel had to depict the painful sensation caused in England and America by the death of the late President Garfield. Two sisters—Britannia and Columbia—had to be painted sharing "a common sorrow." It was not a new subject. The idea, in different forms, had inspired cartoons before. In spite of this, in Mr. Tenniel's hands the drawing became full of interest. Again the face of the chief character in the composition was hidden, and again her attitude suggested the very ecstasy of grief. Equally happy is the artist when depicting the picturesque

side of poverty. His groups of half-starved women and children are touching without being sensational.

Mr. Tenniel has yet another style—he can be terrible. No more powerful picture has ever been drawn than the cartoon



The Sultan dying of Laughter, from Punch's Pocket Book.

called 'The Order of the Day,' published at the time of the Sheffield trade outrages. The figure of Murder, wearing the hangman's rope below her masked face, points with knife-holding hand towards some fresh victim she has marked out for assassination. Again, the picture of the British Lion and the Bengal Tiger, which appeared after the news of the massacre of Cawnpore had reached England, was, so to speak, teeming with power. The savage spring of the lion, terrible in his wrath; the snarling defiance of the half-trembling tiger, pausing for a moment in the mangling of his prey; the background of solitary jungle, the suggestion that the deadly duel was to be fought out alone to the bitter end—once seen can never be forgotten. Magnificent, too, was the drawing which marked the commencement of the Franco-German War, in which the shade of Buonaparte was shown warning his nephew and grand-nephew to turn back at the head of their army. The three horses ridden by the Napoleons are grand studies. Again, the late Emperor of the French as the Sphinx was marvellously effective. And when it is remembered that these pictures, so full of work, are conceived and drawn in a single day, the wonder grows into amazement. Fortunately Mr. Tenniel is lucky in his engraver. Mr. Swain, who has cut for *Punch* for nearly thirty years, is never unequal to the occasion.

Besides his work on the *London Charivari*, Mr. Tenniel has supplied annually a large number of sketches to the *Pocket Book*. Two specimens are given. The first is an illustration to a comic version of the "Arabian Nights." The sultan has been so amused by some joke of his faithful wife that *he is dying of laughter!* The anxious glances of the doctors who can make nothing of the case, the grief of the consort who has caused the calamity, the uneasy merri-ment of the expiring monarch, are all full of humour. The second illustration accompanied a parody by Mr. Burnand. The author must have been satisfied with his interpreter.

Journalism has been said to be the grave of genius—

"periodical art" (to adopt the rather clumsy classification of the ex-Lord Mayor)—but it will certainly not be the sepulchre of Mr. Tenniel's gifts. His works in a collected form have already been reproduced several times, and never seem to lose their popularity in spite of the ephemeral interest attaching to some of his subjects. As John Leech is the chief exponent of the social life of the century, so John Tenniel is *facile princeps* amongst the political commentators of the same period. His work will be more lasting than the sketches of Rowlandson and the elder Doyle, because he is infinitely the better artist. He has all the power of Hogarth without his repulsiveness. When he became a draughtsman on *Punch*, comic cuts were often rough and sometimes coarse. It has been his mission through life, without sacrificing one iota of real power or true fun, to purify parody and ennoble caricature.

It has become the fashion of late years to give the biographies of celebrities before their death. Many people believe the custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. Among them may be numbered Mr. Tenniel if he be judged by the few speeches he has made in public, which have been as remarkable for their modesty as their sound good sense. But without invading the sacred family circle a public man may be judged by his public works. When we find so much humour, so much righteousness of purpose, so much large-heartedness, such wide sympathies,



Billy Taylor, from Punch's Pocket Book.

such an entire absence of malice as we discover in the drawings of *Punch's* cartoonist, it is easy to understand why the name of John Tenniel is not only honoured, but beloved.

ARTHUR A BECKETT.

AN ETRUSCAN SEPULCHRE NEAR PERUGIA.



As their successors do now, so the Etruscans of ancient Perugia lived, on the summit of the breezy and sunny mountain, where splendid relics of their life still remain. This was the scene of their love, their hate, their glory, and their shame, and when they died they were carried in solemn procession, with trains of wailing women and images of pagan gods, to their sepulchres, down the steep hill to the south of the city, about two miles distant on the present road to Assisi. The ground about here is hilly—a green and beautiful country, with grape-vines trailing from tree to tree, and low, twisted, small, grey-leaved olive-trees growing abundantly. But—

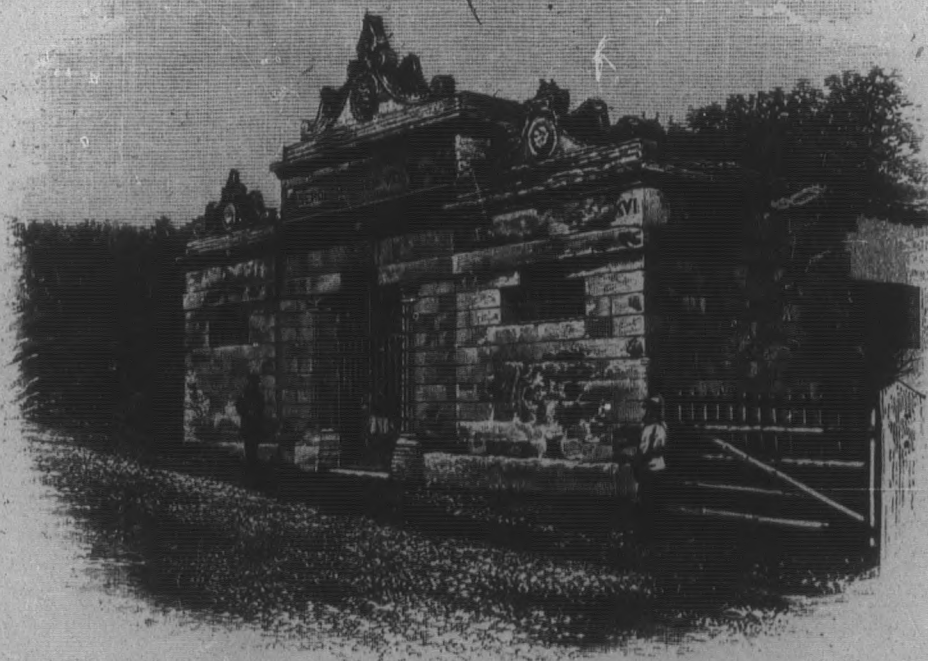
"Piu ch  non credi son le tombe carche,"

and this lovely outside conceals countless funereal relics of an ancient, long-forgotten race. Their history, their manners,

religious rites, dress, and ornaments are pictured in these dark underground libraries, on stone, bronze, gold, or terra-cotta.

In the year 1840 the magnificent Sepulchre of the Volumni was unearthed by some peasants. The excitement in Perugia when this discovery was made known was intense, and the inhabitants went in crowds to see it. No wonder that they stood surprised and awed in that mysterious tomb! Closed for two thousand years and covered with twenty-four feet of earth, all external token of its existence had disappeared, and the glory of the Volumni family was forgotten. It is, too, an Etruscan sepulchre of the noblest kind. It is large, well arranged, and the urns are inscribed and regularly placed, leaving room for others. It is excavated in the hillside, which is composed of tufo—a fragile and yet durable rock. As it had escaped the search made by the barbarians, and the spoliation and ruin of ancient tombs ordered by Theodoric, it has yielded rich material for study, and added largely to our knowledge of Etruscan Art.

The sepulchre of the Volumni being therefore intact, it is, notwithstanding the number and interest of the frescoed tombs of Corneto Tarquinio and the sculptured and frescoed tombs of Chiusi and Orvieto, with all its sculptures, bronzes, and urns, the most beautiful and interesting monument of the Etruscan people yet discovered. The tomb was originally



Etruscan Sepulchre, Exterior.

situated on the principal road that led to Perugia, although the exact position of that road is not now known. It is now on the edge of the railroad near the first station from Perugia. The modern building erected over it, engraved above, is almost at your elbow as you pass in the cars, and you can reach it by walking back half a mile from the station of San Giovanni. The better way, however, is to walk or take a carriage from Perugia.

1882.

It is believed that all tombs had originally some external sign like a column, tablet, or mound, to indicate their position, and there was probably a mound above this. Homer speaks of the tumulus over the grave of Epito, one of his heroes. The cemeteries were built like Etruscan cities, each series of monuments forming a street, and every family having its own sepulchre corresponding with a palace or house.

The entrance door of the Volumni sepulchre looks towards

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the south of the hill, a circumstance often seen in these tombs, although the reason of it has not been explained. On this spot, previously to the discovery of the sepulchre, were found in a cavity of some depth, but without the form of a tomb, twenty-two urns of travertine, with Etruscan and Latin inscriptions, and two other smaller ones of marble, a few bronzes of little value, and a quantity of earthen vases. The caving

of the tomb has nineteen steps, two of which are long, and almost all are in good preservation. The huge slab of travertine which closed the mouth of the cave when it was first discovered, and made the air so mephitic that it was some time before the peasants could enter, is now placed at one side, and a wooden door substituted. The door-posts are also of travertine, and they bear a vertical inscription of three lines in Etruscan, sharply cut in the hard, whitish rock. These letters are three inches in length, and the red paint in them is still bright.

The sepulchre consists of eight rooms, and was probably constructed on the plan of an Etruscan house. A large rectangular room, or vestibule, occupies the centre, with seven others opening on it. One of these, called the Tribune, at the end of the rectangular room, is much larger than the others, and contains the beautiful sepulchral urns of the Volumni family. The united length of the vestibule and the tribune in a straight line to the door is thirty-four feet, and the height to the apex of the arched roof over fourteen feet. The small cells opening on the vestibule are lower than this, but the tribune is of the same height.

The internal construction of the tomb is regular, and it is a rare example of ancient architecture. It displays a unity of parts and an original character that prove it to have been made when the Etruscans had a good school of architecture. The first cell at the right has door-posts and architrave of travertine, and at almost a man's height in the wall is a portion of a dragon in terra-cotta. It is coloured to imitate the varied skin of this animal, and the tongue, made of lead, coloured white, is thrust out. This serpent figure is in all the lateral cells, and perhaps served as a bracket to support a lamp, and also as a symbol of ancient superstition. The reptile was honoured (Oh, triumph of the old serpent which deceived mother Eve!) as a propitious genius, and at the feasts was seen moving in and out among the glasses on the table, or even taking refuge in the bosoms of the



Vilius Volumnius.

in of this tomb led to the discovery of the steps and the great rock at the mouth of the Volumni sepulchre, and when the modern entrance was built these urns were placed within it on the level of the ground before descending the stairs.

The staircase that descends to the subterranean entrance

guests. It was sacred to the Manes, or deified spirits of the dead, and was the genius of the place, as it symbolized immortality. It was also a symbol of heroes, and its presence was an honour to the dead. "Æneas," says Virgil, "saw with stupor a serpent come out of the tomb of his father. As he looked, a great slimy serpent issued from it, and seven times made the

circuit of the tomb, gliding between the altars and the vases, and licking the food." The second cell has on its walls two owls, the owl being the symbol of wisdom and vigilance. The third cell on the right has no ornaments on the walls except a serpent, but a woman's head is sculptured in a recessed square in the ceiling, and around the room are two or three low benches or beds. This was the usual mode of sepulture when the bodies were not burned, and is seen in the tombs of other Etruscan cities. The bodies were laid on these stone beds, with the head a little raised, and left there. The three cells on the left are similar to the others, but are not easily entered.

At the end of the rectangular room, upon which open the six cells, is a door giving entrance to the large room which contains the urns of the Volumni family. A feeling of awe creeps over one upon seeing the figures of these old Etruscans reclining on the urns within which their ashes were preserved. The wax tapers of the guides throw light on the wrinkled features of the aged father, on the smooth brow of the young son, on the noble form of the hero lying in state in the place of honour, on the proud lady, and on the temple urn of later times. The serpents, with their leaden tongues out, seem to glare at and threaten intruders, the owls to utter their doleful night cry, and the lovely serpent-tressed Medusa, sculptured above in the brown tufo, looks down as if she would still protect the ashes intrusted to her care so long ago.

The urns are in the same position as when they were found, and the venerable person represented on the first one was probably the founder of the family. His name was Thephri, or Thepri Velimn. Thepri bears an analogy to Tiber, the name of the river being said to be of Etruscan origin. The inscription on the urn is said to be, "Tiberius Volumnius Tarquinae Filius." The Etruscan name of the family, *Velimn*, was renowned in Roman as well as in Etruscan history, and boasted of consuls, senators, and censors among its members. Traces of them are found in many epigraphs, and more than once in Cicero. Etruscans often took their family names from those of their divinities, and this name was probably derived from Volumnus, Volumna, or Voltumna, the latter of which was the goddess of the famous temple where the twelve States of the Etruscan Confederation met. This Perugian family was scattered over other parts of Italy, and a branch of it finally settled in Rome. The urns are all of travertine but one, which is of marble. The other six resemble marble, as they are covered on the front and sides with a coating of hard stucco, which is still perfect, notwithstanding the lapse of time. All, except the last one, have level lids on which the figures recline or are seated.

The second urn represents an elderly man. He is Aulus Velimn, and is a son or descendant of Tephri.

The third urn represents a young man with a fine countenance, corresponding with the other noble types of this family. He and the occupants of the two succeeding urns were sons of Aulus Velimnas.

The urn of Vilus Velimnas, or Volumnius, engraved on the opposite page, has two inscriptions, one on the border of the urn, and one on the edge of the bed. The front of the base is ornamented with a Gorgon's head in the middle, and four

disc-like plates called *paterae* at the corners. The reclining position of the person represents death, which was considered an image of sleep or repose. The figure on this urn, like the other four similar ones, is covered with the funereal toga, the dress appropriate to a corpse. He leans in an attitude of repose on his left hand, the third finger of which bears a large ring. This is contrary to the usual custom, which was to burn the ring; but it was probably an index of his rank. He holds in the right hand a *patera*, a wide, open vase, almost like a plate, used for libations in expiatory sacrifices, and an emblem

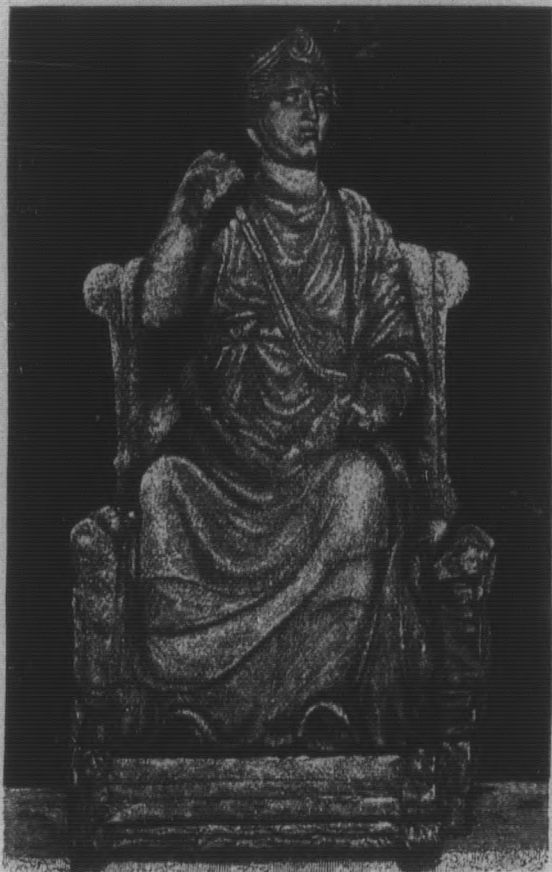


Aruntius Volumnius, the Hero.

of the shadowy land to which he had gone. A long chain descends from neck to breast on this as well as on the other reclining figures. These chains were made by the Etruscans of coloured wool, and were offered, in the hope of pardon, to the Lari, or infernal deities. Wool was a symbol of peace among the Etruscans and Greeks, and wool, wine, and oil, as emblems of comfort, were used in funeral ceremonies to combat the coldness and rigidity of death, and provide the departed with such consolation as they could afford.

The post of honour in the sepulchre is occupied by

Aruntius Volumnius, another son of Aulus, and brother of the two preceding persons. This urn, engraved on the previous page, is larger and more beautifully sculptured than the others, and the rich cover of the bed recalls the Asiatic luxury in which the Etruscans indulged. The statue reclines on two cushions, one at the head and the other at the feet. Some traces of a red tint with which the stucco was painted still



Veilia Volumnia Aruntia.

remain, and those who saw this urn when the tomb was first discovered say that the whole was painted with brilliant colours. The ornaments of the bed are like swans' necks, and give it the appearance of a bark. The same emblem was placed on the prows of Etruscan boats, to symbolize the journey which souls made to the infernal or immortal regions.

Aruntius holds the patera in his left hand, as it was believed that libations offered with that hand were more acceptable to the infernal deities than those offered with the right. The ring is on the fourth finger, as the Etruscans, like the Egyptians, believed that a certain nerve connected that finger directly with the heart.

Seated on the base of the monument are two tutelary genii, who look at each other, and seem to guard the whole sepulchre. These women are represented with the characteristic serpents in their hair, with wings and flaming torches. The figure on the left, however, has lost the torch which it once held like the other. They have armlets on the right arms, bracelets on the wrists, and rings on the fingers. The ample vesture is gathered in a belt at the waist, and another garment falls from the left shoulder. A gem of rhomboidal form ornaments the breast, and earrings are hung in the ears, while the feet are covered with high-laced shoes.

When the sepulchre was opened this urn had a picture painted in vivid colours on its front, between the genii, but it

soon faded. It was a funeral scene, consisting of four female figures, who perhaps were the daughters of the dead man. This practice was very ancient, and was used by the Egyptians.

Aruntius was probably an illustrious hero, and the rusty arms found in the other cells, and also in this, leaning against the Furies, were his. This armour, all of bronze, and wrought with exquisite skill, consisted of a helmet of simple form, of two beautifully shaped shields for the legs, and part of the thin covering of a round shield.

A half-defaced inscription on the doorway of this room is supposed to have had some relation to the bronze armour of the warrior. A bronze musical instrument was also interred with him. One of the most interesting features of this tomb is the restoration made by Aruntius several centuries after the rooms were cut out of the rock. This theory of the restoration accounts for the great difference of style between the architecture of the tomb and the urn of Aruntius, or between the various sculptures on the walls and ceilings and the bronzes. The style of some of them is more robust, grander, and in perfect accord with the national character of the Etruscans, while others are more flowery and graceful, and the last is openly Roman. The first four urns were then placed in order of date, and carefully arranged from the right, so as to give each one his place, and yet leave the centre for Aruntius, while the other side was left free for those who should come after. This would be about the fourth or fifth century of Rome, or two hundred years before the Christian era, when the Etruscans were distinguished in the art of sculpture. The energetic and beautiful figures of the Furies, and the lovely heads of Medusa on the ceilings, prove how different this was from the Roman style.

The inscription of three lines in Etruscan letters on the door-post was made at this time. Its translation is "Arunte Larte Volunnio, son of Aronio, placed this monument, and ordered there, for the eternal repose of the dead, annual sacrifices."

The only woman honoured with a statue is Veilia Volumnia Aruntia, engraved above. She was probably a daughter of the hero. Unlike the others, she is seated, in token of repose, upon a kind of throne. She represents Venus or Proserpine, as her right hand lifts the mantle from her shoulder, that being a sign of representing a goddess. She is a youthful matron, with a diadem upon her head and carefully arranged hair. She wears a tunic without sleeves, girded in at the waist, and an ample mantle, bracelets, and a ring on her left hand, which rests on her knee. Her feet are shod, and rest on a footstool, which was always a distinction for a woman. The owls on the footstool were symbolic of Minerva, and therefore appropriate to a distinguished woman.

The last urn in this room is of a style and material so different from the others as to prove the length of time which elapsed from the foundation of the family to the placing there of its last occupant. The style of this urn is decidedly Roman, and the material is *lunense* marble, which was not known until B.C. 48. It proves that the Volumni family was transplanted to Rome, and that this person preferred being buried in the magnificent sepulchre of his forefathers. The inscription is in both Etruscan and Roman characters, and signifies "Publius Volumnius, the son of Aulus and a mother of the family Cafatia." This temple urn is ornamented on all sides with bas-reliefs. The front is a temple in which large rectangular stones were used. The entrance is flanked by two



PAINTED BY ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM FRENCH

CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN RHODES, ESQ. LEEDS.

fluted pillars with Corinthian capitals and Attic bases, and the door has two parts elegantly modelled.

The back of the urn, which is here engraved, represents two birds drinking out of a vase, the form of which is often seen in funeral urns, and is very similar to the vase of the doves in mosaic at the Capitoline Museum. There is an *erma* surmounted by a head of Mercury under the shadow of a palm-branch on one side, and on the other a column with a vase turned over upon it under a fig-tree. The palm was an emblem of Mercury, one of the gods of the shadowy regions, and the fig-tree of Bacchus, who was supposed to drive away the sadness of death. At Bacchic festivals the initiated wore necklaces of figs. Both the front and the back of this urn are sculptured with a head of Mercury. The four corners were originally ornamented with sphinxes, some with wings and some without; but one of these decorations was stolen when the sepulchre was discovered. The sphinxes were added to urns as guardians of the bones and ashes to frighten away violators of sepulchres, who were detested by the ancients. The sides also of this Roman ash urn are covered with a wealth of symbolical ornaments in bas-relief.

Thus studying the myths of this ancient people within the shadowy rooms of one of their sepulchres, we are carried back to those strange days before The Light of the World had come. Isaiah says that rebellious Israel "dwelt among the sepulchres, and passed the nights in the monuments." These are the idolatries it loved to imitate, and was warned to avoid. To adore these serpents, Medusas, owls, doves, dolphins, and creatures of imagination—with head of man, wings of bird, and body of animal—Israel deserted God.

I doubt if old Greek, and older Etruscan, or the hero Aruntius Volumnius himself, ever dreamed of the wonder that their sepulchres at Olympia and at Perugia would excite two,

three, and four thousand years after they were dead and gone, shut up in the hillside and forgotten while nations were born, existed, and died, and others arose to take their places. "I dreamed of fame," the old Etruscan murmurs, as he reclines there in state to receive visitors from a new world. "I hoped to be remembered as long as my people should endure, and that they for generations would admire



Back of Temple Urn.

the glories of my sepulchre. But what chance is this which has made the resting-place of my ashes a wonder of the world? And who are these that come from afar, with strange speech and dress, and are not even awed by the serpent-crowned heads of my guardian Medusas?"

SOFIA BOMPIANI.

A COUNTRY PARSON'S ART TREASURES.

IT would be interesting to inquire of some of those who make it their employment to criticize the collections which have been amassed by the wealthier classes of Englishmen, what percentage of them exhibit any consistency of purpose in their ingathering?

I am not, of course, now speaking of those which, by chance for the most part, comprise merely a succession of family portraits, or the works of some neighbouring celebrity, or even such a one as I recently had the pleasure of visiting in the north, which was restricted to some sixty of the works of Mr. Watts, R.A. But how often is a collection encountered which exhibits throughout a persistent intention that it shall be characteristic either of the owner, or of his profession, or congenial and fitting to its surroundings, or shall tend in a given direction?

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All these inquiries occurred to me during a visit I recently paid to the delightful home of a country parson, whose house and its little collection of appreciated works of Art I propose shortly to describe, in order to show how characteristic they were of the man and his *entourage*.

The only gentleman, in a parish whose population of some three hundred souls was entirely bucolic, blessed with a store of this world's goods, which made the income of two hundred a year from his curé but a tithe of the whole, he naturally came to be treated in the dual and mixed capacity of squire and parish priest. This aspect of his character was reflected on the walls of the comfortable entrance hall to his parsonage-house, built, it should be said, by himself some fifteen years back, as a goodly legacy towards enriching the living by one whose interest in it terminates with his life. Here then were

G

hung fine engravings of Wilkie's 'Rent Day,' 'Reading the Will,' Webster's 'Punch and Judy,' Landseer's 'Bolton Abbey,' and Faed's touching picture of 'When the Day is Done.' These had been collected and placed here because he knew they would be appreciated by the humblest of his parishioners, should they have to wait before they were admitted to his study.

Now a country clergyman's study is usually the receptacle of about as much rubbish as any room in the world, a country lawyer's office, perhaps, excepted. Piles of dusty sermons, dingy shelves of antiquated books on divinity ranged round the room, usually leave but little space for anything, save a "Church Almanack" or some illuminated texts. But here again our parson's tastes were reflected. His Churchmanship was evidenced in the engraving over the fireplace of the late Bishop Selwyn (not the less revered because of his muscular Christianity) and the more religious of the Arundel Society publications. Illustrations of his more secular tastes were banished to the folds of a screen, which was evidently not intended for the vulgar gaze: here his Conservatism and enjoyment of the grotesque blossomed forth in *Vanity Fair* caricatures of "Dizzy," "The Leaders of the Opposition," and "The Fourth Party."

The dining-room walls displayed better taste, and more unity of purpose, than any room in the house, the single exception being an acquisition of his college days, Landseer's 'Otter Hunt,' in which the subject of the writhing otter, held aloft on the spear which pierces its body, hardly atones for its painfulness by the talent displayed not only in its draughtsmanship, but in its engraving. Charles I. and his belongings formed the motive of a series of engravings which included the well-known portrait of the King on horseback from Kensington Palace, the farewell scene with his family, and the lovely engraving by Strange, after Vandyke's portraits, of the royal children. One end of the room was taken up by a magnificent proof of Raphael Morghen's Guido's 'Aurora,' flanked on either side by the ubiquitous engravings after Doré's 'Christ leaving the Prætorium' and 'The Martyrs in the Coliseum.' The mixing of sacred and profane, of old and modern engraving, was by no means so incongruous as one might suppose. Reminders of old college life in Goodall's engravings of Turner's Oxford and Heidelberg completed this room.

The drawing-room was the least satisfactory of the series. Our parson had been born and bred in Bristol, and as such had felt called upon to patronise local talent, which meant two large oil paintings indifferently done and entirely out of

place in a room, and a portrait of his first-born by a youth now known as Edwin Long, R.A. But were these banished nothing could be better than the series of early drawings by Copley Fielding, Nicholson, and Barrett. They were sufficiently removed from being attempts at realism to prevent their competing with the magnificent expanse of lovely scenery which unfolded itself under ever-varying aspects from the windows of the room. Here the greenest of fields were the foreground to a splendid reach of the Trent, which was bordered on the farther side by woods, part of a park which has no compeer in the Midlands for its splendid growth of timber. A distant fringe of white told where the river escaped over a length of weir to pass down the valley, which from the upper windows could be seen stretching away for many a mile eastward. In this room also some of the lighter issues of the Arundel Society were hung, such as 'The Poets on Mount Parnassus,' by Raphael. In passing I may remark how much the efforts of this society seemed to be appreciated by our worthy parson, as he told how he looked forward to its yearly issues, and marvelled at the riches which a subscription of a guinea brought within his reach. We must not leave the drawing-room without noting the Chelsea and Derby figures on the chimney-piece, the collection of the mistress of the house. These, centred with Falstaff, ranged downwards in size on either side, through shepherdesses and their swains to diminutive babies, some dozen in all, each with an interesting tale as to its acquisition attached, and each representing a different epoch of the art.

Bedrooms are usually the receptacle for all the cast-off pictures and amateur productions of the family. But such was not the case as regards that which was allotted to the writer: it contained but five engravings, in black frames, and there was as a centre piece a fine impression of the line engraving by Desnoyer, 'La Vierge de la Belle Jardinière,' with two Claudes engraved by Bartolozzi and Vivares, and two Woolletts.

It may no doubt be said that in singling out this collection for comment, I have raised a great cry about little wool. It may be so. All I maintain is this: amongst the many houses that I have gone over there are few which so well and so consistently illustrate the man; and all I urge is, that the lawyer, the doctor, or the parson will add much interest, not only to himself but his friends, if he endeavours to impart, in the purchase of his Art treasures, individuality and definiteness of purpose.

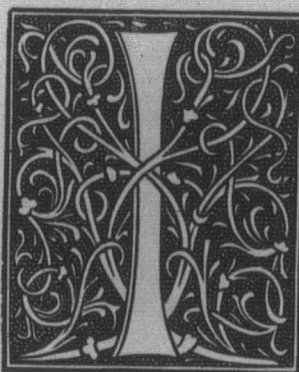
M. BOURNE.

CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR.

A FEW years ago it would have been regarded as an extraordinary freak for an artist to select any other subject from the Civil War than one in which the gay dresses of the Cavaliers formed a principal feature. But times have changed, and the sober hues of the Ironsides find as much favour nowadays as the bright colours of their dashing antagonists. Mr. Ernest Crofts, in the picture which forms the subject of the line engraving this month, has judiciously made a prominent feature of the religious element which contributed so greatly to the success which Cromwell achieved. It

has been said that from the first he rightly conceived the conditions which were necessary to this end, and thereupon banded together an army of yeomen fearing God, but no one else, and submitting themselves for the sake of their cause to a rigid discipline, as the only match for the imperious chivalry which was opposed to them. The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1877, whence it passed to the collection of Mr. John Rhodes, of Pottern House, Leeds. Through his kindness we are enabled to present the engraving to our readers.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.



It is, perhaps, somewhat unusual, in treating of metal work design, to consider work done in very different varieties of metal under the same heading, instead of separating them under such heads as "iron work," "goldsmith's work," etc. But as long as we are not treating the subject historically, nor with the primary object of giving and classifying information, but of illustrating artistic principles and artistic *motifs*, there is nothing unsuitable in grouping metal work under one comprehensive class. Some metals are more ductile, some more brittle; some are capable of use on a large scale, some are only available, save on very exceptional occasions, on a small scale; some are rich and costly, others common and cheap. But certain well-marked characteristics run through the whole class of metals, considered as materials on which to exercise Art workmanship; and the principles which distinguish what is true in taste from what is false and vulgar may be equally illustrated in the large work of an ornamental iron gate or railing, and in the minute filigree of a gold earring or finger ring. There are forms and methods of treatment specially suitable to the metallic character, and others specially unsuitable; and most of these are good or bad, whether on a large or small scale. There are, indeed, minute points in style and workmanship the suitability of which may vary with the scale of the work and the class of metal of which it is made, as we shall have occasion to see in proceeding; but there is no distinction so marked as to prevent our treating metal work generally under one heading and as one subject.

The illustrations which we are employing in themselves suggest this general treatment of the subject, and were collected with that object. We shall be rather adding to than diminishing the interest which we hope our readers may take in the subject, if we mention that the illustrations we are able to give were first got together and drawn on the wood by Mr. Robert Dudley, under the superintendence of the late Sir Digby Wyatt, in preparation for a treatise on metal work which the latter had intended to write. Of the literary part of the work there only exist some rough notes, put into no order which could enable any other person to make intelligent use of them, and in many parts hardly decipherable. But in making use of a large proportion of the set of drawings which the late talented Slade Professor had got together, as illustrations to some remarks on the æsthetics of metal work, we hope that we are at least turning this portion of the late Professor's labours to not unprofitable account. In selecting and arranging them for publication here, we have endeavoured to carry out the double object of preserving a certain chronological progress, from early to late work, in the whole series of articles, while at the same time arranging each group of illustrations so as to

bring together objects of a somewhat similar class for consideration and comparison.

It will be not altogether out of place, however, before going on with our subject in detail, to say a few words, such as may be of general application, in regard to the qualities which should characterize ornamental design in metal work. And the first and most important requisite in designing in any material is to see that the design is such as will suit the peculiar capabilities of the material, and illustrate and bring out those capabilities. We may put this in a rough and exaggerated way, which every one can understand, in suggesting how exceedingly awkward and clumsy would be the appearance of any object made in iron which is usually made in wood, and in precise imitation of the ordinary wooden form. Take a wooden chair, for instance, and make a copy of it in cast iron, or even in silver, and an object would be produced which educated persons would regard with a kind of horror, and which even uneducated persons would repudiate as a clumsy, heavy, unwieldy thing, entirely out of place. The reason, or the principal reason, for such dissatisfaction would be this, that we know that the metal will retain its strength and tenacity in much thinner and smaller sections than are necessary to give the requisite strength to the chair when executed in wood; and we should feel at once that in our cast-iron chair we were burdened with an unconscionable weight of metal which was of no value and of no necessity for strength; that a right use of the metal, in thin sections of the proper form for preserving the greatest amount of strength in proportion to the amount of material employed, would have given us a much lighter and more elegant piece of furniture of practically equal strength. There would be other reasons for preferring a different style of treatment for the iron-chair from that of the wooden one, but this rough and practical one is obvious at least to everybody. Now

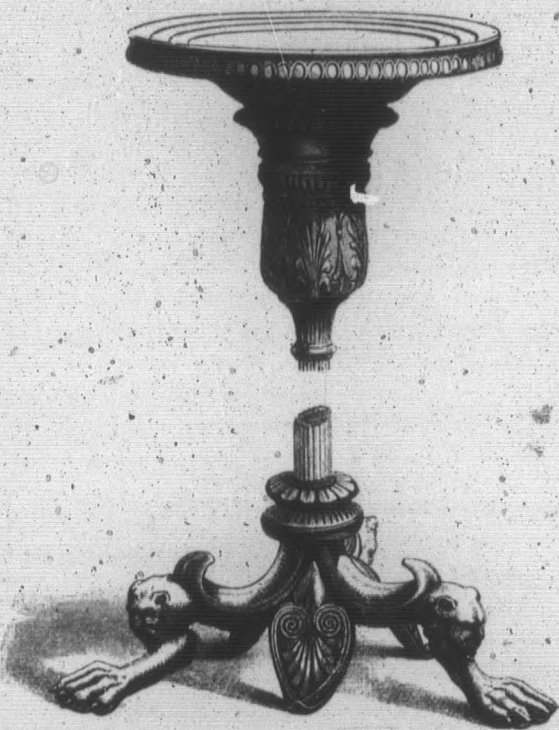


Nos. 1 to 7.—Antique Gold Work.

the same reasoning follows in regard to ornamental design in metal on whatever scale. Every metal that can be used in design has at least this quality when considered in reference to other materials, that it is capable of use in greater tenuity, yet with equal strength. Solid and heavy masses in metal

ornament are, therefore, nearly always synonymous with false and vulgar design. Metal has its own scantlings and its own constructive proportions, and these are equally to be observed whether we are constructing a suspension bridge or making an earring.

The only exception to this broad general rule in regard to



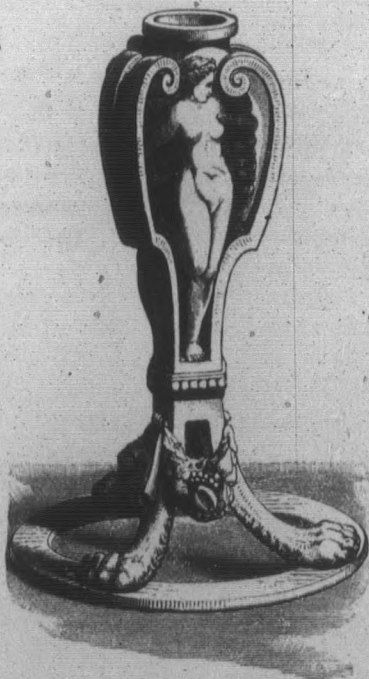
No. 8.—Head and Foot of Bronze Lamp, British Museum.

the treatment of metal is when we are dealing with cast work. In that case it must be allowed that we are rather bound to avoid too great complication of parts; and to deal with the metal in masses, otherwise we are brought into practical difficulties both in regard to the manipulation of the mould and the casting, and the risk of breakage from unequal shrinkage of the metal in cooling. But this is, in fact, an exception that proves the rule. For all cast ornamental work is an inferior stamp of work. It wants the life and expression which are given by actual manipulation with the tool in the hand, and it must almost necessarily result in a style of work which deprives the metal of what is its essential characteristic as a material, viz. the power of assuming thin, graceful, and delicate forms, without structural weakness. We regard cast metal designs, therefore, as only to be admitted under protest, and as an inferior form of Art metal work: though, when it is admitted, there is no doubt that it is susceptible of better and worse treatment, and that it is possible to redeem such work from the charge of vulgarity and commonplace by adopting for it such forms of design and of surface treatment as are most capable of being well brought out in casting, and such as do not affect any attempt to imitate the manipulation of wrought metal—an attempt which must always be a failure.

We shall find opportunity of pointing this moral in going through our list of examples from time to time. But let it be borne in mind that cast work in metal is really design produced at second hand, and not made in metal primarily. That is the real distinction between it and true metal work. A cast design has been first moulded in some other substance of a perfectly different nature from metal, and is merely re-

produced in the latter medium. It therefore necessarily partakes not of the character of metal, but of the character of the material—clay, wax, or whatever it be—in which the original model has been fashioned. It is merely turned into metal at second hand, either for the purpose of securing durability or for the convenience of multiplying copies of the design. In the case of a figure, a statue, which embodies an artistic ideal of a high class, there may, in some instances, be valid reasons for selecting a process which allows of reproduction, or which has special durability. But we are not including sculpture in our subject, only decorative work. And all decorative work that is, or can be, mechanically reproduced, soon loses its real interest and sinks into mere manufacture.

If we avoid here the classification of metal in reference to mere difference of material, we may, however, make one of the work we shall have to speak of, in reference to the nature of the process by which it is fashioned. Indeed, without such a classification, discriminating criticism of the subject could hardly be possible. Before we can decide whether an object displays the best artistic treatment and style, we must have some certain idea what effects are possible with it, and how they are obtained; what ought to have been, and what has been achieved. In this respect metal work may be broadly classified thus. We have that which is so ductile in character as to be capable of being easily shaped in its natural state, and of being drawn out into fine lines and filaments without danger of breakage. Of this class it may be said that pure gold, of fine quality, is the only true representative. This is capable of being beaten into very thin sheets, and of being drawn out into very fine lines, without losing its tenacity; and this quality is peculiarly valuable in a metal which is of so rare and costly a character that it can seldom be used except for objects on a very small scale. Both these qualities of gold, therefore, its ductility



No. 9.—Candelabrum.

and its costliness, point to it as a metal peculiarly suitable for the most minute and delicate design; and this qualification we shall find has been almost always borne in mind and practically acted upon in antique gold work, whether

Egyptian, Greek, or Etruscan—a fact of which some admirable examples occur in our illustrations to this article, of which we will speak more particularly just now.

Next we have the manipulation of metal, on a larger scale, by hammering without the intervention of heat. Silver is the metal most largely used in this manner; gold, of course, is equally susceptible of the same treatment; lead and pewter have played their part in Art workmanship of the same kind. It must be noticed, however, that the question of thickness of metal is involved in this case, as well as quality, and that cold-beaten work presupposes a substance sufficiently thin to be shaped in this manner; the relief and surface modelling, which in other materials would be given by carving, being in this case given by beating on the surface on the exterior face, or by beating it outward from the interior face (*repoussé* work). The essential distinction of this work is that the whole thickness of the metal is bent to the shape required for producing the modelling, instead of the modelling being only worked on the outer surface of a solid mass. Beaten and *repoussé* work has been more used, probably, with silver than with any other metal; and it is peculiarly suitable for the treatment of a precious metal such as silver, inasmuch as it produces the greatest effect with the least mass of metal, and turns the metal artistically to the best advantage, making full use of its power of tenacity along with tenuity. Then we have the system of hammered work performed on metal which cannot be so manipulated except under the influence of heat, of which wrought iron is the typical example. Wrought-iron work may, in many of its details, have characteristics very similar artistically to that of *repoussé* work in gold and silver, though on a larger scale and with less minute finish; but it may also be carried out in metal of considerable thickness and mass, of sufficient length to be easily bent and twisted; and hence one of the characteristics of wrought-iron work has almost always been the extensive employment of design in scrolls and twists of metal, which give to it a peculiar expression and style differing from all other metal work in general character, and in the combination of strength with pliability.

Surface tooling, or "chasing," is another element in the manipulation of metal, which may be used either in combination with beaten or *repoussé* work in gold or silver, to add detail to the design, or may be applied to the formation of



No. 10.—Greek Lamp.

decorative detail on a surface, the general form of which has been obtained by casting. It is most often used in combination with beaten work, but bronze castings allow of, and generally require, a certain amount of finish with the tool. This, however, must be regarded rather as the necessary finishing of the originally imperfect and blunt finish of cast

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work than as a special means of decorative treatment. As a means of decorative effect, chasing is chiefly to be regarded as applicable to gold and silver work. A further source of effect is to be found in the perforation of a design in thin surfaces of metal.

There is a class of work entirely distinct from all these, in



No. 11.—Roman Metal Casket.

which the metal is in reality a matrix for the reception of another material. Such processes are enamelled metal work and niello, in both of which the metal surface is hollowed for the reception of a foreign substance. In the case of enamel the great object is to give colour; and in a large proportion, at least, of enamelled metal work the lines of the design are formed by the metal ridges, and the interspaces are filled up with coloured enamels. In niello work, which is always on a ground of silver, interstices which are hollowed between the ridges are filled up with a substance giving a black surface (generally sulphate of silver), and thus a design, apparently in silver on a dark ground, is formed, or a design in black on silver ground, if the design is made from the sinkings, and not from the ridges. The first-named method, however, produces the best effect, and is by far the most usual. But these methods of work do not come under the same heads as metal work properly so called; they rather constitute a species of inlay. One class of work in which a somewhat similar effect is produced entirely by the use of metals, however, is damascening, in which, as before, the main body of metal forms a matrix, and the design is made by the insertion of another metal of different colour, in wire form, into delicately cut grooves in the matrix, the grooves being slightly undercut, and the inserted metal then hammered in and tooled, until the surface is perfectly uniform, and the two metals almost incorporated with one another. This (of which, however, we have no examples in our present series of illustrations) is one of the

most beautiful and refined, as well as one of the most difficult and delicate in execution, of all methods of treating metal artistically; at the same time it is an art which stands on



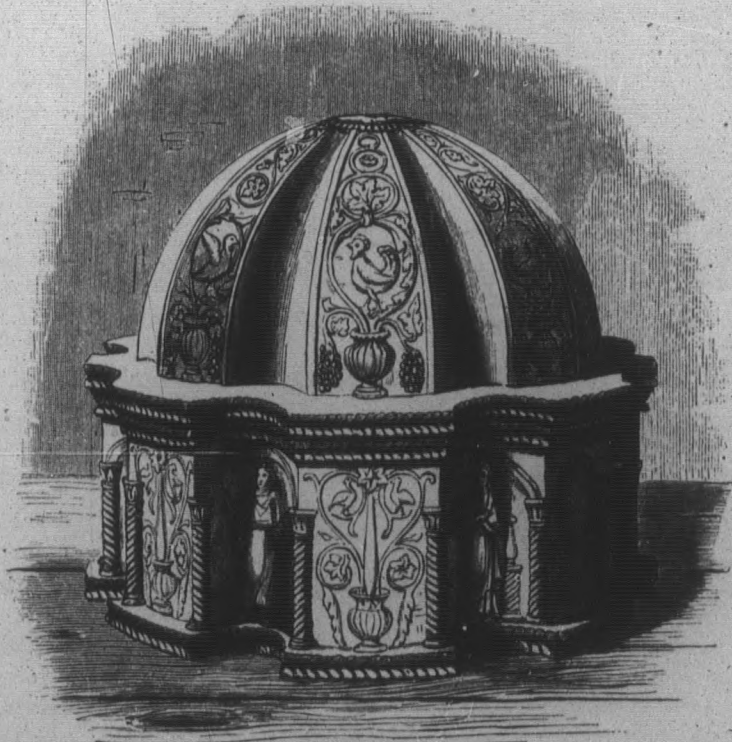
No. 12.—Casket, late Roman.

quite a different footing from that of the modelling of metal by hammering and chasing.

If we look at antique metal work, it would seem, as far as we have the opportunity of judging, that there was in ancient Art a perfect taste and judgment in regard to the treatment of small objects formed out of the precious metals, but not a corresponding degree of æsthetic perception in regard to larger work in coarser metal. Antique gold work—Greek, Egyptian, or Etruscan—is mostly not only exquisitely beautiful, but in perfect taste in regard to the treatment of the material. The specimens, Nos. 1 to 7, of which illustrations are given on page 23, are pieces of Greek and Egyptian gold work from the Mayer Museum at Liverpool, and they are typical, in their leading characteristics, of antique gold work generally. It should be noticed how conscientiously the most is made of the amount of the material, and how entirely free from the vulgarity arising from display of a mass of the precious metal for the sake of its mere value as bullion. The point of this remark will be best appreciated by those who have observed the character of much of the gold ornament offered for sale in the jewellers' shops. Over and over again our taste and our sense of refinement are offended by the recurrence of objects, such as ear-pendants and brooches, the great value of which seems to rest in their massiveness. They seem to say, "See how much gold you are getting for your money!" as if the object were to see how many pounds' worth of bullion could be placed round a lady's wrist or hung from her ears. But if we look at Greek gold ornaments, we find that the artist is as economical of the mere metal as he well can be. It is mostly the thinnest and most delicate material, and the value lies not in the metal, but in the nature of the design. The Greek goldsmith endeavoured to put the greatest possible amount of beautiful design and workmanship into the smallest possible amount of gold. The modern jeweller seems anxious to provide you with the greatest amount of mere gold with the least possible expendi-

ture of thought or design on it. He knows, of course, what his public mostly demand, or at least what will content them. They pay for gold, not for Art. But the Greek artist, in using gold, seems to have regarded the value of the metal only as making it the more worthy vehicle for the most delicate workmanship. And its special quality of ductility is always present to him. This is particularly well shown in the finger ring here engraved. This is no rigid "hoop," but a piece of fine ductile metal drawn out and twisted in spiral form into the long tail which can easily be bent round into the required shape. We shall find, from time to time, how frequent is the recurrence of the spiral twist, in one shape or another, in good metal work—a form of treatment which metal naturally suggests, whether it be in cold ductile metal, or in metal which acquires that character when worked under the agency of heat. In the bronze lamp, from the British Museum, of which the head and foot are given (No. 8), we see very little of purely metallic characteristics, not

even in regard to tenuity of proportion. The object might be made just as well in hard wood; and the decorative features on the stem and upper portion are derived from such ornament as we find carved in marble on the cornices of Greek buildings. The upper portion is exceedingly elegant and admirably proportioned, and in the large thin rim which spreads round the top there is to be found the one distinctly metallic feature in the structure of the whole. The base is in egregiously false taste, in whatever material it were executed, since the principal feet are formed by blending entirely heterogeneous



No. 13.—Byzantine Casket.

objects—a leaf, a head, and a paw. The intermediate feet, it should be observed, are constructively superfluous, and, in fact, injurious, as the whole would be much more steady on

its base without them. The candelabrum (No. 9) is probably a piece of Renaissance design made under antique influence; the tripod foot is Roman in feeling, but other details, especially the curled scroll just below the socket on either side, betray the Renaissance.* The Greek lamp (No. 10), of the general shape so well known to every one, calls for no special remark, except to point out the manner in which a familiar form of Greek decoration, carved on buildings and painted on vases, has been modified so as to appear as a metal ornament (partly, one may suppose, to reflect light) at the back of the lamp, in this case showing a correct and suitable translation of architectural ornament into metal.

In general, however, it may be observed that when metal objects are made to assume architectural forms, it is an indication that the true character of metal work has been more or less overlooked, and that the art has lost its truth and simplicity, and become pretentious. There is no affinity, in reality, between architectural and metallic forms, nor even between architectural and metallic detail in general, though the former may be capable of being modified, or, as we said above, translated into metallic forms, and we shall come across some examples in which this is done. In the Roman metal casket (No. 11) from the British Museum we have an admirable specimen of, for the most part, purely metallic form and style. The outline of the vessel is somewhat inelegant, not such as would have satisfied a Greek eye; but the lightly engraved ornament which forms the margin to the figure subjects is in perfect taste. The feet present, again, a combination of heterogeneous objects, in this case a female bust and a lion's claw, which we noticed in the foot of the Greek candelabrum, and which is much more characteristic of Roman work than of the generally purer taste of the Greeks. In the next example

(No. 12), which is late Roman work, we find in the lower portion of the casket the architectural element distinctly predominating; but it may be observed how the natural good taste of the designer has led him to give a metallic character to the mimic architecture by the spiral twisting of the columns, a feature which we can hardly suppose existed at that time in any classic architecture on a large scale. There is, it may be observed, a curious and significant mingling of style and feeling in different parts of the work of this casket. The lid and the body hardly seem, indeed, to belong to each other. The sculpture on the lid is classic in feeling, though not of the highest order, but the treatment of the body of the casket already approaches Byzantine feeling, and we half expect to find the figures in the arcades are Christian saints. The bit of ornament running round this part of the work, too, if found separately, would be taken for Byzantine detail. In the next example we find some of the same elements (No. 13) compounded into a distinctly Byzantine form. The twisted columns are there, but the capitals have receded further from any likeness to the classic capital, and the scroll foliage preserves only a faint reminiscence of its classic origin. The whole object (it is a reliquary) assumes a very architectural form, and recalls the great *penchant* of the Byzantine architects for the dome. But for a small casket executed in silver the form is much too architectural, the "cornice" is too marked, and the whole suggests too much the idea of a casket turned into a rather clumsy architectural model. This is a good example of the mistake of introducing too close an imitation of architectural forms into objects such as these. The design is a good deal too solid, heavy, and formal for a metal casket, which should never have the built-up appearance which this presents, but it should suggest the impression of the tenuity and ductile character of the metal.

THE GROWTH AND DECLINE OF FRENCH ART.



astonishing fecundity in the production of finely illustrated works of Art has always been a distinguishing characteristic of French publishers, but never more so than nowadays. There are certain houses in Paris which, from year's end to year's end, are engaged in the continued issue of *éditions de luxe* which seem as if no possible circulation would repay them for their outlay, and as if they were really labours of love. Nor are their authors less prolific. We have before us a work by M. H. Havard, "L'Art à travers les Mœurs."† It is but a few months since we were occupied in gaining information and pleasure from his latest work on Holland. But that lapse of time has sufficed for the compilation of the volume before us. The *compilation* we say

advisedly, for we are informed that more than twelve years have been occupied in the ingathering of materials for this erudite work, and that it has necessitated long and tedious journeys over all Europe, whilst whole years have been spent in ransacking libraries and museums for materials.

But now the author of "Les Merveilles de l'Art Hollandais," and a score of other kindred volumes, occupies a larger sphere, and ranges over the Art of Europe from its cradle to its grave. He argues that hitherto the amateur has had nothing but his natural instincts to guide him in the mysterious paths of the arts. He complains that this should be so, for that artistic production obeys a regular and certain procedure and development, and its history and laws could be regularly laid down. This is the task which M. Havard sets himself. He proceeds to unravel this development from its birth; he unfolds to us its infantine preferences and the formation of its tastes, until the arrival of the period when the fulness of knowledge replaces instinct, and love of form and a passion for the ideal lead up to the highest rung of the ladder. One example of the completeness of his research may be mentioned. Following up a remark of M. Renan, that although in infancy there may be a number of characteristics peculiar to the individual, still there will always be a quantity which are common to all,

* Having already mentioned the history of the original collection of these illustrations, we may here observe that some few of them came into our possession without any title or identification beyond what the evidence of their style affords.

† Paris: Quantin & Co.

he has interrogated and examined children in almost every country in Europe as to their first ideas on Art. He discovered that the primary attempt of all was to draw a straight and upright line, then that they proceeded to draw them parallel, but that the lines invariably met at the top, and were then joined at the bottom, and thus became a triangle. He is unable to arrive at the reasoning for this mystic form seen by the infant, or the straight line, neither of which is to be found in nature. But he shows from the arrow-head, the hut, the pyramid, and the tumulus, the preference for the form in savage life; and a child's drawing, on the walls of Pompeii, of a triangular man (of which an engraving is given in the work) is evidence that first ideas were the same two thousand years ago as now.

The argument which pervades the work, and which can hardly be said to be novel, is this:—Art in the individual is distinguished by three epochs, the imaginative, the imaginative combined with knowledge and power, and the reflective, when production is regulated by rules and principles: That as in the individual, so with nations.

The first part of the work is, therefore, devoted to tracing the rise, development, and fall of Art throughout Europe, and the second is taken up with a consideration of the same series of events in France. In a careful digest, finely illustrated by M. Goutswiller, the Fine Arts in France, especially that branch which is distinguished as the Decorative, is conducted upwards from the infantine efforts of the Gauls,

through the Merovingian and feudal periods, until the climax is reached with the Renaissance.

It is hardly necessary to add that the period of France's greatness in the Arts is arrived at in the long reign of Louis XIV.



Pencil Study by Watteau.

"Architecture, dress, furniture, poetry, literature, the Fine Arts, all are then majestic;" it being admitted, nevertheless, that the majesty is not inherent, but assumed. From thence, sometimes slower, as in the reign of Louis XV., when Watteau lived (whose pencil study is here reproduced), usually quicker, as during the Revolution and Empire, Art hastened towards its senility. The lowest depths are reached in the time of the Empire, and at the commencement of the present century. Here one would have imagined, had the theory which pervades the work been proven, our author would have left French Art. But no, he concludes with a chapter in which he surveys Art in the France of to-day. Admitting that it is impossible to speak of it impartially, because there is "un parfum qui s'évapore avec des années," accusing it of wanting originality and individuality of style, he still believes that with the introduction of democracy the inherent Art instinct of the old Gaul, revived by an infusion of national blood, will again produce

a phase of Art which shall be an honour to the race, as it is a thing to be prayed for. We may add that Sir Joshua Reynolds, Professor Davis, Sir John Lubbock, and a number of English authorities are quoted in support of the argument.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

IMAGINATION AND FEELING ADDRESSED BY ART.—The arts address themselves only to two faculties of the mind—its imagination and its sensibility. It seems to me that the object and intention of all the arts is to supply the natural imperfection of things; and often to gratify the mind by

realising and embodying what never existed but in the imagination.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

FIRST AND SECOND THOUGHTS.—First thoughts are best in Art—second thoughts in other matters.—*William Blake.*

ART NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART is in some respects the model gallery of the country. Unlike most institutions of its kind its greatest value does not lie in its gallery of paintings. On the contrary, it may be hazarded that, with the exception of some few of its works, in a few years the paintings will be weeded out, and that from time to time successive changes will take place, each of which will give to the gallery increased importance. The gallery wall space, which is comparatively limited, will demand this. Such a continued movement which we see in so noble and carefully-selected a gallery as the Luxembourg is really an element of strength, inasmuch as it not only renews the public interest from time to time, but guarantees continually a higher class of works. The permanent elements of this gallery command entire respect. The chief of these is the noble collection of casts gathered together in the lower floor. Notwithstanding there are no art schools connected with the gallery, and Washington is in no sense an art centre, for students it is without doubt the finest collection of casts in the country, and includes almost every well-known work of European galleries. It is safe to say, however, that there is no other place in the country where such a collection of casts can be more thoroughly appreciated. Washington, of all American cities, compels attention to its sculpture. The principal ornamentation of the Capitol is the sculptured groups of the staircases and the pediments above two of its entrances. Modelled in somewhat after the Parthenon, its decoration is also in kind. Leaving out of consideration the sensational grouping of the staircases, and the contents of Statuary Hall, the disposition of the figures of the frieze, particularly that on the pediment of the Senate portico, suggest the Elgin marbles, whose beautiful casts are in the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Further than this the suggestion only calls attention to the painful modernness of the Capitol sculpture, and in the matter of drapery alone contrasts the stiff swathing folds which conceal the action of the bodies, to the beautiful flowing lines of the Fates, for example, among the Elgin marbles, which cover the bodies only to reveal their grace. Legislative works of art, for one reason or another, have tended chiefly to sculpture; and it cannot be doubted if both the sculptors, and the men who hold the patronage of art in their hands, had had greater familiarity with such collections of casts, there would not be so much cause to regret the imperishableness of marble and bronze at the National Capital.

In the side gallery at right angles with the principal hall of sculpture are several pieces of modern sculpture. This includes three Venuses, a Venus Victrix by Gibson, holding her apple with calm content—a too philosophical conception and in striking contrast to the Venus Victrix of Thorwaldsen, which is alive with the joy of triumph—and a Venus by Canova, a rather placid inanity. A bust of Clytie, by Rinehart completes the list. The Gallery of the Renaissance, as it is called, which is a continuation of this room, contains an interesting collection of bas reliefs, by no means so extensive as Mr. Hunt's fine collection in the Metropolitan Museum; but of more popular interest. The chief of these is the cast of the West Gate of the Baptistery at Florence, before which is placed a seat, offering an opportunity for those who desire to study it in detail. Less familiar are several reliefs by Gonjon, and particularly interesting that from the gallery of the wood-loft of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. The casts from Michael Angelo are unique in this country. Here is the bust of the colossal David at Florence, the Cupid taken from the Kensington Museum, and the two powerful statues of the slaves designed for the monument of Pope Julius II. which was never executed.

The corresponding chambers on the other side are devoted to bronzes, pottery and like works. In a central case are electrotypes of the Roman treasures found at Hildesheim, but the chief interest of this room centres in the large collection of small bronzes by Barye, 114 in number, a collection which finds no equal in America. The electrotypes reproductions from the South Kensington Museum are of much more value than those of the Metropolitan Museum. In fact, so far as students are concerned, and the contents of the two galleries are compared in the influence they are able to exert on contemporary art, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, though much smaller, is of correspondingly greater value.

The main gallery of paintings is a large room directly over 1882.

the gallery of sculpture. The principal object on entering the room is the full-length portrait of the honored founder W. W. Corcoran, Esq., by Elliott. No portrait by Elliott makes him more contemporary than this of Mr. Corcoran. Broad, strong, with the feeling of generous blood and fibre underneath the outward semblance the figure stands that of an easy, genial gentleman, the effect interlarded with only by a trifle too much attention paid to the draperies and the insistent blacking on the boots, which, however, it is perhaps hypercritical to call further attention to. Compared with the Guizot by Healy, also a full-length portrait, Elliott's work is, if less refined and formal, more vigorous, realistic and modern. The gallery is especially rich in portraits. There is a large formal portrait by Sully, of General Jackson, executed as if a national order, and a head of Taylor by Vanderlyn. The two most interesting portraits are one of Henry Clay by C. B. King, which is the only one in Washington answering in any sense to the genial magnetic statesman of the West, and a portrait of John Randolph by Chester Harding. Artistically this latter is crude, but it is impossible not to feel the presence of the individual, or to do away with the consciousness that this is the man, John Randolph. There is no greater value to a portrait than lies in this, and no rarer trait to find in a portrait. The greater number of the portraits have been painted by Healy from other portraits, and are of only moderate interest. There are two, by Mr. Daniel Huntington, of Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Tayloe of Washington, but nothing else more modern, with the exception of the portrait of Miss Emma Thursby by Healy, which, however, does not call for further mention.

The gallery is not very happy in its larger works. There is an immense canvas by Cabanel, 'The Death of Moses,' awkward in composition, chalky in color, and uninteresting in conception, and Gérôme's 'Death of Caesar,' absolutely void of interest, and with no technical merits worth considering. A large view of Mt. Corcoran by Bierstadt is one of the best of his recent works. The fine cloud-painting alone gives it exceptional value, and the composition takes it out of the region of the merely phenomenal, which is so unpleasantly prominent in Mr. Moran's Yellowstone paintings in the Capitol. Many of the more important works are familiar to many persons through their exhibition elsewhere. These are among the most interesting and valuable works of the collection and include 'The Procession of the Sacred Bull Apis-Osiris,' by Frederick A. Bridgman; Mr. Porter's 'Lady and Dog'; 'The Young Heir,' by George H. Boughton; 'On the Beach at Scheveningen,' by Kaemmerer, and Church's 'Niagara.' The works representing the older American artists are worthily chosen. Here is a Whittredge 'Trout Brook in the Catskills,' one of the few idyllic works produced by an American artist. By Sanford Gifford is 'The Ruins of the Parthenon' whose magical delicacy of color many will remember, and a characteristic cattle piece by James M. Hart. 'The Judgment of Paris' by Henry Peters Gray belongs to that period when he was under the influence of the Venetian school, and its sensuous color is now pleasantly decorative in a gallery which has but little of such work. Mr. Huntington is scarcely so fortunate in his representation by 'Mercy's Dream.' An unusually genial Kensett is 'Autumn on Lake George,' and among the older landscape painters with whom Kensett is a connecting link, are Doughty and Cole; the one silvery and tender, the other revelling in the romantic picturesque. And with these must be associated the exuberance of Leutze in the 'Amazon and her Children.'

In foreign art the gallery has but a small number of paintings, but these are well selected. The most popular work is Muller's 'Charlotte Corday,' whose exquisite, pensive face leans against the iron bars of her cell awakening the sympathy of each passer-by. There are comparatively few French works. 'The Vestal Tuccia,' by Leroux, is one of the prizes of the Paris Exposition of '74. The finest canvas of the gallery technically is 'The Passing Regiment,' by Detaille. The scene is simple, being troops passing one of the Paris gates on a rainy day, through muddy streets and accompanied by a vagrant crowd. The color is unimportant, but the scene is full of life and exhilaration, and the faces wonderfully individualized on inspection; but in no way asserting the portraiture, for such it is, over the unity of the canvas. There is an Odalisque by St. Pierre, a *salon* work more vigorous and

less detailed than Constant's subjects of the same class, and also 'The Talking Well,' by Vely, one of those works whose importance is chiefly derived from its subject. Two little Italian *genre* works illustrate pleasantly the Italian school, and 'The Lost Dogs' by Van Thoren, a work chosen from out of the Vienna Exposition collection. The gallery is indeed well varied in its selection. There is an honored array of names unknown here, but on the contrary we are introduced to many rarely seen elsewhere. The west gallery is in some sense the limbo of the house. Here are a number of old works of no importance, which in time will happily give way to more valuable paintings. However, among these are two excellent Brackaleers, a fine Preyer, and one of the best of the works of Mount, who is among the first of American *genre* artists and whose genial humor has never been excelled.

In the east gallery the latest acquisition is 'The Pastoral Visit' by R. N. Brooke, one of the younger men recently returned from Paris, where he studied under Bonnat. The subject is the visit of a negro preacher to the family of his parishioner, a stalwart negro, whose wife is serving the caller with a dish of clabber. The painting is large, well composed, vigorous though grave in color, and thoroughly realistic. The artist, indeed, is one of the moderns, but holding his technic well in hand, and using it rather as a vehicle of expression than as an ultimate end. The only other paintings of which space will admit mention are Ary Scheffer's 'Weeper of Wurtemberg' and 'The Fête of St. John,' by Hugo Salmson, which suggest contrasts with the management of Teniers of such a scene.

The three small rooms including the octagon room are chiefly remarkable for their sculpture. In the octagon room is the final resting-place of Powers's 'Greek Slave' and several smaller busts by Powers with a copy of the veiled nun. In the west room are Rinehart's 'Sleeping Children' and in the east room 'The Sacred Prayer' and the 'First Steps,' the two works in the collection of modern Italian sculpture at the Philadelphia Exhibition of '76 which won the largest number of friends. It will be seen that the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in the first place, has a thorough foundation for permanent excellence in its collection of casts; and in the second place indicates, in its wide choice among modern paintings and sculptures, that it will furnish a gallery which shall continue to interest as well as instruct the varied classes which the presence of the Government constantly attracts to Washington.

NEW YORK.—THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB, judged by its reception and private view, has met with something of the favor which marks the opening of the spring exhibition of the National Academy of Design. A number of things have contributed to increase the interest in black and white. There are few artists now who have not turned from oils and water-colors to yield to the fascinations of etching, and to the demands for illustration which have accompanied the progress made in wood engraving. The delicate problem of translating color effects into black and white have tempted still another class, as does also the readiness with which clever conceits find hasty expression in black and white. These have all combined into furnishing an exhibition which, more than any previous exhibition of the Salmagundi Club, has material to whet the interest of the public. Judged by another standard, much of this lays the exhibition open to criticism. To put this into brief form, the exhibition has struck too loud a note. Work in black and white finds its most complete end in wood-engraving and in etchings, for the Monotype process is scarcely yet beyond trial. Leaving out the technical qualities of wood-engraving, in the draughtsman and his work is the chief interest of the examples now on the Academy walls. It is here one hopes to find the evidences of the men in training for what is now so conspicuous a form of art. Any one conversant with the magazines, which have taken so important a part in this movement, must have often been conscious, behind the spirit and progress to which they have borne witness, to a sense of discrepancy, a want of harmony between the engraver and the draughtsman. It is the habit of the artist to lament the free translation of the engraver; on the other hand, it is but a fair exaction that the draughtsman pay some attention to the limitations of the engraver's art, and obviate the necessity for the engraver's interpretation of unexplained passages.

The work of this character exhibited by the Salmagundi Club is the most satisfactory part of the exhibition. The complaint really is that it is so small a part of the exhibition, and that the artists have given a greater degree of prominence to

dashing *tours de force* in oils. The objection to oils in such an exhibition is too manifest to be enforced by arguments; at the same time, no one can fail to be interested in much of this work as, for example, in Mr. Quartley's 'Stranded and Abandoned,' with its delicate *chiaroscuro* and its sensation of color, in the delicacy and grace of Leon Moran's 'Looking for the Cows,' whose simplicity and freshness render it one of the delightful things of the exhibition. On the other hand, are the strong effects in oils of Mr. C. M. Dewey's 'Stormy Morning,' the dash and brilliancy of 'The Outward Mail,' 'Wung Out' and 'Hoy Hulloo,' by Mr. G. W. Edwards. The youngest of our draughtsmen and one of the most promising of future illustrators, his adoption of this or that process becomes a matter of some importance; and it must be said that Mr. Edwards's work loses something by his medium just so far as he sacrifices drawing to the tempting pictorial effects he so easily gets in oils. Passing beyond 'On the Northern Coast,' by Mr. J. C. Nicoll, which makes itself felt in the exhibition, we find the extremes, which place oil outside of what seems to be the proper limit of an exhibition in black and white, in the glittering works of Mr. Volkmar and Mr. Julian Rix, whose pretentious and violent effects challenge attention rather than win it. Picturesque effects achieved by the more refined methods, seen in the reproduction of Mr. E. Wood Perry's Academy painting of last spring, and in the minute handling of Mr. Frederick Freer's 'Sunday Morning,' are also, to a certain extent, barred the proper limits of the Salmagundi Club, if it should set up the standard that it might properly do. However enjoyable such works are, black and white is scarcely their proper expression, and to conceive of the exhibition otherwise than as offering an agreeable pastime to the sight-seer, such exceptions must be made.

In considering work within these implied limitations, must first be considered the admirable contributions of Mr. C. S. Reinhardt, some of which has already been made familiar in the magazines—as, for example, 'The Jolly Sailor Inn,' with its fine free drawing and expressive individualities, and 'The Coal Breakers,' an equally spirited drawing. Mr. Reinhardt has always received a large share of popular consideration by reason of his subjects, so that every one is now better able to appreciate the technical progress he has made, while he still retains the happy faculty of finding interesting motives. Motives go far in black-and-white work. Unlike other artistic work, the subjects compel the artist's attention, as the events of the day demand the reporter's pencil. It is to this necessity many of the sterling works of the exhibition are due, as for example, in the game of 'Football between Princeton and Yale,' so forcibly illustrated by A. B. Frost. Other work by him exhibits also his strong, crisp work, as 'Guide Putting Dogs on Track' and 'Is it worth the Trouble?' By Mr. J. Burns, whom we are accustomed to rely upon for illustrative work, is 'Preparing Fish for Market,' and may be mentioned in this connection, as the work of the men to whom the exhibition owes its chief excellence if not its most popular works: 'The Old Wharves on the River Witham,' by Alfred Parsons, the English artist in this country; the beautiful drawings of Mr. E. A. Abbey, whose return to this country is gladly welcomed; the careful drawings of Mr. Mitchell for the work on Mt. Desert, and Mr. J. F. Murphy's delicate transcripts of landscape. Mr. Murphy, as Mr. Hamilton Gibson, has a daintiness which is apt to be cloying, yet it would be a delicate matter to suggest any limits to this, their charm being too subtle to be interfered with without danger.

There is much imaginative work in the exhibition worth considering. Mr. Edwin Blashfield's 'His Ludship,' made many friends the first day of its exhibition, the humor being enjoyable and the work thoroughly elaborated. 'The Gleaners' of Mr. F. S. Church, in this respect, is one of the successful works of the exhibition. Mr. Church has been especially happy in the face of the young girl, whose pure expression is thoroughly exquisite. In execution, however, the relief against so large and chalky a space of white is disagreeable. One of the happiest ideal works is 'When We Were Boys,' by Mr. W. H. Smedley; one of those homely and genial works which bring every one into sympathy with them, and with an execution which is so good that it need not be considered. Of works of this kind may be included Mr. George Bush's little work 'Bedtime.' As has been remarked before, in no other art-work is the subject more essential and is the individuality of the artist more appreciated. Some of the ideal works have been very happy. Such is the 'Twilight' of Mr. Charles Osborne, suggested by the rapid kiss of Day and Night in passing. Mr. George Maynard was represented by two nude works, 'Fantasia' and 'Spring,' the latter

a half-nude figure seated among spring blossoms. The 'As-tarte' and 'Magdalen' of Mr. Frederick Freer are interesting essays in ideal work, as is also Mr. Lungren's 'Insanity.' Such endeavors, whether successful or not, are encouraging at this time, when the tendency toward realism in other branches of art is so strongly marked.

There is but little space left to speak of the charcoal work, of which there were many interesting examples, notably Mr. Quartley's 'When the Tide Comes In,' and some good work from F. Hopkinson Smith, and characteristic landscapes by Kruseman Van Elten. The etchings were not sufficiently prominent to speak of at present, much being dealers' property. There were several pieces of sculpture, but nothing of moment. It is pleasant to add that the exhibition of the Club has met with substantial appreciation from the public; over \$5000 worth of pictures have been sold.

Mr. Walter Blackman, a New York artist who has been for some years abroad, where he studied for a time with Gérôme, gave an exhibition of his works during the month at the American Art Gallery. Mr. Blackman's work, taken collectively, impresses one as being that of an earnest student; without evincing any special originality, his painting is thoroughly conscientious, and his results proceed through straightforward methods toward legitimate ends. Generalizing hastily from the paintings on exhibition, Mr. Blackman seems less happy in imaginative work; although, in remembering 'The Fisherman Mending Nets,' a twilight effect with a spirit of mystery bordering over the placid lagoon, this needs some qualification; but in more spirited work, as in 'Le Jeu des Quilles,' the lack of imagination is more positively felt. There were in the collection a number of marine views, and these were the most enjoyable works of the collection. They were all still-water views, with occasional boats and picturesque tide-stained spiles. The largest canvases were two Alpine scenes, with enclosed lakes, and boats with figures. In these nothing could have been better than the solid painting of the old boats, and the painting of the figures, which were so thoroughly detached from the canvas. In this realism and in the drawing done with such a firm, certain hand, Mr. Blackman does credit to his school and master. In several interiors—especially in that of a Breton kitchen—is evinced the most delightful *chiaroscuro* and thoroughly agreeable though quiet color. Mr. Blackman proved himself so successful in the few pieces that he exhibited that it is somewhat surprising that he has not exercised his brush more in that direction. His larger figure studies exhibited the same precision in drawing which marked his less important work, but otherwise were of less interest than his marines. Among the landscapes must be noted a small autumn scene full of quiet grace and beauty.

The Brooklyn Art Association has just concluded its forty-third semi-annual exhibition at its Art buildings. Many of the works have been previously exhibited in New York City and elsewhere. Such are J. Alden Weir's 'Muse of Music,' and Mr. Maynard's portrait of F. D. Millet. That this is the case renders the Brooklyn exhibition of less general interest than that of other places. There were, however, some works which had the merit of freshness. Such were the landscapes 'Close of Day' and 'Eventide,' by Mr. Robert C. Minor, who has lately returned from abroad, and has shown in these works the earnestness of his study while gone. Mr. J. Carleton Wiggins is one also of the newly-returned, with such promising work as is seen in shepherd and cattle in landscape, which displays a simplicity in its composition that speaks of his French training. Of home work it will only be necessary to mention, in order to set forth the excellence of the exhibition, which yet contained no exceptional work, 'The Earnest Appeal,' by J. G. Brown; a French motive entitled 'Reverie,' by J. Carroll Beckwith; 'Slave of the Shadoof,' by Frank Waller; 'Mill Pond,' by Charles H. Miller; 'Take One,' by Gilbert Gaul; 'The Antiquary,' by Maitland Armstrong; 'View on the English Channel,' by Mr. F. H. de Haas; 'Far Across the Sea,' by Mr. Schubardt; a seacoast-landscape by A. F. Bunner; lake with water-lilies, by Arthur Parton; a spring scene, by R. Bruce Crane; head of a Moorish Musician, by Miss Kate Greator, and an excellent study of a boy by Edward Dowdall. Flowers by Miss Abbott and by Mrs. Dillon were the principal contributions of their kind. The sales of the exhibition were not numerous amounting, up to the close, to only \$2500. Among the successful pictures were J. G. Brown's 'Earnest Appeal,' 'Trout Stream' by J. W. Casilear, 'A North-easter off Black Rock' by W. R. Tyler, and two landscapes by W. M. Brown.

Mr. George Inness gave a studio reception during the month at his new rooms on Fifty-fifth street. Mr. Inness's work is always of interest, not only to the public, but to his fellow-artists; and of all artists a collective exhibition of his paintings gives entertainment for the eye and mind. That personal quality which furnishes the charm to many works of art, and which verifies the old definition of art—*natura ad hominem*—is always conspicuous in the canvases of Mr. Inness. It represents, moreover, an individuality so many sided that there is nothing wearisome in his collective work. This is a test which few artists can safely endure, and the frequenters of such exhibitions can readily recall the men whose posthumous fame has suffered by such exhibitions. Mr. Inness had on exhibition some of his older works in connection with the more recent work of the summer which extended the exhibition over a period of years favorable to comparison and involving a period of active movement in the art world. One of his older works, a sunrise on a mountain side is now re-shown and also 'The Old Roadway,' familiar to many, and the large landscape exhibited at the Society of American Artists last year. Of more recent work, conspicuous is the fine landscape exhibited recently at the Union League Club—a vigorous, joyous canvas. In many of the paintings figures are introduced of more prominence than is usually found in his work. One of the most noble landscapes contains a boy whittling while watching some sheep; but in this respect the painting is not as prominent as another work called 'Loitering,' a boy and girl driving home a cow, in which much care is given to the figures. The notions of the different paintings are widely varied, a group of them containing a moonlight, a cold twilight, and a sunset effect. These by no means conclude the studies and finished paintings that made up this interesting exhibition.

NEW YORK NEWS.—The monthly meeting of the Art Students' League contained a number of water-color studies of Mr. Alfred Parsons, a water-color artist from England now visiting in this country. These were all studies made in this country of various picturesque bits, and were regarded with lively interest by the students and visitors.—The exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society will give its private views Saturday, January 7th, in the south gallery of the Academy of Design.—The etchings of Millet's 'Angelus' by Walther, have been received with marked interest. Of the twenty-five first impressions taken in Paris, Messrs. Schaus and Knödel received two each. The artist's proofs—or second impressions—only numbered one hundred, and of these twenty-five have been brought here, and fifty of the two hundred proofs before lettering have been also secured. Purchasers anticipated these desired works before they had arrived.—W. Gedney Bunce has returned recently from Venice, bringing with him a number of Venetian studies for future work.—W. M. Chase is to paint a life-size portrait of ex-Secretary-Evarts, intended for the Department of State.—The American Art Gallery is to re-open with a new collection, including landscapes by George Inness and J. Appleton Brown.—The fifteenth annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society will open at the Academy of Design January 30th and remain open a month. The Etchers' Club will exhibit with the Water-Color Society. The following frames and mats are excluded: Oval architecture or with projecting corners or ornaments; bronze or velvet, positive colors, dark or parti-colored woods; gold with black lines or markings, or measuring in thickness more than two and a half inches. Mats or flats must not be of positive colors, gold or blue-gray, or exceed four inches in width.—The following gentlemen—Douglas Volk, F. S. Church and C. M. Dewey—have been elected Hanging Committee for the approaching exhibition of the American Society of Artists.—Mr. Kemys, the sculptor of animals, has modelled the heads of a stallion, a mare, a colley, a bulldog and a hound for the stables of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.—The largest Detaille ever brought to this country is now at Schaus' Gallery. The subject is the blindfolding of two Prussian officers about to enter the French camp under a flag of truce. This group occupies the middle distance, while the French chasseurs with their backs turned, are watching the proceedings.—The sales of Messrs. Moore & Curtis's paintings realized \$37,000. The highest price was brought by the 'Inconsolable' of Franz Verhas, which sold for \$1675; 'Feeding the Pigeons,' by Villegas, brought \$1225; 'The Gate of Fondka,' by Eugene Weeks, \$1100, and 'Fatma,' by Jules Leleuvre, \$995.—The dealers in Christmas cards report that the sales of the prize cards have been comparatively small. It is a significant fact for future competitors, that the general preference is given to those cards that give expression most

fully to the human element of the Christmas season, and for those cards slightly humorous and indicative of good cheer. Some of the cards bought out of the competition of last spring have had fine sale.—The Christmas publications—especially those for children—are made attractive chiefly by their colored illustrations. Some of these are excellent and some altogether vicious, artistically. Unfortunately, but little discrimination is made. Almost all are suggested by the Greenaway books, which, however, have not been equalled. A new feature has been introduced this year in Miss Dora Wheeler's book, which leaves the illustrations to be colored by the little purchasers, and by a book issued by George Harlan of the same nature.—The Princess Louise has made a Venetian sketch which is to make one of the illustrations for an article in *The Century*.—Mr. J. S. Hartley, whose studio is in the same building with Mr. Inness, is engaged on his colossal statue of Sergeant Miles Morgan. It is to be a gift to the city of Springfield, Mass., from one of the descendants of the old Puritan. The statue is eight feet high, and represents an old farmer going to the field with hoe in hand and blunderbuss over his shoulder. Mr. Hartley exhibits in his studio also an ideal conception called 'The Whirlwind,' a bust of Bryant, and 'King René's Daughter.'

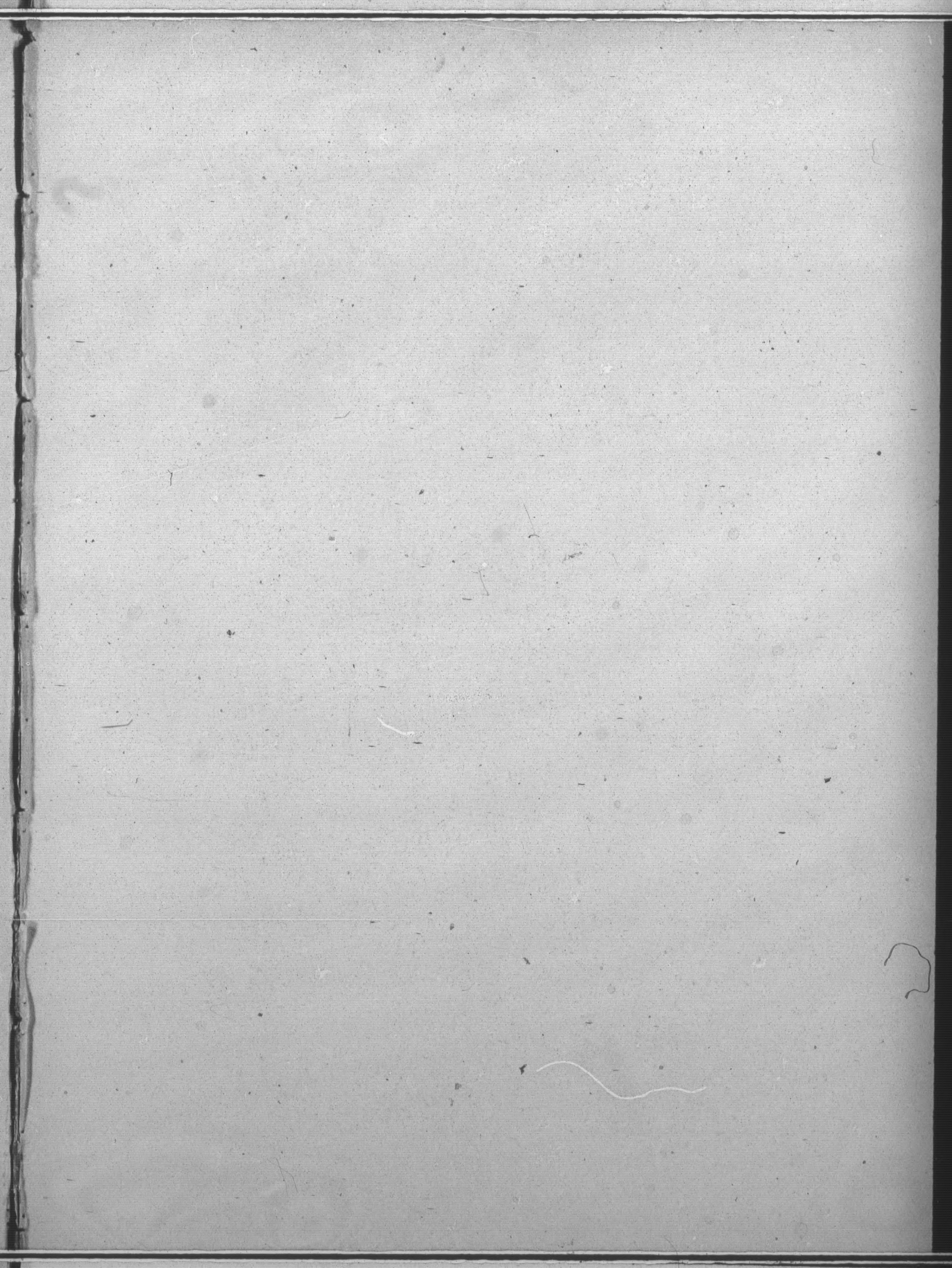
WASHINGTON.—During the season a mild activity exists in art circles in Washington. At present no important art works are under way, although there are a number of the ornamental spaces of the city yet unfilled, but which are doubtless intended for statues of the national heroes, in keeping with the plan of ornamenting the capital which has hitherto been followed. With but few exceptions these are equestrian statues. The effect at a distance and in those reciprocity of views which the accomplished young founder of the national capital so wisely bore in mind, is very fine. Viewed nearer and on comparison, there is certainly a great deal of sameness in the composition of the groupings of man and horse. This is the more unfortunate, as the figures are so elevated and the faces are generally uplifted, that it is difficult to recognize them. Even if this were not the case, the faces would become less familiar to each succeeding generation, and there should be some means of rendering the differences more sensible. The most obvious method that can be suggested at present would be to have the names of the figure and of the artist on the pedestals. This, we believe, has not been done in any case.

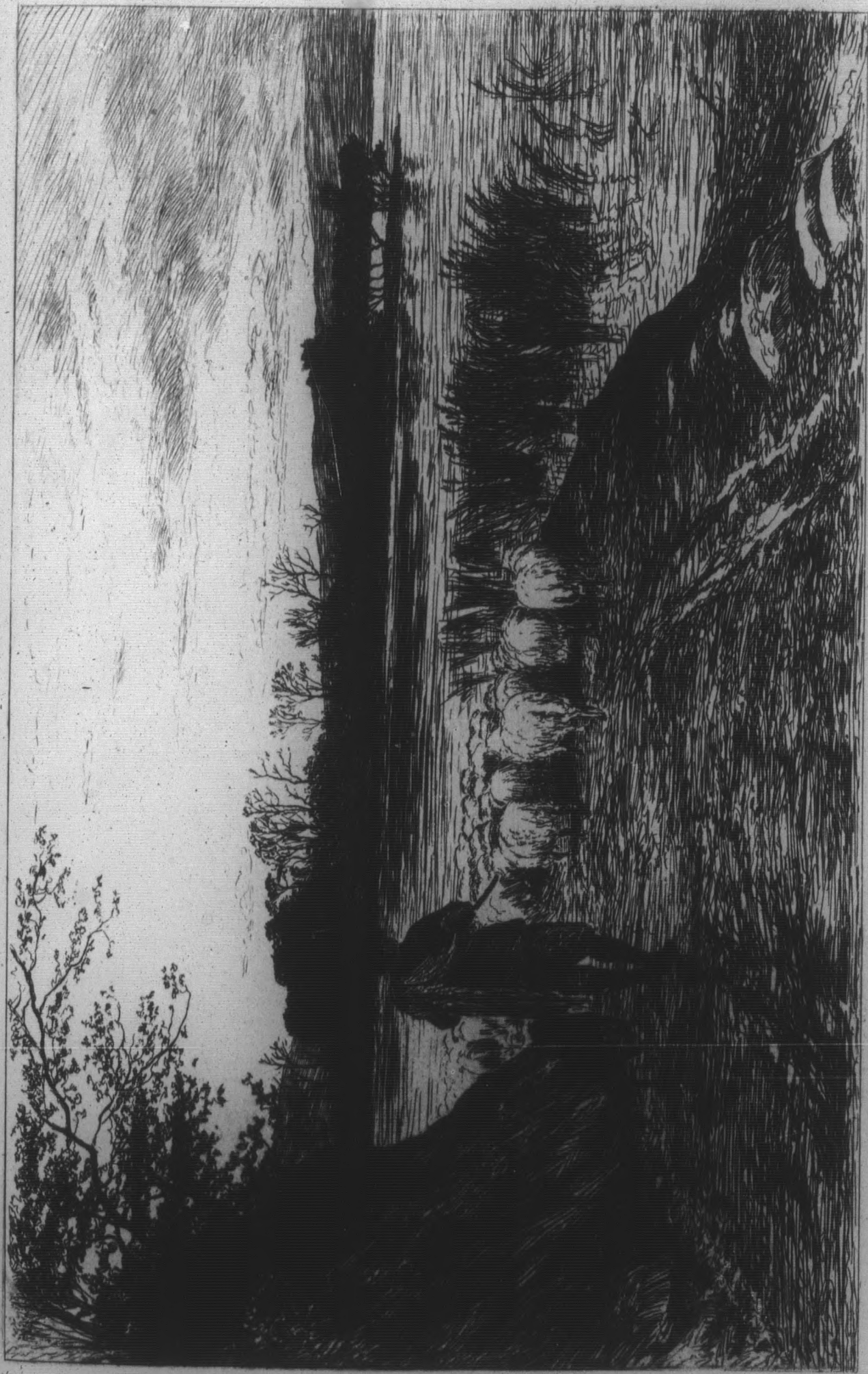
One of the most industrious artists at the capital hitherto has been Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie. Although engaged on nothing of special public interest, Mrs. Hoxie is not idle. In her pleasant home, opposite the Farragut monument, she has fitted up a small but attractive studio, where she is found at work. She has just finished putting into plaster a bust of General Custer, for which he sat before leaving Washington the last time. The bust has recently been finished at the desire of Mrs. Custer, who considers the portrait the most accurate that is left of him. Mrs. Hoxie has adhered to the dress which made General Custer one of the picturesque figures of the war. He wears a sombrero, whose wide, dented brim shows the careless negligence of the dashing soldier; the long ends of his necktie hang loosely over his coat; the face, with its drooping mustache, has a martial look, but with less of fire than quiet melancholy. The bust has been presented to Mrs. Custer. A delightful little work finishing in plaster is a portrait bust of a child whose piquant face appears out of a snug little bonnet. There is a speaking likeness about this which indicates that portraiture is one of the best points of Mrs. Hoxie's work. Here are also several ideal works in marble, including Mrs. Hoxie's admirable conception of the 'West' as a strong-limbed, breezy figure, and 'Miriam,' which exhibits an excellent rendering of drapery in motion.—Mr. M. J. Heade, of New York City, has taken a studio in Washington for the winter.

BOSTON.—The Paint and Clay Club have had most encouraging success at the recent exhibition in their gallery. At the opening reception \$1500 worth of paintings were sold, an unprecedented amount. The exhibition, by no means pretentious, has been of sustained excellence. F. D. Millet exhibited the 'Mosses of Cohasset' and 'Gusta.' F. W. Rogers five genial cat and dog pictures; F. Foxcroft Cole three landscapes; Mr. Gangengeigl five works, including 'His Hobby'; W. T. Halsall several marines; George F. Wasson some coast bits, and Harry Sandhave 'Pasture by the Sea.' There was a good collection, also, of black and white from Messrs. Glosson, Atwood and Taylor.—Walter Brackett has a fine painting of 'Salmon Trout' on exhibition at Williams & Everett's.—Daniel French, of Concord, has modelled a

half-life bust of the late President Garfield, similar to the Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson busts by him.—Mr. Longfellow is said to have drawn the Christmas Card known as the Longfellow card, which was finished by a young lady of Orange, N. J.

MINOR NOTES.—The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts has awarded its prize of \$300 for the best figure-piece to Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, for his 'Decapitation of John the Baptist'; the prize for the best landscape to the 'Moonlight on the coast of France,' by Mr. W. P. W. Dana.—American artists are making a good record abroad. Five of Mr. Bridgman's largest works have been purchased by a Viennese dealer. Mr. Mosler has seen one of his paintings go to the gallery of the Luxembourg. Mr. F. S. Church has been sought as an etcher for *L'Art*. Mr. Healey has been the painter of a number of the sovereigns of Europe, and Mr. John Sargent was the most probable competitor for the unawarded prize medal of the last *Salon*.—The results of the sale of the Courbet paintings at the Hotel Drouot on the 9th Dec. amounted to over \$50,000. The French Government was one of the chief purchasers. The 'Stag Fight' brought \$8340; 'The Wounded Man,' \$2300; 'The Siesta,' \$4420; 'The Stag Hunt,' \$6780. These were purchased by the Government, and Mlle. Courbet presented to the Louvre the large 'Burial at Ornans.' Other works brought as follows: 'The Studio of Courbet,' \$4200; 'The Return from the Conference,' \$3120; 'La Belle Hollandaise,' \$1600; 'The Castle of Chillon,' \$1380.—Mlle. Rosa Bonheur does not appear to be one of the new Society of Animal Painters, whose exhibition opens February 1st.—A new society has been formed at Paris for utilizing the foyers of theatres for the exhibition of pictures.—A statue to Jean Jacques Rousseau is to be erected at the intersection of the street which bears his name and the Rue Marat.—Mr. Millais is to paint the portrait of Mary, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, by order of the Queen.—The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colors have decided to open their gallery Saturday evenings for the benefit of mechanics.—Madame Cottier, wife of the collector, has given to the Louvre the fine Decamps, 'The Defeat of the Cimbrians,' the 'Walis of Rome,' also by Decamps, and the 'Hamlet' of Delacroix. Mr. Seymour Haden, the English etcher, is expected to visit this country during the winter.—Daniel French and Elihu Vedder have been elected members of the Society of American Artists.—Mr. John Bunney, a protégé of Ruskin's, who found in him a promising student at a London evening school and sent him to Venice, has completed a large picture of St. Mark's which has been hung in Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Sheffield.—Munkacsy's picture of 'Christ Before Pilate,' has been recently on exhibition at Paris, where it attracted admiring crowds. The general criticism was that the face showed too much human pride. After the exhibition closed, Munkacsy felt the force of the public judgment and retouched the face. The painting contains twenty-one figures. The heads of Caiaphas, a Jewess and child, and that of Christ, are said to be the most striking. The painting will make the tour of Europe.—George Edmund Street, the well-known English architect who recently died, was buried in Westminster Abbey.—Prof. C. E. Norton, of Harvard College, is to lecture on 'The History of Greek Art' before the Women's Education Association.—Mr. George S. Weaver, of Albany, has presented to the Church of St. Peter, in that city, a stained glass window, after designs from Brown Jones by the Morris Company of London. The window contains three panels, with the life-size figures of Abraham, Melchizedek and David. Below are three smaller panels, containing the Annunciation, Birth, and Adoration; above is the Garden of Eden, with Adam and Eve.—A Portrait Catalogue is to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of the authors for whom they publish. W. B. Closson is the engraver.—Edwin L. Weeks has found favor with *La Vie Moderne*, which makes him the subject of an appreciative article.—Mrs. Schuyler Setting the Wheat on Fire, a Revolutionary incident which Leutze made the subject for a painting, and which has long escaped notice, is now attracting attention in New Haven. One of the figures is said to be a portrait of Leutze.—Robert Browning is sitting to English artists. His portrait by Frith will appear in the new picture of 'Opening Day' at the Royal Academy exhibition, and Mr. Sandys is devoting himself to a careful single portrait of the author.—Sir Frederick Leighton, in his recent address before the schools of the Royal Academy, considered 'Art in its Relation to Religion and Morals.'—A portrait of Lafayette, dated 1828, is said to have been found in New Orleans.





BY THE LOCH-SIDE.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY J. MAC WHIRTER, A.R.A.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

LEONARDO DA VINCI. (No. 1.)

IN setting forth a series of fac-simile illustrations of drawings by the great masters, it would seem at first glance desirable to commence with the earliest specimens remaining to us, and from thence to proceed in chronological order. And, indeed, if the examples were to be confined to the masters of a single school, the advantages of this logical sequence are too obvious to be lightly set aside. In the present case, however, it is intended to reproduce the works of



No. 1.

artists of various schools and countries, and, for the sake of variety—it being deemed advantageous to alternate a Florentine master with a Venetian, or a Dutch with a German—the order of date at once loses its importance. At the same time the sequence we shall endeavour to preserve will not be the result of caprice.

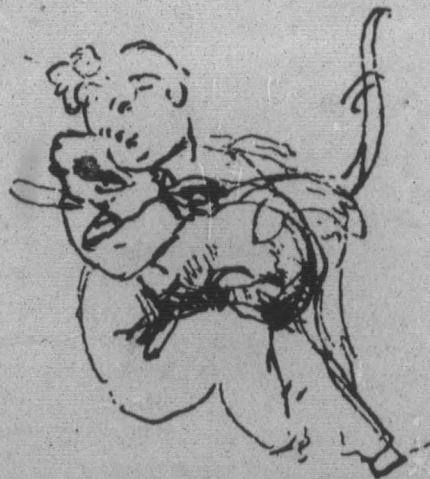
Respecting the value of the drawings by the old masters, whether for aids to the appreciation and understanding of their completed works, or for their own intrinsic beauty, there is happily no need for insistence. The learned treatises or lighter essays which have appeared in our own and other languages, especially since photography has placed these priceless treasures within the reach of all, must, in a greater or lesser degree, be familiar to lovers of Art. If proofs were wanted of the extended appreciation of this form of Art, one need only point to the various collections of photographic reproductions which have appeared within the last twenty-five years, and to the striking success of such recent exhibitions as those at the Grosvenor Gallery, Burlington House, and the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Bearing on this subject, it may be remarked, there is no surer test of a genuine taste for Art than the capacity for enjoying a fine old master drawing. The deduction, gratifying to those interested in the advancement of Art, is too obvious to require statement.

However high, collectors of drawings, following their special inclination or the fashion of the day, have ranked the works of the various great names in painting, there is no master who has attained such wide and lasting recognition as Leonardo da Vinci. And this general acknowledgment of supremacy may be taken as a true estimate. In ordinary parlance the divers schools and masters are accredited with the possession of separate excellences. Leonardo shone in

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all these high qualities, and in some was supreme. So far in respect to the art of painting. Furthermore, he was sculptor and architect and engineer. In science he was the precursor of Galileo, and anticipated some of the most important discoveries of the present century; and, even more important, he was the initiator of the modern system of scientific investigation, and as such was the precursor of Bacon. He was an accomplished musician, and his strength, beauty, and the suasive eloquence of his conversation would have made him a commanding personality in any age, as it certainly did in his own.

Vasari, writing thirty years after the death of Leonardo, places his biography at the head of the third and last division of his biographies. So exceptional was his position, it might almost have stood alone between the second and third parts. In him culminated the youthful strength and freshness of the preceding centuries; he indicated the new departure, and himself achieved its most splendid triumph. There are probably few of those delighting in the biographies of Vasari who do not find that of Leonardo the most attractive, and also the most tantalising; attractive for the revelation of a personality which fascinates the imagination like the mysterious smile of his own Giocondo in the Louvre, and tantalising for its omissions or half-glimpses of facts and occurrences, which more patient industry and accurate insight might have placed before us in their true light and relation. Not comprehending the real bearing of Leonardo's scientific investigations.



No. 2.

Vasari sought to give interest to his narrative by recounting some of the marvellous feats of mechanical ingenuity which the great experimentalist occasionally displayed to amuse and astonish his friends. This prominence, given to what could only have been little more than a pastime, is essentially mis-

leading to those who only know of Leonardo from Vasari; it has perhaps even influenced so profound a student of the Italian Renaissance as Mr. Symonds, who somewhat fancifully styles him the "Wizard of the Renaissance"—an epithet we are inclined to think Leonardo himself would most energetically have disclaimed. Yet, after all, despite its fragmentary nature, Vasari's life will always be the basis from which succeeding biographers must work. It may be useful here to mention some of the other biographies of Leonardo which may be consulted. In Italian there is a short contemporary life, by an anonymous author, to be found in "Archivio Storico Italiano," third series, vol. xvi. Also Amoretti's "Memorie Storiche" and Bossi's "Cenacolo," both published in the beginning of this century. In French there are the lives written by MM. Houssaye, Charles Blanc, and Charles Clément. The most recent biography in German is to be found in "Kunst und Künstler des Mittelalters und der Neuzeit," written by Dr. Carl Brun. In English we have the lives by Brown (now of little value), Mrs. Heaton (containing an essay on Leonardo's scientific acquirements by Mr. Black), and recently a short, but really useful work by Dr. Richter. There are also others published in the various languages we have enumerated, besides separate essays on Leonardo and contributions to his biography; among the notices, that of Mr. Symonds, in his great work mentioned above, may be especially recommended.

But a biography adequate to the importance of the subject has yet to be done; it must remain unwritten till the various archives have been thoroughly searched, till the manuscripts of Leonardo have been properly edited, and, it may be added, till the recovery of many of them which are now missing. Here, indeed, lies one of the chief difficulties of the undertaking, for, according to M. Charles Ravaisson, the papers now known are not a thirtieth part of those left by Leonardo. At present we have scarcely more than a bare outline of a biography—true, a magnificent outline—abounding in brilliant incidents and stirring situations. We can trace Leonardo's career from his early childhood at Vinci, his father's estate in the Valdarno; there, in the woods and valleys which surround the little town and castle, he must early have imbibed his love of nature. He was then taken to Florence,

and, in its intellectual history, there is no more important event than the advent of this radiant young Apollo, in the golden prime of the Renaissance, at this its throne and centre. We hear of the ardour with which he pursued his mathematical studies, his admission to the studio of Andrea Verrocchio, and his rapid rise to mastery in painting, sculpture, and architecture. His accomplishments gave him a distinguished position in a society which was the arbiter of taste, and learning, and fine manners in Europe. At the age of thirty he goes to Milan, invited by Lodovico Sforza, who sought to give splendour to his court by gathering round him the most celebrated names in Art and literature. Vasari tells how Leonardo went with that wondrous lute of silver, his own

construction, shaped like a horse's head, whereon he accompanied his songs, the music also being of his own composition. At Milan his activity seems to have been enormous. He painted the 'Cenacolo' and other pictures; he modelled the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza; engineering works, artillery, machinery of all kinds, the invention and direction of pageants and triumphs, each and all were evolved from his universal intelligence. After staying at Milan some eighteen years came the fall of Lodovico Sforza, who was deprived of his duchy by the French: this compelled Leonardo to retire to Venice. From thence he seems to have passed into the service of Cæsar Borgia, as Inspector and Constructor of Fortresses, and in that capacity he travelled over a large part of Italy, making plans and maps.

Cæsar's dream of carving out a throne for himself in Central Italy, or even perhaps mastering the whole of the Peninsula, was dispelled by the poison cup which carried off his father and nearly killed himself. Again Leonardo settles at Florence, in the service of the Republic, which had been established at the expulsion of the Medici. He painted in the Sala del Consiglio, in the Palazzo della Signoria, his celebrated 'Battle of the Standard.' At the same period he painted the Mona Lisa and other portraits, and made the cartoon of the St. Anna. A few years found him returned to Milan, but this time in the service of the French king. On the overthrow of the French power he was again obliged to quit Milan. Then he proceeded to Rome, where Giovanni di Medici had recently been installed Pope under the title of



No. 3.

Leo X. Soon, however, seemed to have come a pressing invitation from the young French king, Francis I., to settle in France, together with the promise of a liberal annual pension. This offer was accepted by Leonardo; a château at Amboise was assigned to him, and there he passed the few remaining years of his life, surrounded by a band of faithful followers and pupils who had accompanied him from Italy. Though he received unbounded honours from the French king, and found all material wants amply provided for, the residence in France must have been neither more nor less than exile for this the most brilliant incarnation of the Italian Renaissance. And exile must have been rendered doubly sad by the knowledge that Italy herself lay torn and vanquished, her liberty destroyed, and her land the spoil of the foreigner. He was spared the knowledge of the final degradation—of the life-giving aspirations of the Renaissance crushed and scattered by the brute force of the spiritual tyranny of the counter Reformation.

Mention has been made of the 'Last Supper,' the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, and the 'Battle of the



No. 4.

Standard.' These, from all contemporary evidence, were Leonardo's artistic masterpieces. All, unfortunately, have perished. For the 'Last Supper,' as we see it now, restored and again restored, is but a wreck, with not one touch of its painter remaining. Of its dramatic power, of the noble dignity of the disciples, of the divine compassion of the Redeemer, nothing need be said; for there can be no one to whom the composition, in some shape or other, is not familiar. No picture has ever been so multiplied by engraving. It has attained an imperishable immortality. Leonardo's easel pictures were never numerous; they are now reduced, according to his latest biographer, Dr. Richter, to eight; and this list includes the 'Vierge aux Rochers' and the 'St. Anne' of the Louvre, and neither of them seems to have been entirely painted by him. The 'Vierge aux Rochers' in the National Gallery, which differs slightly from the Paris composition, is, saving some repainting in the left hand of the Virgin, undoubtedly entirely the work of Leonardo. It has not the celebrity of the Mona Lisa, nor does its inspiration quite reach the ineffable beauty of her look and smile; still it is full of all the master's splendid power and exalted imagination. It

is one of the class of pictures which makes the reputation of a gallery, which brings it unmistakably into the front rank. Our most recent acquisition, it is easy to see the position it has taken in popular esteem. Its imaginative conception and forcible presentment at once arrest attention; it com-



No. 5.

pletes its conquest by the potent charm of its poetic significance and profoundly devotional sentiment.

While, however, the productions of Leonardo in fresco and oil have been so sadly reduced, we have, happily, ample material in existence to judge of his artistic power in the many and copious collections of his drawings. These alone would justify the verdict of his contemporaries as to his position as an artist. Probably by none of the great masters have we so many specimens of their skill in draughtsmanship. Leonardo's drawings are also remarkable for their variety; first thoughts and finished designs for pictures, studies from nature of the human figure, of drapery, of landscapes, of plants and animals, drawings for sculpture, machinery and architecture, and even this does not exhaust the list of subjects, though it indicates the many-sided nature of his genius. Respecting their quality, it is scarcely necessary to say they



No. 6.

are the perfection of workmanship. His hand never missed its mark. If the intention was merely the suggestion of an idea, it indicates the possibilities of complete realisation. If a study from nature, we always find the essential feature is seized; sometimes the finish is carried to the last degree of refinement.

Therefore their value to the student is inestimable, and to all who can appreciate beauty of workmanship embodying character and emotion they are a source of never-ending delight.

Enumeration of celebrated collections where Leonardo is represented, and reference to particular drawings, must be left for a future paper. It may, however, be mentioned that England is especially rich in Leonardo designs; but a word of warning is perhaps desirable, which is, that many drawings attributed to the master are not really by his hand. The specimens selected for illustration in the present paper are from the British Museum and the Royal Collection at Windsor. They all, it will be seen, refer to one composition—whether only projected, or embodied in painting, there is no evidence to show. If painted, it would doubtless have been called the 'Madonna del Gatto,' but there is no mention of such a subject from the easel of Leonardo, either by his contemporaries or by more recent writers. We may therefore conclude the idea was not carried further. Had such realisation been accomplished, we should have possessed an especially characteristic specimen of Leonardo's work, delightful for its graceful motive, and touching our hearts by its suggestion of homely life. The drawing reproduced on a separate page is evidently Leonardo's final arrangement of the composition: here, besides the grouping, there is an indication of the expression, and of his especially beautiful type of head. In No. 3 of the illustrations in the text it will be noticed there are three suggestions for the direction of the head of the Madonna, a frequent practice with Leonardo in composing his groups. These two sketches, with the smaller ones, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, are from the British Museum. They are particularly noteworthy from showing us Leonardo's method of composing; and more delightful fragments of brilliant improvisation cannot be imagined. Leonardo has given a free play to his fancy, and from every seemingly wayward mood of that fancy has sprung a masterpiece, overflowing with life and gaiety; the very lines—sparkling and flashing—are instinct with movement and animation. No. 6, from her Majesty's

collection at Windsor, seems to refer to another arrangement of a similar motive. It is from a sheet on which, like that of the British Museum, there are several studies of variations of action and position; they are more finished in execution, as will be seen from the illustration—which is perhaps not so successful in rendering the character of the original as are the others. Altogether these sketches give us a most interesting glimpse of the artist's method and manner of procedure. They are the materials for one of the unpainted masterpieces of the Gallery of the Imagination. We may imagine the divine expression of maternal love, and, as in other similar instances in Leonardo's work, some episode of symbolic significance foreshadowing a momentous event in her Son's future history. A charming specimen of this class of composition is described by Frater Petrus de Mavolaria, in a letter to the Marchesa Isabella Gonzaga. "The little picture represents a Madonna seated, and at work with a spindle, while the infant Christ, with one foot upon the basket of flax, holds it by the handle, and looks with wonder at four rays of light which fall in the form of a cross, as if wishing for them. Smilingly he grasps the spindle, which he seeks to withhold from his mother." This, it will be seen by those familiar with the Madonna pictures of an earlier period, introduces a new element into a subject which, however often repeated, never ceases to be attractive. It is precisely in this dramatic treatment, and the introduction of poetic suggestions, leading the imagination into regions beyond the subject represented, wherein consists the originality of Leonardo as a painter. He here takes the position in plastic art that men of science have assigned to him in their department. He may be said to be the Columbus of modern Art. The vast regions whose existence he has indicated may not yet all have been fully explored, victories in unknown territories of Art have still to be achieved, but wherever and whenever the triumph, the honour of initiation will always be due to the fresh impulse and vigorous direction given to modern Art by Leonardo da Vinci.

HENRY WALLIS.

THE INITIAL LETTERS OF THE EARLY PRINTERS.



One can study the early history of printing and examine the works of the first masters of the art without being impressed with the efforts of the inventors of movable types to counterfeit, or to produce actual fac-similes of, the manuscripts of the date when they first practised their craft. It was not

until many years had elapsed after the period of the discovery of printing that the work was wholly emancipated from the scribes, the illuminators, and the monkish missal painters, who until this period had monopolized the production of books and manuscripts. Printing was, until long after its invention, looked upon as a mystery in the hands of a few master craftsmen, who, doubtless, could ill afford to offend those who had hitherto retained, so to speak, the command of the market; and while the earliest works were copies of the Bibles and Psalters, such as had

till then been prepared in the monasteries, the books had to go through the hands of the illuminators for many of their finishing touches, and left the printing-press in a very imperfect and incomplete form.

The first books contained, in fact, nearly as much of the workmanship of the illuminator as of the printer, and required additions in manuscript or in colours on every page to render them perfect and ready for use. As soon as the art began to spread beyond the few initiated workmen, who either stole the invention from its first discoverer, whoever he may have been, or who arrived spontaneously, as some have thought, about the middle of the fifteenth century, at the knowledge of a process for the mechanical production of books, it became necessary to devise means to add, during the printing, the capitals, the pagination, the indexes, and many other matters, which at first were delegated to the scribes and illuminators, and to enable all these details to be completed at one operation. The preparation of ornamental wood-block capital letters, capable of being printed along with the type, was, we believe, an



FROM A SKETCH BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

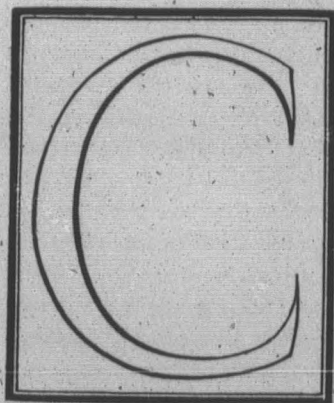
improvement introduced by the German printers at an earlier date than most writers on the subject have imagined. Thus many of the recent text-books on the printer's art have reproduced the mistaken assertion of Peignot, who in his "Dictionnaire de Bibliologie," vol. i. p. 13, assures us that Alopa, a Venetian printer, was the first to employ initial letters printed with the type. Maittaire says, in his "Annales Typographiques," that in the first edition of the works of Lascaire, printed by Alopa in 1494, beautiful capital letters were made use of for the first time. Lalanne, who treats of this subject in his "Curiosités Bibliographiques," reproduces the remarks of Peignot, but tells us that this peculiarity is met with in many works published prior to the above date. To any one who has made a study of the works of the early printers this fact is, of course, well known, though it is still a matter of some difficulty to assign an exact date for the commencement of the employment of initial letters.

In the books which were already becoming numerous about 1470 the printers were in the habit of leaving a blank space in the type for the illuminator to fill in the requisite capital, and as if to form a guide for him, or perhaps because the persons who were employed on this work were not always sufficiently able scholars to supply the missing letter, it was the practice to place in the centre of this blank a small letter indicating the one required, thus:—

The first attempt at block cutting to supply the place of the work of the illuminator was probably the outline of a letter to be subsequently filled in and completed in colour. Letters of this kind are frequently found in Italian books of the close of the fifteenth century.

We give a somewhat late example from the first illustrated edition of the works of Vitruvius by Frater Jocundus, printed at Venice in 1511. We have selected this

C because it happens to be one of the earliest types of this kind of initial letter, and is an instance of the survival, if we may so term it, of an old block to a date long after its first introduction. This repeated use of wood-block capital letters is one of the most puzzling matters to students of the art of printing, for letters dating back nearly a hundred years and produced in another part



of Europe are sometimes found in books of an entirely different character. Thus a special set of initial letters, designed in the first instance with scriptural subjects for some early Bible, comes at a later time to be employed for a book of jests or a work on horsemanship; and again, an undoubtedly German series of subjects is transplanted to some little town in Southern Italy. The first printers were great rovers, and no sooner had they completed a work of importance in one city than they packed up their presses and types and started off to some other town, where as yet printing was unknown, or where they thought they would find a more ready sale for their books.

A curious feature connected with the first use of initial letters is the utter want of uniformity of character between the

type and the style of capital letter employed, and very often even between the letters used in one part of a book and those to be found in another. It would seem that in those days, when such letters were scarce, and when comparatively few sets had been produced, the printer, either from necessity or from a want of a due appreciation of the incongruity he was causing, took any letters which came to hand, and used them almost indiscriminately. This defect is less apparent in the infancy of printing than it is in works produced about the middle of the sixteenth century, when every town of importance already had its press, and when pirated editions were as fashionable almost as they are now.

The migrations of printers and the interchange of type and wood blocks render it an extremely difficult matter to determine when special sets of letters were first used, and to settle with precision the origin of the various alphabets of initial letters. Initial letters of a Gothic type are of course much more rare than those of the Italian character, for it was not until the end of the fifteenth century, when the Italian character was fast supplanting the so-called "black letter" or "Gothic character" of the early printers, that the use of wood-block initial letters became general. A fine and very interesting example of a Gothic initial letter of an early date is found at the commencement of the preface of the "Fasciculus Temporum," printed at Venice by Erhardt Ratdolt, of Augsburg, in the year 1481. This G we have reproduced in fac-simile on page 57, as it is quite characteristic of the earliest decorated form of such letters.

If we examine the illuminated letters supplied by the missal painter to the books first printed, we find that at the middle of the fifteenth century it was the custom to surround the capital with a square or border, or to place it on a groundwork of various colours made out into the form of a square. Thus a V would be treated in three tints, the V itself being gold, the space enclosed within the V blue, the triangular space on the right red, and that on the left green. On this dark ground a fine interlacing pattern of foliage in white body-colour is most frequently added, and occasionally the illuminator, with a pen of red or blue ink, traced upwards and downwards a band of ornament which extended considerably beyond the square enclosing the letter. It is scarcely necessary that we should assign the practice of enclosing the capital letter in a square to the book illuminators of the period immediately anterior to the introduction of printing, for it is obvious that in preparing wood-block letters to be printed with the type the square form was a matter of absolute necessity.

We may note in passing that, in the books in which initial letters first occur, they appear generally to have been very sparingly used. In the "Fasciculus Temporum," to which we have already referred, there are only two, the second one being of far less importance than the one we have engraved. Another point in connection with such letters is the great disproportion in size between them and the type. This may have been due to certain difficulties in the way of cutting small blocks, or it may have arisen from the fact that the letters were produced in the first instance for larger types, or for use only at the very beginning of the work. Where the letters are added in manuscript, they generally accord fairly well with the size and character of the type.

As the first printers made their hand-cut types so exactly after the fashion of the manuscript letters of the period that it is almost a matter of difficulty to distinguish between the written and printed characters, so the first initial letters pro-

duced to supersede the work of the illuminators appear to have been designed from some of the most ordinary forms of painted capitals. The examples of the letters N and D, taken from the "Life of Campanus," printed at Milan by M. Feronis in 1495, are fairly characteristic of one of the earliest types of such letters, and carry us a stage beyond the mere outline capital to which we have already referred. In these letters, one of which heads this article, and the other used on page 47, we still have a representation of the coloured ground, which is here supplied by the black of the uncut block. The brushwork of the illuminator is represented by the lines of foliage, and the style of the work, together with the rude execution, denotes the early date of these capitals. The ornament is, if anything, a century earlier than the probable time when these letters were prepared. The fact that we find them in use in Milan in 1495 is, as before stated, no guide to the period when they were originally employed, as we find in the same book two, if not three; entirely different styles of letters, some of them indicating a considerable improvement upon the rude workmanship of those under notice.

As in the course of time the wood engravers became more skilful, and capable of rendering delicate lines and fine shading, the initial letters gradually assumed a far greater degree of elegance and minuteness of detail; and in the process of the evolution of the art we find that these letters became vehicles for the introduction of ornament of a very high character, and were even made to serve as illustrations for the books in which they were employed. The Italian and German printers soon began to introduce figures, birds, and animals among the interlacing foliage of the earlier capitals, and the foliage underwent a process of gradual refinement. We have selected a few specimens to indicate the progress of the art. The R we used in our last number, on page 9, is an early example of the use of the figure, and the P given at page 44 belongs to the same alphabet. We have seen the rude Gothic ornament of the edition of the works of Campanus printed at Milan in 1495. This evidently gave rise to the freer and more elegant foliage found in the background of the letters E and I, which we have reproduced from the works of J. Major, printed by J. Badius, or Bade, at Paris in 1519, and which serve as capitals on pages 4 and 23 of our last issue. This style of initial probably reached the culminating point of refinement and grace in the alphabet much used by French printers about the first half of the sixteenth century, of which we engraved last month the S and A, on pages 13 and 17. These are taken from a book printed by Stephens in 1549. This alphabet has been frequently selected for illustration, and cannot fail to be greatly admired by all who appreciate the harmonious and exquisite balance with which the ornament is distributed over and adapted to the space for which it is designed. A noticeable feature of the letters of this character is the introduction of dots or white points over the field or groundwork. There can be little doubt that, as the lines of ornament were diminished in width, it became necessary to adopt this device to lighten up the black background, and we very soon find that dots, larger at first, but gradually becoming more minute, were introduced into the groundwork. It is not generally known that the Italian capital letters of the form employed in this alphabet were objects of careful study; and Sebastian Serlio, in his fourth book of "The Orders of Architecture," devotes a chapter to this subject, and gives a wood-block illustration of each letter, showing its proper proportion, and the true manner in which it is to be formed.

When once it had become a fashion to insert figure subjects in the panels which contained the initial letter, there was no limit to the display of fanciful designs which such letters embodied, and we find sets of letters specially made for particular works, many admirably drawn. The Italian printers appear to have been the first to employ initial letters of this kind, though we have many beautiful examples of German and French workmanship. It would be impossible to give more than the most superficial idea of the variety and beauty of these figure-subject initial letters. Collections in which they appear by the hundred and thousand may be seen in the South Kensington Museum. It is a favourite tenet of those who have paid but slight attention to this matter, to believe that Holbein designed all the letters in the style of the German *petits-maitres*; and if he had indeed produced only half the initial letters which have been ascribed to him, he must have spent a great part of his time upon work of this kind. There can be but little doubt that Holbein did execute a set of such letters, and those contained in the famous Basle Bible are believed to be by him. The designing of such letters must have been a labour of love with many of the engravers of that time, and numerous beautiful alphabets attest the care and thought bestowed upon them. We have selected for illustration two exquisite little Italian subjects from a set illustrative of games and pastimes. Each letter presents us with a different game. Thus of those we have chosen, the A representing a group of card-players, which commences our last number, and the G two men bowling at nine-pins, at page 50, will give a good idea of the way in which each subject is treated.

Among the other letters of this set the B illustrates dice-playing, the C playing on musical instruments, the E jumping over a cord, the F bowls, the H tennis, and the L fencing. This initial alphabet occurs in the "Letters of Tolomeus," printed by Giolito at Venice in 1547, though it is obvious that the designs were not originally prepared for this book. Indeed, we find in use side by side with them certain letters with scriptural subjects, and others with incidents drawn from ancient mythology. The work in question contains several hundred beautiful initials, and as it possesses but little value on the score of its literary merits, it has become quite scarce in consequence of the ruthless manner in which it has been cut up by dealers in woodcuts. It is a curious reflection that a book of the sixteenth century should sell in the nineteenth merely to cut to pieces on account of its ornamental letters. What a fate for the poor author to shudder over in his grave!

Visitors to the South Kensington Museum will doubtless have noticed the figure-subject alphabet designed by the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes, which has been modelled in relief by his pupils, and is much employed in the decoration of the courts and galleries. We are enabled to present our readers with illustrations of two of these letters, S and L, on pages 61 and 64. These letters contrast well with the older work, and will show how ably Mr. Sykes has availed himself of the inspiration obtained from some of these early sources.

We may consider that in the figure subjects of the Italian engravers the initial letters reached their prime. Those who trace them onwards from this time cannot fail to notice how soon the art appears to have been lost. The first sign of decay becomes manifest when the subject is made of more importance than the letter: this was never the case in the earlier examples. In course of time, while the framework became heavier and larger, the letter diminished in size and

importance, till we find it occupying only one corner of the enclosing square, or even in some instances it is turned out of it altogether. In the seventeenth century the use of such decorative capitals was very sparing, and the practice may almost be said to have become extinct in the last century. Latterly there are many signs that the employment of such initial letters is being revived, and we hail this revival with satisfaction. The use of such letters, when they are well designed, and in keeping with the position they occupy, is, we think, productive of much good. Our contemporary, Mr. Punch, has shown us, in some admirable specimens, how many lessons may be conveyed by a single letter, and the initials of Mr.

Linley Sambourne ought not to be overlooked when writing on this subject. The fault of employing initial letters indiscriminately has ever been one of the sins for which the printers must be blamed, and it is too much to expect that they should give us specially designed capital letters to accord with every new work. Still we must not forget that there are good examples and bad ones; and we trust these few observations on a subject which we cannot but think has scarcely received the attention it deserves, may attract some of our readers to the study of the early specimens of initial letters.

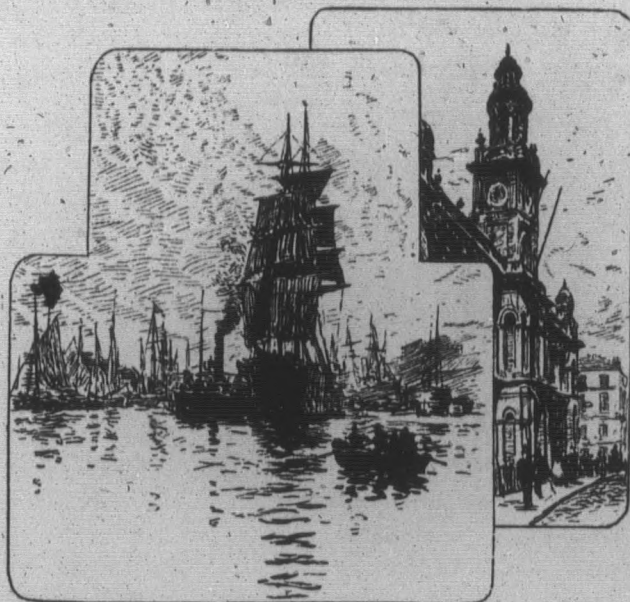
GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

HULL.

HULL was included in the old "Thieves' Litany," better known as "Halifax Law." The distich ran as follows:—

"From Hull, Hell, and Halifax
Good Lord deliver us."

And the saying originated in the sharp measure meted out to evil-doers in these two prominent commercial towns. The



Dock and Public Buildings, Hull.

law ran that whoever should be caught in a felony, provided that what he stole could be valued by any four constables at thirteen-pence halfpenny and upwards, should be forthwith beheaded. The instrument used was a square gibbet with a sliding axe, the prototype, in fact, of the guillotine, and the identical instrument which Queen Elizabeth's Regent, Morton, introduced into Scotland, and by which—strange fatality!—he himself died. The sentence was actually inflicted late on in the seventeenth century, and its ruthless severity well explains this doggerel quoted above. Old Hull, in thus prescribing capital punishment for a minor offence, was no doubt jealous of its good name. It had been constituted a royal city centuries before—"the King's town upon Hull," the site whose maritime importance far-seeing Edward I., when

resting near it, took in at a glance, and immediately acquired from the Abbot of Meaux. Edward laid out a town on the spot after the manner of the Free Towns planted in Aquitaine, and encouraged people to settle there by liberal grants. The King's city prospered rapidly under royal patronage, which succeeding kings continued to give, and within sixty years of its creation Hull was able to furnish Edward with a quota of men and ships little behind that supplied by London itself.

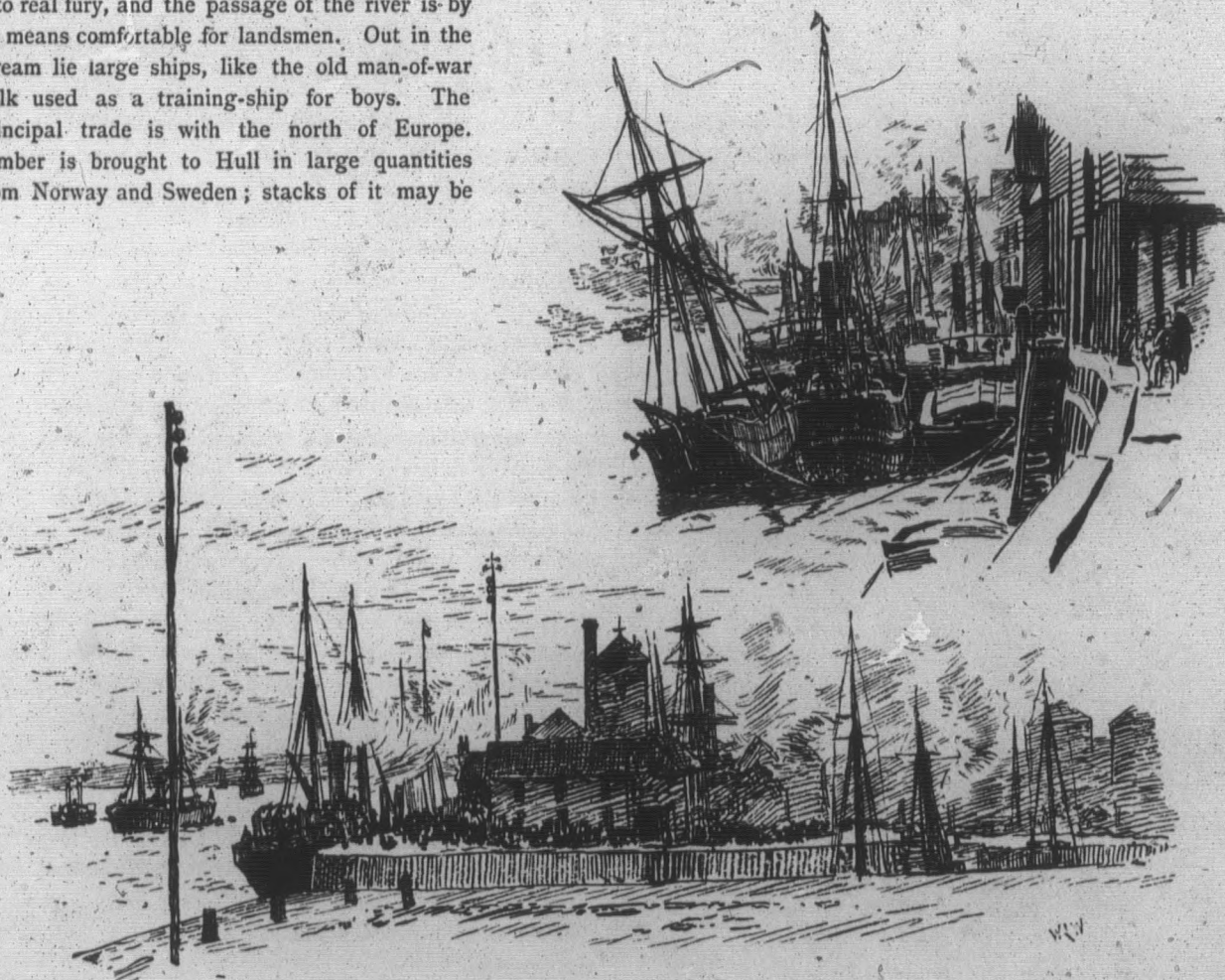
From henceforth the progress of this flourishing seaport was steady and continuous. Successful sons did much to extend its privileges and add to its possessions. The De la Poles, a Hull family of merchant princes, quickly rose to eminence in the state; they were ennobled, became great statesmen, and prosperous favourites of kings. By grant and bequest they conferred many benefits upon Hull. Sir John Lister, twice mayor in the time of Charles I., also endowed a hospital or refuge for men and women, and the town itself founded a Trinity House, which, besides doing a great deal of charitable work by maintaining distressed seamen, has also charge of the buoys and beacons along the Yorkshire coast, and the appointment of pilots. The commendable practice has continued down to our own times, and one of the noteworthy of the sights of Hull is the people's park, lying to the north of the town in the Sculcoates district, which was presented to Hull by Sir P. C. Pearson in 1860, when mayor. This munificent gift greatly impoverished the donor, it is said, who was in straitened means afterwards till the day of his death.

Kingston-upon-Hull, to give it its full and proper designation, is before everything a seaport town. It ranks fourth in the kingdom, and does a thriving import and export trade, being admirably situated for both. A river, from which it takes its name, intersects the town, affording a waterway and secure harbour; tall warehouses margin this, with cranes in mid-air, from which dangle barrels and great bales discharged from the shipping alongside. Up this narrow canal there is not water deep enough for large craft, but the place is thronged with "keels" or "bottoms," the flat-bottomed barges with their quaint Dutch-built outlines, gaily painted, which work coastwise as well as inland between Hull and the seaports far and near, from the Tweed to the Thames, and the riverside towns upon the Ouse and the Trent. As they lie here to be unladen their masts are unshipped, and we see nothing of the great tan-stained sails which are so prominent a feature on the

neighbouring waters. One of the most picturesque sights upon the broad Humber is a procession of barges stealing slowly up or down stream, the big reddish-brown sails of which stand up strong against the sky, in beautiful contrast with the green banks or the blue distance of the far-off Lincolnshire shore.

But upon the Humber the scene is generally busier, the shipping more important than mere barges, and hailing from all parts of the globe. From the stream is the west view of the city, and its long quays and wharfs, the steamboat piers, with their busy traffic up river and down, and across to Barton on the Lincolnshire side. The great Humber is more like an estuary or an arm of the sea than an ordinary river. Its yellow waters are tossed up into mimic waves, which are lashed at times into real fury, and the passage of the river is by no means comfortable for landmen. Out in the stream lie large ships, like the old man-of-war hulk used as a training-ship for boys. The principal trade is with the north of Europe. Timber is brought to Hull in large quantities from Norway and Sweden; stacks of it may be

seen all about the town, stored, and waiting removal inland. From Sweden, too, large quantities of thin iron bars are sent to be passed on to Sheffield, and to reappear as steel in knife blades and other tools. At times the wharfs are encumbered with barrels of German yeast, which are distributed throughout the midland and northern counties. Of late the importation of live stock, of fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce, has greatly increased, and these comestibles are drawn from the other side of the German Ocean, to be dispatched in special vans by special trains inland. The connection with Holland is maintained by special lines of steamers, passenger and traffic, and its long continuance is shown by the many Dutch

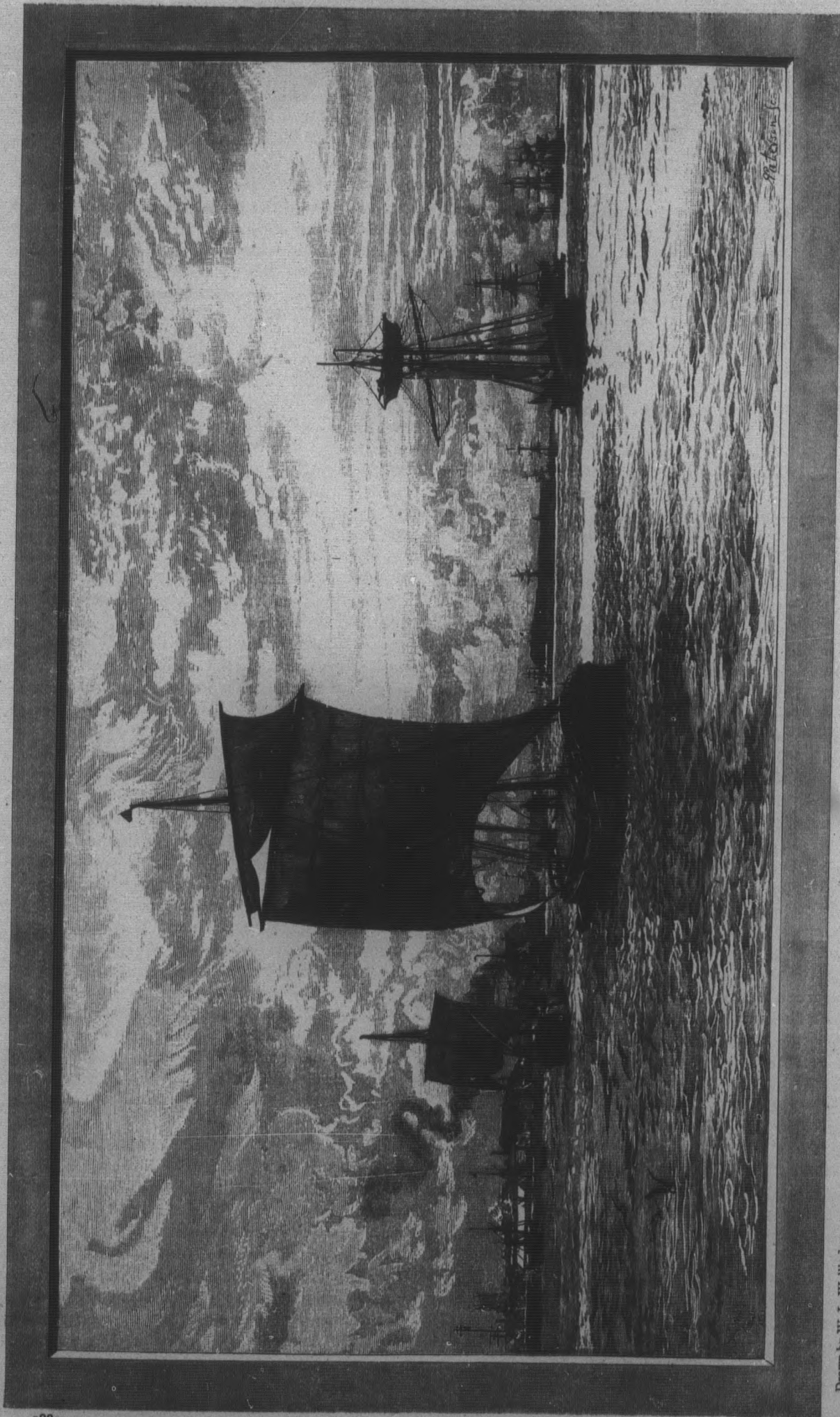


Dock at Hull, looking up the Humber.

names which have become naturalised, and are to be frequently encountered over the shop-fronts—still more by the numerous specimens of old delft and other articles of vertu from the Low Countries, which may at times be picked up in the old curiosity shops of Hull. Another proof of the close connection maintained between this Yorkshire port and Scandinavian countries is to be seen in the crowds of Norse emigrants who make Hull a first resting-place on their journey from the old world to the new. These aliens from Gothenburg, Christiania, Copenhagen, and other northern ports are landed at Hull, whence they travel by train to Liverpool to reship. They are a melancholy sight, as with

their bag and baggage and all their belongings and household gods: they fill the railway station in disconsolate crowds, while their interpreter and leader manages all their affairs, and presently sends them a stage farther on, like so many cattle bound for the shambles.

Hull trade is not confined to the north, although it has practically a monopoly of the passenger traffic with Norway and Sweden. It does an active business in fish, goaded, no doubt, to great and yet greater enterprise by the keen competition of its neighbour, Great Grimsby, a port also on the Humber, and much nearer the sea. Great Grimsby is a quickly expanded, thriving town of the American type, having



Drawn by W. L. Wyllie.]

The Port of Hull.

[Engraved by R. Paterson.

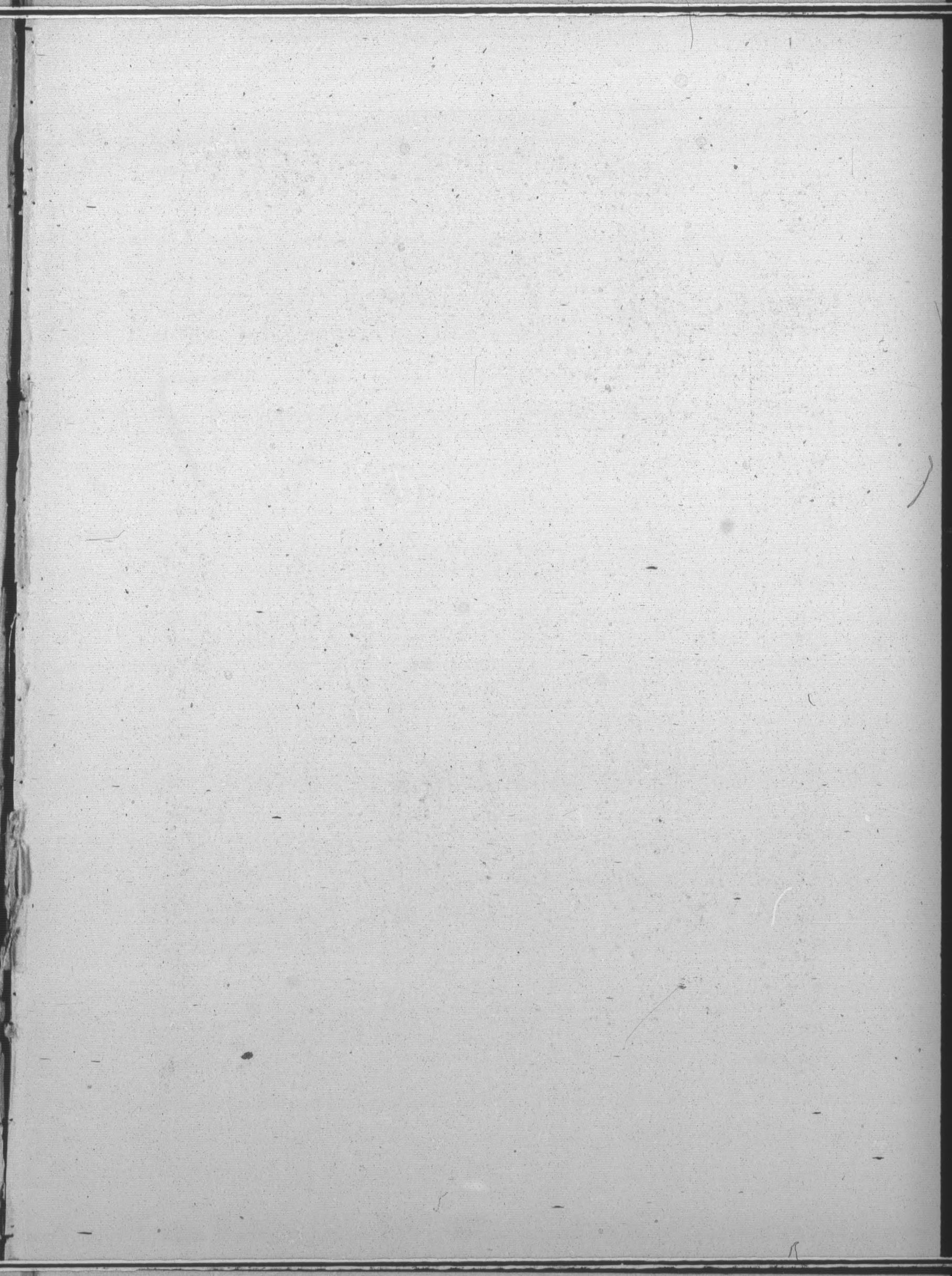
a sharp eye to the main chance, and clever enough to make the most of its advantages. In the same way Goole, higher up stream, and really on the Ouse, not on the Humber, tries hard to rob Hull of its fruit and vegetable trade, not entirely without success. Hull has, indeed, suffered much from commercial competition. It has long lain at the mercy of that great and powerful railway company, the North Eastern, the line which Stephenson engineered, and Hudson, the railway king, financed, and which holds the counties of York, Durham, and Northumberland in its grip. For years past Hull, lying in a corner as it were, far off the main line of roads, had been neglected; the service of daily trains was limited, and there were but few expresses, while the goods traffic was heavily handicapped by prohibitive tariffs. Naturally other ports, which were more liberally treated, thrived at the expense of Hull. But now at last, after a fierce parliamentary struggle, a bill has been obtained for a new and independent line to Barnsley, which will bring Hull into direct connection with the railway system of Lancashire. The passing of the bill was celebrated as a great event in Hull; general public rejoicings took place; Colonel Smythe, through whose active exertions the bill was obtained, was hailed as "liberator;" and the town was everywhere placarded with giant posters announcing its "emancipation."

New docks have been designed as part of this scheme of railway extension. They are to be constructed in continuation of those already existing, but lower down the river. The money needed has been secured. The works are already undertaken, and are being pushed rapidly ahead. Crowds of "navvies," the noise and turmoil of a hundred engines, the movement to and fro along the Hedon Road, indicate sufficiently the importance of the undertaking. Its value may be better estimated by the fact that the fortunate owner of a strip of land required to be incorporated into the docks, who would have gladly sold his property a year or two ago for a few hundred pounds, has recently gone into court claiming about seventy thousand pounds for the piece. This increase of dock accommodation proves that business is steadily advancing in Hull. Yet the port could never have been called badly off for docks. The oldest was completed some hundred years ago, in 1778; it was then the largest in the United Kingdom, and its shares, originally up to a hundred and fifty pounds, are now worth a couple of thousand at least each. This is now known as the Queen's Dock, and it is connected by the Prince's, formerly the Junction Dock, with the Humber Dock, which dates from 1809, and communicates with the Humber. A later dock, the Victoria, was opened in 1850. It occupies much of the site of the old citadel, a twenty-one gun fort, intended to command the harbour, the name of which is still preserved in the present Citadel Street. The old "garrison," or stronghold, and barrack, which figured conspicuously in the old history of Hull, stood on this spot. A curious plan is preserved in Gent's "History of Hull," which indicates the angle bastions and the fosse, or "New Cut." The Victoria Dock communicates with two large timber ponds and a half-tide basin, with the Humber on one side, and by the Drypool Basin with the Hull River on the other. The most recently constructed docks are the Albert and others running parallel to the Humber, and named after the Prince Consort. This dock leads into the Humber Basin, at the end of which are the principal piers, the West, East, and Corporation Piers. The latter is the starting-point of the railway traffic through Lin-

colnshire to London, a system not without its faults, which has, however, provided additional means of approaching and leaving Hull. This part of the riverside is the liveliest quarter of the town. There is constant movement; as the ferry steamers to Barton come and go, lots of sailors show themselves, and a number of officious roughs ready to make themselves useful. There are custom agents, too, on the alert and watchful, as is only right, to protect the public revenue. A year or two back Hull was the scene of one of the most gigantic tobacco-smuggling cases ever known. The perpetrators were too clever to follow a hackneyed plan. They were ambitious, and executed their fraud on a large scale. The tobacco was brought in by a full-rigged ship specially chartered for the purpose. Her cargo was discharged in the usual way, but the keels to which it was transferred were taken up stream, and the cargoes landed privately. The tobacco was then stored in the private villa residence of one of the smugglers, whence it was conveyed by carts to the large inland manufacturing towns. The game went on for a long time, and was finally discovered by the chance stranding and desertion of a barge during heavy weather in the Humber. All this time the commercial men who "travelled" for tobacco had found it almost impossible to get an order in Yorkshire; they were invariably undersold by those who had untaxed tobacco for disposal.

Modern Hull can hardly be styled an architecturally beautiful city. Money has been spent without stint, but not in "aesthetic" improvement. But the place is well and strongly built, with tall, fine houses in narrow, but well-paved, regular streets. Many of these preserve quaint, old-fashioned titles to this day. Whitefriar Gate and Myton Gate remain, the latter being the name of the lordship which, with the town of Wyke, or Wyke-upon-Hull, was sold to Edward I. by the Abbot of Meaux. Near these is the "Land of Green Ginger," a name still applied seriously and officially to a street in the busiest part of the town, the words being printed in full at the head of letter paper, and the locality being occupied by solicitors and merchants of the highest repute. Not far off, again, is "Bolaly," an obvious degeneration of Bowl Alley, as the street is termed in ancient maps of the town. Blanket Row, Dagger Lane, the Ropery, Postern Gate, are other thoroughfares also, marked traces of which still remain; and there is in Hull a Paragon Street, a title not unknown elsewhere, as at Bath and one or two other towns.

Many quaint old edifices survive also, buildings with façades, and "overdoors" which would delight the heart of Mr. Norman Shaw and others vowed to the Queen Anne revival. These are principally in the old part, that which was originally within the walls, although others are to be met with in Dock Street, George Street, and Lowgate: one of the most curious is the house in High Street, no longer a principal thoroughfare, but a narrow dirty lane, where William Wilberforce, the philanthropist, was born. He is buried, it will be remembered, in Westminster Abbey, but a tall statue on a sandstone pillar was erected to him in 1834 in Hull, and it may be seen in one of the illustrations towering above the shipping. Wilberforce came into an ample fortune early, and devoted himself to the cause of the negroes soon after his election to Parliament, where he sat for many years for Hull. Slavery was abolished a short time before his death. Among other worthies to whom Hull gave birth may be mentioned Andrew Marvel, "the incorruptible patriot," whom Charles II. vainly sought by the most





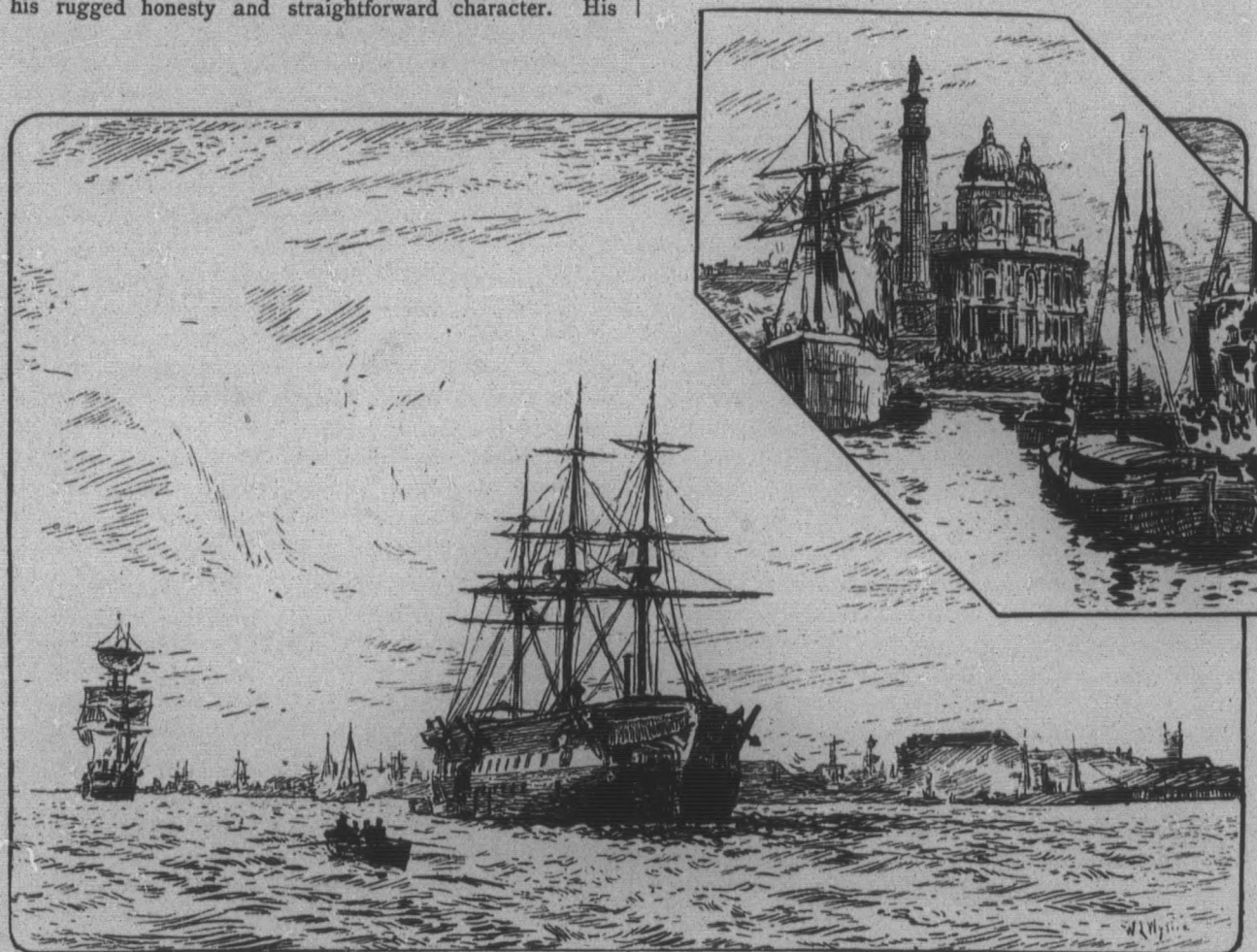
PAINTED BY C. E. PERUGINI.

ENGRAVED BY F. HOLL.

A SIESTA

brilliant offers to win over to the Court party. Marvel lived in comparative poverty in a little court off the Strand, up two pairs of stairs. In Parliament he made no great show of eloquence or talent, but he was always highly esteemed for his rugged honesty and straightforward character. His

father was minister of St. Mary's, Lowgate, a church of the Perpendicular period, with a large eastern window and a fine organ by Schnetler, celebrated for its trumpet stop. This



The River, Hull. Training Ship in Harbour.

church was restored some years ago by Sir Gilbert Scott. This talented architect also restored a sepulchral chapel in the Church of the Holy Trinity, the finest and oldest church of Hull, which was commenced in 1312 under the direct

patronage of Edward II., who at that time was holding his court at York.

It should be mentioned that the illustrations are taken from drawings specially made by Mr. W. L. Wyllie.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE LOCH-SIDE.—Drawn and etched by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. The suggestiveness of successful etching is here very apparent. The placid surface of the loch, the rustle and movement of the reeds swayed slowly by the twist and eddy of the water, the stalwart shepherd going homeward in quiet content, the sheep passing softly on their way to fold—everything harmonizes with the lingering beauty of the dying day.

'A SIESTA.'—Painted by C. E. Perugini, engraved by F. Holl. By the kindness of H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, we are permitted to give an engraving of this picture, which was purchased by him from the walls of the Academy last year. This is undoubtedly one of the most

delightful works which have proceeded from Mr. Perugini's studio. The draperies are painted with accurate knowledge and skill, and are evidently the result of a careful study of the antique. The drooping of the refined head, the control of the light, the variety of the textures, the graceful leaves and tendrils of the vine which break so well the architectural lines—these are some of the points which go to make up a charming picture. We may mention that his Royal Highness has expressed his entire satisfaction with Mr. Holl's engraving.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the British Museum. This is referred to in the article on Leonardo which commences on page 33.

"THE TRUE RELATION OF THE PAINTER'S ART TO ARCHITECTURE."



PERHAPS the architect of to-day has no more puzzling problem to deal with in the course of his multifarious duties than when called upon to complete his work by the aid of colours. From time to time, efforts on a large scale are made to embellish our public buildings by the employment of the sister art of painting, and one by one such efforts are felt to fall far short of the desired level of success. With ample resources, and with an abundance of painters of indisputable excellence, it is a frequent matter of reluctant and regretful admission that the money spent has been practically wasted, the talent misapplied. The permanent effect of many such attempts is almost nil. There is the usual temporary excitement, the nine days' wonder, and then oblivion, too often followed by neglect and decay. With every fresh demand for the exercise of the painter's special functions in the interest of architecture, a review of the whole subject becomes necessary; and both the architect and the painter who would assist and complete his work are still, in this nineteenth century, thrown back on a consideration of first principles.

As a matter of course their thoughts instantly turn to the precedents furnished by antiquity. Nothing is more certain than that in all the great periods of architecture the charm of colour was freely, even profusely, employed in its service. Not to speak of the gorgeous, if somewhat barbaric, splendour of the Egyptian Temples, whose surfaces had not a square inch unadorned by the brightest colour at command, and whose works, one and all, disclose in their builders a passionate love of colour, we turn for help to Greece, the true starting-point for all our modern Art. By common consent the Greeks are credited with an extreme, nay, fastidious, sense of refinement in all their works. Every particle of their public buildings reveals, the more exactly it is analyzed, the solicitude of their authors for the utmost attainable purity of outline, proportion, and delicacy of ornamental detail.

Yet, although we are not even now at all points exactly informed as to the actual scheme of colouring used in any special case, we have the best grounds for believing that the Grecian temples, like those of Egypt, were wholly covered with colour and gold.

The external faces of the cella were, it may reasonably be concluded, painted in some instances a bright blue, in others red. Sometimes a dado of dark red ran along the bottom of the wall, and the upper portion was coloured blue, the horizontal division throwing out into fuller relief the vertical lines of the advancing colonnade, the separate columns of which were sometimes painted yellow, and sometimes even gilded. The whole of the entablature was similarly treated. The ground of the metopes was painted blue or red. The sculptured subjects were gilded. The lines of mouldings bore bright hues, and the channellings separating them were strengthened by appropriate shades. When the crowning cyma was not carved into relief it bore in painted lines the honeysuckle or other characteristic ornament. The groundwork of the tympanum or pediment was painted a bright blue

or red, and the whole of the sculpture was brought out with colour and gold unsparingly applied. It is further agreed by the best authorities that the colouring of Greek buildings and Greek statuary was not the work of later and less artistically competent ages, but that such entered into the original design of the architects and sculptors.

The image which this description calls up before the mind is startling in its wide departure from the actual fabrics which charm us by quite other qualities—by the feeling of unity which pervades them, by their exquisite proportions, by the extreme delicacy of every part of the structure, the subtle profiles of the mouldings, the reflected lights and shades of the fluted columns, and the exquisite tenderness and variety of the weather staining, nature's handiwork, on the smooth surface of the precious marble. Nor can we resist the conviction that much of the delicacy, the finesse, and the refinement which we perceive in these works must have been sunk in the blaze of colour and gold with which they were loaded, or that, despite the anxiety of their authors for the utmost perfection of form, the real appeal to the public was through their enjoyment of magnificent colour.

Ancient Roman Art affords but little guidance in the question before us. The decoration, when applied to domestic and public buildings, was derived from Greek models, and in most cases it is believed was the work of Grecian hands. The revived Greek of Byzantium shows clearly that the craving for colour survived all the vicissitudes of Greek Art, and sought in the glowing mosaics of the dome, distinctive of that revival, its fullest satisfaction.

The architecture of the Middle Ages has much in common with the best periods of Greek Art. In its "sweet reasonableness," in the rational character of its constructive scheme, its nice adjustment of mass, its untiring elaboration of minute points of detail, in the exercise of a luxuriant fancy always restrained by the nicest taste, and especially in an intense, a passionate delight in colour, that delight in pure colour which finds eloquent expression in every page of Chaucer. Evidences of this are to be found on the walls of all our cathedrals, of countless parish churches, in the remains of the great castles which were the residences of our kings, and in the ruined manor-houses which are scattered over the face of the kingdom. But the actual remains of the art are but scanty compared with the records of its general application to the works of the Middle Ages which the documents of the time so abundantly furnish.

The Close Rolls of the early part of the thirteenth century contain many royal instructions regarding the embellishments of the kingly chambers. In 1250 Henry III. directed Edward of Westminster to cause effigies of the Apostles to be painted round the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, together with figures of the Blessed Virgin and a representation of the Day of Judgment. Later "Odo the Goldsmith" is ordered to paint the King's chamber green "in the manner of a hanging"—a favourite device—with listes or borders with the Evangelists, angels censuring, &c. One William, a Florentine, was about the same time busy at Guildford painting the chamber for the reception of the Queen, and he was still further commanded to adorn the King's wardrobe at Westminster with a series of historical and legendary subjects, all selected by the

King himself. A peep into these old records is like opening one of the missals of the time. They are ablaze with gold and jewels, and gorgeous colouring. As time went on the religious character of the imagery gave place in a measure to a growing fondness for heraldic blazonry, historical scenes, allegories, "sotelties," and the like; on great occasions, such as royal banquets and coronation ceremonies, the fancy was racked for new and strange splendours. We can form, from an extant description, a very clear notion of the decoration of the great hall at Henry VIII.'s coronation, where the walls were all coloured with white and green lozenges, "and in every lozenge was either a rose, or a pomegranate, or a shief of arrowes all gilded with fine gold."

Of the prodigal use of gold and colour in our ecclesiastical edifices we have still many fairly perfect examples, especially in the roofs and rood screens of the parish churches in the eastern counties, and in other parts of the kingdom.

But what is more surprising, the *exteriors* were in numerous cases similarly decorated. Not only in those parts of Europe where climatic conditions are less inimical to the duration of such art, but even in our own England. The portals at Tintern, to give an instance, were covered with colour and gilding. The great Tower at Windsor was painted in resemblance of a rose, and the account for the pigments so employed is still extant. The front of Notre-Dame was almost entirely covered with the brightest colouring, statuary and all, and so of many edifices throughout Western Europe.

These facts only add to the perplexities of the modern artist when he looks for guidance to the past; he cannot realise, without some misgivings as to their artistic value, these strenuous and persistent efforts of our ancestors for the adornment of their buildings. He cannot but think that the less simple and more sophisticated taste of the present time would recoil from the general blaze, the *gartsiness* of these mediæval works. That if by the stroke of a wand our great ecclesiastical edifices could cast their quiet garb and resume the glowing and gorgeous colouring of their palmy days, we should as artists feel it a loss rather than a gain. We should regard the authors of the work in the light of children in Art, with a childlike love of colour, and a childlike tendency to lay it on thick; and the wearied eyes would turn for relief to the remembered harmonies of quiet grey, the lights and shades, the tender colouring of age, and the serener grandeur of the unadorned exteriors.

The manner in which we continue to regard sculpture gives a test of this feeling on a small scale. We have seen that the ancients coloured and gilded all their statuary. It requires, however, an effort to believe that the virgin marble, whose exquisite texture and delicate tone are with us almost as deep a source of delight as the forms imparted by the sculptor's chisel, could have been covered with full flesh tints, the drapery loaded with bright colour, and gold employed unsparingly, to heighten the effect. We have seen some tentative and hesitating experiments in the revival of the ancient treatment; but the result has been generally condemned and the practice abandoned. The religious statuary of Munich is not held to take very high rank as Art, and we know how repugnant to a cultivated taste is the gaudy imagery of the continental churches. The utmost liberty we can allow ourselves is to touch with ever so light a hand the inner folds of a robe, or trace in golden lines its brodered hem.

1882.

I will not here speak at length on the paintings with which the Italian artists of the Renaissance covered the walls they reared, but I must draw a moral from their practice. The system they employed was, I submit, wholly at variance with the true relation of the painter's art to architecture. The vaults of the Gothic builders retained under pictorial treatment the clearest evidences of their actual forms and surfaces. The angelic and beatified beings adorning them were imponderable abstractions, glorified bodies, and as such perfectly and obviously in place. The angels and saints of the Renaissance were mere human beings in a high state of physical development, having all the attributes of a vigorous earthly life, and posing in defiance of all the laws of gravity. The vaults and domes in which they expatiate are depths of unfathomable azure, broken by clouds and other atmospheric phenomena. Their authors simply painted pictures in difficult places, and it would have been more convenient to them and to us if they had painted their pictures on canvas or panel, and placed them for our gratification in positions where their merits could have been appreciated without running the risk of dislocating our necks. That works of this description are of no *assistance*, as they should be, to the architecture, is seen from the fact that, following their introduction, all architectural features were swept away to make room for them, or were arranged in arbitrary combinations for their accommodation and display. This course was the logically correct one; architectural features are irrelevant in a gallery of pictures, and, conversely, mere pictures, as such above described, are an embarrassment to architecture.

In applying to our modern practice the lessons left us by antiquity, we must be on our guard against an error which is prevalent, namely, that the ancient or mediæval practice was simply its absolute perfection in every particular, and that our sole business is to follow it implicitly in modern works. I think I have said enough to show the questionable value of this kind of teaching.

There are, however, some conditions of a successful union of the sister arts of architecture and painting in friendly effort at mutual assistance which will scarcely be challenged. It is taken for granted that the architecture is to be adorned—not disguised or concealed—by the painter; that it in fact holds the first place in the scheme. There should consequently be an apparent as well as a real *entente* between them. It should be clearly visible at once that the decoration, the colour, and the gilding are in *aid* of the architecture, and not in antagonism thereto, or holding with it any kind of competition. The colour, the floral designs, &c., should bring into prominence the lines of the structure, emphasizing them here and there, and deepening and enforcing their opposing shades and shadows. Above all, the surfaces should never be disguised, nor their solidity compromised, for if so the balance of the architect's work is disturbed. And this consideration gives the key to the whole subject. In an easel picture—dispute about the fact as we may—the end sought is *illusion*. The painter represents horizontal distances on a vertical plane. His whole training has been to give rotundity to that which is flat, to throw across the distant features of his subject the effect of atmosphere which shall remove them in appearance from their actual position on the plane of the wall. He makes, in short, a hole in the wall through which we look, and in so far as he succeeds he destroys the architecture he is summoned to adorn. Moreover, the effective accomplishment of his purpose involves the employment of a

wide range of tints, and is fatal to the simpler harmonies essential for the success of the work as a whole. One picture is almost necessarily at cross purposes with its neighbour, probably by a separate hand, and in an altogether different manner. And thus we get as a result simply a gallery of works of Art absorbing the attention of the spectator, defeating the object with which they were painted by effacing the architecture it was their duty to assist and adorn.

In order to avoid falling into this fatal error it is desirable that the range of the palette should be restricted, as the mediæval painters unavoidably restricted it, to the simple earths, yellow ochre, brown, red, black, white, and their mixture grey, green, a sparing use of blue, and gold—this last to be used principally in flat surfaces, and as a means of harmonizing the otherwise intractable blue. With these and the counterchanging of ornament, which their use affords, the leading lines and features of the work may be sufficiently emphasized. For the figure subjects—the soul of all—we may follow the wise procedure which the mediævalists adopted, and we have the means of bringing their system to a perfection which was far beyond their reach.

It would appear from the old records above referred to that the general scheme of decoration was settled with the artist charged with its execution; but that having been done, in general terms, he was left considerable liberty in his treatment of it. This reliance upon the discretion and ability of the artist is common in all the contracts of the Middle Ages, whether for stained glass, for altars and their elaborate tabernacle work, &c. The short specification for King's College Chapel, Cambridge, is familiar to all archaeologists. The artists who were charged with the work had subordinates, who executed it under their direction and personal supervision, and from their designs. All the records confirm this. Here are one or two entries from the Close Rolls of Edward III., temp. 1352. "To Hugh de St. Albans ordering (or designing) the drawings for the painters—one day, 1s." "To the same, working on the disposition of the painting for the chapel—3 days, 3s.," and so on. Scattered amongst these are entries of the work of the subordinates of worthy Hugh—men who were not paid 1s. per day as the master designer was, but at rates varying from 6d. to 10d. per day. To one John Barneby, the Apelles of the time, the large sum of 2s. per day was paid.

In this system, which was partly employed by the great painters of the Italian Renaissance, there is a hint for us. Our plan of selecting distinguished painters of easel pictures, and paying them two or three thousand guineas to paint us easel pictures on walls, has not succeeded. Nor is it likely to succeed. A painter so employed is occupied with other thoughts than the architecture or the architect's fame. He brings to his work the traditions of the studio, "fights" like Hal o' th' Wynd "for his own hand," challenges a separate recognition, and in producing a picture destroys the architecture.

What we want is some painter of the highest skill in design and grouping, with sufficient love of Art and sufficiently public-spirited to make him sink his personality, as Master Hugh de St. Albans did, and give his whole energy to the "ordination" of the work and the "disposition" of the whole for the painters. If we could prevail upon the Barnebys and the Hughes of our day to "dispose" and "ordinate" the subjects, the walls of our modern buildings might soon

be clothed with beautiful and appropriate works of real Art.

And for this reason: the part which the subordinate would be called upon to play is one that can be learnt. It may be conceded that a really great painter is a growth independent of all law, certainly of all calculation. We must take him as he comes to us, and be thankful when we get him. But the art of the draughtsman almost all can with reasonable diligence acquire. "The line," as Thackeray puts it, "you can by repeated effort force into its true place; but who can compel the circumambient air?" Now we want for our perfect architectural decoration the utmost attainable truth of line, and we don't want the "circumambient air;" it is a hindrance to our work. To many, indeed, the want of colour is not felt in the presence of perfect drawing. Many good pictures are absolutely improved by translation into black and white. Does any one wish the application of colour to Flaxman's outlines? Perfect drawing is a sufficient vehicle of expression if only the *thought* be there. Nearly half a century ago Matthew Digby Wyatt called attention "to a peculiar mode of decoration, once common in Italy, by the use of coats of different coloured plaster one over the other, the bottom dark, the next grey, the third white. To produce a dark tint the artist removed the plaster till he reached the dark ground; for a half tint he scraped off the white; the white was left for strong lights. This is a method well adapted to English practice and to English climate, as all the coats of plaster might be made to resist moisture." If the black and grey be too cold and sombre, sepia or umber might of course be substituted. A field for an experiment in this direction is seldom wanting. The cost could be nothing compared to that of employing a company of great artists to paint separate finished pictures for us. The new Law Courts are fast approaching completion, and the great hall will be probably one of the very finest architectural compositions in the world. It has strongly marked architectural masses and divisions. Its extent is sufficient for any artistic scheme. It has opportunities and amplitude for effective decorative art which scarcely any modern European building can show. It will be occupied by all sorts and conditions of men, some full of anxieties incident to the law, many simply idling away the intervals in legal procedure. Spectators of the work will never be wanting. We have a history which is nowhere intelligently illustrated within four walls, or we have legal and constitutional incidents in our national life which can never be illustrated too often. We have artists of the Hugh de St. Albans type of the highest skill, and our schools are overflowing with intelligent draughtsmen who would hail an opportunity of carrying into execution, in simple outline or in subdued masses of gilding and low-toned colour, the "ordinations" of an acknowledged leader. Here is an opportunity for a *real* school of design. The demand upon the master's time need not be such as to interfere unduly with his ordinary practice. We should secure the highest skill in composition united with perfection of drawing, and the whole being the work of one mind would have the requisite breadth of treatment to give it dignity. The "Suitors' Fund" is far from being exhausted, and its administrators cannot pretend to a want of the comparatively moderate sum which an experiment such as that now suggested would involve. Is it not worth making, in the interests alike of the architect, the painter, and the public?

E. INGRESS BELL.

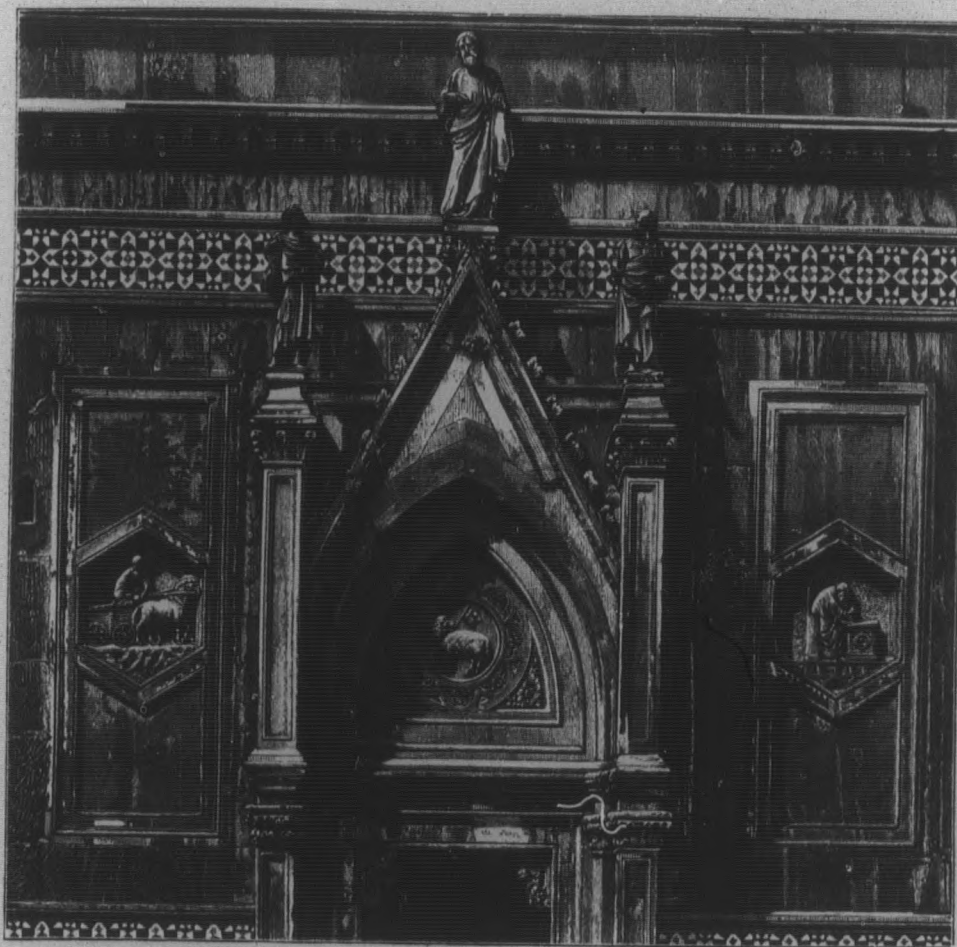
THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER, FLORENCE.



DOUBTLESS many of our readers are aware that Mr. Ruskin has of late been compiling, for the help of the few travellers who still care for their monuments, short and cheap pocket guides to Venice, to Florence, and still later, to Amiens. They may not, however, know that, in order that these relics of the great past may not only be studied on the spot, but in "quiet homes far away," he is now issuing a series of photographs to accompany them. From these he has permitted us to make wood blocks, and, further, to use such matter as is necessary for

their explanation. We therefore cull from "Mornings in Florence," and from a Preface issued with the photographs, the following account of "The Shepherd's Tower" and its wonderful sculpturings.

"Forty years ago there was assuredly no spot of ground, out of Palestine, in all the round world, on which, if you knew, even but a little, the true course of that world's history, you saw with so much joyful reverence the dawn of morning, as at the foot of the Tower of Giotto. For there the traditions of faith and hope, of both the Gentile and Jewish races, met for their beautiful labour: the Baptistry of Florence is the last building raised on the earth by the descendants of the workmen taught by Dædalus: and the Tower of Giotto is the loveliest of those raised on earth under the inspiration



Entrance to the Shepherd's Tower, Florence.

of the men who lifted up the tabernacle in the wilderness. Of living Greek work there is none after the Florentine Baptistry; of living Christian work, none so perfect as the Tower of Giotto; and, under the gleam and shadow of their marbles, the morning light was haunted by the ghosts of the Father of Natural Science, Galileo; of Sacred Art, Angelico, and of the Master of Sacred Song. Which spot of ground the modern Florentine has made his principal hackney-coach stand and omnibus station. The hackney coaches, with their more or less farmyard-like litter of occasional hay, and smell of variously mixed horse-manure, are yet in more permissible harmony with the place than the ordinary populace of a

fashionable promenade would be, with its cigars, spitting, and harlot-planned fineries; but the omnibus place of call being in front of the door of the tower, renders it impossible to stand for a moment near it, to look at the sculptures either of the eastern or southern side; while the north side is enclosed with an iron railing, and usually encumbered with lumber as well: not a soul in Florence ever caring now for sight of any piece of its old artists' work; and the mass of strangers being on the whole intent on nothing but getting the omnibus to go by steam; and on seeing the cathedral in one swift circuit, by glimpses between the puffs of it.

"Deluge of profanity, drowning dome and tower in Stygian

pool of vilest thought,—nothing now left sacred, in the places where once—nothing was profane.

"For that is indeed the teaching, if you could receive it, of the Tower of Giotto; as of all Christian Art in its day. Next to declaration of the facts of the Gospel, its purpose (often in actual work the eagerest) was to show the *power* of the Gospel. History of Christ in due place; yes, history of all He did, and how He died: but then, and often, as I say, with more animated imagination, the showing of His risen presence in granting the harvests and guiding the labour of the year. All sun and rain, and length or decline of days received from His hand; all joy, and grief, and strength, or cessation of labour, indulged or endured, as in His sight

graved and coloured Bible of Giotto and his school became their inevitable master, and a continual monitor of all that was dutiful in the work and lovely in the hope of Christian persons.

"The Master's own estimate of the power of these bas-reliefs must have been very high; for instead of making them a part of such encrusted and continuous decoration as the most powerful sculptor of the Pisan school had accustomed the populace to expect, he sets them as gems in a kind of Etruscan chain round the base of his tower, minute in the extreme compared to the extent of its surface; so far above the eye as to secure them absolutely from all chance of injury or wear, but by time and its mud and rain; and entirely

unrecommended and unassisted by the slightest external minor imageries of organic form. In all fine northern sculpture of the time, the external courses of foliage, and crockets, and bosses of pinnacle, relieve the simplicity of falling draperies, and disguise or enrich with picturesque shadow the harshnesses of feature and expression in the figures. But here the Master allows only the severest masonry and mouldings to approach or limit his subject; requires, in concentrated space, undisturbed attention; and trusts, without the slightest link of decoration, to the inner sequence and consistency of thought."

Mr. Ruskin has thus numbered and named the bas-reliefs:—(1) The Creation of Man; (2) The Creation of Woman; (3) Original Labour; (4) Jabel; (5) Jubal; (6) Tubal Cain; (7) Noah; (8) Astronomy; (9) Building; (10) Pottery; (11) Riding; (12) Weaving; (13) The Giving of Law; (14) Dædalus; (15) Navigation; (16) Hercules and Antæus; (17) Ploughing; (18) The Chariot; (19) The Lamb, with the Symbol of Resurrection; (20) Geometry; (21) Sculpture; (22) Painting; (23) Grammar; (24) Arithmetic; (25) Logic; (26) Song; (27) Harmony. And thus classified them. The first six illustrate nomad life, learning how to assert its supremacy over other wandering creatures, herbs, and beasts; the next seven fixed home life, developing race and country;

the following five human intercourse between stranger races; and the last eight the harmonious arts of all who are gathered into the fold of Christ.

In the engraving of the doorway to the tower will be seen, to the left, 'The Chariot' (No. 18), over it 'The Lamb' (No. 19), and to the right 'Geometry' (No. 20). The two others selected by us, on account of their representing the branches of the Arts with which this magazine particularly deals, namely, 'Sculpture' and 'Painting,' follow to the right again of the last named, but on the northern side of the tower, the doorway being on its eastern front. Of these Mr. Ruskin speaks as follows:—

"The two initial ones" (of the last series), "'Sculpture'



Sculpture from a Bas-relief on the Shepherd's Tower, Florence.

and to His glory. And the familiar employments of the seasons, the homely toils of the peasant, the lowliest skills of the craftsman, are signed always on the stones of the Church, as the first and truest condition of sacrifice and offering.

"The importance of the bas-reliefs on this tower to an intelligent reader of Italian history cannot be overrated, seeing that they are the only authentic records left of the sculptural design of the man who, as builder, sculptor, painter, and theologian, absolutely rebuilt and recoloured the entire mind and faith of Italy in the days of Dante. How much the visions of Dante himself were painted on the walls of his heart and in the inner light of his soul by Giotto, he himself must have been scarcely conscious; for all inferior men, the en-

and 'Painting,' are by tradition the only ones attributed to Giotto's own hand. The fifth, 'Song,' is known, and recognisable in its magnificence, to be by Luca della Robbia. The remaining four are all of Luca's school—later work, therefore, all these five, than any we have been hitherto examining, entirely different in manner, and with late flower-work beneath them instead of our hitherto severe Gothic arches. And it becomes of course instantly a vital question—did Giotto die leaving the series incomplete, only its subjects chosen, and are these two bas-reliefs of 'Sculpture' and 'Painting' among his last works? or was the series ever completed, and these later bas-reliefs substituted for the earlier ones, under Luca's influence, by way of conducting the whole to a grander close, and making their order more representative of Florentine Art in its fulness of power?

"I must repeat, once more, and with greater insistence respecting Sculpture than Painting, that I do not in the least set myself up for a critic of authenticity—but only of absolute goodness. My readers may trust me to tell them what is well done or ill; but by whom, is quite a separate question, needing for any certainty, in this school of much-associated masters and pupils, extreme attention to minute particulars not at all bearing on my objects in teaching.

"Of this closing group of sculptures, then, all I can tell you is that the fifth is a quite magnificent piece of work, and recognisably, to my extreme conviction, Luca della Robbia's; that the last, 'Harmonia,' is also fine work; that those attributed to Giotto are fine in a different way—and the other three in reality the poorest pieces in the series, though done with much more advanced sculptural dexterity.

"But I am chiefly puzzled by the two attributed to Giotto, because they are much coarser than those which seem to me so plainly his on the west side, and slightly different in workmanship—with much that is common to both, however, in the casting of drapery and mode of introduction of details. The difference may be accounted for partly by haste or failing power, partly by the artist's less deep feeling of the importance of these merely symbolic figures, as compared with those of the Fathers of the Arts; but it is very notable and embarrassing notwithstanding, complicated as it is with extreme resemblance in other particulars.

"I need not dwell on the conditions of resemblance, which are instantly visible; but the *difference* in the treatment of the heads is incomprehensible. That of the Tubal Cain is exquisitely finished, and with a painter's touch; every lock of the hair laid with studied flow, as in the most beautiful

drawing. In the 'Sculpture' it is struck out with ordinary tricks of rapid sculptor trade, entirely unfinished, and with offensively frank use of the drill hole to give picturesque rustication to the beard.

"Next, put 'Painting' and 'Jubal' back to back. You see again the resemblance in the earnestness of both figures, in the unbroken arcs of their backs, in the breaking of the octagon moulding by the pointed angles; and here, even also in the general conception of the heads. But again, in the one of 'Painting,' the hair is struck with more vulgar indenting and drilling, and the Gothic of the picture frame is less precise in touch and later in style. Observe, however,—and this may



Painting.—From a Bas-relief on the Shepherd's Tower, Florence.

perhaps give us some definite hint for clearing the question,—a picture frame *would be* less precise in making, and later in style, properly, than cusped arches to be put under the feet of the inventor of all musical sound by breath of man. And if you will now compare finally the eager tilting of the workman's seat in 'Painting' and 'Tubal Cain,' and the working of the wood in the painter's low table for his pots of colour, and his three-legged stool, with that of Tubal Cain's anvil block; and the way in which the lines of the forge and upper triptych are in each composition used to set off the rounding of the head, I believe you will have little hesitation in accepting my own view of the matter—namely, that the three pieces of the

Fathers of the Arts were wrought with Giotto's extremest care for the most precious stones of his tower; that also, being a sculptor and painter, he did the other two, but with quite definite and wilful resolve that they *should be*, as mere symbols of his own two trades, wholly inferior to the other subjects of the patriarchs; that he made the 'Sculpture' picturesque and bold as you see it is, and showed all a sculptor's tricks in the work of it; and a sculptor's Greek subject, 'Bacchus,' for the model of it; that he wrought the 'Painting,' as the higher art, with more care, still keeping it subordinate to the primal subjects, but showed, for a lesson, to all the generations of painters for evermore—this one lesson, like his circle of pure line, containing all others—'Your soul and body must be all in every touch.'

"I can't resist the expression of a little piece of personal exultation in noticing that he holds his pencil as I do myself: no writing master, and no effort (at one time very steady for many months), having ever cured me of that way of holding both pen and pencil between my fore and second finger; the third and fourth resting the backs of them on my paper.

"For the rest, nothing could be more probable, in the confused and perpetually false mass of Florentine tradition, than the preservation of the memory of Giotto's carving his own two trades, and the forgetfulness, or quite as likely ignorance, of the part he took with Andrea Pisano in the initial sculptures.

"There were no photographs of these sculptures in the year 1872, when I first examined them with the attention they deserved: while the interval between the church and campanile, being used as a lumber store and brick deposit by the restorers, was inaccessible, and the entire series of the Orpheus and Harmonia with Giotto's own two unquestioned pieces of handiwork, never, therefore, seen by any creatures but the swallows. Subsequently (I believe in 1874) I photographed the whole series, but, being desirous to make the proofs as useful as possible, took no precautions, and put no restriction on their sale; the consequence of which was that they got bought up by the Florentine dealers, and, I afterwards found, could only be got in what I held to be damaged states, trimmed at the margins, and the like. I therefore, in 1876, had another series made for myself, with the enclosing masonries complete: of these I have placed the negatives in my assistant, Mr. Ward's hands, and can answer for the impressions being properly taken. My account of the subjects in the 'Shepherd's Tower' ('Mornings in Florence,' No. VI.) contains all that need be pointed out to a general student respecting the method and meaning of these sculptures: and there is nothing in the compass of the arts of Italy either more deserving of his attention or more sufficiently and intelligibly submitted to it by any existing representation than Giotto's foundation of civic morality in these sculptured myths of human Art and Harmony."

CHARLES I. AS AN ART COLLECTOR.

No. I.—IN SPAIN.



GENERALLY the mind of the student of history, when directed to the contemplation of the time when the throne of England was occupied by Charles I., is apt to regard it as chiefly remarkable for its political struggle and civil conflict. We think of the monarch at issue with his people, and follow the steps of the uncertain campaign and the changing fortunes of the hour, sharing the hopes and fears of those who saw him alternately victorious and vanquished, and finally imprisoned and deposed. But there is another aspect of this reign which, though of minor importance, is not undeserving of consideration. The period of the reign of Charles I. was essentially an era of Art collections.

From that point of view, which at first strikes us as the more unexpected from the natural antagonism that exists between the tumults of war and the triumphs of peace, our thoughts will be naturally directed to the monarch in his home at Whitehall, whilst he and his beautiful queen yet moved at will amidst the rich treasures that were housed there. Or, if the mind reverts to a still earlier period of his history, it may conceive him as a traveller in Spain, developing his artistic tastes by the contemplation of the works of the giant master painters in the Iberian capital, rather than hovering idly round the bower of a princess, who never really won his youthful love.

The Palace of Whitehall, which the Prince quitted for these southern wanderings, and which was to be the casket in which the artistic spoils would be treasured, was a rambling and miscellaneous group of buildings of various dates and styles. It is needless to say that it was not then pierced from north to south by any such highway as that which now connects Westminster and Charing Cross. It lay, in fact, so far away from the denser masses of houses that formed the London of that day as to be comparatively secluded. It had passed in 1529 into the hands of King Henry VIII., and was by him used as a royal residence. His marriage with Anne Boleyn was celebrated within its walls, four years after he became possessed of it, and later on it was the scene of the death-bed of his consort, Jane Seymour, and eventually of the monarch himself. It is beside our present purpose to stay to consider the contact of Art with the memories of Whitehall, further than to pay a passing tribute to the name of Holbein, so intimately connected with our knowledge of the royal occupants of the palace, in which he, too, had an abode, and to take note of the Chapel Royal, then as now dominated by the gorgeous painted ceiling, where rested in their final home, set in richly embossed and gilded framework, the paintings which Peter Paul Rubens had had wrought in distant Holland from the designs that he had here prepared to preserve alive in learned allegory the memory of James the King.

It has been remarked that it is not to the reign of Charles I. that the mind naturally turns as to a period of increase in England's Art treasures, but the mention of this famous Rubens ceiling reminds us, that so broad a generalisation should have been in strictness somewhat qualified. The remembrance of the age of Charles I., despite its conflict and turmoil, doubtless does bring with it, and in no remote background, thoughts of such an addition as this to our national stores, as well as of that other treasure—first housed at Whitehall, and then so long connected with the name of Hampton Court—the Raffaele cartoons. Nor should there rise much less prominently before the mind's eye, as born of the moments of calm that ushered in the fatal storm, the vision of the canvases of the courtly figure painter Vandyck. But those notable examples excepted, the statement may be accepted as practically true.

As he grew up beneath the shelter of Whitehall the youthful Charles must have become insensibly familiarised with the paintings that as royal heirlooms hung around him on the palace walls. Possibly this was the school in which his first sympathies with Art were aroused, and the possibility seems to assume form and substance when we consider how he must have been influenced by the example of his elder brother. In Prince Henry the Arts had already found an intelligent patron, and when he, the most promising of his race, the beloved of the nation, was removed from the scene by the hand of death, there must have come to Charles, though he was but a boy, along with the material possession of the Art treasures that had been his poor brother's own selection, a feeling akin to interest in a pursuit consecrated by such tender memories. But the circumstances to which were really due the nurture of the rising plant and its expansion into bloom were the accidents, if so they may be called, of his father's choice of Buckingham, and of his being himself brought so early in life into immediate contact with the artistic mind of the monarch of the realms of Spain. It was the peculiar fortune of Charles to find in Philip IV. a prince of youthful years like his own, possessed of a strong love of Art, and happy in the rare facilities, which he possessed for indulging such tastes. The son of a royal collector, the inheritor of the diverse treasures of Art which imperial power had placed within the reach of the lords of German, Dutch, and Spanish subjects, he had no difficult task before him in his endeavour to carry on a work already so well commenced. Habit as well as inclination led the child of a court at which artists of foreign race were accustomed to find a welcome, to continue so good a practice, and to render the welcome yet more hearty than heretofore, and the rewards yet more solid. Prince Charles was naturally inspired by the example of one with whom, after the first stately passages were over, he was on terms of as close an intimacy as the manners of the time could well permit, and so, besides finding real pleasure in the contemplation of the choice examples of the painter's handicraft, of which the King himself did the honours, he set himself *con amore* to the formation of a collection of his own.

Nor was the example of the King the only one that stimulated the Prince in his career as a collector at Madrid. The passion for amassing Art treasures was already spreading from the throne downwards, and the nobles of the Spanish court, whilst appreciating the possessions that had been left them by their ancestors, were casting around for opportunities of making further additions to their stores. The Count of Monterey was an enthusiast, and amongst an exten-

sive collection of other original works could boast of having secured something from the hand of Michelangelo himself. The Admiral of Castile was the envied possessor of several Titians, and of as many as half-a-dozen specimens of Antonio Moro.

During the brief months of his stay in the Spanish capital the Prince did not willingly let slip any opportunity of acquiring such treasures as it was possible to procure either by direct purchase or negotiation. Probably enough Buckingham joined in the sport. It is well known what an important purchase the Duke made for his own private gratification in later years, when he became the possessor of the collections of Rubens; nor has history forgotten to record the way in which his tastes as Premier were ministered to by the ambassador of the Crown at Venice. The principal public opportunity, however, afforded the Prince at Madrid was when the "Christie and Manson" of that city passed under the hammer the collection of the Count of Villamediana. Of this opportunity he availed himself to the full. Probably the Spanish king, so far as he was individually concerned, left the field clear for his visitor, though there must have been plenty of spirited competition from other quarters. Picture-buying Spain would have had its representatives in the Marquis de la Torre, Don Jeronimo de Villafuerte, Don Juan de Espina, and the Contador Jeronimo de Alvez; nor would the Counts Lemos, Osorno, or Velada have been absentees; whilst the biddings would also be keenly watched by the eager eye of the appreciative Quevedo, even after his less heavily weighted purse had already warned him to retire from the unequal contest. One picture, a Titian, representing the illustrious D'Avalos in the act of addressing his troops, has been traced from the auction-room to the walls of the English palace. It travelled thither in company with many others. But those were days in which the precise origin of a picture was not often deemed worth recording, and the pictures that formed the bulk of the consignment were afterwards merely known as having come from Spain.

An auction, however, with its exciting stimulus was not to be had every day. So pictures had to be sought for in other quarters, and we therefore find an offer of two thousand crowns being made to one Don Andrez Velasquez to induce him to part with *una imagen en lamina*, a painting on copper, which had formerly belonged to the Italian sculptor, Pompeo Leoni. But the Don was not to be persuaded to part with his treasure. A later attack was, however, more successful, and the coveted prize was secured and passed into the hands of the foreigner. Less fortunate was the attempt made on the stores of Don Juan de Espina. Amongst his most cherished possessions—and he was the owner of much that was rare and curious, his house being quite a wonder in its way—was a priceless volume of sketches from the hand of Leonardo da Vinci. But all the offers the Prince could make were in vain. Whether Don Juan was an amateur who really knew his own mind, or whether he was a hero who set his country and his king before all else, is a point we are left without means of deciding, but each time that the Prince's claims and willingness to pay were pressed upon him the same firm denial met the overture. "He would keep them till he died, and then leave them to his king."

Out of galleries such as that which formed the pride of the Palace of the Duque de Medina de las Torres, of course, nothing could be hoped for, save by the happy casualty of a present. The arts of picture-lifting and substitution, carried

to such perfection in the peninsula in later times, were still comparatively, if not entirely, unknown, so that treasures thus sheltered were beyond the reach of gold. If grandees would not cut off their right hands, there were those who sat a little lower down the ranks who were ready to make the sacrifice. These were oftentimes forthcoming. At the mansion of Don Geronimo Furez y Munoz, whom Charles honoured with a visit, he received presents of daggers and Toledan blades, crossbows and arquebuses—specimens of the damascening and inlaying work produced by artificers whose names ranked highest amongst the members of the home and foreign guilds. Eight paintings were there also munificently placed at his disposal with an open-handedness typical rather of eastern than of western manners, for the choice even was left to the royal guest himself. What owner of a gallery in these degenerate days would greet the visit of a foreign potentate with a generosity so superb?

The Spanish writer Carducho has told us with what a lavish hand Charles would disburse his English gold to secure his prizes. The precise amounts actually paid for the different articles on which his royal fancy fixed we do not know, but the accumulated total must have been very considerable. The hundred crowns paid to Velazquez for the portrait that was never completed; the thousand pounds given to the poor of Madrid as an offering for Passion-week, are neither of them sums of much moment; and doubtless there were presents to be made, irrespective of the magnificent ones which he had specially to make when his marriage should be celebrated, which constituted even a heavier burden upon his purse than the actual maintenance of his suite, lightened as that was by the hospitality of the King. It must, however, have been mainly due to this picture-purchasing that the royal purse became so highly impoverished before he embarked at Santander for his homeward voyage. By that time Sir Edmund Verney's cross of diamonds, one of the last treasures that any of the suite could muster, had been begged to save the royal credit, and had followed the way that many a similar possession had already taken. This impecuniosity, if certain surmises about his outward journey be true, was no new thing. There have been found those bold enough to suggest that it was defect in supplies of ways and means that brought Prince and Duke to the pass of entering Madrid in such extremely humble guise; and though Howell has it that the young traveller merely stood in the street till Buckingham should call him into Lord Bristol's mansion, there is an awkward rumour that the heir apparent was left in pledge with the cautious manager of the Spanish posting stables till the claim for the outstanding crowns was fully met.

But even if the funds be getting low, and an anxious and in part disappointed nation be watching for the wanderer's return, we cannot quit Madrid, its banquets and entertainments, its hawking and hunting parties, its bull-fights and tiltings, its concerts and theatres, and all the well-planned endeavours that had been made to render the Prince's visit

a time of pleasure and enjoyment, without a reference to the monarch's own contribution to the Art collector's stores. Down from the palace walls were taken three famous Titians, a Danae, an Europa, a Diana, and with them a fourth, more highly esteemed than either—the last a representation of Antiope by the same great master hand. This was the painting rescued from the fire at the Prado, and so highly valued by a former Philip, that he exclaimed, when assured of its safety, "That he was well content, and that palace, and all else it held, might now burn to ashes!" All safely packed these pictures stood, and ready for their journey; but away went Charles, possibly bearing with him the golden "basen" and "imbrodered night-gowne" that the Queen Mother had had prepared for his service, certainly leaving the Princess in her bower, at work with silver and gold and pearls, "preparing divers suits of rich cloaths for his Highnesse of perfumed amber;" and by one of those strange "accidents done on purpose," that are apt to accompany similar circumstances, the Titians remained in Madrid. Let us give Philip his due, and admit that if Charles had returned to claim his bride, the Titians and much else might all have been his. To the credit of Spanish honour let it ever be remembered that jewels taken to Spain by English hands, in view of the approaching marriage, estimated, even in those days, at full a hundred thousand pounds' value, were honestly sent home again.

If Prince Charles did not return to England with all the artistic spoils that he might have wished for, yet what he actually brought was sufficient to make a noble beginning. Thus far the success of his future collection was secured.

High and low, as the sequel showed, lent their aid, as time went on, to further the royal scheme; and, like the nobles of Spain, the English aristocracy were ready to follow the guidance of the throne, and join in the new departure in the patronage and cultivation of Art.

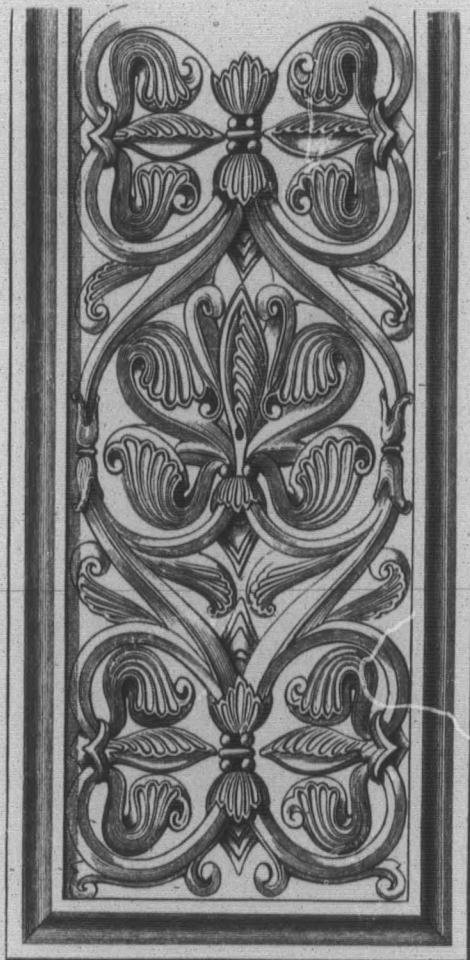
And though in Spain itself the movement, from one point of view, was a resuscitation of a course already pursued to some extent by a former monarch, Philip II., yet in its broader scope and permanent influence this restoration of Art under Philip IV. was of the very highest importance. The union of the wealth and appreciation of a monarch with the technical knowledge and deeper insight of a painter formed a combination that was certain to result in a brilliant success. And it was owing to their grasping the wisdom of this secret, which had come intuitively to Philip in the choice of Velazquez, that the Emperor Rudolf at Prague, and Charles at Whitehall, amassed collections worthy of historic fame. What had taken place in Spain under Philip IV. was by no means destined to have its end in itself. It was fraught with consequences of the highest import. To it may undoubtedly be referred the real foundation of the great galleries of Europe.

We trust, in a future number, to follow the fortunes of Prince Charles's collection so far as history permits.

EDWIN STOWE.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

IN our last paper we referred to the transformation of Roman into Romanesque and Byzantine Art as exhibited in metal work, and noticed the especially architectural character which tended to show itself in one or two of



No. 14.—Panel (Byzantine Work).

the Byzantine examples. And it may here be noticed that there is a strong tendency towards the employment of architectural or semi-architectural forms in metal work used for church or for ritual purposes generally. The reason of this probably is to be found in the fact that in the case of utensils made for the service of the temple there are certain forms which have derived a kind of consecration from their having been a part of the architecture of the church, and therefore having acquired an association with sacred things. Just as we find the prayer-carpet of Mahomedans adorned with a representation of the gate of the mosque, so we find the Byzantine casket, or relic box, partaking of the architectural details of the domed basilica; and so we find in the Middle Ages the relic vessels, or "monstrances," imitating in silver and gold the buttresses and pinnacles of the church. This is for the most part a mistake in point of Art. Details which are the suitable expression of stonework and woodwork cannot generally be the suitable expression of metal work, though they may be modified in some way so as to give

a more metallic character to their detail, as we saw was done in some of the examples we gave in the last number.

This, however, is not the case in regard to the first two subjects illustrated in this paper, representing flowing ornament derived remotely from classic models, of which No. 14 is certainly Byzantine, No. 15 either Byzantine or Lombardic. No. 14 is an interesting example of the transformation of the classic scroll into something based upon it, and yet entirely different in character and treatment. The leaf which forms the main object in this scroll is evidently derived from the classic acanthus leaf or at least from part of it; but it has become a very different thing in passing through the hands of Byzantine artisans for some generations. The delicately serrated edge of the leaf has now become reduced to something much more stiff, heavy, and further removed from nature. In place of the delicate modelling of the surface of the classic leaf in fine sharp lines, we have here the regular successions of grooves or scollops, with a marked fillet between them, which also makes a second line with the serrations at the margin, and renders them much more formal and conventional in effect. Then it will be observed that the leaf and its serrations grow out of a stem, and that the leaf is, in fact, a kind of development from the stem. This is one of the marked distinctions between classic and mediæval types of foliage ornament. The classic type deals with the leaf only; if any flowing lines are introduced, they are in the form of some artificial object intertwined with the foliage, not forming a part of its growth. The characteristic of the foliage ornament of the best mediæval period is that, while highly conventional often in detail, it is natural in growth and construction. And in this Byzantine example we see the link between the two. The construction of the scroll is more frankly shown than in Roman curved scroll-work. The whole of the lines which form it are well marked, and their growth from one another is clearly defined. With regard to the quality of this design, considered as metal work, we may say that its metallic character is not quite so marked as could be wished in some points; but the section of the twining



No. 15.—Ornament in Relief (Lombardic or Byzantine).

stems, presenting a sharp angle along the centre, is a good and effective metal-work section. The weak point is in the joining of the stems by the double-bud form at the outer

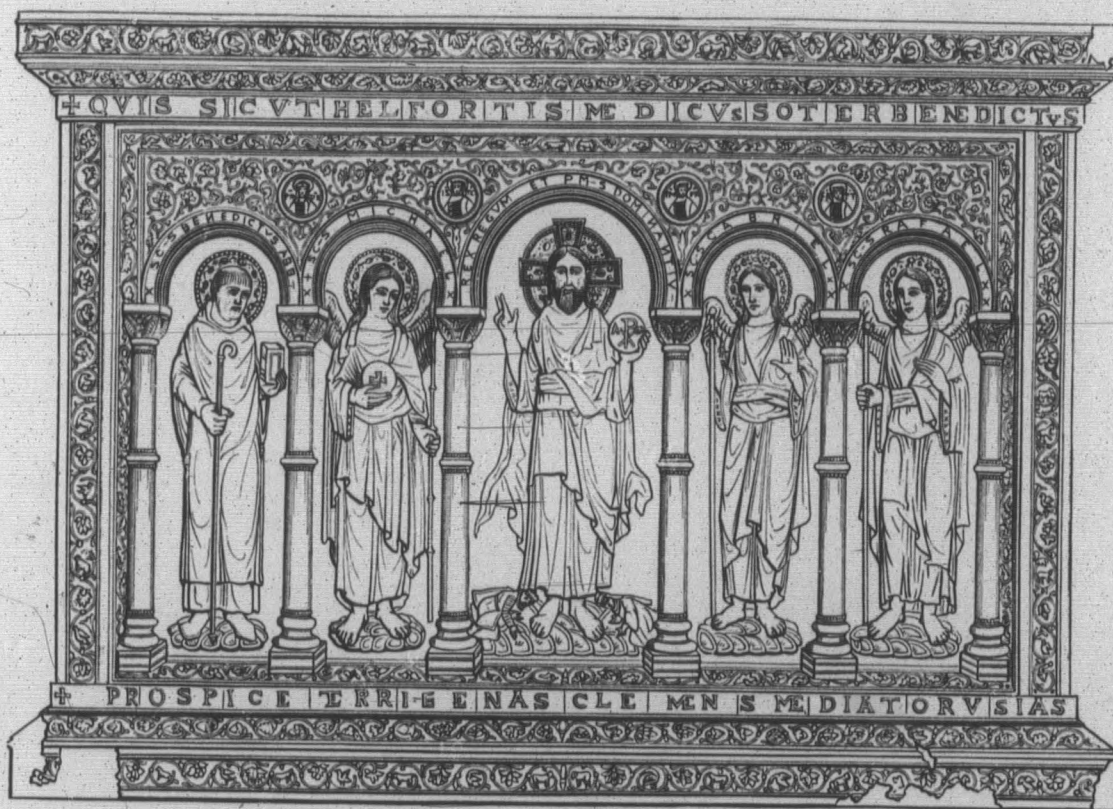
* Continued from page 27.

edges of the panel; this is very tame, and unworthy of the style of the rest. Greater congruity of style is shown in No. 15, which is also either Byzantine or Lombardo-Byzantine, and, as will be observed, is in some respects similar in its details to No. 14. But the carrying on of the design is much more cleverly and continuously managed. Instead of awkwardly making one division of it butt against the next, the lines are made to develop and re-develop from one another in a very ingenious, and yet apparently quite natural and unforced manner. The border shows a distant reminiscence of the Greek form of alternating leaf border.

It is in connection with the Byzantine portion of our subject that we may say a word as to the altar frontal design, Fig. 16. Although it comes from Basle, the Byzantine influence and feeling are manifest in the character of the general ornament and the shape of the mimic capitals of the arcade. We see here again the trace of that tendency of Byzantine design, in

objects of the class we are speaking of, to take architectural forms. This piece of design is remarkable also for the manner in which the main constructive lines of the whole are kept clear and distinct, and not allowed to become confused or overrun by ornament; and this same constructive clearness is carried out in the ornament itself, in which the lines and growth of the scrolls are kept clear and distinct. This clearness of definition was the legacy of the Greek spirit in ornament, and it asserted itself far into the mediæval period; it was only in late mediæval and Renaissance work that it became often entirely lost, and ornament was designed as if with no constructional sense at all.

It should be observed, as we shall have occasion to see more especially in another article, that the Byzantine school used metal very largely, not so much as a material in which to execute, as a medium in which to inlay designs; a great deal of what is spoken of as Byzantine metal work consisting only



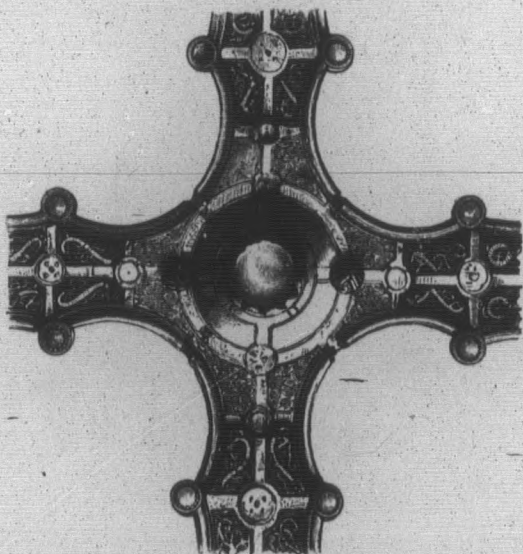
No. 16.—*Tabula, Basle Cathedral.*

of metal matrices in which enamel patterns and designs are inserted. This is, of course, a different Art in some sense from that in which metal is worked as the principal material, and given shapes as it is most convenient and effective for the material. In enamel work the character of the work artistically is really not much influenced by the fact of its being in metal, as there is little or no more difficulty in merely removing spaces for the enamel in that material than in any other; but the quality of the metal as a substance influences the effect of the whole when the enamelling is completed. The desire of the Byzantine ornamentists for great brilliancy and richness of colour, in obedience to the influence of the Oriental taste which blended with Greek taste at Constantinople, no doubt partly led to this taste for enamelling, one result of which seems to have been to render them much more indifferent to *form* than were the Greek and Roman artists, provided only the colour effect were good. This is a point

which not unnaturally brings us to the next of our illustrations in this number, those which are taken from Celtic sources.

Though ancient Celtic ornamental art stands in some respects quite alone in regard to its characteristic forms, to which we can trace no precise likeness anywhere else, there are other forms and details among its relics which seem very clearly traceable, in some more or less indirect way, to Byzantine influence. This is no improbable conclusion if we remember that the period when Christianity was introduced into Ireland was that when the Greek or Byzantine Church had the pre-eminence in Europe. At all events, when we look at such an object as the centre of the processional cross (Fig. 17), we see a general outline and character which seem to be markedly Byzantine, and in the inlaying with crystals we see another trace of Byzantine practice, which was so much in favour of enrichment of effect by means of inlay. It is only in looking narrowly at the detail that we find something entirely

different from what we have previously been concerned with. We find here forms of ornament which do not show the remotest trace of connection with, or reminiscence of, classical forms, but seem to come from an entirely different world. The larger ornaments in Celtic work are formed of intertwined scrolls, often prolongations of a kind of grotesque animal-headed forms, the tails of which are prolonged and twisted in innumerable convolutions. It is with this class of ornament that the present cross is partly decorated, though not in its most elaborate form. The parts of the surface nearest the central boss, it will be observed, are covered with a different and more minute ornament, consisting of little scrolls packed closely together all over the surface. This is a very constantly recurring form of Celtic ornament, especially in illuminated manuscripts, and is of a character which usually belongs to a semi-barbarous people. Much of the ornament carved by savages on their canoes, etc., in the present day, has very similar characteristics. We have thus in Celtic ornament a mingling of barbaric elements with elements evidently, or very probably, acquired from Byzantine Art, brought to the Western Islands by missionaries engaged in spreading the Christian



No. 17.—Detail, Centre of Cross (Ancient Irish?).

religion. The mixture of Celtic and Byzantine elements seems to be shown in the old bell (Fig. 18), where the ornamentation of the central space represents an example of the Celtic fancy of intertwining grotesque animal or bird forms, while the border has decidedly the characteristics of a bit of Byzantine border work. The scroll foliage into which the tails of the grotesques run is in this case, however, by no means in such pure Celtic style as we often find it; it looks even as if there were distant reminiscences of the classic scroll-work in it: the true Celtic intertwined scroll is in thin bands only, without anything approaching to artificial foliage forms. The form of the so-called "bell" (which, however, can never have produced anything like what we call a bell tone, only a clank, owing to its rude and unscientific shape) is an instance of the indifference as to form, in comparison with surface decoration, which we spoke of as characteristic of Byzantine decorative art, and which is equally characteristic of Celtic. The bell we have been referring to is as clumsy and inelegant in shape as anything well could be. The surface decoration alone gives it any artistic interest. This is what we find throughout almost all decorated Celtic work; the outline of the object is

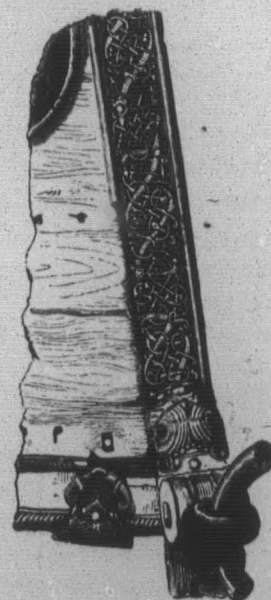
nothing, the surface decoration is everything. The ornament in this case is, however, properly distributed so as to distinguish between the various parts of the bell; and this is still more systematically done in the portion of a larger bell shown in Fig. 19. Here we see the band of flat ornament, confined



No. 18.—Bell, Celtic or Runic (Ancient Irish?).

between two small rolls of metal, marking the outer edge of the bell, and the small spiral or cable ornament applied to the lower edge or rim. The flat band of ornament is a good example of Celtic intertwining, in this case not prolonged out of animal forms in the usual manner, though the whole mass of scroll-work appears to issue from the mouth of the inverted cat-like head at the lower end.

The fibula, or brooch, shown in Fig. 20, which belongs to St. Columba's College, in Ireland, is also Celtic, and is an example of some of the best qualities of Celtic ornament, as well as a specimen of exceedingly good taste in metal work. The orna-



No. 19.—Detail from Bell (Ancient Irish?).

ment which covers the broad flat portions of the ring is a good example of Celtic intertwining ornament; but the admirable coherence of the whole design is especially to be remarked upon—the natural and elegant manner in which the solid ring expands into a flat superficies, and the satisfactory way in

which the two portions, the flat and the round, are connected with each other. This is a bit of metal design which may be said to show good and correct anatomy; for there is an anatomy in ornamental design as well as in animate nature:

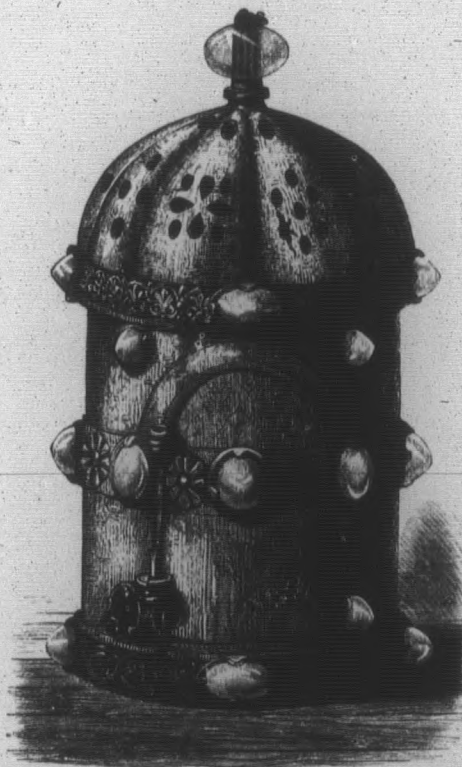


No. 20.—*Fibula belonging to St. Columba's College, Ireland (Ancient Irish).*

in designs where there is a true anatomy the parts seem to arise naturally out of one another, and to belong to each other; while in those which are anatomically false and weak the different parts seem only put together by accident, and not by design.

Our last illustration, that of a Saxon lantern from the Ashmolean Museum, is a curious contrast to the Celtic work, and in one way seems to bring us back again more closely to the classical origin of so much early mediæval detail. There is nothing of the richness and multiplicity of detail in it which we find in Celtic work; on the other hand, there is what is not found in Celtic work—a feeling for elegance and suitability of form; and the finish of the lid of the lantern, though simple, is quite suitable and unexceptionable in this respect. But what is remarkable is, that on this comparatively rude-looking

Saxon utensil we find ornamental details which are almost purely classic. The upper band of ornament round the lamp shows details which are almost a repetition of well-known Greek ornament, and approximating much more closely to the original than even many Byzantine forms of that ornament. Around the foot of the lamp we see what may be described as the Byzantine form of Roman scroll-work. Even the patera, which is alternated with the crystals in the middle band, is a Roman form. The whole is a curious example of the far-reaching influence of these classic forms of ornament. The enriched bands are probably repoussé work. The effect of the crystals is very good, and shows how much a simple form may be enriched by thus setting it with points of reflective and re-



No. 21.—*Lantern (Saxon), Ashmolean Museum.*

fractive substances—an effect which, moreover, goes peculiarly well with metal. The surface of metal is itself glittering, and such additions as the crystals in this case seem to provide high lights, and set off the glittering metallic effect still more.

THE PRESENT VALUE OF PAINTINGS IN GERMANY.

A GERMAN contemporary has recently dealt with the above subject. The depression of business has seriously diminished the number of private buyers, and at the same time has filled the market with pictures resold by the original purchasers at low prices. This has encouraged the authorities of different museums to increase their collections of modern works by judicious purchases.

It is stated that the large compositions of Makart fetch from £2,500 to £3,500; the paintings of Ludwig Knaus from £1,500 to £2,000. Amongst the other artists whose works are of equal selling value are named Leibl, Siemiradzki, Adolf Menzel, G. Max, Wilhelm Diez, Defregger, Vautier, Kurz-

bauer, Carl von Piloty, and Lenbach. In a lower class, from £400 to £750, are the paintings of Grützner, E. Zimmermann, Lossow, Loefftz, and Holmberg. An instance of increased value is afforded by the graceful heads by Kaulbach, which have advanced within six years from £35 to £175 each.

Historical and genre paintings command in Germany higher prices than landscapes. The most eminent artists in the latter department—Lier, Wenglein, Baisch, Schönleber, Willroder, Andreas and Oswald Achenbach—get from £300 to £500 for their works, while £100 to £200 is about the value of compositions by the leading delineators of animal life—Braith, Zügel, Voltz, and Meyerheim.

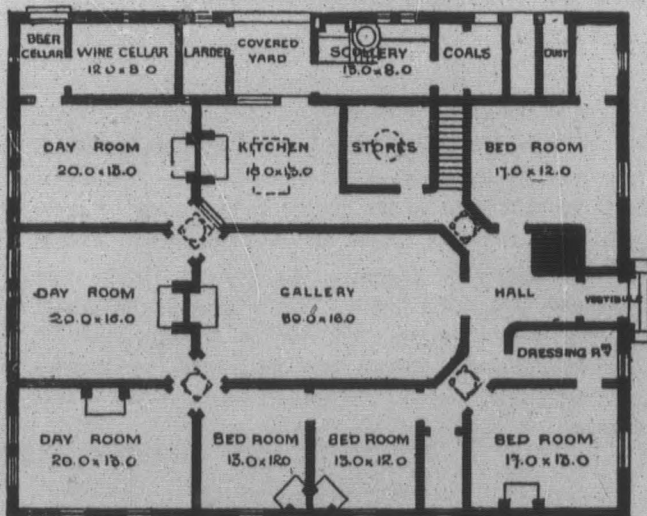
ARTISTS' HOUSES.



GIVE me fresh air and plenty of elbow-room, but no stairs and no servants," would, at a first glance at Mr. John Brett, A.R.A.'s house in the Keswick Road, Putney, appear to have been his notion in fixing upon the locality and planning his residence. Built four or five years ago, it is not in any respect similar to ordinary houses,

but was arranged in accordance with Mr. Brett's own theories, and to embody his special ideas and requirements. It combines under one roof—or it would if it had a roof—a dwelling-house, a studio, and the structural requirements of an astronomical observatory. The house is of one story in height only, except a small portion, which is raised to two stories, and the whole of the rooms are vaulted with brick arches. Over these arches the surface has been levelled, and is covered with asphalt, by which means a flat of the same area as that of the main part of the house has been formed. The principal purpose of this flat is to afford means for astronomical observations with a large altazimuth reflector. The equatorial telescope is mounted on a solid brick pier, which is built up from the foundation, without being connected to the walls that surround it, in order to prevent all vibration.

With regard to the house as a dwelling, it was intended to meet the wants of a comparatively small family, who especially wished to simplify domestic life, to reduce all hired service to a minimum, and at the same time to be exempt from any cares or petty labours that could reasonably be avoided. It therefore became necessary to model the house upon a new plan, and entirely to exclude all nooks and corners and projections, which, whether or not they may help to produce picturesqueness, do certainly harbour dirt and dust, and tend to increase the burden of household work. For the same reason the dayrooms and bedrooms were fitted, as far as possible, with permanent furniture, so that all



Plan of Mr. Brett's House.

articles likely to be displaced or get into disorder might be dispensed with.

For the same reasons, and also in order to prevent the

house from occupying a larger area than was absolutely necessary, no space has been wasted in lobbies or passages. The front door opens into a small hall, which communicates



Entrance Door to Mr. Brett's House.

directly with a central picture gallery. This is the largest room in the house, and serves not only as a studio, but also as a general reception-room, beyond which the casual caller does not penetrate; so that the three dayrooms are left in peace and quietness, and their inhabitants are able to pursue their several studies in seclusion, undisturbed either by the idle visitor or busy hireling. This gallery is accessible from all the rooms. Its acoustic qualities have earned it the high praise of singers; and its lighting that of painters.

In this particular house pictures have been considered of great importance, and it was laid down as a necessity that the occupant of each room should be able not only to have his favourite pictures about him, but also that they should be well lighted; so that in one room only is there any cross light, and in all of them good wall space has been provided. The one dayroom in which there is cross light has been specially designed for mechanical work, and its four windows light four benches for four small artificers, each of the children being taught a trade. The garden is immediately accessible from each dayroom.

All the floors of all the rooms are of asphalt, laid upon concrete, on exactly the same level, so that no noise or vibration is produced when the children decide to play at leap-frog indoors. The whole of the house is heated by means

of hot water, and the cooking is done by gas, so that the only contribution to the smoke-cloud of the district proceeds from one chimney, that of the furnace-room, in which coke only is burnt. This room is accessible to the gardener, who lights a fire in it in October, and keeps it burning until May, and the whole of the house is kept during those months at an uniform temperature of 60°. A series of valves in the pipes puts the temperature of each room under the control of its inhabitants. The house is thus free from soot and from ashes, from the necessity of lighting fires and keeping them burning, and from all the dirt and noise, bustle and disturb-

ance, of which they are a constant cause. Winter is unknown within this dwelling, and it is stated that no visitor has ever noticed the absence of a fire unless his attention was purposely called to it.

Each room is also well ventilated, and there is always a slowly moving access of fresh air. No draught is felt, and yet the change of air is so complete that cigars may be smoked in any part of the house without any trace of their good or bad qualities being discoverable next morning. Clean rain-water, as well as hard water, is supplied to each bedroom throughout the house by pipes and taps; and all



North-east View of Mr. Brett's House.

the baths and lavatories being next the outer wall, free exit as well as ready access is provided for the water. There is an electric circuit around the house, so arranged that any intrusion at night, either by door or window, causes two alarm bells to ring, one within and the other outside the house; nor can this ringing be stopped when once set in motion, except by turning off the current. By this expedient the inmates are able to leave the house without engaging the questionable services of a care-taker, and thus, in Mr. Brett's own words, "all the thieves are outside."

Externally the house possesses but few features. There is

a porch at the entrance door, of which we give a sketch. The windows are square-headed, and fitted with sashes. The window-heads are of stone, and the only "ornament" about the building is in the carving of the panels on these heads. A parapet is continued round the house, and is pierced at intervals with arched openings, alternating with quatrefoils. The material of the walls is red brick.

It only remains to be said that the main part of the above description is derived from Mr. Brett's instructions to his architects, Messrs. Martin and Chamberlain, of Birmingham.

RAPHAEL.*

FOR nearly four centuries the representative name in painting has unquestionably been that of Raphael. During the greater portion of this time his works have been held to be models of perfection, beyond which advance is impossible, and his practice to be the *ultima linea* of human attainment. Schools have been founded to perpetuate his style, and gifted artists have sought their highest inspiration from the study of his conceptions, and have deemed themselves to have reached success if their works presented but a reflex of his genius. Hence the continual craving to become acquainted with his story, to realise the conditions under which he arrived at such exalted excellence, and to comprehend the influences which modified and directed his artistic production. And it must be admitted the supply has not fallen short of the demand, neither in the matter of biographical narration nor exposition of his art. The latest contribution to these is the handsome volume now before us, by Monsieur Eugène Muntz, which has recently been translated into English. The work is profusely illustrated, especially with fac-similes of drawings, of which we are able to give three specimens.

Raphael's career has, indeed, all the interest of a romance; its commencement in the mountain town of Urbino was an idyll, its last years at Rome was a magnificent triumphal march, amidst the applause of kings, popes, and princes. The celebrity of the Urbino court in the fifteenth century enables us to picture with tolerable accuracy the surroundings in which the painter passed his earlier years. Federigo Montefeltro, the patron of learning, had only recently died; his liberality to men of letters was unequalled; he spared no pains to collect the remains of ancient learning, though, being one of the first initiators of humanism, he gave evidence of singular conservative instincts, for it is stated he admitted no printed book into his library.

Guid' Ubaldo, the son of Federigo, succeeded to the dukedom the year before the birth of Raphael. He had the same

Athens of Italy. How far Raphael was enabled to penetrate into this society we do not know; his father, Giovanni Santi, was, if not court painter, sometimes in the employ of the Duke. Giovanni's rhymed panegyric on Duke



Study for the Madonna del Cardellino (Albertina Collection, Vienna).

Federigo shows his relation to the court, and at the same time indicates his own literary culture. And doubtless he was careful that his son should not grow up without learning; the place, however, that would have the greatest attractions for the lad was his father's studio. He must have watched those simple Madonnas and votive pictures growing under his father's hands, himself often serving as model for boy angel or smiling cherub; and then he would, at first furtively, but afterwards with a helping word or touch of the father, endeavour to reproduce their outlines. Again, he would try his hand at some plumed and helmeted knight, or the great Duke himself, at a tournament—impressions that in after-life were to be reproduced in a St. George or a St. Michael. But probably what would have greater attractions for his gentle nature would be a ramble among the hills outside the city; even in his boyhood he must have been sensible to the beauties of those quiet valleys and distant horizons of mountain forms that we see in the backgrounds to his Madonnas. Sitting in the shadow of an olive-tree, he would watch the slow movement of the goats and the brown shepherd boy who piped to them, and try to reproduce their action on paper; he would note the darting lizard, or his eye would wander to the strong lines of the grey rocks standing clear and sharp in the white sunlight. These earliest impressions of his youth never seem to have deserted him. Again and again, when he lived in the excitement of the life at Rome, and surrounded by the artificial atmosphere of the Papal court, some touch of simple pastoral scenery will show that



Portrait of a Girl (Drawing in the Academy of Fine Arts, Venice).

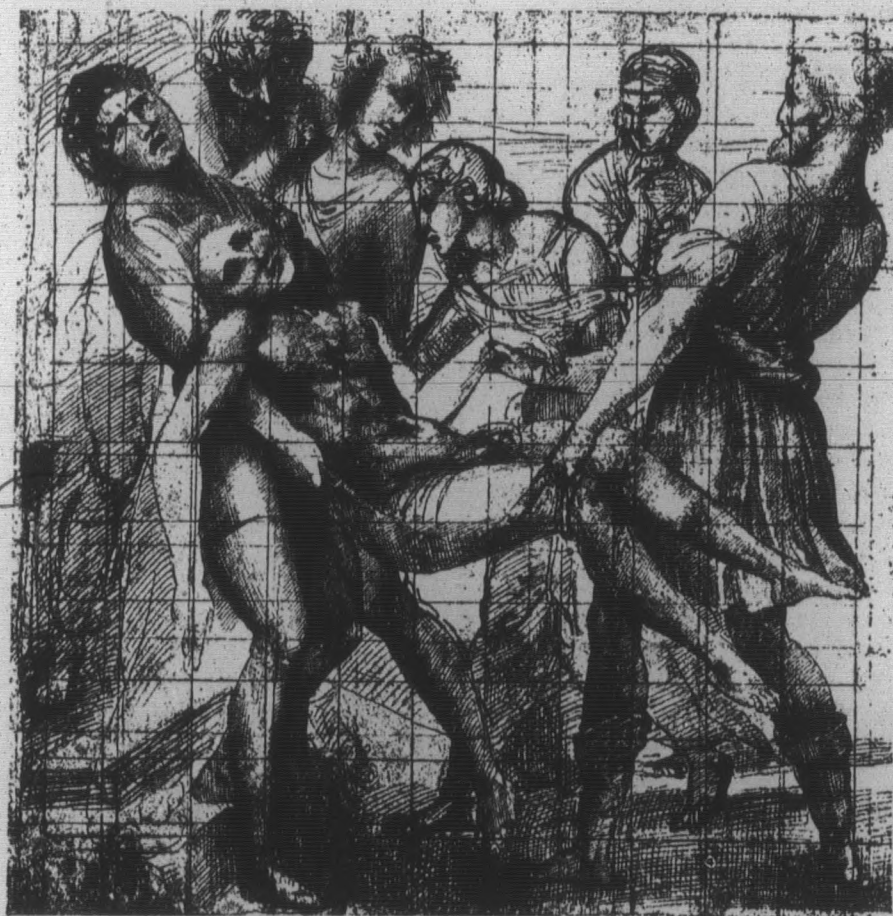
chivalrous sentiments as his father, and also his love of Art and letters, so that his little court was known as the

* "Raphael." By M. Eugène Muntz. Chapman and Hall, London.

reminiscences of his earliest idyllic life still clung to him. We all know the fairy palaces built by youth, but Raphael, in his most fanciful dream of the futurity, could not have imagined fortune so splendid as was to befall him in the shortly succeeding years, for he had attained his highest honours and painted his greatest works before he was thirty. On the point as to when his genius culminated there will, and always has been, considerable difference of opinion, according to the leaning of the respective critics to his various manners. Still the agreement is general that the *Stanza* in the Vatican, in which he painted 'The School of Athens,' 'The Dispute of the Sacrament,' and 'The Parnassus,' shows him in the plenitude of his power.

In these works there is no indication of the haste under which many of his later compositions were executed. Offices and

commissions had not then been showered upon him as they were in the last years of his life, when so many of the frescoes and pictures bearing his name were really only designed by the master and painted by his pupils, those pupils that, as Michael Angelo said, attended him like a general when he walked in the streets of Rome. In spite of the adulation paid to Leo X. by writers in his own times and those since who have echoed their flatteries, there is no doubt but that his appreciation of Art was of the vulgarest kind. The qualities he valued most were those of rapidity and dexterity; hence his utter want of appreciation of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. But in Raphael's facility and courtly complaisance he found the abilities and temper that ministered to his love of show and pleasure. Leo was constantly urging the master to undertake fresh tasks, until at last he fell a



Study for the Entombment (Uffizi Museum).

victim to sheer overwork. Setting aside his other endowments, Raphael undoubtedly possessed a versatility which has been given to few artists. Each of his various manners may be said to be complete in itself, to be a distinct phase in his artistic development; yet there is no question but that his earlier works showed more of his genuine individuality. Urbino and Umbria, where his youth and first manhood were spent, were provinces distinguished for the strong religious feeling and mystic piety of their people. The Christian faith was more strongly rooted there than in any other part of Italy; it was there that the mediæval reformers and ascetics arose. It was precisely these sentiments of mystic piety and profound religious faith that Raphael expressed the most fervently in his works, because he had once felt them in his own heart. The tender devotion of the female saints, the fervid adoration of the Apostles, the yearning love in the

Madonnas of these first pictures, were akin to the deepest and earliest aspirations of his own nature. Nothing could be more opposed to these feelings than the sentiments and opinions openly proclaimed at the court of Leo X. Paganism was frankly professed, even in the precincts of the Vatican. In architecture, sculpture, and painting every effort was directed to restore the form and manner of the art of Antiquity; and so strongly did these ideas prevail that among the last series of decoration executed by Raphael was a bathroom in the Vatican, painted for Cardinal Bibbiena, that from its close, almost servile, adherence to ancient motives might be mistaken for a Pompeian interior. Considering the atmosphere in which Raphael laboured and the influences by which he was constrained, it is a proof of the inherent power of the man and the nobility of his nature, that his works, even to the last, retained a genuine dignity and elevation of style.

ART NOTES.

NEW YORK—THE AMERICAN ART GALLERY.—The importance of a gallery devoted exclusively to American art, has not been sufficiently considered. Several efforts of the kind have, from time to time, effaced one another, and Mr. Moore is the first person who has made such a gallery of permanent interest. On general principles, a gallery of American pictures, exclusively, is no more desirable than would be a gallery filled with the works of one man instead of a single nationality. But art in the gallery of a dealer, to which class belong all our galleries, is ninety-nine one-hundredth's business, and the dealer in foreign pictures will very frankly admit that American pictures, as a rule, do not pay. This is but saying that he can make a larger profit from the sale of foreign works, and not to assert that American pictures cannot hold their own by the side of the former. Mr. Moore, for this reason, deserves the courage of his undertaking, and his success is but the result of the standard which he has set for his gallery. If it claims nothing exceptionally high, it at least never falls below an advised level.

The present collection opened with the New Year, and although it contains a number of works that have already appeared here and elsewhere, yet they are worth seeing again. One of the most prominent of these is 'The Pastime of an Assyrian King,' by Mr. F. A. Bridgman, and also his 'Arab Women Weaving'; the one displaying Mr. Bridgman's archaeological skill and a certain dramatic force in the faces of the attendants, and the other being more genuinely pictorial. There are two smaller works, which exhibit Mr. Bridgman's versatility in other fields. These are studies—the one of an undraped, reclining female figure, and the other a half-draped figure, delightful both in form and color, and showing, in a difficult subject, Mr. Bridgman's always thorough refinement of feeling. Mr. W. G. Bunce's 'Venice' is another of the familiar works which one is glad to see again. The city itself is something of a dream through a sort of glorified haze. Among the painters who present the city of the sea in so many different aspects, one can be gladly spared to preserve for us its poetry and sensuous color. Mr. Eastman Johnson's 'Old Fisherman,' Mr. C. C. Coleman's decorative canvas, and Mr. Chase's cockatoo and still-life, likewise not new, have not exhausted public interest. Mr. S. J. Guy's 'Charity,' the life-size figures of a mother and two children, occupies the principal place. This painting was produced some half-dozen years ago, but is comparatively new to the frequenters of galleries. It is an ambitious work, and nothing exhibits better Mr. Guy's careful modelling and conscientious technic. Yet the painting is uninteresting, and shows Mr. Guy's disdain of, or want of perception of the beautiful in a way which is not felt in his smaller works. Mr. Schuhardt's 'Nydia' suffers from the same reason, while it does not possess the merits which are to be found in the painter's work of Mr. Guy.

Of the two landscapes by Mr. Inness, 'The Stone Pines' cannot be said to be vitally interesting. The larger landscape, a grove of oaks, with a subordinate group of woodmen, is expressed in warm autumn tones, which render it in connection with its other virtues especially interesting, since its color makes it somewhat exceptional, coming from this artist. There are here a half-dozen landscapes which we may be glad to see on any walls. Flanking a landscape with cattle by Wm. Hart are two small and delightful works by A. H. Wyant. These are not very unlike in composition. At least the unlikeness makes no definite impression. The difference is rather felt in their slightly-varying color. In each case this consists of certain tones of green and gray-green from which they scarcely vary, and with these express with poetic charm the sky, the remote distance, and the detailed foreground. Wm. Hart is seen in a larger landscape than the one just alluded to, that also including cattle. Every one must observe how steadily Mr. Hart has broadened in his work, and yet how compatible he has made breadth with definiteness in detail. There are three landscapes by J. Appleton Brown, whose work, though not so familiar here, we yet find an agreeable pleasure in welcoming it. The largest of these landscapes is a suggestive example of Mr. Brown's broad, realistic treatment, but is not as interesting as one of the smaller canvases. This represents a dark pool, almost surrounded with trees, and one tree standing like a sentinel by its side. The composition is very effective, and the color, which is very subdued, throws a mysterious and romantic element into the

scene. By Charles H. Miller is a landscape executed in browns and grays, as quiet in color as that of Mr. Brown's, but whose feeling, of a placidly cheerful kind, suggests those differences in individuality which make among the interesting features of art work. Every now and then Jervis McEntee paints some phenomenal scene, as if in revenge on himself. One of these, not altogether unknown, hangs on the walls of the gallery. This is an express train caught among the clouds as it speeds around the barren mountain sides. It cannot be said that Mr. McEntee is successful in such work, nor at the same time that the phenomenal furnishes the best motives to the artist. Several of Mr. Blackman's paintings are left hanging; one of these, an Alp lake scene, shows some remarkably good realism in the boat and figures.

There is some excellent *genre* work, although unimportant in size. Signed by Mr. Shirlaw—of whom we see too little—is the head of a girl with a cap and ruff, showing beautiful management of blue-greens, their reflected tones in the ruff putting it into harmony with the flesh tints. By W. M. Chase is a clever study of a head called 'The Pretty Page,' J. W. McDowell, who exhibited some good work at the exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, has a small homely boy looking at a picture-book, but with such absorbing interest, that Mr. McDowell may be welcomed among the few artists who know how to make their art of value in this class of native subjects. By Mr. Dolph is a good study of still-life, including a coffee-kettle and some cabbages, to which he has added a white rabbit. 'Reading the News,' by Mr. Dolph, introduces a couple of horses, a blacksmith's shop, and two white shirt-sleeved figures.

A painting which will be remembered, now once more on exhibition, is Prof. John F. Weir's 'Ringing the Bell,' which is one of the popular chromos found throughout the country. The conception is very ingenious, and Prof. Weir has carried it out so successfully, that the public favor requires no accounting for. Among the other pictures on exhibition are 'Old Inn, Isle of Wight,' by A. F. Bellows; a characteristically sentimental landscape by Francis Murphy; 'Foggy Morning, New York Bay,' by Arthur Quartley; 'October,' by Jervis McEntee. A remarkable arrangement of flowers, not very well painted, is by Miss Ida Bothe. This is a sort of lattice arrangement of red and yellow roses framed like a picture, which would serve a better purpose as a panel.

ARTISTS' FUND EXHIBITION.—The extremes of good and bad work usually meet in this exhibition. By virtue of its organization no choice is exercised in the selection of the paintings, and the artists use their own discretion as to what degree of goodness or badness shall represent them. Eastman Johnson has done nothing better in a long time than 'The Fifer and his Son,' whose solid technical qualities and pleasantly modulated color serve to express the intentions of the old man, and the wondering query in the boy's face, as he gazes up the fife to see whence the music comes. No artist tells the story better than Mr. Johnson, and yet no one makes his art of more value in itself. On the contrary, Mr. Guy lavishes his art constantly on the most inane subjects. Referring at one time on some severe comments on Mr. Guy's perspective, William Page exclaimed, "The best thing that could happen to Mr. Guy would be something to make him forget his perspective and to remember his technic no more." 'Look, Mamma!' which is Mr. Guy's contribution to the Artists' Fund, recalls Mr. Page's words in knowing how attractive such a work could be and how uninteresting it is. J. G. Brown exhibits 'The Juggler,' a bootblack balancing his brush on his chin, which requires no comment for those familiar with Mr. Brown's work. Douglas Volk has contributed a study of a lady's head, whose broad handling and color makes it seem scarcely at home midst the preponderance of more elaborated work. Also by Mr. Volk is 'Boys Fishing,' a capital rendering of boys in a wood interior. Frederick Dielman sends a spirited study of a boy, called 'Tito,' and a girl's head, 'Christine.' W. H. Beard has rarely done anything more genuinely humorous than his Artists' Fund picture. At the door of a caved rock sits a motherly bear in dress and cap, holding in her paw an apple which she offers to a sullen little bear in trousers outside. He hangs his head, and with his forepaws clasped behind his back, is supposed to say, "No, you don't. Pill in it!" At the mother's feet sits the baby, her

face in a broad grin, while an older brother has gone off to one side, where he doubles himself in laughter. Nothing could tell the story more plainly than the expressions on the faces, which lose nothing of their rightful physiognomy as bears. The painting could be equally well told in black and white, the color adding absolutely nothing to it, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Beard will some time attempt some such work as Kaulbach did in *Reynard, the Fox*, which, it is safe to say, will prolong that artist's name as long as any of his more ambitious works.

By Wordsworth Thompson there are two landscapes with figures—'Market Day, Lago Maggiore,' and 'The Corniche Road,' executed in his clear, crisp manner. 'Washing Day,' by A. C. Howland, is a bright outdoor scene in France, with a couple of washerwomen to accent the subject. W. J. Hennessy sends over two works very like in treatment. These are 'A Daughter of Eve'—a little girl eating an apple—and 'Spring Blossoms,' in which a blue-gowned girl with flowers in her hand runs down a slope. Both seem to have some decorative intent, but the color is spotty, and the transitions are too abruptly made to be harmonious. From Julian Scott is 'One Shot More'—two soldiers pausing on a retreat; a picture not dependent for its interest on its episode rather than on the treatment of its army blues with reference to the foliage and the brown road. 'Alone,' by Thomas Hicks, is an old man hovering over a stove in a meanly-furnished room, which Mr. Hicks has portrayed with great fidelity. These constitute the greater number of the works, including figures.

The landscapes of the exhibition, in size at least, are scarce as important as the marines. Of these there is 'Moonrise at Orient Point, L. I.,' by M. F. H. de Haas, one of the most creditable of his smaller works. 'Pulpit Rock,' by A. T. Bricher, exhibits some excellent rock painting with the dash of surf about the base. 'In Narragansett Bay,' is by Francis Silva, and two small canvases by Arthur Quartley, 'Morning—North Shore, L. I.,' and 'In Shallow Water,' make up the principal number of such works. J. Carleton Wiggins exhibits the value of his recent studies in France, in 'Ploughing on the Plains of Barbizon,' and 'Herding Cattle in France.' In each of these Mr. Wiggins not only shows how earnestly he has studied cattle painting, to which he has given especial attention, but has added sympathetic qualities to his landscape, noticeable both in composition and in color. One of the most conspicuous landscapes is 'After the Storm,' by Prof. John F. Weir, in which he has given variety to his composition by the use of a few very dark grays and browns. The effect is sombre, but ingeniously attained.

Messrs. Bristol, Hubbard, Casilear and Whittredge, none of whom are inclined to experiment, send small but clever transcripts, such as their names will at once recall. Mr. Bristol's view of 'Monument Mountain, from Stockbridge,' is especially satisfactory. Ernest Parton contributes several landscapes, the largest of which is 'Midsummer,' with thick foliage and a placid grass-grown pool. A. F. Bunner sends a Bavarian lake scene, a cheerful composition, with figures. R. Swain Gifford is represented by 'Autumn Days,' whose subject scarcely fills the canvas. Abbott H. Thayer's conception of the same theme is quite opposite in color, being of a rather spectral-gray tendency. W. S. Macy appears in a familiar subject to him—a snow-scene at sunset, with a team ploughing down the sodden road, which the frame cuts directly across. Other works are 'The Millside Pond,' by Chas. H. Miller; 'Twilight on the Ouse,' by Edward Gay; 'On the Tiber near Rome,' by C. C. Griswold; 'The Hunter's Camp,' by Herman Fuechsel; 'Street in Boulaki,' by George H. Yewell, and 'View on Lake Champlain,' by H. W. Robbins. There are but few water-colors in the collection, Vincent Colyer contributing 'The Market Place at Vicenza,' and Henry Farrer 'On the East River.'

The paintings having been on exhibition a week, were sold at auction on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday, January 16th and 17th. The following prices were brought: 'The Fifer and His Son,' by Eastman Johnson, \$1535; 'Look, Mamma!' S. J. Guy, \$932; 'View at Joyceville, Conn.,' David Johnson, \$612; 'Moonrise at Orient Point,' M. F. H. de Haas, \$545; 'Market Day at Cannobia, Lago Maggiore,' Wordsworth Thompson, \$438; 'No, you don't. Pill in it!' W. H. Beard, \$475; 'The Juggler,' J. G. Brown, \$410; 'On the Shores of the Chiem See, Bavaria,' A. F. Bunner, \$410; 'Alone,' Thomas Hicks, \$380; 'Home of the Deer,' A. F. Tait, \$375; 'In Shallow Water,' Arthur Quartley, \$310; 'Tito,' Frederick Dielman, \$212.50. The two evenings' sales amounted to \$16,000.

The announcements of minor art exhibitions in widely dif-

ferent parts of the country this spring, show not only steadily-increasing interest in art, but a discrimination which has not always been exercised. There are few cities of any importance throughout the country that have not been accustomed to exhibitions and sales by various peripatetic art dealers who, in many instances, have perpetrated the most unblushing frauds. The mere exhibition and sale of paintings by unknown artists, however unworthy they may be, are only reflections on the bad taste and ignorance of the buyers. But pictures have been at times boldly and falsely ascribed to well-known artists, while a more common imposition is to vary the initials or to attribute an additional brother to some artist of reputation, the shadow of whose fame may be said to rest on the supposititious brother. The three brothers Moran have, in this way, had a fourth Moran attached to their family. And the confusion which often existed between the two Giffords has frequently served the purpose of these unscrupulous dealers. Not long ago, in one of our Western cities especially devoted to the arts, a large sale of water-colors took place under the supervision of a man who had heretofore been connected with one of the most notorious of such art dealers. The remedy for this lies in these art exhibitions undertaken by art patrons in the different cities who collect the works directly from the artists themselves. The familiarizing the people with the styles of the different artists—even with their names and initials—is the effectual guarantee against such frauds.

In New Orleans the formation of what is called The Southern Art Union is a step in this direction. This association has elected for its officers Robert Mott, President; John Crickard, Secretary; E. Livingston, W. H. Buck, Mrs. H. M. Neill, Robert S. Day, Executive Committee. A circular has been forwarded to the different artists for contributions, and an exhibition will be opened at its rooms February 15th, and furnish one of the sights of the city during the Carnival.

At Macon, Ga., a movement is on foot for an art exhibition later in the spring, whose details have not been announced. At Utica, N. Y., an art exhibition was opened in January, to which a number of New York artists sent works. A similar exhibition is to be held in Springfield, Mass., early in February.

The decorative work produced in New York city this winter exceeds in richness and artistic value anything before done in this country. The Vanderbilt houses have been the chief causes of this work, which has taken the widest form, and has required the resources of marble, bronze, wood, glass, and the most luxurious of stuffs and embroidery. Mr. John Lafarge has recently furnished a series of stained glass windows for the grand staircase, which is the most important work he has produced. These symbolize the rise of the Vanderbilt fortunes in a triumph of color and composition. The ferry and steamboat are represented by an open barge, hung with shields, in which is seated a youth and two maidens. The second maiden rises as the boat lands, and approaches the Goddess of Commerce, sitting with winged caduceus of Mercury in her hand. The composition is divided between a central and two side windows, and the figures are grouped with great cleverness. The second series, also grouped as a centre and two side windows, has in the centre the figures of a man and woman seated—the latter in a Roman costume, the former nude to the waist. Behind the chair of the figures is the appended tail of a peacock, and above them garlands set with jewels of glass. The right wing bears the word "Prosperitas," and is illustrated by the figure of a woman bearing a cornucopia and followed by a winged boy. The left window carries the legend "Hospitalitas," with beneath the figure of a woman kneeling under a grape-arbor and touching another winged boy, who holds a basket.—In the home of Mr. Charles J. Osborn, Mr. A. A. Anderson has completed a series of panels, which are allegorical representations of the Four Seasons, Day, Night, Music and the Dance. These are arranged in groups, beginning with Spring and Morning as lovers attended by Graces bringing garlands of flowers. On the other side are Autumn and Evening, with decorations of fruit, symbolized by tawny lovers ministered to by Graces pressing out grapes into a cup. A third is Mid-day and Fishing, represented by a fisherwoman seated on a rock with her spoils at her feet. Another is Twilight, with nymphs dancing, and still another over the mantel is Poetry and Music. These are on canvas, to be set in frames of the wood-work.

This decorative movement has led in many interesting and unexpected directions. The Society of Associated Artists, in their various experiments to secure themselves proper art fabrics, have produced some remarkable materials not so

much distinguished for their richness as for their peculiar color effects. Many of these are silk tapestry cloths designed for the tapestry stitch. These are in two shades of the same color, or in contrasting art shades, and result in a hue mingling with the dominant color in a striking manner. This is even better seen in the silk marine cloths or crêpe-like material. In many of these no trace of the under-color is really seen, but appears as an illusive sheen over the surface. An entirely new material is called Gonzaga; this is the richest of all these new materials, and, as the others, is produced in those combinations of art colors which give to all these fabrics their chief value. This has the under-color as a single thread in the warp, and over this the upper color exists in strands which are irregularly broken in the weaving. No more magnificent material can be found in any mart, and compared with it the Indian and Japanese materials appear crude and violent.

Another interesting departure has resulted in the establishment by this society of a class of women, as designers of wall paper, which is placed under the tuition of Mrs. Candace Wheeler. The pupils are selected after having passed the test and only those which show an aptitude for original design will be admitted. The course will proceed from the free-hand drawing of a plant from which they will be required to produce a continuous design suited to a perpendicular surface. Pupils who are expert in drawing, but who do not show an ability to grasp a design as a whole, will be set to copying good designs until they form an idea of what is desired. Skill in drawing, however, will not compensate for the inability to adapt original ideas which it is the object of the class to secure.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB monthly exhibition was one of unusual interest. Conspicuous was Mr. Eastman Johnson's portrait of Mr. Salem H. Wales, which is the property of the club. Mr. Wales is represented in what might be termed the typical New York business man. He wears gray clothes under his black coat, and sits in an easy position, without the slightest formality in the arrangement. It is solidly painted, as are all Mr. Johnson's portraits, and with a feeling of blood and fibre beneath the surface. The place of honor was given to the admirable crayon portrait of President Garfield, belonging to Williams College and executed by Miss A. S. Canning. Among the new works were two landscapes by D. W. Tryon, 'Study on the Seine,' and 'French Farm Scene at Twilight.' By J. G. Brown was a vivid out-of-door sketch of children, called 'The Recess.' W. H. Lippincott's 'Jour de Conge,' a *salon* work, and before exhibited here, is an interesting example of what skill in figure painting may be shown in native subjects. The figures, a group of youngsters about to go in swimming, have the grace and force of antiques. There were two portraits exhibited, one by Gilbert Stuart of Miss Weems, a somewhat wooden work, especially in the hand painting, and a portrait of Charles James Fox, attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds. A Philip Wouwermans from out the San Donato collection was exhibited. It is called 'The Trümpeter.' The composition includes two horses at the door of a tent, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

One of the familiar figures of Florence passed away in the death of Mr. Thomas R. Gould of Boston. His death was sudden and unexpected, he having appeared never in better health, and was the result of a severe attack of angina pectoris. He was at the time engaged on some of his most important commissions. Mr. Gould's work as a sculptor is well known. His first reputation was made on the head of Christ, and the Ghost in Hamlet. Since then his Simon, West Wind, Gov. Andrews at Hingham and Cleopatra have extended his fame. The Cleopatra, Mr. Gould himself considered his best work. His most sympathetic work is the Freedmen group in Washington, which is considered one of the finest pieces of sculpture at the Capitol. His largest work was the colossal statue of Kamehameha I., king of the Hawaiian Islands, for which he had just received a duplicate order, the first having been lost at sea. The bas reliefs for this statue Mr. Gould was modelling at the time of his death.

THE ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE, at their last monthly exhibition, displayed a number of copies of Velazquez made by Mr. W. M. Chase at Madrid, last summer. Nothing exhibits more forcibly Mr. Chase's versatility, and that faculty of being able to throw himself into the conditions which influence other men in their work. This demands a certain imaginative power, and is not to be confounded with the mere act of

copying. It is undoubted that Mr. Chase feels an admiration and a certain rapport with Velazquez, but the two other copies from Rembrandt and Vandyck show that this does not hamper his brush when he turns it in other directions. These copies were of Velazquez's 'The Spinners,' a group of women copying a tapestry hanging on the wall; the cynic philosopher 'Menippus'; the deformed 'Æsopus,' with long brown cloak, bare breast and book under his arm; 'The Jester,' and three views of the head of Philip X., taken from the equestrian portrait.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Water-Color Society Exhibition is open to the public February 1st.—The Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be opened at the American Art Gallery, Madison Square, on Thursday, April 6th, and will close on Saturday, May 6th. Varnishing day will be on Wednesday, April 5th, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. Original works in painting and sculpture will be received up to Saturday, April 1st inclusive. All further information will be supplied by Mr. Frederick Dielman, No. 54 West Tenth street. The pictures are to be judged for admission without their signatures, to give no opportunities for the charge of favoritism. There will be an illustrated catalogue issued by the Society.—The catalogue of the Water-Color Society will be modelled after the catalogue of the French Society in Water-Colors, in grouping each exhibitor's work together.—Mr. Frank Waller has found among the Crow Indians in Dakota, where he spent the summer, fresh material for the sort of work which he displayed in the 'Slave of the Shadoof.'—Mr. Arthur Lumley has returned to New York after an absence of seven years.—Mr. W. F. Macy has opened a school for art students at Hartford, Conn.—The Brooklyn Art Guild is an organization similar to the Art Students' League of this city. There are 110 active members and fifteen honorary members.—Many fine things are saying of American artists abroad. Mr. James Jackson Jarves relates that an eminent German artist observing their zeal remarked, "In fifty years we shall be going to America, to study and procure best art, instead of America coming here for that purpose." *L'Art*, in a warm eulogy of Mr. F. S. Church, says, "An American school is forming. It grows day by day, and will soon sound a menacing alarm."—Preparations are making for the two panoramas which have created much attention in Paris. These are 'The Siege of Yorktown' and 'The Siege of Paris.' The first of these is to be exhibited in a building for the especial purpose on Madison avenue, between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets. 'The Siege of Paris,' which is the battle of Buzenval by Mr. Philippoteaux, will be shown at the corner of Fifty-fifth street and Seventh avenue.—The paintings of the late Gen. Herman Uhl have been on exhibition and were sold at Leavitt's Art Gallery during the month. The highest prices were brought by 'Alaric in Athens,' Thiersgh, \$2100; 'Cattle,' Van Marcke, \$1600; 'La Sultana,' Benjamin Constant, \$1300; 'Christ in the Temple,' Zimmerman, \$1200; 'Le Champ du Repos,' Vibert, \$800; 'Art and Literature,' Bouguereau, \$3100; 'La Vedetta,' de Neuville, \$1300; 'His Reverence as Umpire,' \$1000.—Thomas Moran has been invited to etch for *The Portfolio*.

BOSTON.—One of the most important of the recent art events in Boston has been the convention discussing Industrial drawing in the public schools. Papers were read by W. S. Perry on Drawing in the Public Schools; G. H. Bartlett, on Free-hand Drawing in Evening Schools; C. C. Perkins, on Art Instruction and by Otto Fuchs on Mechanical Drawing in Evening Schools. The following officers of the association were elected: President, C. M. Carter; Secretary and Treasurer, A. Mundt; Ex-Com., H. Hitchings, Otto Fuchs, W. F. Brackett, R. L. Hoyt, Miss Fay.—The Boston Art Club will open its new club house on Dartmouth street with an exhibition of paintings.—Miss Anna Lee Merritt is painting a portrait of James Russell Lowell in his Oxonian robes.—E. M. Bannister, the colored artist of Providence, has been exhibiting in Boston some landscapes which show decided poetic feeling.—A portrait of John Hancock by Copley with a frame made by Paul Revere has recently excited some interest.—T. H. Bartlett has started a school of sculpture on Federal street. The scholars, who are chiefly women, are engaged for the most part in decorating vases in clay furnished by the Boston Terra Cotta Co.—The granite cutters of Quincy have engaged Mr. Bartlett to furnish them instruction in modelling twice a week.—S. P. R. Triscott has been exhibiting at the Art Club the water-color sketches of English coast scenes he made during the summer.—The unsold paintings of the Salmagundi Club have been on recent

exhibition in Boston.—Considerable interest has been felt in the landscapes of Enoch Rein, one of the band of Scandinavian painters at Paris which numbers among them Hagborg. These are chiefly twilight effects in the native country, Rein as his countrymen, choosing to display his splendid technic on the familiar subjects of the North.—Alexander Longfellow, nephew of the poet, obtained the highest honors among the recent graduates in the architectural course of the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris.—Mr. Frank Duveneck is painting the portrait of Henry James, Jr.—At the first exhibition of the Boston Paint and Clay Club eighty works were exhibited.—Mr. Sydney Colvin has declined to write the preface for the new edition of the Cesnola antiquities to be published by Osgood. A collection of Venetian scenes by W. G. Bunce is among the exhibitions soon to take place.—Mr. W. G. Norton, formerly a house painter, has exhibited in Boston recently a marine "Off Treport, Normandy Coast," which has evoked the most enthusiastic local praise.—It is reported that the Niagara of the late William M. Hunt has been sold in Boston for \$10,000.

CHICAGO.—Larkin G. Mead is modelling at his studio in Florence a group of three figures for a monument which is to commemorate "the Chicago massacre." The incident chosen is the rescue of Mrs. Lieut. Holmes by the chief Black Partridge from the tomahawk of Little Turtle. The almost naked figures of the Indians will give Mr. Mead an opportunity for form and action which modern sculptors rarely find.—A portrait of Wm. B. Ogden has been presented to the Historical Society by his widow.—Sarah P. Dodson's 'Deborah' is on exhibition at the Lydian Art Gallery.—The exhibition of the Chicago Art League will open about February 20th.—The sales reported at the new American Art Gallery for six weeks are \$10,000. Constant Mayer's 'Dream of Love' is announced as one of its attractions.—The sales of the Lydian Art Gallery amount to \$20,000.—The Chicago Historical Society has contributed \$1000 toward the purchase of the portrait of La Salle, the discoverer of the mouths of the Mississippi, in view of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of that event.—A statue of the youthful Sophocles, by John Donoghue, a young sculptor, is attracting attention. The figure is nude, and is in the act of striking a lyre, which is held aloft. Mr. Donoghue has been awarded the modelling of the frieze for the new Board of Trade building. His art training was received abroad, and he has been a contributor to the *Salon*.

CINCINNATI.—The preparations for the opening of the first exhibition of the new Art Museum go rapidly forward. In addition to the gifts to the museum it has received from Mr. Joseph Longworth a collection of studies by Lessing. This includes eighteen cabinet-size heads in crayon, and three unfinished paintings, whose subjects are, Luther before the Court of Wurtemberg; Luther arguing with the Cardinal; and the Escape of the Saxon Princess. A set of the *Liber-studiorum* by Turner has been procured for the museum, which has been mounted in groups of five.

PHILADELPHIA.—The exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts resulted in the sales of \$15,000 worth of paintings. The highest prices brought were by the 'Fruit,' of Wm. M. Brown, \$1000; 'Wayside Inn,' E. L. Henry, \$800; 'Lovers of Ceramic Art,' \$500; 'When We Were Boys,' T. W. Wood, \$800; 'Normandy Shrimpers,' Edward Moran, \$650; 'No One to Swing Me,' J. G. Brown, \$500; 'Beauty of Finis-terre,' Henry Mosler, \$400; 'River Chiefs,' Newbold H. Trotter, \$600; 'Morning at Long Island,' Bruce Crane, \$315.—Milne Ramsay has had recently on exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts the paintings and studies executed during his seven years' residence abroad. These are chiefly marines and landscapes, many of which are water-colors. The sales at the recent exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts amounted to \$15,000.

SAN FRANCISCO.—The San Francisco Art Association has recently held an exhibition, whose financial policy was placed on an original basis. This consisted in receiving private bids for the pictures which, at the close of the exhibition, were to go to the highest bidders. Among the pictures exhibited by San Francisco artists were 'Juliet in the Friar's Cell,' by Mr. Moses; 'Chinaman Buying Fish,' and some still-life also by this artist; a coast view of Wrangel's Land, by Mr. Dennys; 'San Jose Valley' and an 'Italian Seaport,' by Mr. Cleene-verk.—The paintings belonging to Mr. Irving M. Scott have also made one of the recent exhibitions.

MINOR NOTES.—The new Society of Animal Painters at Paris numbers among its members Charles Jacque as President, M. de Genne as Secretary, and MM. Barillot, Auguste Bonheur, Mlle. Jeanne Bonheur, Mlle. Peyrol Bonheur, MM. Coltin de Villefroir Grandjean, Goubie, Princir-teau, J. Ferry, J. Gelibert, J. Didier, C. Paris. Van Marcke, it is stated, refuses to join because the society declines to exhibit works except by its own members. The first exhibition will take place in April and May next at 251 Rue Sainte Honore.—Arrangements are making for a universal exhibition in Rome in 1885 and 1886, and committees are forming in different countries for the selection of works of art.—Meissonier is painting the portrait of Mrs. J. W. Mackay. It represents her in a walking dress of black-satin with a loose dark mantle slipping from the shoulder, and a broad Gainsborough hat. She is engaged in fastening a long, tan-colored glove.—Prince Filangieri has presented to the city of Naples his fine collection of arms, armor, faience, porcelains, books and manuscripts, tapestries and embroideries and sixty pictures by the old masters.—Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, so long pleasantly known in New York, has made herself equally popular in Florence, where her studio is one of the centres of attraction.—A bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Burnside is to be erected at Providence, R. I.; Mr. W. P. Turner has been chosen as sculptor, and is already at his work. Mr. Turner is also modelling the statue of Commodore Oliver H. Perry.—The elections of the *Salon* commission of 1882 resulted in M. Bailly, President; M. Guillaume, Vice-President; M. Garnier, Secretary; MM. Pointillion, Bastien-Lepage, Flameng, Jules Laurens and Pisan were chosen to fill vacancies. Of the different bureaux were chosen first: in Painting—M. Bonnat, President; MM. Herbert and Cabanel, Vice-Presidents; Sculpture—M. Cavalier, President, M. Paul Dubois, Vice-President; Architecture—M. Questel, President; M. Ballot, Vice-President; Engraving and Lithography—M. Bracquemond, President. One of the efforts of the commission is the establishment of a Society of Arts, with sub-committees to prepare reports of previous French societies and existing analogous societies. The net profits of the last *Salon* were \$26,000; of this \$20,000 is to be given to the new society and the remainder to serve for the relief of artists in need. A small bronze medal will be struck off in commemoration of the first exhibition of the new society.—Mr. Francis Harvey, of 4 St. James street, London, has published a catalogue of engravings relating to the house of Stuart, most of which are very rare, and of the statesmen and interesting personages connected with their reigns.—An industrial exhibition of the arts relating to drawing, engraving and furniture, will be held in Paris during the summer.—The Apôtheosis of Thiers, by Vibert, has been declined by the Luxembourg.—The new French Minister of Fine Arts, M. Antonin Proust, has decided that the pupils of the *Beaux Arts* shall have the liberty of selecting their own masters, and that the competition shall not be confined to classic subjects. This seems to be the first step toward undoing the influence which Cabanel has so long exerted in that school.—The hall of sculpture in the Trocadero has been named after Viollet le Duc.—Mons. Maspero, the successor of Mariette Bey, reports some interesting discoveries made at the excavation of the pyramids of Ghizeh. On removing the stone rubbish for twenty feet, a series of galleries has been found 60 and 100 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 7 feet high, all of perfect workmanship. What further will be discovered it is not yet known.—The excavations undertaken by the American Archaeological Society of Assos have been stopped for want of funds.—The women artists of Paris are to hold an exhibition of exclusively feminine work.—Gérôme has built a new studio next his old studio.—The bas-reliefs that are now being modelled by Larkin G. Mead for the obelisk at Washington, have for their subjects the surrender of Cornwallis, Washington taking the oath, as first President, at New York City, and assuming the command of the Continental army at Cambridge, Mass. The latter has been just finished. It repeats a New England landscape, and introduces the headquarters, which are now the well-known home of Mr. Longfellow.—The statue of General Muhlenberg at the Capitol at Washington is modelled by Miss Nevin. He is represented as taking off his clerical robes and showing his uniform underneath.—A portrait of John Burroughs the writer has been painted by a Miss Peck of Hartford.—Fifteen tombs to the north of Tanagra have revealed sixty of the beautiful terra cotta figurines representing satyrs and women. One clay figure represents a winged youth endeavoring to carry away with him a kneeling woman; another is a Venus rising from a shell.



THE END OF THE "FORTY FIVE" REBELLION.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY W. B. HOLE, A.R.S.A.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



UNFORTUNATE is the exhibition that can command a special feature. Such appears to be the idea at present, and it has usually been acted upon at the Royal Academy. The exhibition of 1870 included a collection of C. R. Leslie's and Stanfield's works. In 1873 there were water colours and sculpture. The exhibition of 1874 was devoted entirely to the works of one man, who had just died, Sir Edwin Landseer. Callcott and Maclise were specially represented in 1875; and Raeburn in 1876. The year 1878 was memorable for the interesting collection of pictures by the Norwich school, and of engravings after Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. Magnificently regardless of the future, the Academy in 1879 gave the public, in addition to a collection of oil paintings, a display, but indifferently appreciated we believe, of miniatures and drawings by the old masters, which might have furnished material for two or three exhibitions. The works of Holbein and his school rendered the exhibition of 1880 one of peculiar interest; while last year saw fitting homage rendered to Flaxman's genius.

Thus out of twelve years only three—1871, 1872, and 1877—have been unmarked by any distinguishing characteristic, and the same must be said of the present year, at any rate from an artistic point of view. Looking at these exhibitions, however, in another aspect, that now open has a feature of its own. As many of the former ones owed their chief attractions to the liberality of the owners of large collections, whose names are too familiar to need repetition, so the present exhibition may be said to be in a large measure

dependent on contributions from hitherto comparatively unknown, and in some cases unsuspected sources. Mr. Boughton Knight, Mr. Blathwayt, Mr. Buckley, the Rev. J. Daubuz, the Earl of Kilmorey, and Sir George Philips send pictures the existence of which comes upon the critic, even the best informed in such matters, as a surprise. Foremost of those whose collections, though known, are open to the public for the first time, are the Duke of Grafton, Lord Penrhyn, and Mr. John Walter, M.P., and it might be added, the Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Normanton, for though these owners have lent before, it is the first time that they have allowed the treasures of Blenheim and Ringwood to be drawn upon. Among con-

tributors who have previously aided the Academy in its task, and who again come liberally to its assistance, may be mentioned the Earl of Darnley, Mr. Lewis Fry, M.P., Mr. F. Leyland, Mrs. Morrison, and the Earl of St. Germans. The appearance of the National Gallery of Ireland as a contributor must be hailed with peculiar satisfaction, as foreshadowing, it is to be hoped, loans from other public bodies of the same kind.

It is not our intention to enter into any detailed description or criticism of the exhibition, which consists of 275 pictures in all, 165 being by Old Masters and 110 by Deceased British Artists; and of this latter number Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney are responsible for nearly one-half. We merely propose to point out some of the principal works, including those of which, through the kindness of the own-



Holy Family, by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio.

ers, we are enabled to give engravings.

The very early masters cannot be said to be strongly represented. Such pictures as those by Berna and Sano di Pietro (190 and 191), belonging to the President of the Academy, can

only be looked upon as archaic curiosities; the former painter's work is best known by his frescoes in the church of S. Gemignano. Nor can we duly appreciate the attractions of Mr. Leyland's specimens of Lorenzo Costa and Carlo Crivelli (188 and 194). Far pleasanter is the latter painter's 'St. Peter and St. Paul' (197), also belonging to Mr. Leyland. But the greatest early Italian master here represented, and represented too in a manner in every way worthy of him, is Mantegna. His 'Adoration of the Shepherds' (186), the property of Mr. Boughton Knight, has come upon the critics as a surprise, the existence in this country of such a work by the illustrious Paduan having been quite unsuspected; it displays within a small compass all the merits of the painter, and but few of his defects, and is, moreover, in an extraordinary state of preservation. If Mr. Young's circular picture (196) is the work of Botticelli, the 'Atalanta's Race' of Mr. Budgett (195), hung immediately below it, can hardly be by the same painter. Two pictures of the early German school, the one (193) ascribed to Quentin Matsys, and the other (198), with still more doubtful accuracy, to Holbein, are well worth attention, the latter especially. The owner, Mr. Magniac, bought it, we believe, in Spain, and it has many characteristics which might lead one to think that it was the work of a Spanish painter of the beginning of the sixteenth century, working under strong Flemish influences; unless indeed, which is more probable, it was brought back from the Netherlands to Spain by one of the many Spanish or Portuguese patrons of Art, such as those whom Dürer speaks of in his journal as having been at Antwerp at the time of his visit there. The crescent inserted as a mark of obloquy on the head-dress of one of the Jews points to the picture having been done about the time of the invasion of Europe by the Turks.

Coming now to the great Italians, we find several pictures of great interest. Whether by Leonardo da Vinci or not, the 'Female Figure' (139), belonging to Mrs. Morrison, will fascinate with its feline softness and subtle smile; while the two portraits ascribed to Raphael, one of the Cardinal Bibbiena (199), lent by Mr. Boughton Knight, and the other of Ferry Carondelet (160), the property of the Duke of Grafton, have an historical interest apart from their artistic value. The painter's cipher and the date 1513 are said to be on the hour-glass in the former picture; but we confess to having been unable with a strong glass to do more than make out some slight marks which might mean anything or nothing. And

what a difference in the technique from the almost contemporaneous picture of Carondelet, who, if painted by Raphael at all, must have been so during his residence at Rome between the years 1510—12. The more accurate attribution to Sebastian del Piombo of the Duke of Marlborough's 'Fornarina' (156), which was formerly said to be by Raphael, seems to point to a similar correction in the case of this portrait of Carondelet, which is evidently the work of the same hand. Lord Penrhyn's 'Pierino del Vaga' (144) is but a feeble echo of Raphael's types and colouring; it seems, however, to have been a good deal rubbed. No such charge can be brought against the exquisitely beautiful example of Ridolfo Ghirlandajo (150), belonging to Mr. Budgett, of which we give an engraving; colour, composition, and feeling are all equally charming, and if, as is possible, there are signs of repainting

in places, it has been so well done as to disarm criticism. The gorgeous Venetians are well represented by the Earl of Normanton's Titian (146), which, though not even mentioned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, is perhaps the best of the many replicas of his 'Venus and Adonis' existing; by Mr. Woolner's rich and luminous Paolo Veronese (153), representing a lady playing a guitar; and Mr. Boughton Knight's 'Lady of the Malipieri Family and her Son' (151), a powerfully modelled solid piece of painting ascribed to Giorgione. We must not leave the Italian masters without noticing the admirable work (209) of a painter of the eighteenth century, Panini, lent by the National Gallery of Ireland; it is a larger and finer repetition of the picture of the same subject in the Louvre, which was



The Painter's Wife, by T. Gainsborough, R.A.

Painted two years earlier, *i.e.* immediately after the fête at Rome which it represents.

Of the Spanish masters there are some very fine examples. Probably there is no better or more characteristic Murillo to be seen out of Spain than the 'Old Woman and Boy' (158), belonging to Mr. Blathwayt, though many will prefer the 'Immaculate Conception' (135), lent by Mr. Sanders. This latter picture, which is mentioned in Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's 'Artists of Spain,' was formerly in the Don Gabriel collection; it subsequently passed through the hands of Mr. S. Woodburn, and was purchased at the sale of his effects in 1853. Lord Penrhyn's magnificent Alonzo Cano (161) is thought by some to be a likeness of the painter himself; but there is little resemblance between it and the supposed portrait of Cano by Velasquez in the Madrid Museum, or his own portraits of himself in the Louvre. Whoever it may be, it is a noble picture, well worthy

the reputation of the "Michel Angelo of Spain," as Cano, from his various skill as painter, sculptor, and architect, was called. To this epoch belong the great masters of the Flemish school, Rubens and Van Dyck. The former is exceptionally well represented under two totally different aspects. As a painter of sacred subjects his sketch for the 'Raising of the Cross,' in Antwerp Cathedral (220), belonging to Mr. Buckley, will command admiration by its vigour and dash, while Mrs. Morrison's 'Holy Family' (162) is full of rich sensuous colour; but it is in the wonderful picture of a lion (77), lent by the Earl of Northampton, that we can best recognise all the mighty qualities of the master. Whether the animal be rolling in play, or whether, as some think, judging from the look in his eyes, in a death agony, the action of the limbs is magnificently rendered, and the idea of prodigious strength is conveyed without strain or exaggeration. The examples of Van Dyck are not of the first order. The Duke of Marlborough's 'Time clipping the Wings of Love' (125) has a reputation beyond its merits; and the Earl of Darnley's picture of the Lords John and Bernard Stuart, though a graceful and dignified piece of portraiture, is rather wanting in character.

After the magnificent display of last year, the Dutch pictures must needs disappoint at first sight. But though inferior in the aggregate, the present collection contains many works quite on a level with some of Mrs. Hope's gems. Rembrandt's peculiar genius is well exemplified in the beautiful picture of 'Christ and Mary Magdalene at the Tomb' (117), lent by the Queen, from Buckingham Palace; and in the picture called 'The Cradle' (101), belonging to Mr. Boughton

Knight: on looking at this last, one can easily imagine how the artist's fancy would revel in the effect of the old woman's shadow looming largely on the wall. Why should Mrs. Morrison's fine portrait of a girl (63) be called 'The Painter's Daughter'? So far as is known Rembrandt had no daughter who lived beyond infancy. Strangely enough, Vosmaer makes no mention of this powerful work of the master. The Earl of Caledon's two portraits by Mierevelt (60 and 67) are admirably simple and truthful, and exhibit the Delft painter quite at his best. Utterly unsuited as the subject is to the painter's genius, and incongruous as is the effect produced by his method of depicting it, 'The Marriage Feast at Cana,' by Jan Steen (55), compels ungrudging admiration for the skill with which the numerous figures are grouped, the varied fancy shown in the expression of the faces, and the marvellous execution. The

fortunate possessor of this remarkable work, one of the painter's most notable productions, is Mr. John Walter, M.P.; it was formerly in the Duc d'Arenberg's collection at Brussels. Another essentially Dutch rendering of a sacred subject is Adrian Van Ostade's, 'The Nativity' (91), also belonging to Mr. Walter, in which the painter's utter lack of any sense of beauty of form or grace of movement is as conspicuous as is his feeling for colour, perfection of chiaroscuro, and absolute mastery of technique. The 'Boor and his Wife in an Arbour' (114), from Buckingham Palace, is another fine example of this painter. It is seldom that three such Teniers are seen together beside one another as those of Mr. Sanders' (85), Her Majesty's (88), and the Earl of Strafford's (89); but why are the first and the last called respectively 'Le Chapeau Rouge' and 'Le Bonnet Rouge,' when a red cap figures conspicuously in so many similar pictures

by this artist? Lord Penrhyn's contribution (128) is a good specimen of Teniers' earlier and somewhat heavy manner; nor should the Earl of Kilmorey's 'Card-players' (93) pass unmentioned. From the same nobleman's little-known collection come two beautiful small Cuyps (90 and 124); the latter, representing some 'Cavaliers and Horses,' is a most luminous bit of painting, glowing with the clear transparent light that distinguishes the master at his best. The Buckingham Palace picture (134) is also a fine specimen of his larger manner. While with Cuyp the cows are subordinate to the landscape, with Potter they usually form the chief subject of the picture, and never were animals more glorified on canvas than in Mr. Walter's admirable 'Two Cows and a Bull'



The Painter's Daughter, Mary, by T. Gainsborough, R.A.

(112). In Sir George Philips's picture (69) Potter is seen under a different aspect in one of his rare landscapes, wonderful alike for its richness of hue, delicate gradation of aerial perspective, and enamel-like texture; it was painted when he was only twenty-one years old. Three fine Hobbemas, Mr. Walter's (62), Lady Williams's (76), and Mr. Blathwayt's (80), dispute the palm between them, and every one will be inclined to allot it in turn to the one which he has looked at last. Hobbema's contemporary, the greatest of the Dutch landscape painters, Jacob van Ruysdael, is not seen to quite such advantage in Mr. Walter's and Mr. Lewis Fry's contributions (235 and 239), fine though these works undoubtedly are. There are many other Dutch pictures to which we should like to draw attention, but space will only allow of a mere reference to Mr. Buckley's lovely William Van de Velde (94); Mr. Walter's two examples of Nicholas Maas (96 and 103); the same owner's curious

'Landscape, with Holy Family,' by Wouvermans (54); and Lord Penrhyn's characteristic pictures by the same artist (97 and 229).

One work alone would suffice to render this exhibition a memorable one, and that is Nicholas Poussin's 'The Triumph of Pan' (141), lent by Mrs. Morrison. As the catalogue tells us, this picture formed one of three painted for the Duc de Montmorenci; they are all in this country—one of the other two, 'Nymphs Dancing,' being in the National Gallery, and the other, 'The Triumph of Bacchus,' in the Earl of Carlisle's collection. The late Mr. Morrison bought this one at the Earl of Ashburnham's sale in 1850 for £1,239; it is splendid alike in colour and composition, and is the very incarnation of revelry and devilry without being in the least coarse or offensive. Claude is represented by three examples, none of them of superlative merit; the Earl of Portarlington's (149) is, perhaps, the best.

At the head, in point of time, of the deceased British masters, stands a painter, W. Sheppard, who curiously enough is only known by his 'Portrait of Thomas Killigrew,' of which the picture here (227) lent by Mr. Blathwayt is probably a replica, the original, which is signed by the artist, being at Woburn: the Earl Kimberley also possesses another

replica. Hogarth is more numerous than usual, but the examples are not particularly interesting, with the exception of the Earl of Normanton's 'The Graham Family' (275), which is a capital picture of children, and admirably painted. Twenty-four pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds is a large proportion in one year. The following will claim the most admiration:—The Earl of Normanton's 'Mrs. Stanhope' (15), 'Lady Elizabeth Hamilton' (33), 'Charity' (129), and 'Fortitude' (132); Mr. Stirling Crawford's 'Lady Smyth and her Children' (176), a marvel of fine colour in perfect preservation, of which we give an engraving, and 'Mrs. Mathew' (183); Mrs. Meynell Ingram's 'Lady Beauchamp'

(180); and Sir George Philips's 'The Piping Boy' (185). The Landscape (183) by the great P.R.A., belonging to the last-mentioned owner, is a rarity, and will stand the test of criticism better than the other *rara avis*—Hogarth's landscape (259). Gainsborough's full-length ladies are on this occasion surpassed by his gentlemen: witness the capital picture, lent by his grandson, Mr. H. G. Moysey, of Mr. A. Moysey (173), swinging easily along with his stick over his shoulder; and the lifelike portraits of John, Earl of Kilmorey (253), and his son (256), the painting of which is as frank and solid as the features of the sitters. Of this artist's ladies, the

most charming are the sketches of his own wife and younger daughter (12 and 49), which the owner, Mr. R. Loder, M.P., has allowed us to engrave; the subtlety of the expression in the face of the former—a beauty with a temper—is inimitable. As a landscapist, Gainsborough is seen in two pictures of the same subject, 'The Cottage Door,' one belonging to the Rev. J. Daubuz (172), and the other to the Earl of Normanton (177). The examples of Romney are numerous and rather commonplace, though many, despite its hard colouring, will envy General Morris his 'Mrs. Morris and Child' (169), and Canon Phillpotts his 'Lady Hamilton' (247). There are



Lady Smyth and her Children, by Sir J. Reynolds, from the Engraving by Bartolozzi.

some capital bits by Wilkie, and one large unfinished picture, 'School' (255), lent by Mr. John Graham. Of the three Turners we prefer Sir A. Acland Hood's 'Sea-coast, Hastings' (179), for its luminous brightness and effect of colour; but Mrs. Morrison's 'Pope's Villa' (175) and 'Autumnal Morning' (41) are most impressive pictures; the latter is said to have been begun on a tablecloth, which was afterwards backed with canvas. With Constable's glorious 'The Lock' (181), also belonging to Mrs. Morrison, an upright repetition of his diploma picture, we must conclude this notice, though there are many other works which might well claim our attention.

THE ARTIST IN RELATION TO HIS WORK.*



THE personal characters of distinguished painters afford an interesting subject to all lovers of Art, but one which in a short essay it would be impossible for me to treat in a complete manner; I shall, therefore, confine myself to some observations on a few of the leading characteristics of the artistic temperament, and endeavour to trace the relation they have with the work produced. The difficulty is very great, especially in those cases in which the personality of the artist seems at variance with his art; as, for instance, we find that extremely egotistical and conceited artists have produced works of the highest merit; and, on the other hand, such works have been executed by men whose modesty and humility endeared them to all who knew them; there have been careless and unsystematic geniuses, as well as methodic and painstaking ones; reserved, morose, and shy, as well as sociable, jovial, and noisy. We have men like Flaxman, of weak, invalid frames, and calm, placid temperaments, producing chivalric, vigorous compositions, full of fire and life—others, of bold, strong, and impetuous dispositions, like the distinguished French artist, Meissonier, whose works are remarkable for delicate finish and tender grace. As to this sort of case I have a theory, which is—that to geniuses their art is, as it were, their love, their sweetheart; and that just as a great strong man is apt to fall in love with a frail and delicate girl, or a small man selects a fine tall female for his partner, so the artist delights in displaying those qualities in his art which he possibly feels himself to lack; or it may be that, having these qualities, he reserves them as his most cherished possession entirely for his art. In any case it is an undoubted fact that many great geniuses have in their art revealed graces of which personally they were apparently destitute.

There have been several instances of artists having chosen to pass their leisure amidst the company of their inferiors, indulging not unfrequently in every form of low vice, and at the same time preserving their art as a holy temple into which no unclean thing was allowed to enter, every grain of their better selves being dedicated to its service. That fascinating artist, Morland, presents us with a remarkable example in this respect. Many years of his life were spent in the tap-rooms of roadside inns, and he became in his latter years a confirmed drunkard, but yet with all this not a trace of vulgarity is ever met with in his pictures; indeed, in those in which females are portrayed, nothing can exceed the delicate refinement and grace of his treatment.

Much may be urged in extenuation of this fondness for what the world calls "low society." All artists have implanted in them a strong love of nature, which is not unfrequently accompanied by a dislike to the conventionalities of society; to them there is often something depressing in the artificial surroundings of the upper classes, whereas, amidst the lower orders of humanity, they discover a certain unfettered naturalness of behaviour and freedom of expression, which, no doubt, have their charms; besides which, an artist can appreciate

the picturesqueness of humble life, and feels an interest in the effects produced by the more direct influences of nature to which the children of poverty are exposed. I have known few artists of distinction who did not possess a faculty for enjoying the natural simplicity and picturesqueness of the lower orders, finding far more material for their pencil in the slums and poorer neighbourhoods of a town than in the more fashionable quarters.

It was something more than the mere wish to impart lessons of morality that led a virtuous and honourable man like Hogarth to depict the scenes of low life he made so memorable. I imagine it is not difficult to trace in his pictures the decided enjoyment that he took in rendering the picturesque accessories and incidents with which he fills his works, and, though he occasionally laid the scenes of his compositions amongst the higher grades of society, yet he obviously found, to use a slang expression, "more go" in the lower. In the picture of the 'Strolling Players in the Barn' he has not, so far as I am aware, wished to inculcate any great moral lesson, and throughout the whole composition we find the artist revelling in the quaintness and queerness of his figures and their accessories. It requires, however, to be a man of strong character like Hogarth to mix much in queer society without becoming degraded, and though the world may tolerate a Bohemian with talent, nothing is so contemptible as a Bohemian without.

There is one class of artists amongst which the Bohemian tendencies are entirely wanting—I allude to the portrait painters. These as a rule present a striking contrast in their personal temperament to the other members of the profession. As a necessity to success in this branch of the art, at least as far as regards its remuneration, a portrait painter must be a polite, gentlemanly man, of great patience and self-command; he must be somewhat of a courtier—a man capable of taking a fashionable polish easily. In following his vocation he has continually to exercise his self-negation, both in the choice of his sitters and in the arrangement of his hours of work. At times he is subjected to much annoyance from the remarks and suggestions which are made by those whose portraits he paints, or by their friends. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence present us with excellent types of successful portrait painters; both were remarkable for their urbanity and patient self-possession. In Gainsborough, on the other hand, we find an exception to the rule; it is not, I think, difficult to trace in his brilliant and dashing executed works the extreme sensitiveness and impatience which, from all accounts, we know belonged to his character. At times his work is carried further, and exhibits greater care and tenderness of execution than at others, probably because he has felt contented and pleased with his subject, but he evidently winced occasionally at the caprice or stupidity of his sitters, and obviously took less pains with an uninteresting countenance.

When excited he was addicted to the use of strong language. There is in the possession of the Royal Academy a letter of his directed to the members of the hanging committee of the day, in which with oaths he threatens to be revenged on them if they do not hang some of his pictures as he directs; he encloses a plan of the arrangement he desires. In Fulcher's

* The substance of these observations was embodied in a lecture given at the London Institution last December.

"Life of Gainsborough" we read also of quarrels and altercations which took place at times with his patrons and sitters.

Fine as Gainsborough's portraits are, I am inclined to think he was not at heart a portrait painter, and that where his brush had more latitude, as in his pictures of cottage children, and in his landscapes, we discover this fascinating genius at his brightest. In his celebrated picture of the cottage girl and her pitcher we have him at his very best; he there reaches a pathos and tender sentiment quite beyond the power of his less impassioned rival Reynolds.

Sir Joshua Reynolds regarded his sitters in a far more cold-blooded matter-of-fact way than did Gainsborough, probably much in the manner recommended to a young artist by Stuart. "Think no more," said he, "of your sitter's head, whilst at work, than if it were a potato; study only to reproduce faithfully its contours, modelling, and colour."

Sir Joshua was conveniently deaf, when it suited him, to his sitter's remarks: "he shifted his trumpet and only took snuff." An anxious mother once informed him that she did not think her daughter's portrait like enough; pretending not to hear, he smiled and bowed and went quietly on with his work; at length, when the remark had been forced into his ear through his trumpet, without being the least put out he blandly replied, "Not like, not like? oh, we'll make it like—we'll make it like."

His inmost thoughts were entirely on his art—how to make a fine picture out of his sitter was his all-absorbing idea; his quiet self-possession and placid disposition serving him in good stead by protecting the sanctum of his brain from interruptions or disturbance whilst at work.

I cannot forbear taking this opportunity of paying my humble tribute of admiration to the memory of our late President, Sir Francis Grant, the more especially as in his personal character he affords a striking example of the truth of my previous remarks. One might justly say of him as Sterne said of Uncle Toby, "nature had written gentleman in every line of his countenance." His courtesy and kindness procured him the love of all who knew him; he sat in the presidential chair, Reynolds's own chair, with as much ease and self-possession as he did on the saddle of a thorough-bred in the hunting-field. In debates at the council table, even when the voice of the majority went against his own views, he displayed ever the most perfect equanimity and forbearance, having a charming habit of saying something pleasant after the meeting was over to any one whose feelings he imagined might have been wounded in the heat of a discussion; but perhaps his most remarkable characteristic was what Lord Melbourne described as "put-up-ability," a virtue which enabled him to carry on his rule as President of the Royal Academy with the same success that he enjoyed in his profession as an accomplished portrait painter.

Professional etiquette forbids me to discuss the characters of the many distinguished living portrait painters, though I think I run no risk of giving affront by saying that all I have the pleasure of knowing are men of singular amiability and self-possession. I would also wish to call attention to the fact that the art of portraiture has succeeded best in those countries where patience and self-possession form part of the national characteristics, the Dutch and Flemish painters, together with the English, standing very high in this respect; whereas in the French school of portraiture, though there is much to admire in the skill and artistic excellence, a certain objective individuality of the person represented is frequently wanting. The

artists of this school are usually too much impressed with a sense of their own greatness to allow of the self-sacrifice that is required in the production of a faithful portrait; they pride themselves more on the talent they display in the execution of their work than in the actual resemblance to their subject. I would not for a moment wish to disparage this pride that a Frenchman has in his own talents as regards the art in general; it is only in portraiture that it becomes a hurtful quality.

Constable used to say that if you deprived an artist of his conceit he would never paint at all, and I have known of more than one instance in which this saying was curiously exemplified; there have been artists of great taste, knowledge, and refinement, but with so modest an opinion of their own power, so fastidious a disposition, and with such a want of self-confidence that they have never succeeded in pleasing themselves, giving up their works before completion, and contentedly passing away into oblivion. Men such as these admire the works of others with profound reverence and respect, but shrink from carrying out their own conceptions, be they ever so promising and original.

Cases of this sort, however, are luckily very rare, a thorough belief in the powers of self being almost universal amongst painters, both good and bad. Such a belief is pardonable in most cases, and only becomes objectionable when it is too openly paraded. In conversation with one another artists have a sort of etiquette of allowing for this feeling, taking it for granted that it exists, and expecting the same allowance in return.

The reliance in himself and his powers it is which prompts an artist to lofty endeavours, and hardens him to endure adverse criticism or want of patronage. Knowing well the arduous struggles of the studio, I, for one, would not wish any artist to be deprived of its assistance; but occasionally, when self-belief exists in undue proportions, so far from being an aid to success, it only drives its victims to misery and despair. An example of this unhappy ending suggests itself in the remarkable career of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Great though his powers undoubtedly were, he passed his life in vain attempts to persuade the world that they were still greater, meeting disappointment after disappointment, until the strain became too hard for him to longer endure it.

Amongst the more pleasing characteristics that artists possess of a helpful nature to their work, not the least important is their sense of humour. I have known very few artists who have not had this quality in a high degree, possibly the portrait painters rather less than others. I am disposed to think that more genuine wit and hearty enjoyment of fun are to be met with in the artistic than in any other vocation in life.

Work at an easel, though always difficult and laborious, has great variety: its sustained interest prevents the brain from becoming clogged or stupefied; it encourages or even demands extensive reading; and, above all, it is perpetually sharpening the powers of observation.

People have become accustomed to attributing witty sayings to lawyers, writers, clergymen, and others, but I believe much of the brilliancy of the wit that comes from the law courts, the pulpit, or the stock exchange is in a great measure due to the extreme dulness of the surroundings; the roars of laughter that greet a judge's repartee are somewhat akin to the well-counterfeited glee of the pupils at their schoolmaster's jokes. Even men of letters that are styled humorists do not air their fun in conversation quite as much as people imagine; a character for wit being accorded to them, every commonplace

remark they make is regarded as a witticism; whereas the truth is, with these men, humour being their stock in trade, it is most generally prudently reserved for their writings. In the same way actors, who delight thousands nightly by their talents, are glad enough in their hours of relaxation to be serious and quiet.

An artist, on the other hand, has no object in restraining his mirth: the great variety of scenes and character, of which his employment leads him to make observation, affords him much facility for shining in general conversation. He has, too, the advantage in his profession of seeing more of women and children than those do whose work has to be conducted in an office or away from home. If blessed with children, he lives amongst them, and by this means keeps alive his youthful sympathies, learning also to appreciate the originality and quaintness of childish humour.

An artist's sense of humour does not as a rule display itself in brilliant repartees, such as would be likely to be remembered and repeated as good things, but is heard oftener in a more diluted way, in a continuous flow of playful expressions, ludicrous images, quaint ideas, and unexpected turns, much of their charm being derived from an intimate knowledge and study of nature. This knowledge of nature it is which enables an artist to give graphic force to his descriptions of objects and character, which add greatly to the interest. I believe that Thackeray owed much of his wonderfully graphic powers of description to the fact of his early artistic training; his scenes and characters were actually before him in his mind's eye, and he was able to depict them with his pencil as well as with his pen. There is a diversity of opinion as to the artistic merit of his illustrations, the accuracy of his drawing being sometimes open to question, but as far as the reality and individuality of the various characters are concerned there can be no two opinions. In this respect they are infinitely to be preferred to the illustrations to his works which were done by other hands; he saw the personages he drew, whereas the other artists worked only from description. Thackeray was a thorough artist, and I have no doubt would have distinguished himself with his brush had his facilities with the pen not been so marvellous. He was ever a good judge of pictures, writing and talking of them with the keenest discrimination. He numbered many artists amongst his most intimate friends, and when he introduces allusions to the artistic fraternity in his writings it is done always in a kindly and brotherly way.

Though, as I have said, artistic humour does not excel in brilliant repartee, occasionally sharp sayings have been made by painters which it would be difficult to surpass. Such, for instance, as is related of Northcote: when a young man he was employed as a sort of assistant in Sir Joshua Reynolds's studio, and at the time when Sir Joshua was engaged on a portrait of the Prince Regent, Reynolds rather angrily asked Northcote how it was that the Prince knew about him, thinking, no doubt, that Northcote had obtruded himself in some way upon the Prince. "He knows nothing of me, Sir Joshua."

"Yes, yes, he does; he was talking about you to me this morning."

"No, Sir Joshua, I assure you he knows nothing of me. It is only his brag, Sir Joshua."

My father related numerous sayings of Constable which were replete with wit; as, for instance, when he told his milkman that he did not object to water, but would prefer to have the milk and water in separate cans.

And the reply he gave to Archdeacon Fisher, when asked what he thought of his sermon. "Oh, I liked it very much; I always did like that sermon."

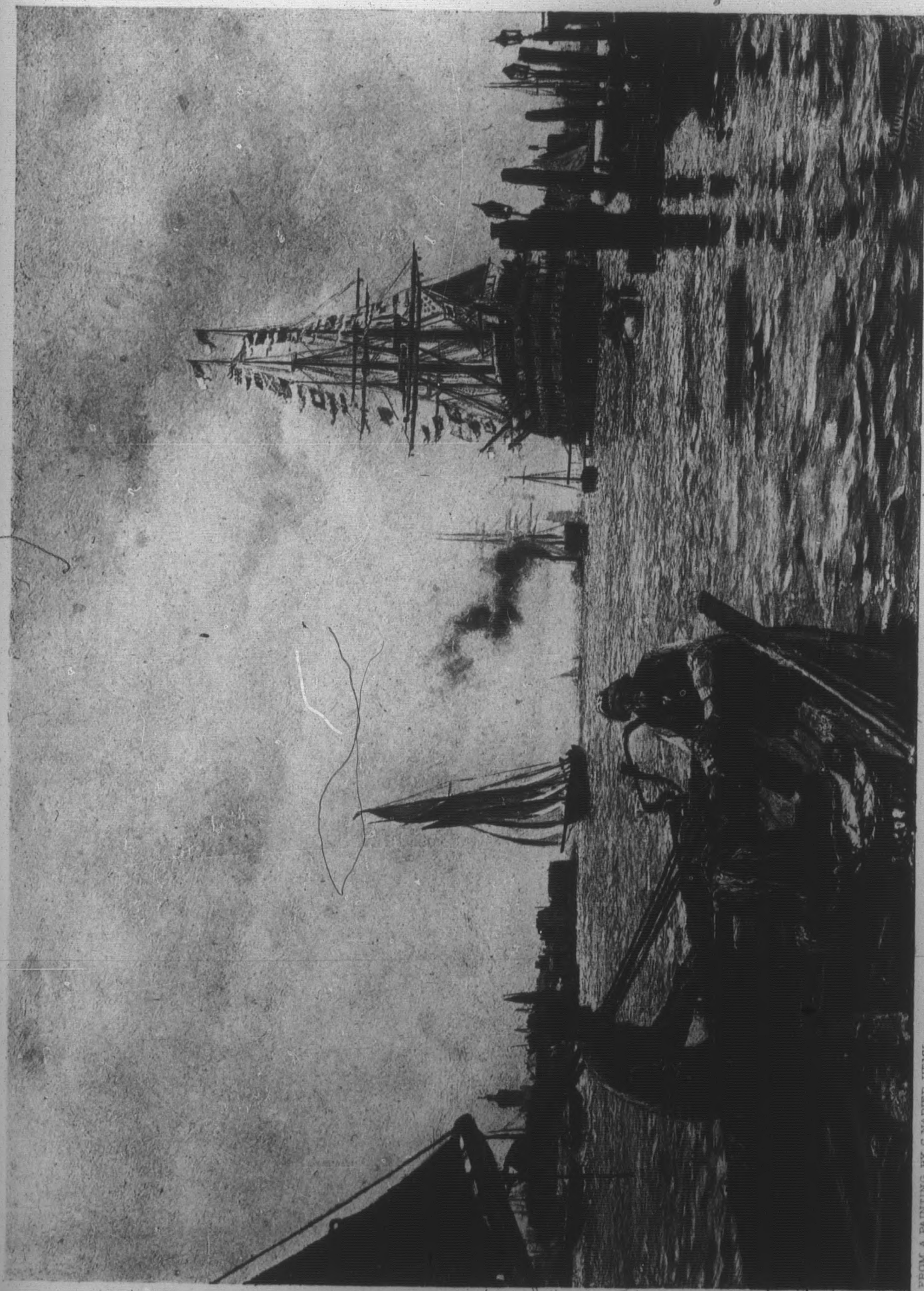
As would be supposed, artists have generally been great admirers of the histrionic art. When my father arrived in England as a young man, Mrs. Siddons was giving her farewell performances, and he told me that for forty consecutive evenings he was present to witness her marvellous powers. His was a branch of Art, the impersonation of character, which derived considerable assistance from dramatic performances; and he numbered amongst his intimate friends many of the most distinguished actors of the day. I have never known a better judge of acting than he was, and when reading aloud from any of his favourite authors—Shakespeare, Cervantes, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, Scott, or Burns—he could invest the characters with an individual personality which one at once felt must be the true one. His power of the true perception of an author's ideas was exactly that of a great actor, and I look upon his rendering of Uncle Toby, Falstaff, and Sancho Panza as triumphs of dramatic skill, which it would be impossible to surpass either on canvas or the stage.

The advantages of intimacy between artists and actors are mutual, the very marked improvement in the *mise en scène* and costume, which has lately been so characteristic a feature at our leading theatres, being greatly due to the friendships that exist between the two crafts. As amateurs I have repeatedly witnessed artists distinguishing themselves with great ability; and in charades or extemporary performances, if an artist is engaged, he will be sure to be remarkable both in his get-up and in impersonation of character.

The love of the theatre may at times impart to a painter's works a somewhat stagey appearance, which I take it is from the too obvious posing of the figures in the face of an audience—a conventionality which is an inherent necessity on the stage, but which a true artist should at all times avoid on his canvas.

The patronage of Art is a very important thing to the artists, with regard to whom the old proverb that "money makes the mare go," holds most true. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about what are called the low bread-and-cheese views of painters: young students are exhorted by their teachers in grand sounding words to work solely for honour and fame, for the sake of the art itself, discarding as utterly unworthy all sordid hopes of gain. In our Royal Academy schools laws have lately been framed with the express purpose of preventing the students from making a pecuniary profit out of the studies they execute; they are expected to think only of acquiring proficiency in the art, all attempts at making their studies acceptable to the public as marketable commodities being carefully prescribed; and as the shoe in many cases was felt to be beginning to pinch, many talented young gentlemen having to leave the schools prematurely in order to earn their livelihood, certain scholarships and other arrangements have been instituted in order to induce the students to remain in the schools and continue their studies. The effect of these arrangements remains to be seen; in the meantime, for my own part, I can surely testify that when I was a student in the Royal Academy the sale of a small study, made in the schools, for ten guineas, gave an impetus and energy to my working powers, which all the discourses and lectures of the worthy president and professors had failed to elicit.

In answer to those who deprecate thoughts of pecuniary gain in the artist's mind, I would beg them to name the amateur of any age who has produced works that will live, or



FROM A PAINTING BY C. NAPIER HEMY.

PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR

OUR PORTS AND HARBOURS.*

PORTSMOUTH.



BRITISH patriotism, if failing elsewhere, should never do so at Portsmouth. The weak-spirited soul who in these latter days doubts whether Britannia still rules the waves should pay a visit to the great naval station—arsenal, dockyard, and fortress all in one—upon the Hampshire coast.

Portsmouth is redolent of the sea from end to end. Its atmosphere is charged with brine; the salt sea breezes bluster perpetually along its narrow streets. On every side are abundant evidences of efforts to maintain our supremacy upon the sea. Batteries line the shore, perched upon every

coigne of vantage, even upon the sand-banks of the open stream; men-of-war show their terrible teeth, and exhibit all styles of naval architecture, from the ancient hulk to the latest development of engineering skill. Vast dockyards, capable of building, refitting, or sheltering half the fleet; gun wharfs with endless stores of artillery material; barracks, hospitals, guard-houses, prisons; uniforms, naval or military, of all ranks, from admiral to simple blue-jacket, from general officer, a mass of gold lace, to private soldier in common crimson serge—these are among the familiar objects of Portsmouth and the surrounding towns. The sounds one hears are martial; bugles shrieking, drums beating, brass bands playing on parade or on board ship, a saluting battery for ever belching forth fire and smoke in paying compliments, now to royalty en route to the Isle of Wight, now to foreign men-of-war in return for similar honours.

Portsmouth has always been closely identified with our naval power, rejoicing greatly over its glories, lamenting most keenly its disasters, and convulsed by



Departed Glories.

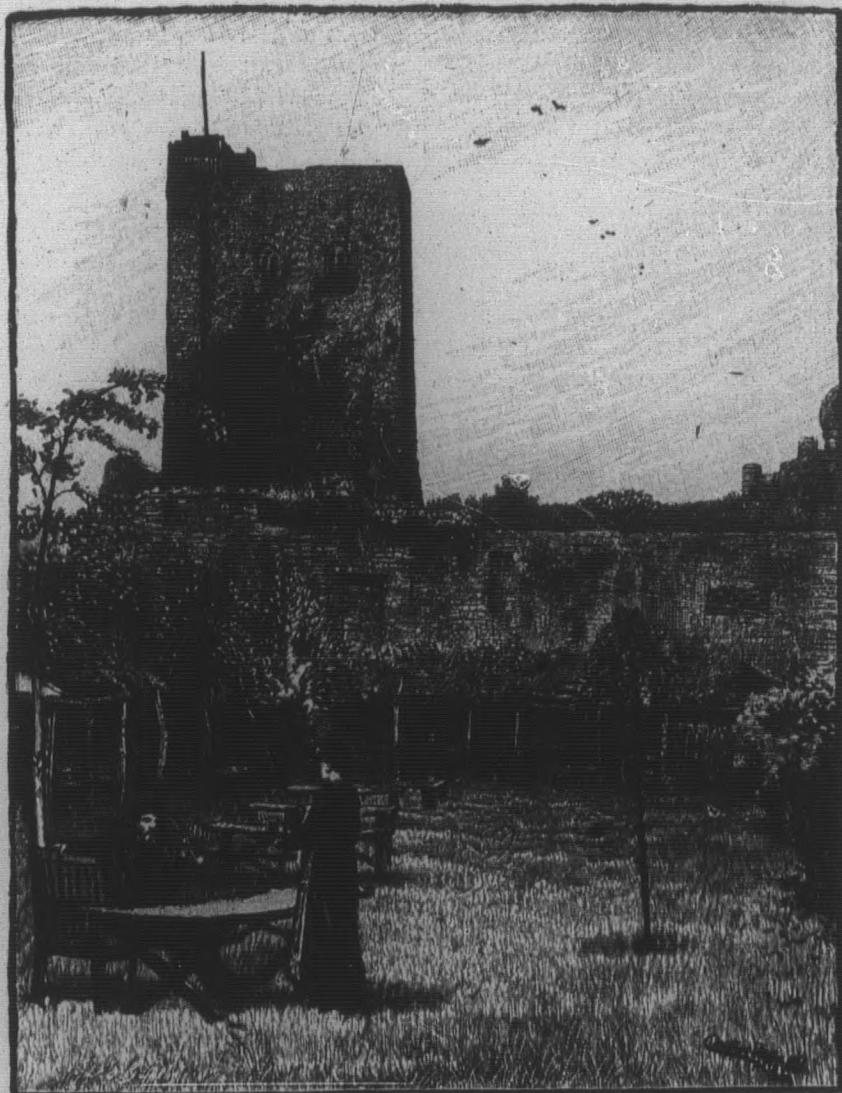
the sad news of shipwreck or loss at sea. When the *Eurydice* went down off the Isle of Wight the blow fell heaviest on Portsmouth; it was the same in the terrible calamity which overtook the ill-fated *Captain*; nowhere was the long-drawn sickening anxiety for the missing *Atalanta* more acutely felt than on Portsmouth Hard—a pathetic incident admirably told in the fine picture by Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A. It is nothing new to Portsmouth to be thus torn and agitated by the havoc made by the cruel sea. More than three centuries ago one of the finest ships in the English navy, the *Mary Rose*, commanded by Sir George Carew, foundered off Spithead. She had taken part in the action against the French; the weight of her armament caused her to heel over, the water rushed in at her ports, and

she went down with every soul, six hundred lives all told, on board. Very similar were the causes of another catastrophe more recent and more vividly remembered, the loss of the *Royal George*: she was also the finest ship of the Royal Navy, and carried one hundred and eight guns. The horrors in this case were intensified by the fact that the ship was in smooth water and in full view of the town; she was crowded with the families of her ship's company, wives and children, who had come off to welcome their relatives returning from a long sea voyage: all were light-hearted and unconscious of

* Continued from page 43.

coming danger and death; the Admiral Kempenfelt, whose flag the *Royal George* carried, was in his cabin writing; the carpenters and others were at work repairing and cleaning the ship. In order to examine a small leak in her side, she was careened slightly, and while thus situated a sudden squall struck her. Almost instantaneously she capsized, filled with water, and making for a moment a vast vortex in the waters, wherein several smaller craft were engulfed, disappeared from view. Some three hundred of the crew managed to keep afloat, and were eventually saved; but quite a thousand people of both sexes, old and young, were drowned. For forty years the wreck of the great ship obstructed the

roadstead, and many unsuccessful attempts were made to remove it. At length, in 1839, the work was intrusted to Colonel (afterwards Sir George) Pasley, a distinguished engineer officer, who, with a party of sappers, proceeded scientifically to demolish it. At first professional divers were employed, but the engineers soon became as expert below water as they are on dry land. Their activity was rewarded by the complete removal of the wreck. The hull was blown up by cylinders filled with powder, and the fragments were sent up bit by bit to the surface, to be manufactured and sold as caskets, snuff-boxes, and so forth. It is just possible that if all of these were collected sufficient timber would be obtained



The Castle, Porchester.

to construct not one *Royal George*, but half-a-dozen ships of war.

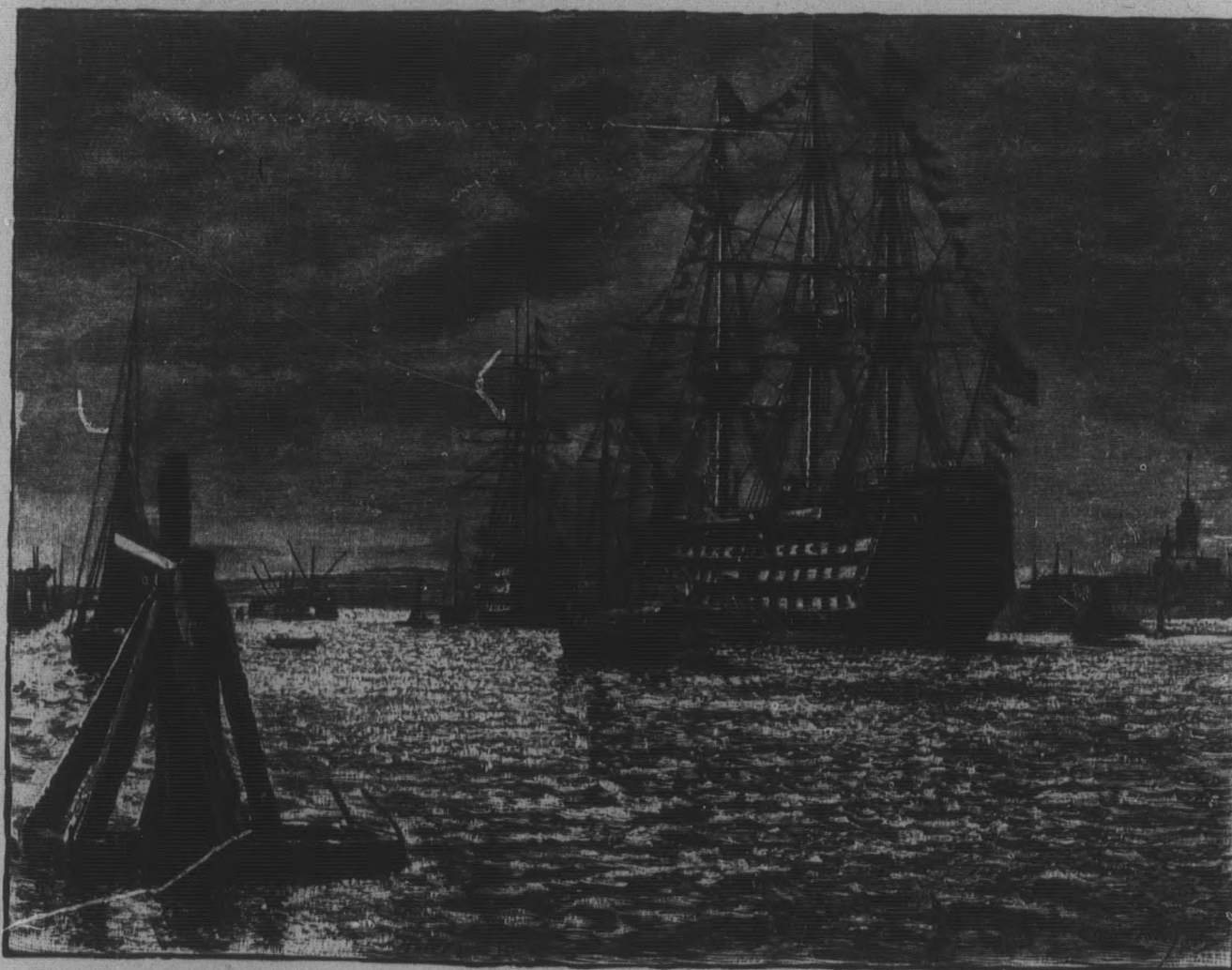
Since Buckingham fitted out his expedition to relieve Rochelle, and was only stayed by Felton's murderous knife, Portsmouth has been the starting-point for most of the naval operations in our long protracted wars. Here, or at the neighbouring point of Spithead, admirals held rendezvous with fleets destined to sweep the seas; here Mr. Midshipman Easy and Peter Simple bought their dirks and cocked hats, and, with hundreds of other naval officers, put up at the "Blue Posts," the well-known inn which still existed a few years back, but was burnt, to be rebuilt only as a private house;

here Jack came ashore to scatter his five-pound notes, and fall an easy prey to crimps, press-gangs, and first lieutenants manning the King's cruisers at all costs. Numbers of the frigates and line-of-battle ships still survive as visible mementoes of "departed glories." Very picturesque and pictorial are these ancient hulks, the real old wooden walls and bulwarks of England's greatness, as all must admit who have gazed upon Turner's grand picture of the 'Fighting Temeraire' towed to her Last Home.' Seen at Portsmouth, they dominate all other craft in the crowded Solent, an ever-shifting marine landscape, full of life and movement. All manner of vessels here pass to and fro; white-winged yachts tacking aimlessly,

just as the whim suits the pleasure-seeking owners, or steaming sixteen knots with royalty on board; the colossal Indian troop-ships with their white hulls; the roughly built but serviceable trawler's boat, as seen in the foreground of our full-page illustration, with its complement of a couple of men and a boy, to whom life at sea is a sober reality to be tussled with and fought for in the teeth of pestilent winds and tempestuous seas; busy steam-tugs paddling vigorously along intent on their mission, giving the outward bound a proper start, bringing the homeward bound safely to port, or dragging out the dockyard lighters or dredging machines. High above all, as in our first illustration, tower the worn-out war-ships of a past generation, proudly raising their

graceful figure-heads and their broad and massive proportions into the sky.

Chief among these hulks, as recording one of the brightest achievements in our naval history, is the celebrated *Victory*, Nelson's flag-ship, which finds a fitting haven and home at Portsmouth. Some pains have been taken to preserve the old ship, which lies placidly upon the water like a scarred and battered old warrior enjoying a brief sunshine at the close of life. The guns and fittings are just as in the great fight; the spot is marked upon the deck where Nelson fell; the place is shown in the cockpit where his gallant spirit passed away. On the anniversary of Trafalgar the ship is wreathed with laurel, and on all high days and holidays she is dressed with



The Victory.

flags. The memory of Nelson is kept always bright and green at Portsmouth; Nelson's column upon Portsdown Hill is a prominent landmark for all ships approaching the haven from the Channel. This pillar was erected in 1805 by those who fought under his orders at Trafalgar, "to perpetuate his triumph and their respect." Nothing succeeds like success. If Nelson is worthily entitled to all honour, something more than pity is due to another naval commander whose crime was failure, and who was basely sacrificed to popular clamour. Portsmouth was the scene of the trial and execution of Admiral Byng in 1757. The court-martial sat on board H.M.S. *Monarque*: the charge upon which the accused was convicted was of not doing his utmost in saving Minorca when it was

lost to the English power. Although unanimously recommended to mercy, the luckless Byng was left to his fate, and shot on board the same ship, the *Monarque*, an ineffaceable disgrace to the Government of the hour. It was of this discreditable affair that Voltaire wrote in *Candide* that in a certain country it was considered wise to kill an admiral from time to time "*pour encourager les autres*."

The Great Dockyard, opposite which the *Victory* lies moored, is one of the finest and most extensive in the kingdom. In it all the operations of ship-building can be carried out from first to last. From thence have been launched most of the triumphs of naval architecture, from the high pooped three-deckers of the last century to the unpicturesque iron

structures, the *Devastations*, *Invincibles*, and *Monarchs* of modern times. There are mast-houses, rope-houses, wood-mills, and all the costly and ingenious mechanical contrivances of the most scientific inventors, including the Nasmyth hammer and the block apparatus of Brunel. Large as was the Dockyard previous to 1864, it was deemed quite inadequate to the calls upon it, and a scheme of extension was planned and carried out to double the acreage, add numerous dry docks, and form large floating basins, all capable of accommodating war-ships of the greatest tonnage. These basins are termed respectively the tidal, fitting, rigging, and repairing basins, all communicating with each other by means of locks and caissons, wide entrances through which anything afloat can easily pass. Giant sheers, enormous cranes, and all manner of machinery to facilitate the various operations of the shipwright and fitter stand at intervals upon the margin of the basins and docks. The work is carried so far that a forest of masts and chimneys and iron-clad turrets shows that it is now approaching completion. This extension of Portsmouth Dockyard is a great undertaking well worth the money expended on it, which amounts to several millions, and the work is the more interesting from the fact that convict labour has been largely employed throughout. There is a satisfaction in knowing that those who prey upon society have in a measure made restitution by the not too-willing service of their hands. A later generation will probably do justice to a penal system which has helped to erect such national monuments as Portland Breakwater, the Verne Fortifications, and the Dockyard Extensions of Chatham and Portsmouth.

The vital importance of Portsmouth as a military and naval *point d'appui*, together with the inestimable value of its well-filled storehouses and magazines, replete with every variety of munition of war, marks the obvious necessity for protecting it from an enemy's attack. It is, in effect, the strongest place of arms in the kingdom; something more, indeed, than a fortress, for its fortifications are on the widest scale, and cover many miles outside and beyond the town. A line of forts protects the sea front, all armed with heavy guns, all communicating with those on the landward, and so forming a complete chain of defences. Upon the land side the range of heights known as Portsdown Hill has been adopted into the general line. This is, perhaps, the strongest part, being intended to make head against an enemy who, having got successfully on shore elsewhere, was endeavouring to turn the seaward defences, and having established himself on these ridges, found himself well situated to reduce the town. The works on Portsdown consist of a series of closed bastions, each strong and self-contained, but all mutually interdependent, so that no one fort can be attacked without engaging at least two others. The forts are comparatively small, but "their profile is formidable," says an eminent engineer, "and calculated to enable them to make an obstinate resistance." The leading idea of their construction was to obtain a long line of defence with a minimum number of defenders. It has been thought that in

the event of invasion the field armies can only be kept up to a proper strength by reducing all garrisons to their lowest terms. The defence of Portsmouth and other strong places would have to be confided to volunteers and pensioners, and not too many of them. Hence science has been called in to compensate for numbers, and the horseshoe-shaped forts on Portsdown, with their wide, deep ditches, Haxo-casemates, and caponnière defence, may be held up as a model of military engineering skill.

But the garrison of Portsmouth is, and always must be, large even in time of peace. Soldiers of all arms, except cavalry, are as plentiful as sailors in its streets. It is the head-quarters of the southern district, a lieutenant-general's command, and is held usually by an officer of good means and social rank. The allowances of a general officer on the staff are not too liberal, and the duties of hospitality, which are almost incumbent upon the military commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, must make inroads upon the longest purse. Hence the honour is not too eagerly coveted, and the appointment is generally held by a peer, or, if there is one available, by a royal prince. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar is at present in command, and rumour, not without foundation, has already named the Duke of Connaught as his successor. The chief rank in Portsmouth, however, is held by the naval commander-in-chief, and the place in consequence narrowly escapes the predicament of Brentford, which was weighted with two kings. The *entente cordiale* is happily so strong between the sister services that the relations between army and navy are always harmonious in Portsmouth.

Except for its garrison chapel, which is part of the ancient Hospital of St. Nicholas, or "God's House," founded by Peter de Rupibus in the reign of Henry III., Portsmouth owns few antiquities. For these we must go farther afield to Porchester, which lies in a secure creek at the top of the harbour, and which is really the predecessor and first "port" of these parts. Porchester was a stronghold under the Romans—the "Portus Magnus" probably of their time, a secure haven for ancient galleys, and a point in the network of the Roman defences and communications in Britain. A Norman castle was built within the area of the old Roman walls, and figured largely in mediæval history—the starting-point of kings bound for France, the prison-house for captives of high rank, and, later still, as a gaol for ordinary prisoners of war. The castle is in fair preservation, and is full of interest to archæologist and antiquarian. To the public of Portsmouth it is more popular as a resort for picnics and parties of pleasure. Hither come holiday-making crowds to disport themselves and play games in the tea-gardens, under the shadow of the old church tower. This church, which dates from the early years of the twelfth century, when it belonged to the Augustinian priory on this site, was restored a few years back, and exhibits some well-preserved portions of Norman architecture. The illustration of this and the other subjects have been engraved from drawings by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, the well-known marine artist.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

ITALIAN MEDALS.



ARTISTICALLY speaking, the interest in Italian medals which has lately sprung up is by no means strange, considering the beauty of these products of the Renaissance. But what is strange is the sudden rise of this interest, and its extension from a few connoisseurs to a large proportion of that public which is attracted by artistic studies. This latter fact has been registered by a very sufficient barometer of public taste, namely, the prices which Italian medals have fetched at recent sales. Mr. J. C. Robinson, in a letter to the *Times* "On Italian Fifteenth-Century Medallions," quotes some figures which are highly instructive on this head, and which show their extraordinary rise in value during the last few years. One of the most important sales which, until lately, took place in England was that of the late Dr. Wellesley, the Master of New College, Oxford. This occurred some fifteen years ago. The medals were sold in lots of three or four, and the lots realised from a few shillings to three or four pounds. In 1880 was witnessed the sale of another celebrated collection, that of M. His de Lassalle. There, individual pieces sold for from 100 to 150 gs. At the Wellesley sale a beautiful medal by Sperandio was knocked down to the South Kensington Museum for 30s. In the His de Lassalle sale a similar specimen fetched 101 gs. Nor is this all. The prices realised by the medals of M. His de Lassalle were far exceeded by those given for the medals of Mr. Bale; whose collection was sold last summer. One of these pieces fetched 355 gs.; and this not because Mr. Bale's medals were finer than those of M. His de Lassalle, but because the wish to acquire Italian medals had grown to this extent in the course of a twelvemonth.

Nevertheless, though the interest in Italian medals is high, and evidently shown to be increasing, the sources of information upon this subject are not numerous. So far as we know, no book had ever been written upon them in English before the appearance of a handbook to the collection of the British Museum by Mr. C. F. Keary, which was printed in the course of last year. Even abroad nothing of importance had for a long interval been published on the subject until 1879, when M. Armand, of Paris, issued his "*Médailleurs Italiens*." It was almost simultaneously with the appearance of this work that the authorities of the British Museum first opened their collection of Italian medals for exhibition. At the same time, too, began to appear in a German official publication, the "*Jahrbuch der Königlich-preussische Kunstsammlung*," a series of papers by Dr. Julius Friedländer, which, when the series is completed, will form the finest work yet written upon the subject.

These three books constitute at present the *locus classicus* of the subject. Each has a special method of treatment, so that they supplement one another. M. Armand gives admirable lists of the medallists and of their known productions, but he enters into no details of criticism or biography. Dr. Friedländer has, with German thoroughness, searched out and laid before his readers every detail which throws light upon the history of the medallists. Mr. Keary prefaces his book with a short essay on the Medallistic Art of Italy, and

accompanies his biographical notices of the medallists with a running commentary of criticism upon their individual styles.

Few persons probably know how short and fragmentary has been the life of the medal in the world. To most, medals seem much the same thing as coins; wherever there was money they would imagine there must have been medals; and as they suppose the origin of coinage to lie in an antiquity almost infinitely remote, so, too, they think must medals have existed almost through all time. We might pause to tell such persons that coins themselves are comparatively modern inventions, and that though in our version of the Bible Joseph is described as being sold for "twenty pieces of silver," the word *pieces* is not in the original; and although Solomon is said to have purchased with gold and silver precious things for the building of his Temple, yet neither in the days of Joseph nor of Solomon was coined money known in the world. The precious metals were sold by weight, or possibly in bars; but coined money, in the strict sense of the word, was yet uninvented. Yet money existed for many hundred years before men ever thought of making medals. The latter were unknown to the ancient Greeks or to the Romans of the Republic, and only came into use in the early days of the Empire; that is to say, about the beginning of the present era. This is not a very remote origin to find for what we once believed in as "existing through all time." But more than this. The use of medals again disappeared with the fall of the Western Empire, and with the invasions of the Goths and Vandals in the fifth and sixth centuries. For all the millennium during which the dark ages lasted the art of medal making was again lost sight of. It arose once more with the dawn of the Renaissance.

It would seem that Petrarch, who did so much to call forth the dormant taste of the Italians upon all matters of culture, was influential in the revival of the art of medal making. He was an eager collector of Roman coins, and it was undoubtedly through the study of these relics of antiquity that the art of medal making again sprang up. We know that the first medals ever struck in Italy were made at Padua for Francis, the reigning prince of the house of Carrara, with whom Petrarch lived upon terms of special intimacy, and at whose court he died. The earliest known Italian medal dates from about twenty years after the death of Petrarch. The occasion of its striking was not an auspicious one for the unfortunate Princes of Padua. Their little state had long been threatened by its two powerful neighbours, Venice and Milan. In 1390 the reigning Prince of Carrara, called Francesco Vecchio, was taken prisoner by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan. The son and namesake of this Francis then assumed the title of Lord of Padua, and continued the struggle for a few years. But he in his turn was driven from his throne, and with him the old line of the Lords of Padua came to an end. The medal we speak of seems to have been struck just after the capture of Francesco *il Vecchio* and the assumption of the government by Francesco *Novello*. It bears upon one side the bust of the father, on the other the bust of the son; each has the title "Lord of Padua."*

* The medal is engraved in Litta's "*Famiglie Celebri d'Italia*," s. v. Carrara di Padova.

This piece stands by itself. The regular series of Italian Renaissance medals does not begin until some forty years after this date. About 1430 the medallic art suddenly burst forth in full perfection in the hands of Vittore Pisano, or Pisanello, as he is sometimes called. This person presents, in some respects, a unique figure in the history of Art. He may fairly be called the introducer of the art of the medallist into Italy. For a single tentative like that above referred to at the court of Padua does not constitute the real introduction of an art. But not only this: Pisano was likewise the greatest master of the skill which he founded. Nothing in this particular branch of Art can fairly hold comparison with the work of Pisano. Greek Art is of course left out of the question, because the Greeks did not make medals. No Roman medallion can compare with the best medallions of the Renaissance; and no artificer who followed Pisano attained in any wide sense to such excellence as his. An individual example here and there may be as good as any piece by Pisanello, but no medallist has produced a series of medallions comparable to his.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that Pisano should have attracted considerable notice among his contemporaries, and that though he was likewise a painter of no mean excellence, it should be upon his production of medals that his fame chiefly rests. There is at the British Museum a fine representative series of Pisano's works. In looking at these pieces we are at once struck by the power which they display. In actual measurement, the faces or busts portrayed upon the medals are of course smaller than portraits represented in the other arts, either by painting or by sculpture; but in vigour of handling the medals may bear comparison with any other form of relief of the same age. The boldness and power of the portraiture is generally the characteristic of all the early Italian medals; and this is evidently a kind of merit which we have most right to expect in works of this class. Medals were made essentially for the sake of affording a form of portraiture which was at once portable and easily multiplied, for when once the moulds had been made numerous pieces could be cast from them. In fact, it is well known that the great lords and princes of Italy used these medals much as we now use photographs, in presenting them to their friends. Therefore to succeed in portraiture was to succeed in the most essential particular; to fail in portraiture was to fail in the very object of the work. Now it so happens that the Italian medals of the earliest epoch—those of the fifteenth century—are successful in this all-important matter, but the medals of the succeeding age are far less so. At the same time the artists of these later medals—the medals of the sixteenth century—are often found to have expended most of their skill in details which were less essential to the end which they had in view, as, for instance, on the designs which decorated the *reverse* sides of their medals. Mr. Keary says:—

"The fifteenth-century medals are, as a rule, much larger in actual size than those of the sixteenth century. They are also larger in style of treatment. They are far more sculptural than the later medals, and seem, indeed, to hold the right mean between painting and sculpture which belongs to work in relief, and on this account they are the most notable for the portraits which they display upon the obverse. The sixteenth-century medals, on the other hand, often show reverses of great beauty, but these are evidently far too much under the influence of the contemporary school of painting.

The elaborate perspective attempted is quite out of place in an art of this kind."

This would be enough to show the superiority of the fifteenth-century medals over the productions of the same kind in the succeeding age.

To return to Vittore Pisano. The British Museum collection exhibits fifteen medals from his hand. The actual number of medals which he is known to have made is rather more than double this number.* We cannot desire better examples of success in portraiture than are shown by most of the medals of Pisano. Some of the persons whom he has portrayed are historical characters of no mean interest, and this gives an additional zest to our pleasure in looking at his medals. Among them we note the bust of Alfonso the Magnanimous, the chivalrous King of Aragon and Naples. And close behind him a man of a very different stamp, but not less typical of the age in which he lived. This is the *condottiere* Sigismondo Pandolfo di Rimini, a man of such noted strength and ferocity that he is said upon one occasion to have seized an offending domestic and held him upon the fire of his hall until the wretched man was burnt alive; yet this scarcely human wretch was noted for his love of antiquity and his patronage of Art; he was one who would pass hours in his tent, on the eve of an engagement, over a Greek or Latin author. Sigismondo's appreciation of the medallic art is shown by the number of portraits of him which have come down to our times.

Besides these two, we have in the Museum collection the bust of the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, John Paleologus. He came to Italy in 1438, to solicit the aid of the Pope, and through him of the Western powers; against the Turks, who were momentarily threatening to engulf Constantinople and the whole Eastern Empire. John Paleologus was at Ferrara in 1438, and it was probably during his visit to that city that Pisano took his portrait for a medal. In the following year Paleologus attended the Council of Florence, and there he acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. It is to be feared that he lost more support at home than he gained abroad by this act of complaisance to the Western Church. Constantinople, it is well known, fell fourteen years afterwards, and the European powers scarcely moved a hand to stay its destruction.

Pisanello seems to have lived some time at the court of Ferrara. He made several portraits of the lord of that city, Leonello, Marquis of Este. He visited likewise Mantua and Milan, and took the portraits of more than one among the Gonzaghi, the Lords of Mantua, as well as those of Filippo Maria, the last Duke of Milan of the line of Visconti, and of his son-in-law and successor, Francesco Sforza. Unfortunately neither of these last two medals is in the Museum collection.

Pisano was, we have said, a painter as well as a medallist, and was in the course of his life employed upon some considerable works in fresco. One of these was in the Ducal Palace at Venice; another was in the church of San Giovanni Laterano at Rome. This last was the history of St. John the Baptist, and having been begun by Gentile da Fabriano, was completed by Pisanello. Unluckily, like many more valuable works, both these frescoes have utterly disappeared. People in those days better understood the art of painting

* Friedländer mentions thirty-one as known to be by Pisano. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Italian medals exhibited in the British Museum form the whole of the national collection of these works of Art. The guide to the collection says that the medals exhibited "have been selected from the collection in the British Museum."

than of preserving their paintings when made. And in the case of the fresco in the Lateran church the artist had the disappointment of himself seeing it in course of destruction from the humidity of the walls. Vasari mentions one or more easel pictures by Pisano. One is a St. Eustace, who is represented in the act of caressing a dog which has his feet against the legs of the saint, and at the same time turns his head as though he heard some noise, "and this with so much life that a living dog could not do it better." There were two St. Georges, one in the act of returning his sword into his sheath, having just slain the dragon; and another mounting his horse. There was further an Annunciation in the church of San Fermo Maggiore, Verona. All these pictures were, in Vasari's time, at Verona, which was Pisano's native city.

The paintings by this artist are now very rare. All the more interesting is it that we have one by him in the National Gallery, and all the admirers of Pisano the medallist ought certainly to go and see it. The picture is a small one, eighteen inches in height by eleven to twelve in width, and is painted upon wood and in tempera. It represents the meeting of St. Anthony and St. George. The colouring of the faces is of peculiar beauty, as is the painting of the silver-white armour of St. George. The head of this saint is without a helmet, and is shaded by a broad-brimmed Tuscan hat, beneath the shadow cast by which the rich flesh tints glow in a manner not unworthy of Van Eyck. It is certain that Pisano was, in his own day, held in very high esteem as a painter.

He took a peculiar delight in animals, and generally introduced one or more into his pictures or on his medals. In the picture mentioned we have beside the dead dragon, the hog of St. Anthony, which lies at his feet; and to the left of the painting two horses' heads appear. The same kind of thing recurs in the medals. In the Museum collection we remark a young man upon the back of a boar which is being pursued by two hounds, an eagle surrounded by other birds of prey, a car drawn by four horses, two and two, and horsemen in various attitudes, as forming the reverse designs of Pisano's medals.

It would seem as if Pisano's contemporaries thought that he was the beginning and the ending of Italian medallist art, for he is almost the only one among the medallists of that century of whose life we know much. Of some of the medallists we know the names only from seeing them upon their productions, yet these productions are very often perfect gems of Art. The fact that workers of such excellent faculty should have been left unrecorded by the biographers of the time shows, as Dr. Friedländer well remarks, the extraordinary wealth in Art production of those ages. One of the unchronicled medallists who was a contemporary of Pisano was he who on his works signs himself Sperandio or Sperandeuus. As we know nothing of his life, we cannot say whether he followed any other occupation besides that of worker in metal, but his productions in this kind are very numerous. Indeed, both for the merit and the quantity of his works, he may fairly be placed next to Pisano. The Museum exhibition displays six medals by him. They are of the following persons:—Giuliano della Rovere, the Cardinal San Pietro in Vincoli, who is better known by his subsequent title, Pope Julius II.; Giuliano's brother, Bartolommeo, Bishop of Ferrara; Federigo del Montefeltro, the celebrated *condottiere*, and the munificent patron of scholars; Francesco di Gonzaga, Bishop of Milan; a certain Alessandro Tartagni, a jurist; and Bartolommeo Pendaglia, a citizen of Ferrara.

Sperandio was a native of Mantua, and, as we may judge from his medals, was employed by the princes of the north of Italy and of Romagna. The date of his productiveness is a little later than that of Pisano, for while the medals of the latter appeared between 1439 and 1449, there is none which can be ascribed to Sperandio of an earlier date than 1460.* Some are as late as 1495. Sperandio may, therefore, fairly be reckoned in the school of Pisano, seeing that one was from Mantua, and the other from the neighbouring city of Verona.

One who was more immediately a pupil of Pisano was Matteo de' Pasti, or di Pastis, who was born in Verona, and whose earliest medals date a few years before the latest works of Pisano. Sometimes he closely resembles his master in style, but it may be said generally that his best works are only comparable to Pisano's worst. Pasti has scarcely the vigour of Sperandio, but sometimes he catches a likeness with wonderful felicity and delicacy of touch; witness the medal of Isotta di Rimini, wife of Sigismondo Pandolfo, before spoken of. Neither Sperandio nor Pasti attains to the excellence in portraiture of the great master of both. They fall still further behind him in the designs which they make for the reverse sides of their medals. These are almost always poor. As has been said, the majority of medallists of the fifteenth century devote their attention almost exclusively to the obverses, which bear the head or bust of the person represented. The execution of the other side is a secondary matter with them; so secondary, indeed, that they rarely display much skill therein. But, as has also been said, Pisano is a notable exception to this last rule, for while with him the portrait is rightly the first consideration, the reverse design is generally also excellent.

Medallic art in Italy began, as we have seen, north and east of the Apennines, and for a very long time the cities of Lombardy and Romagna had the chief production of medals in their hands. Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Mantua, Milan, Verona, Brescia, Venice, could all claim one or two masters in this department of Art during the fifteenth century. Among these we notice the names of Amadeus Mediolinus—that is to say, Amadeo of Milan; Antonio Marescotto, of Ferrara; Jacobo Lixignolo and Baldassar Estensis (D'Esti, perhaps a natural son of some member of that princely house), both also of Ferrara; Fra Antonio of Brescia, and many more.

The art was not long in crossing the Apennines and in making its appearance at the home and the cradle of the highest artistic production, Florence. We believe that a certain "Nicholaus" was the first Florentine medallist; but, as there seem to have been two workers who bore this name, it is not very easy to distinguish their productions. Mr. Keary publishes a medal of Nicolo Fiorentino representing Alfonso d'Este, afterwards Duke of Ferrara and Modena, as a young man; and in his notice of Nicolo Fiorentino he speaks of him as being among the earliest Florentine medallists. The question, however, arises whether this Nicolo is the same as he who first made medals in Florence. The medal of Alfonso d'Este is dated 1489. But it seems certain that the elder Nicolo Fiorentino made medals as early as 1440, or at any rate before 1444. It is hardly likely he could have had a period of activity lasting for half a century. We incline to distinguish,

* Dr. Nagler, in his Dictionary of Artists, gives the date of Sperandio's first medals as 1447. Friedländer's estimate is 1460, which is probably the most accurate.

as Dr. Friedländer does, two Nicolos of Florence, a Nicolo the elder and a Nicolo the younger, and to suppose that the medal of Alfonso was made by the second. However that may be, the piece itself, though not in the best possible condition, is of admirable execution. It has, moreover, an historical interest for us, as presenting while a young man that Duke of Ferrara who became the husband of Lucrezia Borgia, and who was much involved in the wars stirred up in Italy by Pope Julius II.

Among Florentine medallists we have to note the eminent sculptor Antonio del Pollajuolo, of whom the British Museum possesses two pieces. Each is a small-sized medal: one has on the obverse the head of Filippo de' Medici, the titular Archbishop of Pisa, and on the reverse the Last Judgment (not Michel Angelo's Last Judgment, which was not begun at the time this medal was made). Though the figures in this scene are very small, they are modelled with great beauty. This titular Archbishop Philip has some historical interest, for it was owing to the disputes with the Medici concerning his appointment that Pope Sixtus IV. espoused the cause of the Pazzi conspirators, and approved their murderous attack on Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici. The other medal of Pollajuolo commemorates this very conspiracy. On one side it represents the attack upon Lorenzo and his escape; on the other the attack upon and murder of Lorenzo's brother, Giuliano.

It has been already said that, as a rule, the medallists of the fifteenth century were not known in other branches of Art. Pollajuolo is one exception; another is Gentile Bellini, the Venetian painter. Dr. Friedländer publishes one medal which came from his hand, which is unfortunately not represented in the Museum series. It is a medal of Mohammed II., the Ottoman Emperor. The (apocryphal?) story is well known of Bellini being invited to the court of this potentate, of the complaisance with which Mohammed, in order to give the painter the opportunity of studying a man just

dead, ordered one of his slaves to be beheaded in Bellini's presence, and of the horror of the painter and his speedy return to Venice.

Some of the medallists of the succeeding age, the sixteenth century, are better known to fame than are their predecessors of the earlier epoch. We count the names of Francesco Francia, of Benvenuto Cellini and Sangello, and of such lesser lights as Leone Leoni and Giacomo Trezzo. Nevertheless the medals of the fifteenth century are, as a class, so much more interesting than those of the sixteenth century, so much the most prized and most sought after, that we have thought it well to confine our remarks altogether to this class. The whole history of Italian medallist art could hardly be treated of in a single article, and in speaking even of the class to which we have limited ourselves, we have been compelled to leave unsaid much that we should like to have added. We may, perhaps, on a future occasion be able to say something concerning the Italian medals of the sixteenth century.

The productions of the best period of Italian medallist art are always cast medals, not struck ones. The way in which the artist proceeded was to make a model in wax, and then embed it in fine moulding sand. The sand was hardened by some sort of lye, the wax was melted out, and the metal was poured in. The medals are of a considerable size, some being as much as four and a half inches in diameter. In contemporary portraits of this epoch we often see men represented as wearing such large medallions in their hats, and this shows us one use to which these pieces were put. When made for this purpose of personal ornament, the medals were frequently of gold or silver. Specimens in either of the precious metals are now (naturally) very scarce; the medals are usually in bronze, but not unfrequently in lead. Some of the finest specimens in the Museum collection are in this latter metal. Nevertheless, on account of the great perishableness of this substance, lead medals are in much less demand at public sales than specimens in bronze.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WEAL AND WOE.—Engraved by Thomas Brown, from the painting by C. Gregory. The vicissitudes of human life, with all their intense and dramatic realism, are finely typified in this very able picture. The little child starting on her first voyage, with the emblem of hope and promise in her dimpled hand, has a fine antithesis in the aged labourer, worn with toil and the long burden of his many years, who will in so short a time take the last journey of all. The pretty young mother and her babes well express happiness and content, as they look with bright-eyed hope across the placid river to the paths beyond. The mother, happy in the possession of her treasures, has a touch of sympathetic tenderness in her face, as not unconscious of the stricken one near her, who, like Rachel mourning for her children, will not be comforted. There is a fine touch of character in the stalwart boatman, whose youth and strength contrast so effectively with age and feebleness. In this work the artist has manifested with no uncertain hand his inventive faculty. The position of the boat enables him to bring his figures into excellent arrangement; the landscape is happily rendered,

and the massing of the trees most successfully aids the general balance of the picture. We are indebted to the Corporation of Liverpool for permission to engrave a work which is eminently characteristic of a skilful artist.

'THE END OF THE "FORTY-FIVE" REBELLION.'—Drawn and etched by W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A. The pathetic incidents of this picture are well sustained, and there is throughout it a picturesqueness of effect which is very marked. The stately figure of the shackled chieftain, who, with a sorely wounded youth on crutches at his side, leads the sad procession of Jacobite prisoners, the animation of the soldier in the foreground stooping over a dying Highlander, the alert officer on horseback, the mourning women outside their humble cottages, all combine to complete the story of a disastrous period of Scottish history, which speaks so pathetically from Mr. Hole's design.

'PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR,' from a painting by C. Napier Hemy, is fully described in our article on this subject.



PAINTED BY C. GREGORY.

ENGRAVED BY THOMAS BROWN.

WEAL AND WOE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION.



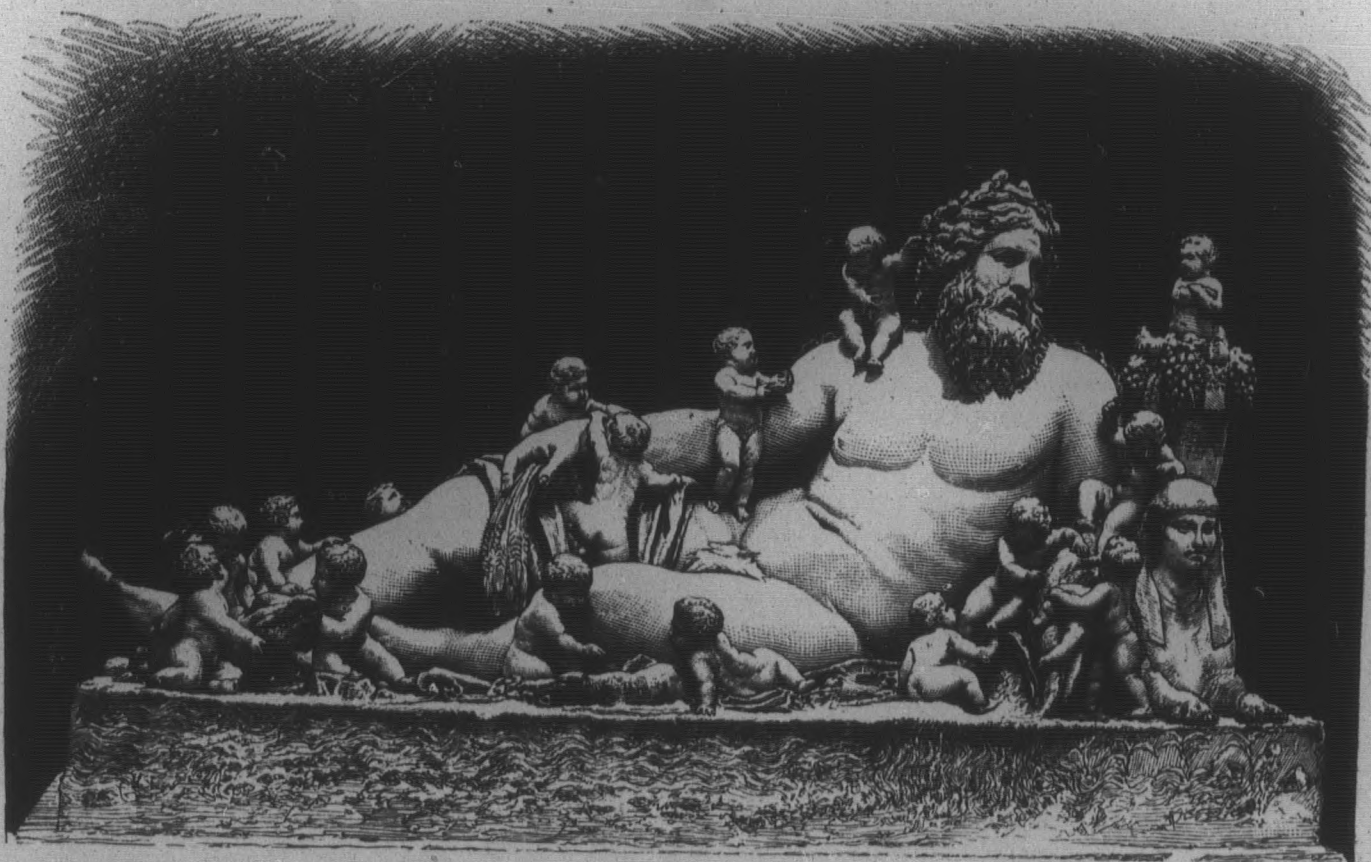
CHILDHOOD AND ART.



ARDLY a happier subject or a pleasanter task could be found than a consideration of the treatment which childhood and early youth have received at the hands of artists. It is not our purpose to attempt a task so ambitious as a complete survey of the representative arts, or to trace the descent of particular types by which schools or periods may be distinguished from master to pupil. To enter on so large a field we should have to provide an apparatus of engraved illustrations, and some facility for referring our readers from one gallery to another. Then, too, in such a subject-matter, experience does not always lead all minds to the

same results. Our present object is the modest one of inviting attention to a feature of great, and sometimes extraordinary, beauty in painting and sculpture. Such an inquiry, nevertheless, must necessarily range over considerable periods of the history of Art, and implies some comparison between the works of one age and one country and those of another.

There is one gift to men, that faculty of reproducing the works of nature by the help of the mind, and in a certain and true sense of *generating new beauties*, for which outward nature does no more than furnish hints and sketches. This gift, the same in kind from the days of the Egyptians to our own, has always been uncertain and partial in its distribution. As, too, it has been variously and most unequally bestowed upon mankind, so it varies indefinitely in its creations. One



The Nile, from the Vatican.

kind of subject has been its object at one period, and a different kind at another. Man, however, his history, his fortunes, his joys, trials, hopes, and fears, are the subjects of all others on which mankind has concentrated its interest. As man is dispersed over so many nations, and races and

families have grown to the possession of distinct lines of descent, codes of laws, and manners, so they have come to vary in make and countenance. We recognise in Babylonians, Jews, and Egyptians distinct types of feature—types recognisable in ancient sculptures and paintings, and trace-

able in their descendants to this day. And if we are to compare the children we see in works of Art, there will be found marked differences between Greek and Roman, Italian



Bas-relief in the Organ Gallery of the Cathedral at Florence.

and Flemish. These differences in sculpture and painting are often striking. The ideas, also, which have prevailed regarding religion have powerfully affected the way in which artists have looked at childhood, for religion has been the great inspiring influence of Art, not in the Europe of Christian times alone, but in Egypt, Babylon, India, Greece, and Rome. Artists of old times felt deeply and worked earnestly, because they worked in the cause of their religion. Nor has the truth or falsehood of their religious beliefs or sentiments prevented this spirit of devotion. But when the objects of devotion are true, and the thoughts inspired by those objects pure and holy, it is probable that artists would imagine and express beauties which would hardly be looked for when men's thoughts were less sacred and refined. This will lead us to a comparison between ancient and modern Art in respect of our special subject.

Before going further, however, it may be worth while to ask why childhood, of which feebleness, ignorance, want of reasoning powers and of judgment are such obvious attributes, should deserve our interest, and, indeed, in what the special attractions of this early stage of life may consist? The body does not reach its perfection, nor the mind maturity of any kind, till long after childhood and youth are past. If we were to measure children by such standards only, they would merely be thought of as burdens for which we are responsible, or as playthings fit for the hours of recreation. To the artist they would have only a minor interest, as necessary details in making compositions of history or of family portraiture. Childhood, however, has not only the fresh and charming beauty which belongs to the young of all creatures, but it has the mind and the will then, and then only, pure and untried, ready to take

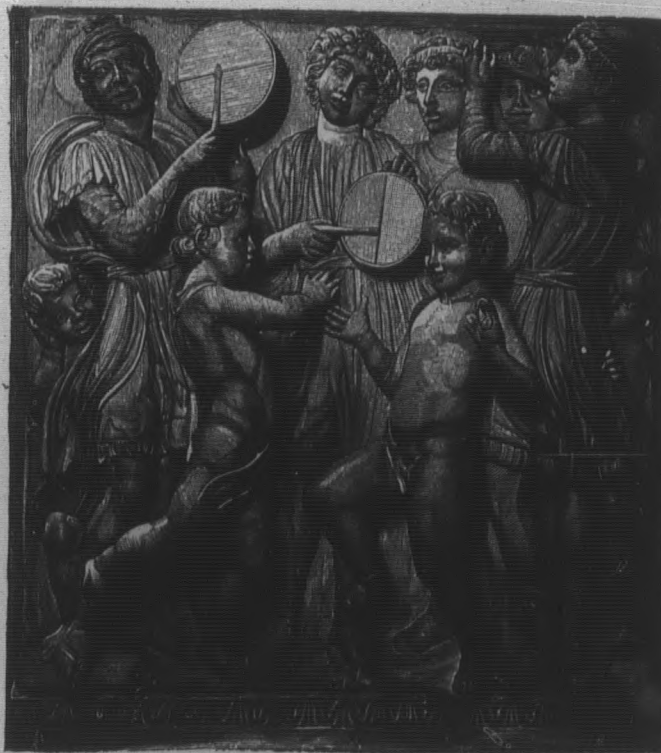
the shape, or bend to the direction, that shall be given it. We cannot tell of any child what its future possibilities may be. We may see an Alexander or an Aristotle, a Nero or an Attila, a Dante or an Ignatius, a Winifred, a Clare, or a Teresa, in the tiny creature that crawls about its mother's knees. It may be bent, moulded, and trained in this direction or that. What should we think if we could see as children persons who have lived to fill such places in the course of history as those of heroes, tyrants, or saints?

Then the child is what none of us can dare to call ourselves, in all personal respects an innocent creature, and without conscious perversion of the will. It comes from the font a fit companion for the hosts of heaven: That it can, and that it ought to advance to a perfection far higher in after-life is certain.

The possibilities, then, of the future are one of those broad characteristics which the artist may read or dream of in the bright unclouded looks of childhood. He will do so, and will give expression to his meaning in accordance with the depth of his own imagination. And as these mysterious lights and shades, these pure unsullied splendours which innocence and ignorance of sorrow shed on the young, are moral rather than merely material perfections, they will be seen only by artists of refined taste and great accomplishment.

So far, then, on the subject generally. We may proceed now to consider how artists of various times and nations have treated it. Oriental Art, old and contemporary, interesting in so many ways, we shall leave aside as but indirectly concerned with our inquiry. We divide those epochs during which the arts have reigned in their power and beauty into ancient and modern; and the modern period into that of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Except for a limited time the traditions of antiquity have



Bas-relief from the Organ Gallery of the Cathedral at Florence.

never ceased to animate our European Art. How, then, did the ancients treat our present subject? We know from

their poetry, architecture, and sculpture how deeply the Greeks were imbued with religious sentiment. They peopled their beautiful land with gods and goddesses, inhabitants and guardians of land and sea, of rocks, streams, woods, grottoes, and springs of water. They imagined a sort of earthly paradise reserved for the repose of the more important of these personages. They fully believed in the personal interference of such divinities in the concerns of men, in their taking the parts of their special clients in the trials and struggles of the general course of human life. But then these beings were subject to human passions, love and desire, hatred and revenge. Childhood could therefore

have but a small place in the religious sentiments of the ancients.

Passing, therefore, to Roman Art, we are at once confronted in one of its earliest examples. The first engraving in this paper represents a group of sculpture well known to visitors of the Vatican, from Messrs. Cassell's volume on Egypt. A bearded god reclining on a sedgy bank is holding the source of the river Nile. Sixteen tiny boys are climbing and playing gracefully round this noble impersonation of a stream as familiar to the ancient Romans as to ourselves, its actual source excepted. Egypt was the granary of the imperial city, and the rising Nile was watched by farmers and specu-



The Princess Christina, Prince John, and Princess Dorothy, Children of Christian II. of Denmark, from the Picture by Mabuse at Hampton Court.

lators with far wider interest than now. Sixteen cubits was the standard measure of a sufficient rise of the water, and these sixteen cubits are typified by the chubby boys of the composition. Here these children figure as types of natural fecundity; their gambols are emblematic of happy homes, flourishing families, overflowing with life, joviality, and abundance.

Another and a more interesting representation of childhood amongst the Romans was that of *genii*. The *genius* was a spirit, good or bad, one of each kind having a sort of tutelary right over every one from his birth. Sometimes these spirits were spoken of as abstract notions—the spirit of fun or of mischief, the *genius loci*—influence of a particular scene or spot—and so on. They were represented by winged boys, often of much beauty. Not only were there

the *genius* of Cæsar, Brutus, or Antony, but of gods and deified heroes—of Mars, Venus, Hercules. They are sculptured on altars, on the bases of lamp-stands, and other spaces. They are flying, and are often graceful and beautiful pieces of sculpture. The *genius* of Mars carries the shield and sword, cloak and helmet, of that divinity, flying away with them as the soldier's child might carry off those of a father released from military service. We meet with painted decorations at Pompeii in which are pictures of these beautiful creatures driving the harnessed doves of Venus through the air, or dolphins along the surface of the sea, or handling the reins of creeping snails—playful and graceful compositions. The games of the circus, so important an element of Roman life, as fruitful occasions of strife and speculation as modern race-

meetings, had their *genii* as well. Sculptures are still extant in which fairy chariots and horses are driven by these winged spirits, sometimes on sarcophagus fronts in which persons engaged in the sports have been buried. That the superstitious did their best to secure the favour of such patrons for the horses or athletes on whom they staked we may be certain. In these compositions may be seen, as in miniature, all the interest of the games—struggles for the inner place round the turning-point of the *spina*, collisions, rearing horses, upsets and mishaps of all sorts. It was the spirit of humour and fun that ruled such spirited representations. A more interesting series of representations of *genii* will be found on sarcophagus fronts of the first three centuries, examples of which can be studied in the galleries of the Louvre, engraved in Clarac's "*Mélanges*." The busts of the deceased—sometimes of husband and wife—contained in a circular frame, are supported by two spirits in full flight. These particular compositions, when brought to the notice of artists of the fifteenth century, seem to have had a peculiar attraction for the painters and sculptors of the day, probably from their easy adaptation to Christian ideas.

There remains the infant god of love, Cupid, a beautiful boy, the son of Venus, armed with a bow and arrows; capricious, shooting barbed stings with blinded eyes, taking his pleasure in undoing the harmony of honest attachments—altogether a far from noble type of love.

Taking a general view of these traditions of antique Art with reference to children, they may be said to embody the perfection of health, fulness of limb, and childish gaiety. In these respects the children of classic Art have been chosen with a sort of enthusiasm as types and models of shape and proportion by modern masters—very generally, indeed, as conventional representations of childhood which have superseded actual studies from nature. Greek and Roman children must have been beautiful creatures—all that antique Art has handed down to us is of a robust and well-formed bodily type. Of that moral charm, the innocence, confidence, and purity belonging to the countenance of childhood in every age, we discern but few traces. Of what great painters and great sculptors—who could make colossal statues of gold and ivory, covering the borders of their dress, and the bars of their seats and footstools, with groups of figure subjects on many scales of size in relief—of what such men may have done when they have had to commemorate some touching history of the young, we can say nothing. If ancient society was corrupt in morals; if the mind of it was warped by false ideas of philosophy and religion, this condition of things had its exceptions too. There were wise and noble minds among the aged, pure and innocent hearts among the young. Natural virtue, if not widely cultivated, was held in honour. Purity and innocence, in all ages, shed a sunshine over the soul and pour a special serenity over the face. That sculptors of the measure of Phidias and Polyclitus, painters of that of Apelles and Parrhasius, should have had no power of discerning such moral beauty and of representing it, is what we should not dare to maintain.

Art during what we call the Middle Ages was a new growth under altered skies, but from old roots. It was animated by a new poetic force, higher, purer, holier than that of old—a force which owed its power to religious beliefs, but of a more spiritual kind. The highest qualities of our modern Art are due to the poetry so inspired. Let us see how far it has done honour to childhood.

The engraving at the heading of this article is from the frieze of a chimney-piece in the Kensington Museum, by Donatello, a Florentine sculptor of the fifteenth century. The composition follows exactly those representations of *genii* on sarcophagus fronts to which allusion has been made. It is difficult in a reduced drawing to give anything like an adequate idea of the grace and elegance of the original. Not only has Donatello done full justice to the roundness and bodily grace of Italian children, but he has given to the faces, both of the two centre children engraved and those at the corners, that expression of seriousness, that mysterious solemnity, we so often notice on the countenance of infancy.

At the Museum also the reader may see twelve little angels in full relief, cast from the bronze of Donatello on the altar of St. Antonio of Padua. They are playing musical instruments to do honour to the saint. Two beautiful weeping angels in slight relief, sculptured on the ends of a marble shrine in the Museum, are also attributed to Donatello; and he may be studied in other marbles and casts in that collection. On a bas-relief (No. 5795) there are two lovely children, winged, with their hair blown about by the breeze. The joy they feel is expressed with the utmost refinement and delicacy.

Another series of compositions, casts from a singing gallery in Florence, represents groups of boys and maidens singing and dancing. Two of these, engraved in Yriarte's Florence, are here reproduced; they are by the Della Robbia family, sculptors, and also modellers in glazed earthenware, of which there are admirable examples in the Museum.

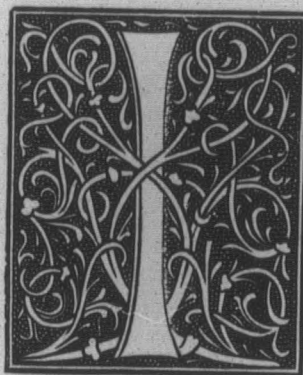
If we look at other compositions by the same authors representing the Saviour of the world and his Virgin mother, the tenderness, sweetness, and reverence with which the Child is treated are still more emphatic. This remark applies to a vast number of representations both in sculpture by Donatello, or by those of his school, and by painters of his time, e.g. Nos. 7473, 108, 78, 7624, in which five little angels surround the mother and Child, shielding them from the sun, and playing music before them.

We may conclude this part of the subject with a notice of some children painted by the Flemish artist, Jean de Mabuse, in the sixteenth century. He was admirably trained, and drew and painted with great perfection. This group of children is from a picture in the Holbein gallery in Hampton Court. The children are portraits, and were for a long time supposed to be those of the children of King Henry VII.* It will at once be noted that these children have the roundness, fulness, and grace of robust children sprung from a muscular race, but they want much of the special beauty, serenity, even grandeur, which are so widely expressed by Italians of the time on Italian children. The infant Saviour of Van Eyck, in his small picture in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, well shows this great difference in the beauty of the models; or, again, the lovely miniature by Roger van der Weyden, No. 697 of the same collection.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

* The engraving, by Vertue, from which our illustration is taken, executed in 1748, bears on it the inscription that they are "three children of Henry VII. and Elizabeth his Queen—Prince Arthur, Pr Henry, Ps Margaret." The original picture, too, at Hampton Court, still bears the title, "Children of Henry VII." But this theory was demolished, twenty years ago, by Mr. Scharf, who identified the work with the following picture entered in Henry VIII's catalogue: "Item, a table with the pictures of the three children of the Kyng of Denmarke with a curtayne of white and yellow Sarcenett paned together." This and other interesting facts concerning the picture will be found set out at length in Lord Ronald Gower's "Historic Galleries of England" (Part 21).

THE BRUSH, THE CHISEL, AND THE PEN.*



THE distinctions of the arts are as interesting as their connections, there is something more fascinating to the mind of the "outsider" in tracing the likenesses of storytelling and picture-painting, of sculpture and song. To the artist, on the other hand, the separations of the arts, the differences of their methods, and the strength which they gain by a strict limitation each to the capabilities of its own material or method of expression, are more important, more conducive to well-directed technical effort *within* those capabilities, and therefore to the dignity, precision, and concentration of artistic work. Art gains by faithful and restrained respect to its own methods, and this is true of the separate and distinct arts, and also of the several branches of one art; that is to say, painting and letters gain in power by studying, the former the impression, and the latter the thought; and the art of sculpture gains by a strict and modest adherence not only to the possibilities, but to the fine proprieties of its material,—bronze, or marble, or stone. It may be said, perhaps, that the connections of the arts are legitimately charming to the public, and their distinctions supremely important and significant to the artist. The non-technical lover of the arts is pleased with the romance of the harmony between them; nothing seems more possible or more desirable to him than a combination of powers in some Admirable Crichton of æsthetics who, full of that vague quality of "genius," would excel in those various works which demand not only various capabilities, but, in a measure, various training. The impressionary or perceptive arts on the one hand, and the thoughtful or meditative on the other—in other words, the intelligent and the intellectual—can, in fact, seldom be perfected by one man, because the intelligent and intellectual temperaments are generally peculiar, in their highest development, that is, to the different races. It may be said, generally (though of course the exceptions are numberless, and are indeed exemplified by the two eminent artists of whom we have to speak), that the Latin races are more distinctively intelligent, and the Teutonic more distinctively intellectual. Where a poet has done fine painter's work, or a sculptor has produced a poetical poem, such achievements must assuredly be the result of an unusual comprehensiveness not only of nature, but of preparation. Even in these rare cases, nevertheless, we may rather hope than fear that the one or the other force of the artistic faculty will prevail; that the sculptor's poetry will have a definiteness of form and show a love of distinct description rather than qualities more purely literary; also that the poet's pictures will contain more of meditation and less of the impression.

It is to be noted that both Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Woolner belonged in their youth to the pre-Raphaelite movement, and this fact justifies an opinion we have entertained, that the reform or revolution in modern English Art which bears that name was rather a literary than a pictorial movement, even

when the painting of pictures was in question. Inasmuch as it was the result of reading and scholarship rather than of that observation which belongs essentially to the vividly realised moment, it was undoubtedly literary, and the published sonnet in which the promoters opened the heart of their intentions dealt less with the projects of the pencil and the chisel than with those of the pen. This definite and explicit little poem, printed in the first number of the *Germ*, as a manifesto of the party, looks forward to the time when in any art

"—whoso merely hath a little thought,
Will plainly think the thought which is in him,—
Not imaging another's bright or dim."

Men more concerned with painting for painting's sake would, we conceive, have expressed their intentions somewhat otherwise, even in a literary magazine. The *Germ*, by the way, contained etchings which were strictly illustrative; they were not the purely impressionary pictures which are so widely appreciated in our day, but illustrations of incidents taken from the principal article of each month's number. It was in this periodical that Dante Rossetti first publicly appeared, and in its pages also was printed Mr. Woolner's poem, "My Beautiful Lady," republished some thirteen years after the demise of the *Germ*. This poem has taken its own place in pre-Raphaelite verse, being true to its school both in its simplicities and in that archaism which it would be harsh to call affectation, but which was at least a constant self-consciousness. That so much intensity of feeling (the word may now surely be allowed, even by the writers of pantomime libretti, to take its place again among sane substantives) should have generally lived within such a tensivity or strain of form and habit says much for the sincerity of the brotherhood; and passages of "My Beautiful Lady" are exquisitely sincere. It began upon the first printed page of the *Germ*, and was illustrated by an etching from the point of Holman Hunt; now that more than thirty years have passed, the illustrator remains as one of the only two "pre-Raphaelites" who have not evolved another manner and other methods of Art since those days of the movement, while the poet can only be claimed, we should imagine, as belonging to that movement by ties of principle which hardly appear, or at least require discovery and explanation; if we may borrow a word from Catholic theology, Mr. Woolner may be said to be a member of "the invisible Church." In his own art of sculpture he is charged with a denial of, rather than an insistence upon, realism; so in the poem with which, rather than with his earlier work, we have now to deal, there is an almost entire abandonment of what we may call, more suggestively perhaps than definitely, the pre-Raphaelite *attitude*. He has not altered his way so completely indeed as Mr. Millais and Mr. Watts in painting, and Mr. Coventry Patmore in poetry, have changed their own, but he has altered it nevertheless; and "Pygmalion" may be taken as a strong and independent poem, bound to no school. It has at once the fault and the charm of being, not technically merely, but in its subject and motive, a sculptor's poem. Assuredly there is no theme upon which the world would more gladly hear Mr. Woolner; the Pygmalion myth is his by every right. Cast into the form of a direct narrative, the work is neither enriched nor burdened with much of that feeling which used to be called "subjective;" it appeals

* "Ballads and Sonnets," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (Ellis and White).
"Pygmalion," by Thomas Woolner (Macmillan & Co.).

distinctively to the mental eye rather than to removed thought, and its chief beauties will be found in bits of word-painting and word-sculpture with which it abounds; while some of its most interesting passages are those in which the sculptor's special knowledge appears—little scenes of studio life, in fact, although the studio in question is sufficiently remote, and phrases of dialogue between Pygmalion and his amateur models. Mr. Woolner's hero is a youth of genius whose atelier is in rather dangerous proximity to the school of noble maidens whom his mother has in training: One of these, Ianthe, has the daily task of bringing the young sculptor the bread, wine, and fruit for his mid-day rest. Once as she watches him "working at Cytherea's smile," and holds the while the full cup which he is too absorbed to take, he turns, and is struck with a pose and a look of veneration which would do well for Hebe waiting before Zeus. She stands to him for that subject, bearing bravely those nameless and unnumbered pains which belong to her occupation, and which any other poet than Mr. Woolner might have forgotten to mention. He makes a good likeness, but the expression which had made a Hebe of the lovely and stately woman has never returned, and the general verdict of the girls (whose visit to the studio is prettily grouped) is that the statue is Ianthe indeed, but no Hebe. The sculptor seeks the altar of Aphrodite, whose constant adorer he has been, and receives promise of help. Meanwhile the suit of a friend for Ianthe's hand opens Pygmalion's eyes to the fact of his own passion for the damsel; she rejects his friend (who is consoled instantaneously and ecstatically by the proffer of another maiden), and in speaking to Pygmalion of his art, looks once more the Hebe before Zeus, and the sculptor recognises his goddess and falls at her feet. Man and maid, troth-plighted, stride away to the mother and her girls to proclaim the wonder that the statue lives at last. This is the fresh, fanciful, and graceful turn which Mr. Woolner has given to the well-worn old myth. The treatment, it will be seen from this, is decidedly human, and so is much of the detail of the story. The subsequent dangers that beset Pygmalion's path, with his final triumph and crowning, are told in verse which, if not perfectly well finished, is full of spirit. Some slight faults a little care would mend—such as a dissyllabic "chasm," and lines which end upon an "and," and between the active verb and the accusative. There are many Tennysonian passages, remarkable in a time when the Laureate is seldom followed. The scenes between mother and son are dignified and fine, and gain greatly from touches which slightly recall the two noblest mothers and sons of the world—Monica and Augustine, Volumnia and the great Coriolanus.

If Mr. Woolner's is thus a sculptor's poem, Mr. Rossetti's work is, as we have said, distinctively poet's work; his poems and his pictures are a poet's. Nevertheless, his own best art of words has always obviously gained some beauty, some riches, some lovely power, from the habit which the use of colour and pencil must have kept alive in him—the habit which as children we all possess, and generally lose as we grow older and more literary—the instinctive habit of making definite mental pictures. He has preserved this, and yet has foregone nothing of the literary and poetic power over thought and emotion. A lesser master than Mr. Rossetti might have been led to impair his principal art of poetry, to violate, or at least to strain, his material instead of ruling it by being wisely ruled by it; but his magisterial knowledge and self-control have caused him to confuse nothing—only to enrich and complete his work *within* the boundaries of his means.

The present volume—the first he has given to the world since 1870—contains as its chief piece the "Ballad of Rose Mary;" the "House of Life" sonnets are completed and set in sequence; a number of other sonnets and lyrics, and two long ballads, "The White Ship" and "The King's Tragedy," are added to what we possessed of Mr. Rossetti's poetry. Let us say at once that we have found the two last-named ballads scarcely equal to the poet's usual work in this form, probably for the reason, so honourable to the impulses of his power, that the stories which he has chosen in both instances were too complete—too completely tragic—and too sufficient in themselves, to leave him at liberty. "Rose Mary," which is in every respect a great poem, is certainly more elaborate in plot and more full of incident than either of the two other ballads, but the plot and incidents are his own, and do not hinder him. Rose Mary is a damsel whose lover is gone to shrift before the wedding, but his way lies by a road beset with danger; in the hope of averting it her mother tells her of a beryl stone which she keeps upon an altar in her secret chapel, and in which virginal and innocent eyes may see distant things. It had been the home of evil spirits, housed therein by heathen worship; but hallowed and brought from Palestine it had become the abode of truth, and the fiends could not enter again save by a Christian's sin. Rose Mary's heart misgives her, but she looks and sees an ambush laid by the weir for Sir James of Heronhaye in one road, while the other road, over the hill, is free. The loving mother sends word of the danger to her child's knight, and he takes the mountain-way. The second part opens with the exquisite painfulness of the mother's unrepentant questioning of her daughter, whose fault she now knows too well:—

"Lost Rose Mary, what shall be done
With a heart that is but a broken one?
'Mother, let it lie where it must;
The blood was drained with the bitter thrust,
And dust is all that sinks in the dust.'"

She whispers comfort to her own quailing heart because of the shrift her lover has gone to win, and because of her own heavy moan of sorrow and remorse since her fall. But the evil spirits had possessed the beryl again through a Christian's sin, and had shown a lying vision, and Sir James of Heronhaye has been borne home dead from the hill-road which he had taken, guided by Rose Mary's forecast.

"Closely locked, they clung without speech,
And the mirrored souls shook each to each,
As the cloud-moon and the water-moon
Shake face to face when the dim stars swoon
In stormy bowers of the night's mid-moon."

Then the lady tells her the truth, and the daughter slips into the pathetic swoon of despair, the waking from which is told in some of the most wonderful images of the poem. We use the hackneyed adjective advisedly (as we wish we could use it freshly) in the attempt to convey the impression of poetical and penetrating magic which brings the emotion of a passage so close to the reader's heart. Other perfections are to be granted to other poets, but this quality of *nearness*—whether it is some wild and significant phase of nature which is brought to us and revealed to us, or some intimacy of a human soul—is the special attribute and the treasure of Mr. Rossetti's genius. And yet he is so complete a poet that he would be great even if he did not possess it, for some of the noblest sonnets in this volume—"The Last Three from Trafalgar," for instance, "Czar Alexander the Second," and "Untimely Lost"—in which the quality of which we speak does not appear, are such as would be the memorable

achievements of great poets who are without a touch of it. To return, however, to the fortunes of Rose Mary. The mother finds, from a letter fastened by his blood to the dead man's heart, and from a lock of hair ill according in colour with her remembrance of her child's fainting face in its dark-waved tresses, that the lover had not only undone but betrayed Rose Mary. The sweet but heart-broken forgiveness which she would have whispered to the dead whom her child had loved, is turned to a bitter malediction. But meanwhile the girl has found her mother's secret chapel and the altar of the beryl; with a sword she strikes the enchanted stone in two, and sends the lying spirits back to hell, while her own soul, absolved through its truth in love and its remorse for sin, is preferred to heaven. The several parts of the poem are followed by three "Beryl Songs," in which an uneasy chorus of the evil spirits, moving with a rhythm of imprisoned swiftness, helps and explains the action of the

ballad. The measure of the poem itself goes with a pulse of peculiar vitality, and with beautiful and wild varieties of cadence. The best of the sonnets will probably not be generally considered those in which a foreboding and pathetically passionate love is celebrated with what we can only call an immoderation which offends against virile self-control; others in the volume—sonnets old and new—are magnificent.

Mr. Robert Browning, in his memorable "One Word More," has told us of secrets which have been all too well kept—the other side of the moon, Raphael's sonnets and Dante's picture. Michael Angelo we know in word, in colour, in marble, and in stone; Salvator Rosa in design and in tune. Mr. Rossetti shows the world little of his other art, and by this we may perhaps judge that he permits us to consider it as the *other*, and that the poetry which we so gratefully welcome from him is the chosen form of his power.

ALICE MEYNELL.

FLORENCE.*

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence."



Said the poet Rogers, and few who have visited the city but will echo the sentiment. And if this is the universal verdict nowadays, what must it have been in the centuries when her sons outshone all others in physique, in learning, and in dress; when even proud Rome acknowledged her supremacy; and when, after giving birth to Dante, Giotto, the Medicis family, the two Pisani, Brunelleschi, Donatello, and Alberti, she could eclipse all these with the giant Michel Angelo! Where, since the world began, even in mighty Athens, has such a galaxy of glorious names formed the crown of any city?

Is it a wonder, then, that attempts should be made by successive generations of writers to transcribe the history of Florence; that the chroniclers of to-day should feel that the six centuries which have elapsed since Dante penned his "Inferno" and "Purgatorio" have not sufficed to complete its history; and that a single number of a journal professing to deal with the Fine Arts can hardly be compiled without one or more references to the treasures, the history, or the inhabitants of a city not inaptly termed the 'Heart of Italy,' the 'Centre of the Universe'? And nowadays what aids has not the invention of photography given to the compiler of a work which depends to so great an extent upon a description of the marvels of Art which adorn the subject! At page 47 Mr. Ruskin has shown, in dealing with that fairest of architectural monuments, Giotto's Tower, how indebted he is to photographic aid; and in the volume before us a series of magnificent photogravures throw into the shade, for accuracy and delicacy of treatment, all attempts of the graver. The student in London has now the opportunity of studying at the South Kensington Museum casts of many of the chefs-d'œuvre of the masters of bas-relief; such, for

instance, as those of Donatello round the pulpit of the Prato; but even to him photo-engravings on the large scale which this volume allows must be of immense value, whilst to those who have not ready access to that treasure-house, and who wish for reminders of a doubtless too hurried survey of the original, the work will be undoubtedly welcome. The gorgeous golden tabernacle at San Michele, by Andrea Orcagna, has never before been adequately represented, or the wonderful monuments raised to the illustrious dead in so many of the churches throughout the city. The publishers have placed at our disposal three blocks, which may be taken as specimens of the ordinary illustrations with which nearly every page of the four hundred which go to make up the work is adorned. Those of Luca della Robbia's dancing and singing boys, which will be found at page 82, are sufficiently described in Mr. J. H. Pollen's article on "Childhood and Art." The bust of a Warrior, by Leonardo da Vinci, is from a silver-point drawing in Mr. Malcolm's collection. Florence has always included Leonardo amongst her famous men, spite of the fact that he was neither born nor educated there.

M. Yriarte, it will be remembered, only a very short time since produced a work on Venice, which was remarkable for the colossal scale on which it was conducted, and the lavishness of illustration with which it was adorned. He has now encompassed Florence in the same way. Rapidly glancing at the place which Italy occupied in the thirteenth century as the civiliser of the world, he commences with the history of the city when she began to assert her supremacy over the whole of Italy, and to exhibit her children to the world as very demigods. Naturally the career of the Medicis occupies much space, but the Renaissance, and the many illustrious men who accompanied that movement—Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Savonarola, Galileo—call for equal notice. That portion of the work completed, M. Yriarte reverts to the origin of Etruscan Art, and analyzes the historical buildings and monuments which adorn the place. A review of each sculptor and painter of note and his works closes the volume, and it is needless to say that the last hundred pages which this survey takes up are as fully and completely

* "Florence." Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: Rothschild. London: C. Davis, 47, Pall Mall.

illustrated as the earlier portions. Again we have to point to a work by a French writer which has a value to all



Bust of a Warrior, by Leonardo da Vinci.

educated Englishmen. It is seldom that we can claim the same cosmopolitan character for English works on Art.

ON SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF RENAISSANCE ORNAMENT.



NO other country was the Gothic revival of our day so enthusiastically taken up as in England. One very substantial reason for this exists in the rich treasures of Gothic ornament spread over this country, and the scarcity of good Renaissance detail. For it is, after all, detail that attracts the young men to the profession of architecture. Every lad is open to

the fascination of Gothic detail; but the attractions of proportion, symmetry, and constructive science are less obvious to the beginner. The student found in England everywhere at hand, in country towns and villages no less than in the more imposing cities, admirable models of the one kind of Art, whilst of the other examples were comparatively few, and far to seek. What have we even in London? Torregiano's tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster, a fragment or two by Inigo Jones, and the works of Sir Christopher Wren.

We are not now dealing with the question of architecture, but of ornamental detail. We may admit, therefore, that Wren was a great architect, as we acknowledge that Grinling Gibbons was a wonderful carver, and yet assert that neither appears to have shown much feeling for ornament. Renaissance Art was not transplanted into British ground until so late that it was already somewhat overblown, and we have, perhaps, no right to expect in the seventeenth century, ornament that will compare with that of the sixteenth. Wren came a century too late. No doubt he would have given us work more delicate in detail had he had time to devote himself to it; the steeple of Bow Church indicates something of what he might have done; but it was manifestly impossible for him, with the rebuilding of London on his hands, to think out any of his designs to the end as an artist should, and as he would have done, had not the great fire driven him to produce rather on the scale of modern manufacture than of old-world Art. The artist who designed St. Paul's as we see it from the Surrey hills, from the river, from Fleet Street, who schemed the grand dome, must have been capable of something better than that coarse detail stuck on in patches, making the bare walls of the cathedral more bare by contrast. The genius of Sir Christopher is ill represented by the tasteless carving of fat festoons, supernatural palm-branches, and lumpy roses; by the broken curves that do duty for grace, and the repetition of every detail until it becomes inexpressibly tedious.

It is interesting to compare our great cathedral with an Italian example of the seventeenth century. That of Brescia, for example, is much smaller, but the two have points enough in common for the one to recall the other to memory. In the ornament, however, the difference between the two is significant. The detail at Brescia is florid, but it is admirably distributed, right in scale, and refined enough in execution for the position it occupies. Assuming that Wren was in no way deficient in the power of ornamental design, we can only regret that he left that part of his work to men who were not

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artists in the same sense as were the Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

There are examples, no doubt, of Italian workmanship amongst us that are worth study—the carved stalls of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, may be cited—but they are not often to be met with, and the English Elizabethan performance is rude and graceless in comparison with contemporary Art on the continent. It is, in fact, not till he goes to France that the Englishman begins to apprehend what Renaissance Art may be; it is only in Italy that he realises what it is. Something he will have gathered from woodcuts and photographs, but the chief value of these is that they remind us of what we have seen; it is only in presence of the works themselves that we feel all the magic of their influence. The very "selectness" of the examples that are invariably brought to the notice of the student at home helps him to form a mistaken idea of Renaissance ornament. The consummate execution and the perfection of design in the models set before him give him a notion that therein is the whole charm of the Art. It seems to him that one type of ornament does duty everywhere; accordingly he is soon tired of it, and longs for a little of the energy and individuality which belong, as he imagines, exclusively to the Gothic period. He does not know that this sickening sameness is due to the selection of his masters, and not at all to the character of the sixteenth century. The first thing that strikes him abroad is the vigour of the execution of Renaissance detail, and next the variety in its design. It comes upon him as a revelation that the artist of the Cinque-cento worked with all the freedom of a Goth, and that he impressed his individuality upon his design as plainly as ever his ancestors left their mark on theirs. The grotesques on page 92 are none the less quaint than they are graceful. Modern architects and ornamentists affecting the style move always more or less constrainedly within the limits of precedent; but he had no more thought of precedent

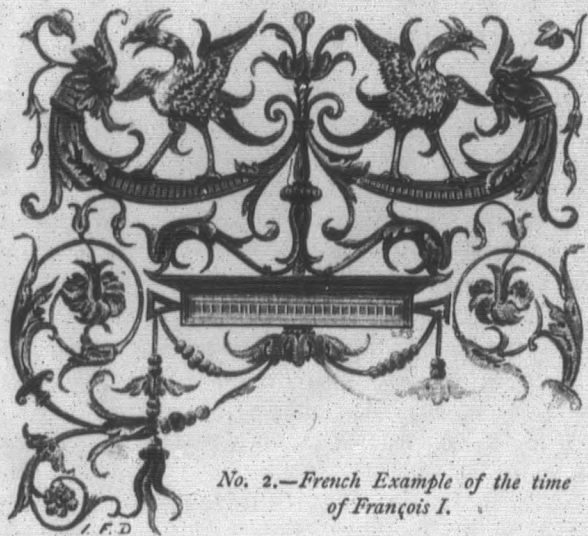


No. 1.—Late Quattro-cento Detail, from S. Giobbe, Venice.

than had the Goth. Each worked, without thinking about anything of the sort, on the lines of his master before him, extending them according to his own ability and character. There was the difference, of course, that the Quattro-centist began now to refer to antiquity, and to select his models more consciously than had been done before. In the border given above the influence of the Roman scroll is evident; yet it is far from being a copy from the antique. He did not abuse his advantages and multiply forgeries of antique forms, or he

A A

would never have left behind him a Renaissance style of his own, for us, in turn, to forge with more or less clumsiness. What with our laborious imitations of Renaissance detail, in which the spirit of the past is altogether lost, and what with the select character of the examples submitted to the student,



No. 2.—French Example of the time of François I.

he is urged to the precipitate conclusion that the Art of the Cinque-cento consists in "finish," and that in finish lies its chief or only charm. Once abroad, he cannot long hold to this erroneous belief. A single French example would suffice to open his eyes—such, for instance, as the choir screen at Chartres, which begins, as one might say, at one end as Gothic, and culminates at the other in Renaissance. But long before that his conversion would probably have taken place at Paris. What a difference between the familiar types of the style and the jubé at the church of St. Étienne du Mont! Here is a proof, at all events, that great effects may be produced with little labour in Renaissance no less than in Gothic Art. The ornamental details of this work are as free as any mediævalist could desire. Its author did his thinking before ever he put his hand to the carving, and every stroke of the chisel tells. No time was misspent in smoothing out the character that comes of such direct and straightforward workmanship. Here is no niggling, no false finish, but accomplishment; what is done is done with a purpose. In place of the familiar egg-and-tongue moulding, in which each oval is as accurately rounded as if it had been laid by a veritable hen, we have a modification of it, in which the curve of the moulding it enriches is scarcely disturbed, the effect being almost entirely produced by cutting away the background of the pattern, and leaving the face of the ornament to take the curve of the moulding. There is only just enough modelling in the ornament itself to obviate the appearance of flatness. Sometimes even this much is not done, and the carving is practically on two planes only, resulting in the appearance almost of an inlay of black and white, the shadows telling as black. There is a simplicity about such work that the modern carver may despise, but it is far preferable to the work we do, where all breadth is lost in minute modelling. Better even frank brutality than the mincing affectation of refinement. The carved enrichment of a cornice from the Tartagni monument at Bologna (No. 3) may not have the refinement of the best examples, but the type of ornament is so familiar that we are grateful to the artist for taking liberties with it, and rendering it in his own fashion.

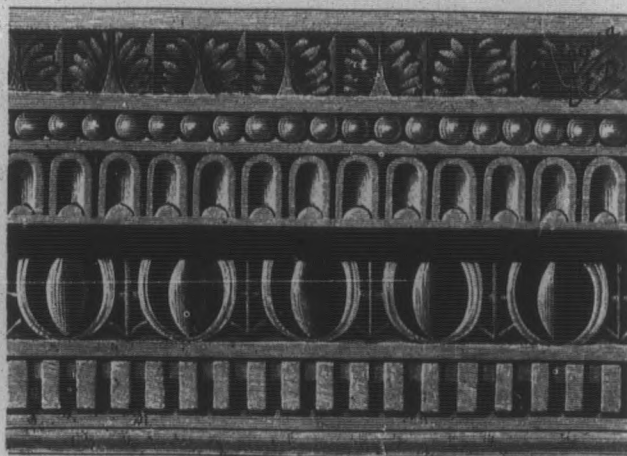
The Gothic artists, we are taught to believe, painted their

sculpture elaborately. The men of the Renaissance knew better than that. Where a moulding was destined to be painted, they lost no labour in making it difficult to paint, but left it bare of carving, so that the painter could, with very little pains, paint what enrichment he pleased on the smooth surface. There is a panelled ceiling richly decorated on this principle at Dijon, in the Salle d'Audience of the Palais de Justice (built in the reign of Louis XII.), which is quite a lesson in the art of adapting the means to the end. It is curious to compare it with the more pretentious, but less effective, ceiling in the Salle des Procureurs, under the same roof, which every one goes to see, neglecting the worthier example. Again, in the church of S. Maurizio, at Milan, there is ornament painted on the mouldings as rough and free as any Gothic work, yet having a grace beyond the reach of the earlier artists.

The question is often an open one, in work of this kind, how far painting should imitate sculpture. It has every right to supply its place, but not to simulate it. At S. Maurizio there is no pretence of the kind, but there is abundance of it abroad, and more particularly in Italy. Deception seems to come naturally to the Italians, and they appear to be just as well pleased with the semblance of a thing as with the thing itself. No matter whether it be the blank wall of the courtyard of a dwelling-house, or palace, where you see through the archway facing you a painted landscape worthy of the stage, or whether it be the roof of a fine cathedral, such as Milan, where the elaborate tracery is only in paint, it is all one to them.

If it be contended, as it often is, that great artists have practised the art of simulation, and that therefore surely lesser men need not be ashamed to follow in their steps, the answer is, that the greatest were great only in proportion to their strength, and that their want of sincerity was a weakness in which it is all too easy for the smallest to follow them; their work is so much the worse for their failing. To quote the weak side of a great artist as a justification of error is as if we were to put forward the lapse of King David as a plea for our own covetousness and concupiscence.

One very marked characteristic of the Art of the Cinque-



No. 3.—Cornice from Monument to A. Tartagni, S. Domenico, Bologna.

cento is that it seems so often to reflect only the better side of the artists' character, the more ignoble seldom appearing except in this same dissimulation in which they revelled. Yet if one-tenth part of what historians tell us concerning the lives of those men is true, it is wonderful that their Art should be so grand.

Human nature is many-sided, and the popular voice is well within the mark in saying that there are two sides to any man's character; and what is more, it is not unusual for one side of a man's nature to reveal itself under one set of conditions, and the reverse under another; so that it would appear as if a man could consciously be at one time his better, and at another his worsger self. Every one counts among his acquaintances some who seem to lead two separate lives; men, for example, who in their family and personal relations are more than generous, and in business more than mean; men who are hard to cruelty in all that relates to economy or politics, whilst in face of a visible sorrow or distress their tenderness amounts to a fault; men whose public life is irreproachable, whilst their private morals will not bear investigation. What is more immediately to the point is, that in many instances the artist seems certainly at first sight to be quite separate from the man. And in a measure it is so, but only in a measure. Just as it is possible for one who is living the life of a very determined sinner to wear for awhile the face of a saint, so it is possible for an artist to produce works that seem to contradict his character. But as the life a man leads must in the end be revealed in his physiognomy, so the man must eventually betray himself in his Art. The carver of the pilaster given on this page could hardly have been a low fellow.

It is only charitable to suppose that the mask is not in any case altogether a mask; that so long as one can keep the saintly look, there must be something of the saint, or some capacity at least for saintly life remaining; and that so long as a man's Art is noble, he cannot himself be destitute of nobility. Indeed, the truth seems to be that our faults attack us often just at one point with signal success, whilst at another we are unassailable. It would appear to be easier for an artist to be honest in his Art than in his life; as if he reserved his conscience for his work, borrowing, maybe, from a friend more needy than himself, whilst indignantly refusing to modify one stroke of his work, though by doing so all occasion for borrowing would cease. An artist does no more than right in obeying his own sense of what it is his to do, and if he sacrifice no one but himself to his artistic ideal, he is worthy of all respect. But the state of mind which will allow a man to borrow, beg, and almost steal, in order to preserve his independence as an artist, is one of those phenomena at which we can only wonder, without pretending to explain. That it is not a very uncommon one the lives of the poets, and others of the artist temperament, bear witness. It will help, perhaps, to throw some light upon Renaissance Art, upon the delicate work done by men of coarse habits, and honest work by men whose dealings with their fellows were anything but fair. Whatever the villainies of the sixteenth century, it was an age itself full of contradictions. We can scarcely believe that the scoundrels who were in power in Italy at that time were the patrons of the greatest Art of modern times. But the fact will serve in part to explain that Art. Bearing it in mind, we cease to wonder at any unscrupulousness in the Art of the countrymen and contemporaries of the Borgias and the Medici. It was the work of artists, but also of Italians of the sixteenth century.

So much having been said concerning what is false in it, we may praise without stint the consummate Art of the Renaissance. Ample justice has from the first been done to its perfection of execution, but the freedom and variety in it are seldom recognised; and yet how different the develop-

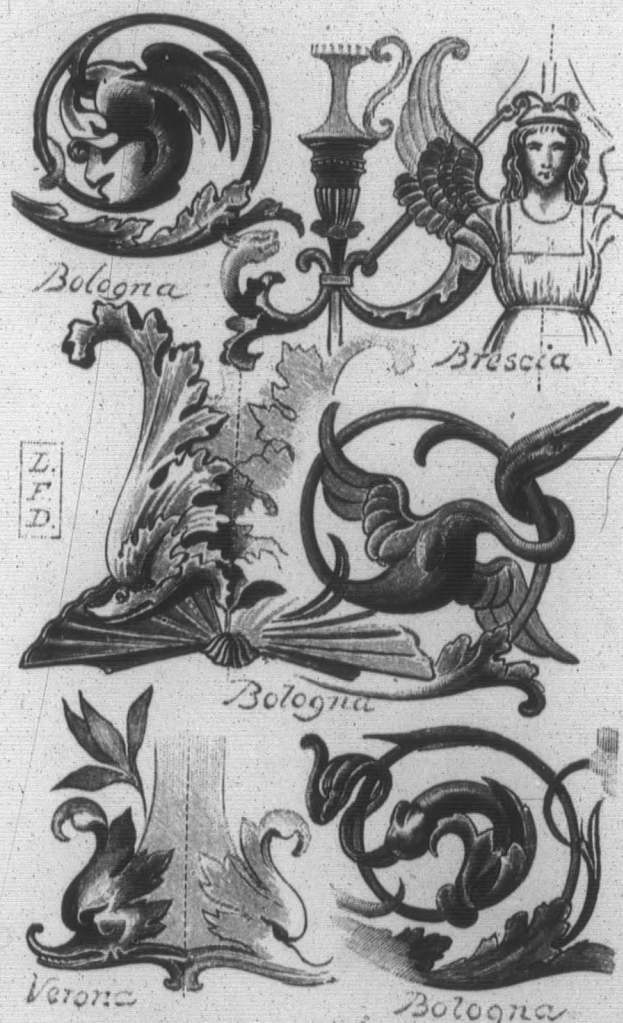
ment of the revived Art in France where it was fostered, and in Italy where it was born! Compare the French example on the opposite page with the pilaster below. Even between its manifestation in one Italian province and another the diversity is strongly marked. Compare the detail of the carving at Perugia, at Siena, at Venice, at Pavia, and you will see how wonderfully different it was. Every competent artist formed his own school. It is most interesting to observe how one man sought first of all in his design for beauty of *line*, and all his ornament grew out of that; how another concerned himself primarily about the distribution of the *masses*, and used



No. 4.—Pilaster, in low relief, from the Ducal Palace, Venice.

the lines of his ornament to bring them together. So also one sculptor confined himself to the development of pure scrollwork; another revelled in the invention of fantastic creatures, graceful or grotesque, according to the feeling of the individual. Some men sought everywhere the opportunity of introducing the human figure, either in the form of medallions, panels, and the like, or as terminal points of the scroll; whilst others enlivened their arabesques with birds, butterflies, and lizards. The last mentioned was a very favourite form—it adapts itself so readily to the line that is required; and it is as graceful as it is amenable.

The influence of the material upon the design of the Cinquecento is often most apparent; as, for example, in Venetian ornament, where the use of large slabs or bosses of rich marble gave the key-note to the scheme of decoration, and a sort of undertone of Byzantine influence runs through it in consequence. Generally speaking, the "intarsia," or inlaid work, which was in such favour in the sixteenth century, shows in its design the obvious influence of Eastern Art; in many cases the patterns have been taken directly from Arabian sources, and at times the work might as well have been produced in India as in Italy for all one can see. By



No. 5.—Examples of Grotesques.

the way, that same influence of Eastern Art upon it is another element of interest in the new style. It shows itself most plainly in the stuffs, embroideries, book-bindings, damascened metal work, and other such industries, which were naturally more directly affected by the intercourse of merchants with the Eastern countries, and the consequent familiarity with Eastern fabrics, than the more substantial art of architecture was likely to be. Yet even in architecture we see the Saracenic arch adopted, and the bulb-shaped, pointed dome. Strange to say, the influence of Arab Art is least felt

in those very "Arabesques" which derive their name from Arabia.

The continual reference to nature by the artists of the best period is another charm in their ornament, and one that is not sufficiently recognised. Even in the forms that pretend to be no more than ornamental, the grace, the growth, the life of nature are embodied. Whatever the departure from natural forms, nature herself was never quite lost sight of. Let us take an example that may stand for a type. A better one could not easily be found than the portico of the church of the Madonna dei Miracoli at Brescia, itself a "miracle" of ornamental detail, exuberant but delicate. Pilasters, panels, and every part are rich with arabesques, in which occur the vine, the oak, the ivy, and many other forms of vegetation, rendered always with some fidelity to nature, but, at the same time, with considerable reference to ornamental and sculptural conditions. In no case, however, is there any thought of treating a natural form so consistently and thoroughly after the manner of ornament as the acanthus was treated by the ancient Romans, and by their more modern disciples after them. The branches of the oak and vine entwined round the base of one of the columns are so ornamentally treated that it is wonderful how much of nature they yet retain; but, after all, the growth is more after the oak and the vine than according to ornamental conditions: they are branches, not scrolls. Among other natural forms that occur here are the fig, the medlar, the nut, the walnut, and others, distinctly recognisable, and no less distinctly ornamental. In the sculptured ornament of the Palazzo Comunale, or Loggia, in the same town, there is singular grace and delicacy. Some of it is purely ornamental, more so than anything in the church of the Madonna dei Miracoli; some of it, again, is semi-natural. Among the latter there is an adaptation of the foliage of the wild clematis to ornament, that is as instructive as it is beautiful.

It is more than probable that some injustice has been done to the ornament of the sixteenth century through the common acceptance of the painted arabesques of Raphael, Julio Romano, and others, in the Loggie of the Vatican, as types of what is best. They are very far indeed from that. Infinitely finer types are to be found wholesale in the work of the great sculptors—great, though their names, in many instances, have not even come down to us. Those were men who knew better than to perpetrate the inconsistencies and absurdities of the more famous painters. Any ornamentist who deserves the name (and it does not follow that he deserves it because he is deserving of another and a greater name) knows how to treat forms ornamentally without doing violence to common sense. There is more to be learnt, in the way of ornamental design, from the pilasters in the cathedral at Verona, or the staircase of the Ducal Palace at Venice (illustration No. 4), than from any painted examples with which we are familiar. Oh, the tyranny of great names! Because Raphael was Raphael, the ornament done in his name is falsely praised, whilst the work of simple craftsmen, who could have taught the great painter better, is ignored.

LEWIS F. DAY.

ART NOTES.

NEW YORK—THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.—

The fifteenth annual exhibition of this Society, if it had no other claim upon our memories, would yet be remembered as the most enjoyable of all its efforts, and for reasons which are separate from the merits of the exhibition proper. This is due to the ease with which all the paintings can be seen, and to their appropriate surroundings. The south room for the first time has been thrown open, which gives wall space more than compensating for the loss of the west and north-west rooms in which the etchings are hung. The decorations have fortunately brought the sky-line down, and the paintings furthest removed are still within easy range of the eye. A very judicious innovation on the part of the Hanging Committee has been the placing of a number of small works on the line in the south room, where they do not interfere with the larger and more important works just above. The decorations themselves are worthy of notice. Mr. Coleman and Mr. Chase succeeded in getting together a collection of plaques, jars, jugs, repoussé work and some tropical plants which, with a lot of Japanese stuffs they hung portieres, made friezes, and arranged decorative panels, which gave to the galleries a gala-like air and implied the importance of the occasion.

It is agreeable to add that the paintings are worthy of the pains which have been taken to display them properly. The advance has been general throughout the line. No previous exhibition has shown equally even excellence. Scarcely an artist does not illustrate the good results of the year's work in his contributions. This is the more satisfactory from the reason that it appears in a measure incidental, for there is very little that might be termed exhibition work. These exhibitions can be contemplated in two ways—either as the chief picture mart of the year, or as the record which marks the artistic results of twelve months. That it is regarded chiefly in its commercial aspect by most of the exhibitors, there is but little question. The greater number of the water-colors are kept scrupulously within what is supposed to be good selling size, and the number of small works are always in large disproportion. This year few artists have chosen to expend themselves on sheets of paper that might discourage a possible purchaser. Yet it so happens that the largest and most ambitious works this year have found readiest sale and at prices in advance of any before brought by American water-colors. This is not the argument which we would care to find most convincing, yet it is not to be disclaimed in view of future exhibitions. In salient interest there is nothing which stimulates discussion, and that healthy perception of new possibilities, which the works of Mr. Currier and Winslow Homer have excited in past exhibitions. It may be remarked, indeed, that Mr. Abbey's 'Sisters,' Mr. Bellows's 'Pridis Bridge,' and Mr. Turner's 'Dordrecht Milkmaid,' are prominent rather in spite of methods against which, in fact, something is to be said.

'The Sisters' of Mr. Abbey unites refinement and simplicity with solid technical qualities. The sentiment and purity of the subject are its first attraction; the idea is preëminent, and this is simply assisted by the management of the light through the old-fashioned windows and its reflections, and by the faithful rendering of the old-fashioned furniture, which brings into use the resources of Mr. Abbey's fine technic. Body-color the artist uses freely in his high lights, and apparently has not troubled himself to get effects burdened by any scruples as to his medium. 'Autumn,' also by Mr. Abbey, had been previously exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, London, winning much praise, and it early found substantial appreciation here. In this work Mr. Abbey has been sensibly affected by the English decorative school. Autumn is typified by a woman past her youth, whose eyes speak of sorrow; she wears a large hat which half shades her eyes, and is arrayed in sad greens and yellows. The figure stands against a background suggesting withered vines, with an occasional red leaf. The color effect is exceptionally fine and rich, in an exhibition which shows but little decorative work. The halting point in the work is in the folded hands, which have a tumid, bruised look. In the little decorative work must be mentioned prominently the three works of F. S. Church. It is not unusual for Mr. Church to assert himself as a man of ideas. It must be said, among so much good work there is very little expended on original conceptions, and their rarity makes us to pardon much in Mr. Church, who bridges the gap. In appearance the background of 'The Temptation,' the largest work, might as well

1882.

be in oils, so heavily it is impasted, and the execution is very careless. In color it is altogether delightful, being at once delicate and assured. 'The Witch's Daughter,' cleverly, although not agreeably, conceived in the young lady seated by an owl in a crescent moon, shows the same skill in managing a delicate color scheme, and its execution, as that of 'The Temptation,' suggests that it is intended for reproduction. Mr. Church exhibits a smaller work, which comes more nearly within the usual pictorial limits. This is a young girl holding a rose to the nose of a mummy singularly like an old black mammy. The movement of the young girl is full of poetry and grace, and the composition distinguishes that difference between imaginative work and the copying of models so difficult to realize and so impossible to analyze.

No exhibition has before shown so complete a mastery of materials and methods and so reliable a record of facts. The fascinations of technic have for the few past years fortunately engaged the entire body of artists. But technic can never be the end and aim of the best art. Technic is the vehicle for the expression of the ideas of the artist, and having learned their language artists, no more than other people, can be excused from having nothing to say or from confining it to a mere record of facts. The poetry and prose of art are legitimate distinctions and not too generally recognized. The idealization of the Seasons, by George W. Maynard, is an attempt to make such a distinction, and is seen in this exhibition in his figure of 'Summer,' which is not as successful as the 'Spring' and 'Fantasia' in the Salmagundi exhibition, the luxuriousness of the figure, unfortunately, being identified with its unqualified heaviness. In 'The Amateur,' Mr. Maynard deserves only praise. His interior is excellent in color, particularly in the management of the reds. Its chief merit, however, lies in the head of the engrossed young girl, which fills the eye as far as the picture can be seen. The young brothers, Percy and Leon Moran, are numbered among those artists who have best succeeded in imaginative work. This is done so gracefully and with so delicate a touch that they have proven the favorites of the exhibition. Much as their work is like, it is differentiated by the greater poetic feeling of Leon Moran. His two works, 'Return from Corn Husking' and 'Evening,' both peasant subjects in landscape, are filled with delightful sentiment which is not overshadowed by the treatment, although this would not suffer in comparison with the well established work of older men. In 'The Flower Market,' this delicacy, breadth, color, and happy skill in suggesting forms is more forcibly shown. Percy Moran's 'He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not,' is a very graceful composition, treated with great simplicity, and showing very clever execution in the drapery. At the same time, each of these young men exhibit some exceedingly nice still-life. Frederick Dielman's 'May Morning' has much of the fine quality of good imaginative work, and is especially remarkable in the rendering of the drapery. 'The Spoils of a Garden,' by Walter Satterlee, is among the best things which Mr. Satterlee, who has a decided tendency toward imaginative work, has done. Heretofore he has usually found much more violent expression, and always has been hampered by want of mastery over his materials. 'Memories,' by Hugh Newell, shows a sort of perfunctory sentiment which awakens no response in the observer, and to reason with this indifference furnishes no satisfactory solution for it. 'That City Chap,' by W. S. Smedley, follows the same vein which he has heretofore so cleverly pursued. In spite of the admirable drawing of the central figure and of the amusing story which it tells, the picture is well-nigh spoiled by the almost unbroken expanse of green in the foreground. 'Poetry and Prose,' by Mr. Smedley, is equally well told, and much more agreeable in color. The contributions of Mr. Symington are of varied interest and of varied merit. The best is 'His Step,' a young woman in white seated under a red parasol, displaying more vitality and less objectionable qualities than his other works.

Mr. T. W. Wood, President of the Society, exhibits three prominent works, of which it is difficult to speak justly. Mr. Wood sacrifices too much to his story. He has clear conceptions of character; he never misses aim, so to speak. But it is sometimes a question whether the story is worth telling, and especially with all the elaboration of detail and minuteness which makes them barely escape being tiresome. In the present exhibition he is especially to be credited with his

downright and able 'Local Reporter.' Mr. E. W. Perry brings to his water-colors also the minuteness of the older school of oil painters. The 'Story Book' and 'Paring Apples,' appeal rather to that class who find pleasure in the pictorial rendering of homely, unpicturesque subjects. It certainly must be to these that Mr. S. G. McCutcheon looks. Singularly unfortunate in his subjects, which have none of the artistic qualities of ugliness, they are still more unfortunately rendered. 'The Emigrants,' though well drawn, is uninteresting in composition and deficient in characterization, and has the heaviness and opaqueness of pastels. He appears to much better advantage in his 'Sunny Corner,' which has something of the light and air which the name suggests. Even Mr. C. Y. Turner's strong and vigorous 'Dordrecht Milkmaid,' which is one of the notable works, loses something through the heaviness of its medium. The figure is superbly drawn, but the flesh tints, which belong to the lavender school better known abroad than here, are rendered in body-color. The 'Little Sempstress,' which owes everything to transparent colors, although it does not display to an equal extent Mr. Turner's other qualities, is more praiseworthy. Edward Moran exhibits several large figure pieces. 'Waiting for the Boats' and 'The Young Shrimper' are each examples of fisher girls picturesque in attire, and executed with skill, although without feeling. Mr. Moran's 'Gathering Cockles' is, in this respect, much more satisfactory.

In brushwork 'The Pink of (old) Fashion,' by W. H. Lipincott, is among the best things of the exhibition. The skill in rendering the dress so broadly and easily—barring the basket of flowers, which are too contracted to be in harmony with the rest of the figure—the defining of the feather, its grace and lightness, the fresh color and the introduction of the grays of the background into the draperies, is all happily done. It is not the highest praise, however, to say that the picture is simply a clever record of facts. The work of Frederick Freer falls into the same class. Mr. Freer exhibits several heads executed with a breadth which seems to mean more to this artist than to another. But neither rich color nor freedom in handling can pardon that bruised and swollen look which he insists giving to otherwise very charming young women. 'Pleasant Musings,' a more carefully-finished work, is exempt from this peculiarity. The success of Thomas Hovenden in negro subjects has warranted his 'Dem Was Good Old Times.' The character is, as was to be anticipated, vividly presented. That which was unanticipated was the decorative color which he has evoked out of the old man's garments. In itself this is pleasing, although not in keeping with the realities. 'The Revised Version' is equally well characterized, but commonplace. In negro subjects P. B. Hahs follows up his successes with several different situations, in which his well-known boy plays an important part. It is needless to add, if they are in danger of becoming a trifle monotonous, they are cleverly done, although 'Teaching the Mocking Bird,' is as opaque as an oil painting. In this connection it is fitting to allude to 'The Helpmates' of Alfred Kappes, which has the effect of thin oils. Mr. Kappes's work is not as good this year as usual; at best it lacks vitality, and his clever characterization is expended on subjects which are of faint interest. Mrs. N. S. Jacobs-Smillie exhibits some children singing, whose earnestness is very charming, in spite of the Christmas-card suggestion. Her more ambitious work, 'As She Comes Down the Stair,' is scarcely so pleasing, notwithstanding the well-considered figure, owing to the wearisome repetition of the bannisters and the predominance of a not agreeable yellow in the interior. Of the several small figures sent in by J. Wells Champney, 'In the Studio' is to be remarked for its rare grace and simplicity, the subject being a charming woman in a Josephine dress and coiffure. Thos. Eakins exhibits but two small works, distinguished by the figure-drawing, and breadth which finds no sheet of paper too small to admit of the extent of horizon. Alfred Parsons's 'Surrey Cottage' is English in treatment as in subject, the color being bright and fresh, and paper crowded with cheery details. It is a surprise to find Mr. Winslow Homer so nearly enrolled under the banner of the commonplace, he who is expected to challenge, provoke and compel admiration. His two English scenes are not alone English in subject, but are heavy in color and carefully elaborated after the manner of the old school of English water-colorists; the fine drawing in the girls scurrying over the sands, however, belongs to the artist whom we know. To the list of artists, already too extended, must be added Mr. Muhrman, with his 'Bowl of Milk'; the sympathetic work of Miss Mary L. Stone; the dashing Mexican work of Mr. Peter Moran and Mr. J. H. Witt's admirable rendering of figures in landscape. 'The Picnic' has

been one of the interesting works of the exhibition. Nothing could be more asleep than the prone figure of the young woman, nor more absorbed than her companion reading. The drawing, with its difficult foreshortening of the old gentleman, and the landscape, which serves as the setting, show that Mr. Witt has a distinct hold on both branches of his art.

'Pridis Bridge,' by Mr. A. F. Bellows, is given the place of honor in the south room. It is one of those English subjects of which Mr. Bellows is so fond, and in execution does not differ from the style which we identify with the artist's name. The picture is exceptionally full and rich in color, and however we may be disposed to quarrel with the soft effeminacy of Mr. Bellows's brushwork, there cannot be denied him an exquisite refinement which goes far to atone for other things. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is so numerously represented that the limits of space and time forbid anything but some generalizations. Mr. Smith paints like a man of clear perceptions, with the technical ability to render them. His art is healthy and serene, but absolutely unimaginative. This is illustrated at a glance, in comparing his 'Village Road' with the 'Dutch Village,' by Bastert, whose charm one does not care to analyze. There is more of the picturesque in Mr. Smith's rendering of the 'Brooklyn Bridge Towers,' in which the actualities have seemed merely to give him opportunity. With the work of Mr. Smith may be also contrasted that of Mr. George H. Smillie who, with as clear a vision and as precise statements, yet makes them much more telling. In composition Mr. Smillie's work in the exhibition is extremely simple and very effective. With a brown slope, a gleam of water and a gnarly bush, he fills his picture. In this respect Mr. Swain Gifford, who exhibits equal simplicity in composition, is scarcely as successful, the paper often seeming too large for the subject. Yet a distinguished exception to this is his 'Salt Meadow, Nonquitt,' in which, with exception of the sluggish creek of the foreground, only differences of color in the meadows skilfully serve to vary the composition. It is difficult to conceive a great interest in 'The Morning in Jersey,' by Mr. H. P. Smith, but impossible not to realize how dexterously he has admitted the extent of the horizon into his picture, in which, unlike Mr. Smillie and Mr. Gifford, he has not admitted a single object on which the eye can rest, and yet has not rendered his work monotonous. Mr. Bruce Crane exhibits several blithe spring landscapes and two impressions of 'Winter,' whose merit, that of delicate beauty, is not always one of the virtues of an impression. The work of Mr. J. Francis Murphy is not so pleasing this year. He is not quite as diaphanous as usual, but does not seem to have decided definitely as to his intentions. His one landscape, 'Among Shrubs and Weeds,' which is most coherent, is unfortunate in composition. R. W. Van Boskerck, one of the younger landscape painters, exhibits some small landscapes varied in subject, each of which gives earnest of greater things. 'An Autumn Landscape' by him is full of quiet charm. Mr. D. N. Tryon brings with him the full force of his foreign training, exhibited in a foreign subject. The sober, rich color of the group of huts is felt against the dimly-outlined fields. The sky is somewhat overloaded, but is happy in its early morning effect. The several works exhibited by Mr. Carleton Wiggins have a distinctly foreign flavor. It is when each of these artists return to native subjects that the real results of their studies will appear. Mr. Wiggins, without doubt, has discovered the force of simplicity in composition. 'On the Egypt Road,' by Miss Agnes D. Abbott, shows how artistic an inartistic subject can be rendered here at home by straightforward, honest work, yet unaided by no glamour of the imagination. In Miss Abbott's smaller landscape, 'The Yarmouth Meadows,' there is an element of mystery very charming, but this seems rather to inhere in the subject—a sunset scene—which the artist has simply reproduced. Charles Mente sends from Munich two impressions with airy lightness and delicate color in foliage, and some architectural drawings very nice in color. Mr. Harry Fenn is represented by the same class of subjects with figures, but so elaborated in the details that nothing is left to the spectator, who soon exhausts the work, notwithstanding the clever draughtmanship and the cheerful color.

Blum and Lungren have each created special departments which they occupy with distinction. Nothing nicer has been seen than Blum's Venetian scenes, which fix character and individuality to architecture and the saintly figures in the fewest possible touches. Lungren's rainy-night impressions are interesting, although not different in kind from those he has exhibited before. Unfortunately, he has not selected a point of repose in his pedestrians who, singularly, have each of their right feet raised, making them appear like a procession of the halt. The distinct flavor of the work of Mr. Arthur

Quartley, especially in his painting of still-water, is in its color. Even in his most sober grays there is a feeling of richness, but in the greater part of his present work he has ventured successfully in much more positive and more cheerful tints. His blues are especially good, and he introduces them fearlessly and in large quantities, as in 'Becalmed,' which has barely been able to hold its own by injudicious framing, and in 'At Cold Spring.' There is also delightful color to be remarked in 'The Fishing Boats,' by M. F. H. De Haas, and that of a kind not often associated with Mr. De Haas, whose effects are generally stronger. Mr. W. T. Richards continues his Cornwall views, and in 'Kynance, Cornish Coast,' shows more freedom of motion and broader treatment than in anything previously exhibited. Space forbids but the mention of the interesting work of Mr. J. C. Nicoll. An interesting part of the exhibition has been the half dozen foreign works, chiefly of Holland men, although it also includes a crisp, outdoor scene by Rico. These men Mauve, Kever, Honrath, and Poggenbeck, prove to be worthy kinsmen of the Hollanders Maris, Mesrag and others with whom we are already acquainted.

There does not appear to be the usual number of flower pictures. At least but few have made any record, though these have demonstrated that flower pictures, usually held in slight esteem, can possess electrical qualities. Miss Agnes D. Abbott sends two large works: 'Flowers of the Forest,' chrysanthemums in a blue vase, and 'Heralds of Spring,' jonquils and narcissi in a transparent vase. Miss Abbott touches her flowers with a sympathetic feeling which is not felt in her landscapes. She not only draws finely, but has an unusual gift in composition which gives to her flower paintings the importance of works of other *genre*. The 'Peonies and Roses' of Mrs. Dillon depend less on their composition than on their fine sense of texture and brilliant rendering of the vases. The flowers of Miss Eleanor and Miss Kate Greatorex have astonished and delighted every one by their freedom, and a certain sense of joyousness and life in their rendering. There is an apparent want of composition, as if due to haste to seize their freshness, which the beauty of the flowers will readily pardon, but this may be shrewdly suspected to be part of the art of these artists. Miss A. Wood has given some fine examples of brushwork in 'Withered Roses,' which, however, would bear a little more detail.

THE ETCHING CLUB exhibition has divided interest with the Water-Color exhibition, which shared with it two of its rooms. The interest felt in etchings among artists has been tardy, but not the less sincere. With what earnestness etching has recently engrossed them, may be seen in contrasting their work with the foreign additions that occupy part of the north-east room. These comprehend a period beginning with Rembrandt, chief of etchers, and others of the ancients, and examples of the greatest of modern etchers, Rajon, Seymour Haden, Whistler, von S. Gravesende, and others. Compared with the importance and pretension of the foreign work, the American is sketchy. This, however, is only a difference in aim, not in quality or artistic merits. The only thing which, in this respect, bears comparison, is the etching after Bridgman by James Smillie, in which the feeling of Bridgman's color is so finely rendered. A. F. Bellows has several large works carefully elaborated, but the softness and neatness of Mr. Bellows's touch is unpleasantly felt in an art where crispness and the possibility of saying much in a little are among the chief virtues. For the most part, the exhibition is made up of small records. The chief contributors come from Philadelphia, it appears. Stephen Parrish exhibits fourteen numbers, covering a wide range of subjects, expressed with unequal merit. His 'Rocks at Cape Ann' is one of the boldest and most agreeable prints; 'Carleton, New Brunswick,' and his marine 'Portsmouth,' are included among his best things. In 'Low Tide on the Bay of Fundy,' he becomes absolutely unintelligible by reason of his sky. Mr. Parrish's skies are not exceptionally bad, but no other artist has attempted anything so pretentious, and no one has accordingly failed so conspicuously. Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran has given to her otherwise suggestive 'Twilight,' a sky which looks like an ill-drawn map of some problematic continent. Her work otherwise is strong and vigorous, and more than any other artist she has attempted to make her strokes tell. Joseph Pennell has confined himself chiefly to architectural drawings, and has found a number of picturesque old city lanes whose sombreness and sunshine he knows how to bring out. Of this 'Plynlimmon Lane' is a good example; 'Mammy Sauerkraut's Row,' 'Water Street Old Stairs,' 'Plowman's Yard,' are all within the range to which he has confined himself, and presented the most thoroughly picturesque part of the exhibition. C. A. Platt has

been equally industrious, and has occupied himself in as many different ways as Mr. Parrish. His work, whether marines, old hulks, or subjects on land, is very even. 'The Old Fish House,' though having a little uncertainty in the architecture—the depth of the house not being felt—is one of his largest and best plates. By George E. Hopkins is a Venetian view, very lightly touched, in which the effect of light from behind, through a half-revealed archway, is very nice. Thomas Moran has some excellent rock studies, and Peter Moran has a number of good things, showing refined workmanship and capital drawing, of which an admirable example in every respect is his 'Church of St. Guadalupe.'

For the most part the painter's work shows in the etchings. No one can mistake the sweetness in Van Elten's streams and meadows, the soft touch of Mr. Bellows, the simple, effective compositions and touch of George H. Smillie, and similar work by R. Swain Gifford, yet sufficiently differentiated to make itself felt. Henry Farrer's lines are equally telling. Mr. Farrer, indeed, appears to unusual advantage in his etchings, where he does not have to consider color except as it is understood in values. F. S. Church exhibits a number of "ideas," as scantily presented as possible, and effective in various degrees. A good deal of Mr. Church's work seems only careless; what, however, is thoroughly charming, is 'A Chilly Day,' in which a Cupid sitting on a log and a sparrow on the other side, are hovering over a little fire, the sparrow holding up one foot to the flames. S. G. McCutcheon is represented by a number of character sketches, but all hastily and carelessly drawn. W. J. Lefebvre is among the few etchers of animals. His 'Hauling Wood' is scarcely satisfying, owing to the woodenness of the oxen's heads; his etching of a single head is better.

To return to the foreign etchings, it is Whistler who most fully illustrates that which can be done better by etching than by any other method. His 'Venetian Archway' is the best example, because it brings into use sunlight and shadow, architecture and capital characterization in his group of figures. In the two etchings, hung as far as possible out of sight, it is yet possible to see with how few strokes he makes to rise, as by an enchanter's wand, the wide lagoon and the busy quays. In his 'Doorway' all is grace and lightness, in which the use of the point is almost disclaimed. Paul Rajon's portrait, after Oules, of Cardinal Newman shows wonderful drawing, with an equally remarkable sense of the texture of the skin, united to great purity and feeling of character. Yet to all appearances, there is so little of the feeling of etching, that it might as well be a steel engraving. Herkomer's 'Old Woman' has more of this, but must yield, in other respects, to Rajon's work. One of the clever things is Bianchi's 'Chorister,' which is so solidly modelled, spirited, and presenting such a realization of the differences of textures and relations in the accessories. There are two Italian scenes by Appian, and several instances of Waltner's work.

The exhibition closed on February 25th, and was, both financially and artistically, the most successful of the American Water-Color Society. The sales were over one-third of the number exhibited, or 223 works, and realized, according to catalogue prices, over \$31,000. 'The Sisters,' by E. A. Abbey, brought the largest price—\$2000—which was, in fact, the largest price ever given for an American water-color. 'Pridis Bridge,' by Mr. Bellows sold for \$1000; and 'Brooklyn Towers,' by F. Hopkinson Smith, \$1000; C. Y. Turner's 'Dordrecht Milkmaid' brought \$800, and Kruseman Van Elten's 'Midsummer in Ulster County,' \$400. There were 16,171 single admissions and 1200 season tickets sold, which, including \$2400 for 8000 catalogues, made the total receipts at the door \$7042.75. The Etching Club met with equal success, 304 etchings and duplicates having brought about \$2500, besides realizing \$700 from the sale of that number of Etching Club catalogues at \$1.00 each.

Owing to the dissatisfaction felt with the Hanging Committee of the Water-Color Society, an exhibition of the refused pictures has been opened at the American Art Gallery. Further comment will have to be deferred until next month.

THE LADIES' RECEPTION at the Union League Club, which is one of the principal club events of the year, was the occasion this month of bringing together a notable collection of paintings carefully chosen out of the private galleries of the members. The largest and artistically the most interesting of these paintings was the 'School for Vestals,' by Hector Leroux, belonging to Mr. John Jacob Astor. This painting contains at least almost ten life-size figures. The composition, the drawing, the purity and refinement of the figures, are each worthy of special attention; but the remarkable feature of the painting is its color. With the exception of the borders of

the robes and the green panels of the door, the painting is executed entirely in grays, but so finely are these managed, that there is no monotony in their use or any lack of cheerfulness in the canvas. 'The Salutation' of Hans Makart, owned by Judge Hilton, is another beautiful instance of the management of color, shown, however, in an entirely different scheme. The figure of the lady is placed at the threshold of some columnar architecture, the transitions of its yellow-browns being easily made into the pinkish-yellows of her drapery; the skirt, more wholly pink, has its tone carried further in the carpet to the cavalier resplendent in rich reds, of the same tone from head to feet, but varied by the lights and shadows incident to its rich texture. The architectural tones, on the other hand, are led into a group of hollyhocks that would make a flower picture in themselves. In this connection may be mentioned also a Munkacsy figure in an interior. As in most works by this artist, the figures are rather the accessories; here they are decidedly of less consequence than the room in which the young mother receives her friends, which is a study in browns that is fairly decorative in richness. One of the larger works was the *Détaille*, 'The Defense of Champigny,' belonging to Judge Hilton. Splendidly as it is painted, the anecdotic value of the work appears chief. Without any centre of interest the eye wanders from group to group, finding everywhere vivacity and entertainment. The collection was also notable for a large Bouguereau, 'Contending with Love,' the property of Mr. H. M. Flagler—which shows Bouguereau in all his delicacy and sweetness, without any of his insipidity. Space forbids more than mention of the two large works by Max, 'Whisperings of Love,' owned by Mr. D. O. Mills, and 'The Sisters'; of the Louis Lelors, 'Dressing Doggy,' owned by Mr. S. P. Avery; the brilliant little Knaus, belonging to Mr. J. C. Runkle; the delightful merry snow scene by Munthe, belonging to Mr. J. Abner Harper; one of Boughton's older works, 'A Help to Granny,' owned by Mr. George F. Baker; Millet's 'Laundress,' of Mr. J. C. Runkle; the charming work 'Les Bouchers,' by D/W. Knight, owned by Mr. Valentine, and the Jules Breton's 'Woman of Artois.'

NEW YORK.—A series of three lectures were given during the month by Mr. Frank D. Millet before the students of the Academy of Design, on 'Roman Costumes.' These lectures were delivered with a living model, on whom the draping was done in the presence of the students.—Mr. Decamp, the agent of Alma Tadema, is in this country, whither he has brought for sale several of that artist's works, two of which have before been alluded to in these columns; the chief picture, 'The Tepidarium,' representing a marble bath, and a female figure lying on a marble couch, with a fan in one hand and in the other a classic scraper. The color of the painting depends on the pale pink and yellow cushions, the brown bearskin and the pot of red azaleas at her feet. The second painting is more idyllic in character, and it may be remarked, in passing, that Alma Tadema's recent work depends less than formerly on its archaeological character. This shows two lovers, a boy and girl, on a marble bench overlooking the sea, with a beautiful arrangement of color in the yellow-purple and white of the draperies. The others are older and works of less interest.—The last week of the month has been devoted to studio receptions, which have always been among the popular entertainments of the season. The Rembrandt studio building was open to visitors on the 18th, and the Sherwood studio building the following week. The old Tenth street building opened hospitably its doors in turn, followed by those of the artists of the Young Men's Christian Association building.—The Art Students' League have discontinued their monthly receptions, owing to the limited space, and are contemplating removing to more commodious quarters. The students of the Academy of Design have, on the other hand, instituted regular monthly receptions.—A number of coins, found by Lieut-Commander Gorringer near the obelisk, have been submitted to Mr. Feuardent, who reports that one of the lots was probably hidden for safety, and that others are, apparently, the coins lost by travellers who for so many centuries have visited the obelisk. These date from the fourth century before Christ to 1868, A.D.—The Metropolitan Museum of Art has issued its annual report in which, of its technical schools, it gives the following summary: Its schools include instruction in carriage draughting and construction, 44 pupils; night class in modelling and carving, 27 pupils; night class in drawing and designing, 42 pupils; afternoon class in tempera decoration for women, adapted to leather, silk and glass, and the use of oils and water-colors in industrial ornamentation. The different trade guilds have been invited to establish classes

in their several lines. The expense of maintaining the schools for the year was \$2928.28.—At the meeting of the Artists' Fund Society the Secretary, Mr. J. M. Falconer, reports the results of the sale as \$18,000, of which \$7,000 went into the treasury. The assets of the Society are \$140,000.

BOSTON.—The artists, members of the Boston Art Club, have asserted a problematical right, in demanding that all matters pertaining to art should be referred to a committee of artists appointed by themselves, and that all exhibitions of art work and everything relating thereto be put in charge of this committee so chosen, with full power to act for the club.—Mrs. S. T. Darrahs has given her collection of paintings, 250 in number, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to be exhibited and sold.—Foxcroft Cole has recently held an exhibition of his works at Providence.—Geo. S. Warren is painting the conflict between the Constitution and Guerrière—rather, the moment chosen is after the fight, when the dismantled ship is contrasted with the victorious vessel, sails spread and flags flying.—Professor Norton is delivering a series of lectures on the "History of Greek Art."—Mr. Edwin Blashfield is painting a group of citizens watching the battle of Bunker Hill.—The judges at the late Mechanics' Exhibition decided that none of the pictures hung were worthy of the proffered gold medal. The artists do not agree with this decision.—Mr. S. R. Burleigh, a student of J. P. Laurens, has had on exhibition a number of his studies in water-color, chiefly scenes in Switzerland, Germany and France.—Mr. Frank Duveneck is painting the portrait of H. James, Jr.—Sixty paintings have been contributed, to be sold for the benefit of the family of the late George Curtis, marine painter.—Forty works by Mark Waterman were exhibited at Lowell's gallery last month.—The exhibition of the Boston Art Club in its new building, at the corner of Dartmouth and Newberry streets, has been the event of the month. The New York artists are represented in force, but many of the paintings have already been exhibited elsewhere. Among the Boston men, chief is George Fuller, in two portraits, in which all his merits appear in solid modelling and definite characterization, through that golden haze and rich color which we are now forced to accept as a mannerism. Mr. Benjamin Porter exhibits a portrait sketch of a child's head; Mr. F. Vinton the portrait of Mr. Geo. A. James; Mr. Enneking shows several landscapes, and a three-quarter length portrait of a girl. Mr. Gaugengig exhibits a studio interior; Mr. J. A. Mitchell 'Behind the Scenes,' a theatrical episode, and 'A Marriage of State'; Mr. Ernest Longfellow is represented by a quiet landscape; Mr. Green by the 'Herb Gatherer.' Miss Elizabeth Booth has one of the most suggestive works—the picture of a red-haired young woman. The exhibition of the club has started several new questions, and their definite solution cannot be said to be imminent.

CINCINNATI.—The prospects of the new Art Museum are now definitely settled by the grant of twenty-two acres in Eden Park, on which the building will be erected. Meanwhile, a temporary exhibition has been opened in the Art Hall of the Exposition building where the Lessing studies are hung. In native works interest centres in the pottery exhibit, in which a running history of native pottery is made, beginning with some specimens of the mound-builders found in the State. The modern pottery and decorated ware, beginning with the first experiments of Miss McLaughlin and including the Wheatleigh pottery, and the final results of the Rockwood pottery.—Willie Woodward, a pupil of Gérôme, who returned home on account of pulmonary trouble, but is now recovering, is to paint the portrait of Governor Porter, of Indiana.

A CORRESPONDENT asks the difference between proofs on parchment and on Japanese paper. In answer it may be said that better effects are secured on parchment. It is consequently used for the first impressions, and these are more valuable. The 'Angelus,' the proof in question, illustrates this, inasmuch as the parchment impressions are sold unframed for \$187.50 and those on Japanese paper for \$112.50. Of the parchment artist proofs there were one hundred printed, of which fifty came to America, and of the impressions on Japanese paper two hundred and one, of which twenty-five were sent here. The artist proofs were all signed. This is not always the case, but when they are signed it is, of course, the earliest impressions which receive the signature. The demand for the 'Angelus' has been so great that the Paris publisher is said to have but four prints left.



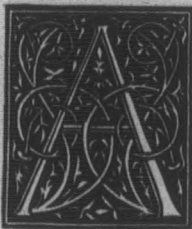
Virginie Demont-Breton 1881

PAINTED BY V. DEMONT-BRETON.

ETCHED BY L. FLAMENG.

FISHWOMAN BATHING HER CHILDREN.

CHILDHOOD AND ART.*



PRINCIPAL feature of our last paper was the treatment of childhood by the artists of the fifteenth century. We now pass to a more celebrated period, to an age of masters whom the world justly refers to as "Old Masters"—not the oldest, as we have seen, but the most accomplished. They were men of

infinite acquirements—painters, sculptors, goldsmiths, architects, engineers, and inventors all at once. Like the ancients, these great men studied "man" from the life, his bodily likeness, the anatomy of his bones and muscles, and the thoughts and emotions of his soul. How did they deal with the charms and graces of his earliest years? Were they as tender and sympathetic with childhood as those of a generation before them, and in proportion to their strength and skill in treating the action and passion of maturer life? Undoubtedly they were.

The artists of the sixteenth century were many in number, of various races, and living in different countries; yet all may be said to have been inspired by one spirit, though wide diversities of gifts are discernible in their works. Their number, indeed, makes it a matter of difficulty to decide how to give any adequate account of their treatment of children in the limited space to which these remarks are confined. It would be convenient, if we could do so, to observe a strict historical order in treating of their labours and achieve-

ments; but when we are reviewing their works, rather than their lives, this order cannot conveniently be maintained.

That scholarly perfection which marks the great period of modern Art was attained much earlier by some artists than by others. Luca Signorelli, for instance, was nearly forty years senior to Michelangelo, yet his attainments were in many ways equal to those of the greater master, and far ahead of those of most of his contemporaries. Perugino lived longer into the sixteenth century, but reached a smaller measure of its special gifts, than Francia, who lived in Bologna,

out of the society of contemporary painters. So with others also; their lives or their careers overlapped each other, but the countries or states in which they lived gave them, or prevented, opportunities of maturing their powers, or confining them within the narrower limits of old tradition.

It must, therefore, be enough to select some few out of many names that enjoy a well-deserved renown.

To begin, then, with that of Michelangelo Buonarroti. The works of that artist are colossal, whether in painting, sculpture, or architecture. He represents men and women rather than children; but children, if rarely portrayed, are the most tender and touching illustrations of his powers. The Infant Christ here engraved belongs to a life-sized group in white marble now in the cathedral of Bruges, of which a cast can be seen in the South



Madonna and Child, by Michelangelo.

Kensington Museum. The artist has here displayed the perfect proportions of health and beauty. There is no exaggerated bigness of limb or emphasis of muscle, nothing to suggest extraordinary strength, as in the Caryatides of the

* Continued from page 84.

Sistine Chapel; the Child leans against one of His Mother's knees, while one of His feet, soft and elastic, half rests in a fold of her dress while venturing a forward step. The face and the action of the Child express the timidity of His tender age. With this sculpture we should compare the unfinished Holy Family attributed to the same artist in the National Gallery. The elegance, the exact roundness and grace of the children's outlines in that picture can scarcely be attributed to any other hand. We should also carefully study the slender proportions and the refined conception of early manhood in the personages standing on the two sides.

Leonardo da Vinci was a man of great refinement and accomplishments. His paintings are finished to a high degree of perfection; they are modelled with the fineness of polished sculpture, and the shades of expression he gives to his faces can hardly be surpassed for delicacy of execution. Among the Holy Families he has left, a fine example may be studied in the picture lately acquired for the National Gallery. It would be difficult to point to any painting of Leonardo in which there is so much unearthly beauty of expression as he has imparted to this Infant Saviour. The face is seen in profile, but there is a light in the eye and a tenderness in the lines of the mouth which cannot be described in words. Love and compassion were probably the special emotions of the soul which the painter here wished to give to his subject, such as might arise from a foreknowledge both of the special mission of the future Baptist, the voice appointed to herald the rising of the coming day, and of the cruel end in store for him. That what the painter wished to express was this, and this only, it would be rash to pronounce. But we know that his custom was to meditate

long over special parts of his paintings, not only when he first composed them, but throughout their execution; as in the instance of the Christ in his 'Last Supper,' the place for the head of which was long left unfilled because he could not find or see anywhere such a head as, in his mind, he desired. There are copies of the National Gallery picture, painted probably by himself, or prepared for his completion by pupils. One of them is in the Louvre, but it does not surpass, if it equals, our recent acquisition. Amongst the drawings in the Louvre there are two studies in chalk on grey paper for the Holy Child in this composition. They are beautiful

outlines, of a delicacy and suggestiveness hardly excelled in the finished painting. These first fresh renderings of impressions made on the artist by some momentary sight, some face in the crowd or by the wayside—can they ever be reproduced and worked out by the slower and more careful manipulation of oil painting? If the hand is mastered for a moment by the imagination, and absolutely mastered for that moment only, the laborious, often painful, effort to carry out the image left on the memory rarely preserves the supreme tenderness of the sketch; and the little drawings in the Louvre will, perhaps, press this consideration on the student who is familiar with the beautiful composition in Trafalgar Square.

For a careful and appreciative criticism of the sketching powers of Leonardo, especially in sketching childhood, we need only refer the reader to the thoughtful remarks of Mr. Henry Wallis at page 33. They are written with the genuine feeling of a painter for a painter's gifts and accomplishments.

Two of Leonardo's pupils, Bernardino Luini and Beltraccio, inherited many of the charming qualities of his art. Luini so nearly resembled his master that many pictures once ascribed to the latter are now considered as the work of his pupil. Two fresco paintings transferred to canvas, each containing two infant angels, have been hung in one of the small galleries of the Louvre. Beltraccio painted Holy Families, one of which is in our National Gallery, No. 728.

The artist most justly famous as the master of expression is Raphael. He executed, during a comparatively short life, a large number of paintings, many of the most beautiful during his early years. These are the freshest of his works, and have a certain superiority of grace and charm, though they may not possess all the scholarly qua-

lities that belong to his later productions. He was imbued with special gifts, such as no man since the Greek age has possessed in equal measure, and he preserved, to the day of his death, a generosity, gentleness, and elasticity of character rare even in the age of great enthusiasms and warm emotions in which he lived. One so young in mind was drawn by natural sympathy to paint the graces and beauty of youth. His little Christs, his Virgins, his young men and maidens, have been the charm and delight of generations. That attractiveness of early youth which appeals to the hearts of all has been recognised as a sort of sunshine on



An Angel, from a Picture by A. Pollajuolo.

the faces of Raphael, resembling that smile of joy which the natural creation wears in answer to the goodness and fertility breathed upon it from above.

It must be enough to refer to one out of many works, the Madonna called *di San Sisto*, a work too well known from engravings to require more than a reference in these pages. We may study not only the beauty of the two chief personages in this picture, and the likeness traceable between them, but the divine fire and the penetrating light imparted to the Infant's gaze—a gaze to which lay open, as in a vision, His long passion and fearful end; the malice of His enemies and the desertions of friends; the trials and struggles of the Church; these, and things unspeakable beyond them all. Critics have said of this picture that Raphael succeeded in it, as he has in no other picture, in representing "the Word made man."

We have the Garvagh Holy Family, the St. Catherine, and other beautiful pictures by Raphael, in the National Gallery. His representation of childhood is adequately illustrated in the first, and of the faith and purity of his virgin saints in the second.

We next come to the great school of painters in Venice, of whom Titian is the head. We need not compare him with Raphael, not on account of inferiority, but because he had other and different gifts—gifts in which he is unsurpassed. A boy's head, a little satyr, in the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of the National Gallery, is full of

grace and playfulness. He is best seen as a painter of children in the great picture of the 'Assumption,' now in the Academy of Arts, in Venice. A band of angels, lovely winged boys, of which we engrave two, bear up the Virgin in a mantle of clouds that receive her out of the sight of the Apostles below.

In the 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' in the National Gallery, where the saint is embracing the Saviour on His Mother's lap, we can study the freshness of the painter's treatment both of the Child and of the tender love and innocence of the maiden saint.

Giovanni Bellini, an earlier master, will appeal more immediately than Titian to the affections of the lovers of children. His Infant Saviours, and the little angels he loved to paint piping or touching the strings of the lute at the feet of his compositions, have an unfailling charm. There is an admirable example (No. 200) in the National Gallery. The Child wears a little shirt or tunic girt round the middle; the limbs are

admirably drawn, the features round, firm, but delicate; the expression tender but serious, with that solemnity so often seen in infants, mysterious because we cannot divine, nor they explain to us, what thoughts may be passing through their minds. There is a beautiful Holy Family in the gallery in Venice, in which the Infant is dancing for joy before the Virgin and St. Joseph, with a like seriousness on the features. There also are examples of his little musical angels. A charming picture, formerly in the Church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, in which these little creatures were represented, was destroyed by fire a few years since.

Vittore Carpaccio, another Venetian painter, rather later in date, evidenced his love for children by introducing them into his pictures whenever practicable. The child angel, of which we give an illustration on the next page, is the centre of a delightful group which forms the pediment to a 'Presentation in the Temple.' The little band finds much pleasure in discoursing sweet music from lute, violin, and guitar.

A 'Mother and Child,' by Marco Basaiti, and again another by Vivarini (Nos. 599 and 286) in the National Gallery, have similar excellent qualities. Carlo Crivelli, of Milan, a severe, almost a harsh draughtsman, may also be referred to here for his tender, affectionate treatment of infancy in the two angels supporting the dead Christ (No. 602), and in the centre compartment of a large altar-piece (No. 788), in which the Infant Saviour leans an earnest face over the hand



Cherubs, from the 'Assumption' by Titian.

of the Virgin that sustains Him, gazing with compassion on the worshippers below.

Although we pass over many names, it will be well here to consider certain painters, of different schools, who have much in common as regards children. Sandro Botticelli was a painter of human affection and natural passion. No. 275 of the National Gallery, the 'St. John and the Angel,' is an example of his powers.

Pietro Perugino, the master of Raphael, is nowhere more powerful or better seen than in his drawing of the young, whenever they make part of his compositions. No. 181 (National Gallery) has a charming Infant standing on a parapet, and holding, as for protection, a long lock of His Mother's hair. No. 703, of similar character, is by Pinturicchio, one of his pupils. No. 288, by Perugino, contains three pictures, in one of which, 'Tobias and the Archangel,' he represents admirably the purity and grace of early youth.

Luca Signorelli, an accomplished anatomist and draughts-

man, seems to have had a singular influence over his great successor, Michelangelo. His frescoes at Orvieto treated of the "four last things"—Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. Among these compositions we may notice the great beauty of his youthful angels. Unhappily there remain few easel paintings by his hand, and he can be fairly studied only in his frescoes. A set of outline engravings may be seen in the library at South Kensington, "Stampe del duomo d'Orvieto, 1791."

Antonio da Pollajuolo died about 1496. His drawing is correct, and shows abundance of power. His pictures have all the tenderness, the careful study, and faithful rendering of expression found among his contemporaries. A picture of the Holy Family with two angels is in our National Gallery, and

the engraving we give on page 98 is from one of these figures. They represent the characters, one of a boy, the other of a maiden. The action of the hands and the expression of the eyes are full of meaning.

Filippino Lippi, a Florentine, and a pupil of Botticelli, treated his Infant Saviour with much tenderness. We have one of his pictures, a good example, in the National Gallery, No. 293.

With these paintings we may compare the children, the maidens, and young men of Francesco Francia, a better-trained artist. No. 179 contains a Holy Family, with St. Anne, the Virgin, and Saviour, and a lovely infant St. John below, with blue eyes and golden hair. Of this series of



Angel from the 'Presentation in the Temple,' by Vittore Carpaccio.

painters, and of Francia especially, we may observe that they set before us youth and infancy, slender, refined in make and feature—creatures whom, if we met them by the wayside, we should take to be sprung from some royal or noble stock; not wanting in healthy roundness or due sufficiency of strength, but perfect within their own proportions. We should not think of them as too fragile for this world, but as sent into it to carry out some high mission; the abodes of heavenliness of mind—nature refined to its utmost.

Lastly, to close this portion of the subject, let us turn to a painter of children *par excellence*, Antonio da Correggio. His great fresco in the dome of the Cathedral of Parma

represents a trellis of foliage with angels, winged boys, peeping into it through numerous round openings. He painted an 'Assumption,' with a heavenly host attending, in the postures and movements of whom he shows a command of the laws of perspective unsurpassed among his contemporaries. We have more than one example of his painting in the National Gallery, but none that does entire justice to his genius. It is the smiling and joyous human serenity, together with the naturalism and softness of his painting and its admirable execution, that have secured the popularity of Correggio with modern critics, and particularly with the Germans.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

CHARLES I. AS AN ART COLLECTOR.

No. II.—AT HOME.

"To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor."



IN a former notice we gave some account of the origin and progress of King Charles's taste for Art, and of the acquisitions which he had made towards the formation of a gallery, up to the time of his return to England, on the failure of the negotiation for his Spanish marriage. This return took place in the early autumn of 1623, while he was still Prince of Wales. During the two years that elapsed between that event and the death of James I. he used such opportunities as fell in his way for carrying forward his favourite scheme, and a variety of works of Art were added to those which were already his own private property, and which consisted of the bequest by Prince Henry, of works purchased or presented to him in England, and of the cargo he had brought with him out of Spain. It is worthy of notice that he had not paid Spain itself the compliment of securing any specimen at all from the brush of her native artists. But this was only a temporary omission. No long time elapsed before Spanish pictures also began to find their way into his hands, as well as into the hands of other Englishmen of wealth and position. And thus it is, perhaps, with a truer insight than we might at first be inclined to attribute to him, that, in later years, the artistic spirit of the Spanish author Cean Bermudez is found mourning over this visit of the foreign prince.

Without stopping to consider any of the social or political events of the time, save to notice how the presence of the Duke of Buckingham must have acted as an unfailing stimulus towards the increase of the royal Art treasures, till the sudden blow fell that parted King and minister for ever, we pass hastily over the first fourteen years of the reign, to witness the installation of the new Art Gallery at Whitehall. Erected at right angles to the Banqueting Hall, it ran out eastwards towards the river, and thither were now brought, from the neighbouring palace of St. James, a variety of works that had been temporarily housed there till they could come to share with treasures stowed away at Whitehall the more ample accommodation of the "New Cabinett Room." Under the guidance of the King's Dutch Keeper, we may take a rapid survey of some of the more notable works of Art in the collection.

The famous 'Venus del Prado' first attracts our attention. The Raffaele cartoons, placed in the Great Gallery within a year of the King's accession, are just now not on view. Five are at "Mortlack," where Mr. Franciscus Cleane has them in his charge, while hangings are being wrought from them at the Tapestry Works; and two are standing in the passageway that leads from the Privy Lodgings to the Banqueting

House, carefully packed away in "a slit deal wooden case." In like manner the beautiful painting of the 'Holy Family and St. John,' one of the greatest prizes obtained by the purchase of the Duke of Mantua's collection, with "its sky of Titian-like blue streaked with red," is not to be seen here today. It is away farther down the river, at Somerset House. But there is a head by Raffaele where yonder ray of sunlight falls; and hard by, flanking his 'Holy Family,' hangs Titian's stately portrait of Charles the Emperor. Holbein and Porbus and Bassano are represented yonder; Oliver and Mytens and Sandrart here. Upon the wall, in a place of honour above the mantelpiece, hangs Honthorst's painting of the 'Duke of Buckingham, his Duchess, and two Children.' Away to the right the delicate touches and brilliant colouring of a pair of Breughel's landscapes lighten the more sombre tints of Leonardo's 'St. John the Baptist.' On the left the transparent flesh tones of Rottenhämer's female beauties act as a foil to the more solid depths revealed in Cranach's 'Martin Luther.' Vandycks and Poelemburgs abound on every side, fresh from the easel; and interspersed with them are Palmas, and Veroneses, and Tintoretos, that ably maintain the reputation of distant Italy.

But whence come these examples so choice and so numerous of so many different schools? Subjects at home and ambassadors abroad, like those of the Monarch of Spain and the Emperor, have been on the watch for gifts that shall find favour in royal eyes. Sir Henry Wotton, at Venice, has been a diligent searcher after such impersonifications of "sweetness and light." Lord Cottington, in Spain, has kept his agents constantly on the *qui vive*. Rubens, an old habitué of the picture markets, has possessed himself of the earliest intelligence, and has aided with his ready advice and assistance. The States have followed in the wake of the King of Spain, and a few years ago sent by their ambassador's hands, as a present not unworthy of the acceptance of a crowned head, four paintings in oil and a picture wrought in silk. Within the four corners of the kingdom donors have sprung up in every quarter. On the long list figure the names of Lord Carlisle, Lord Fielding, and Lord Hamilton; of Sir Harry Fanchurch, Sir Dudley Carleton, and Sir Henry Vane; of Sir Arthur Hopton and Sir Francis Crane. The untitled names of Heriot and Dewarts, his Majesty's jewellers, claim their place upon the roll; nor has the historic Villiers forgotten to fulfil his part, and send a contribution to the show. Many a courtier of lesser note, possessed of some choice specimen, has made the best "exchange" he could; and when the royal purse strings have been untied, there has been no lack of agents like the fertile and inventive Inigo Jones, or the trusty Mr. Endymion Porter, to act as go-betweens, and land the coveted prizes with as little loss of gear as common fishermen.

From the Hague came that delicately finished little painting of 'A Falconer,' protected by its covering of isinglass, that seems at first glance to fill too proud a position at the farther end of the gallery. But where, if not in a palace, shall the work of a royal hand find honour? Emulating the example of the Spanish monarch and of the Infante Ferdinand, the

* Continued from page 52.

Princess Louisa has been toiling at the easel, and an Anstruther has safely borne her present to her royal uncle's gallery. A pair of Albert Dürer's portraits hang close alongside—the painter and the painter's father, the choicest gifts that Nuremberg could find to lay at the feet of the English virtuoso; while the Clouet, rivalling Van Eyck in the tender transparency of its flesh tints, eclipsing him in the grace and dignity of its pose, is Lord Fielding's latest offering. It was but this morning the King settled where he would have it hung.

Lit mainly by the candle-beams that shed their "dim religious light" upon the empty skull that St. Jerome holds, the panel which contains Lucas Van Leyden's powerful work hangs between two of the windows. In the full light of the embrasure alongside, the beauties of the two Correggios are better seen, the one a 'St. John the Baptist' that the King brought out of Spain, the other a 'Madonna and Child and St. Katherine,' a gift from Villiers. Farther on still comes the yet more highly prized example from the same master hand, 'Venus teaching Cupid.'

And now just for a moment glance at that 'Indifferent ancient Gentleman,' in his black cap and "grey coney-skin coloured furred gown," or away at those eager Israelitish heads, so quaintly labelled as 'A Piece of two Jews,' that by some odd fancy have been placed so close alongside 'A Piece of Noah's Flood.' But we must not talk of anachronisms in a picture gallery.

And thus we pass on from window to window, and from wall space to wall space. But there is plenty else around us to show that the King's tastes have not been narrowed down to mere picture collecting. He is a genuine connoisseur in other walks of Art, and shares the true collector's admiration for all that is curious and rare. Cottington was well aware of the breadth of the artistic sympathies to which he had to minister when he wrote to him a few years ago as follows:—"The shoeing-horn is rough hewn, and I carry it along with me; so shall I also the Conde of Benevente's pictures, with some others that I think your Majesty will like well. I had information that in the King's house at Carthage there were two rare heads of Brutus and Cassius, both of white marble; so I begged them of the King, who instantly wrote his letter commanding that they should be taken down, and forthwith sent to Seville to meet me there; which I hope will be performed. Yet I have since understood that there is fear they are each of them the load of a cart, for they have great pedestals of white marble also with inscriptions on them. However, I will take such heed that if they cannot be brought to Seville, they shall be shipped from thence to England."

No such massive blocks of antique marble occupy the floor space here. Yet it is amply "furnished forth" with ranges of statues of no mean order, disposed at intervals down either side. The bulk of these were once Prince Henry's. Not so the series of intaglios that fill the intermediate cases; they are of the King's own collecting. And in him also we shall find the original owner of the profile in black and white embossed in wax. So, too, the Scripture story, chased in silver, that shines on yonder stand, wrought by the hand of Vah Vianan, and the rainbow colours of that sparkling morsel of Lamoine's enamel, have each their claim upon the memory of the King. It was he also who first acquired the "little running horse in brass blacked over," cast by Fanelli the one-eyed, alongside which there stands Lord Denby's uncouth present of the Indian brazen idol.

Here on this table lie the precious volumes of Gentileschi's drawings, and of "Wooden Prints of Alberdure." Unfolded on a reading-stand is the quaint collection of "Forty-nine Pictures by the Life done in Dry Colour;" while down beside the case of coins a pair of reference books may be described, in "speckled" leather edged with blue. These the King has made the vade mecum for his "medals" almost from early boyhood. Within the case there lies one coin of the Atrebatas, as to which the familiar authority is silent. But the careful Camden has elsewhere figured such a type, and the label here describing "a piece of pale gold, at the one side some characters, and on the other side worn very smooth, said to be an old British Piece of Coin," is conclusive evidence of the wisdom of the choice that has placed the worthy Dutchman over the storehouse and its marvels.

If we would yet see more, Guido's fine canvas, representing 'Judith and Holofernes,' hangs down the corridor, within the chamber of which the Duchess of Shrewsbury was a quondam tenant. There, and in the Privy Lodgings, are to be seen the older treasures of the palace, kings and queens and pillars of the State in "lively portraiture displayed." But it is pleasanter here this bright November noon. The trees in the Privy Garden down beneath us have not yet shed all their summer glories, and quite a fleet of covered boats has slipped its moorings from the Palace Stairs, to ply out yonder on the gently swelling tide away towards Chelsea, where old Thames is sparkling in the sunlight.

"Slowly the finger of the dial moves on,
Silently moving with the silent sun."

The struggles and anxieties of another ten years have come and gone. The awful climax has arrived. The deadly axe has been uplifted, and has fallen.

Hardly is the King's body cold for the tomb before the appraiser is at his fatal work, making ready for the great dispersion. Out of crown and sceptre and bauble the jewels are torn, and the battered remnants forthwith hurried to the Mint. The treasures of the jewel-house are hastily cast into the scales, and a price set upon each. The arras, the hangings of the windows in the royal palaces, the cloths of estate and pavilions, are, with the carpets and chest covers, seized and rudely measured with the deadly cloth-yard. The tables and stools, the inlaid cabinets and cypress chests, are catalogued and numbered and priced ready for the purchaser. And suites of scarcely frayed magnificence, the historic wardrobes of ancestral kings and queens, are drawn forth from their safe repositories to be examined and appraised with the same fell purpose.

Nor will the royal galleries be spared. Their death-warrant has been signed by the newly instituted powers, alike in utter disregard of their interest for the day and of the claims of posterity. The abode tenanted by kings shall be emptied and swept till nothing but the barren walls remain. All that added to the state or majesty of royalty, all that ministered even to the relaxation or pleasures of a king, is tainted by the plague-spot, and shall be cast into the fire of purification. But even as the very dross of the melting-pot has yet a use and a value, so the nation will not forbear to utilise what it cannot, by any act of volition, oust from the world of being, and the converted property shall swell the national exchequer.

The news of this determination falls pleasantly upon the

ears of foreign sovereigns, so lately startled by the death-knell of a member of their order; and to the Netherlands, to France, to Spain, and to Austria portions of the spoil will shortly be finding their way. It is thus the world wags. We feel a touch of compunction, a little shame, perhaps, but it is almost more than human to stay away from the auction where our late friend's goods are being sold—and sold so cheaply.

For that they will be sold below their value none can doubt. It is a time of panic still, and Englishmen, with their eyes scarcely cleared from the bloody mists of the battle-field, are dimly looking round, uncertain whether the next evil that is to befall them will be banishment, imprisonment, or death on the scaffold. Thus the present will be no time for really gauging what advance in the appreciation of artistic treasures the late monarch's steadfast pursuit of Art has brought about in the minds of his subjects.

But to return to the appraisers. They must not be losing time if they would win the race against the sturdy tribe of thieves, whose plunder is already to be seen boldly installed in other cabinets before February is a fortnight old. But the task before them is a heavy one. The Tower and Westminster Abbey, the "closetts" of Denmarke House and Somerset House, the palaces at Nonesuch, Oatlands, and Richmond, each and all are to find occupation for their ink-horn. There are stores of goods sent up from Greenwich and from Wimbledon, consigned to Mr. Browne, keeper of Denmarke House. There are pictures to be catalogued in the galleries at Greenwich. There are "Church Roabes" and "Musique" to be valued at Hampton Court. Windsor has to be visited, and "Stuffe" viewed in the wardrobe there. There is property of royal holding away in the Haberdashers' Hall. Sion House must be seen before plunderers get hold of its contents; and down in the Parliament House as well, there are hangings and pictures and miscellaneous property, all claiming speedy attention.

Members of the Council, such as Ludlow and Mildmay and Purefoy, must, with the inferior officers quartered about the precincts of the palaces, be called upon either to give up the national property around them, be it in furniture or in Art treasures, or to pay a composition. The Knights and Halls, and Myddletons and Frosts, and a host of minor note, will make heavy work for the scribes. Treasures of costly worth will have to be entered as "in the service of" the Lord Protector: only in his case, and in his case alone, need there be no entry made of corresponding payments. Well to the front in the struggle for possession of the coveted spoil stands the figure of John Hutchinson, of Owlthorpe, Colonel of the Forces, and a Member of the Council of State that has issued the order of dispersion. He makes himself master of the great 'Venus del Prado' for the sum of £600. Half that amount is entered in the register as fair value for the Raffaele cartoons, the title in which passes over to the Lord Protector. The painter, Sir Balthasar Gerbier, secures for £200 the portrait of the late king on horseback, and for the balance of the £350 which he paid over in the following June, that of the Emperor Charles V. Honthorst's fine painting of the 'Duke of Buckingham, his Duchess, and his Children,' removed by this time from Whitehall to Somerset House, passes into the possession of a Mr. Latham. The sale of 'A Prince of Spain' adds 10s.

to the national exchequer. Lucas Van Leyden's 'St. Jerome' is sold to Mr. Greene for £25. Against an assessment of £60 the name of Cromwell stands entered as the owner of Titian's 'Holy Family.' That painter's 'Lucrece' becomes the property of Colonel Webb for £70, while Mr. Grinder and his joint creditors take Myten's picture of 'Sir Geoffry Hudson,' entered as "Geoffry Nanus," and write off £10 from the account against the King's estate. A thousand pounds stands out in strong relief as fitting value for 'The Triumphs of Cæsar,' by Mantegna.

With compositions, dividends, and cash receipts, the whole total realised does not far exceed the monthly levy on the lands of England for the maintenance of her standing army.

Meanwhile the foreigners are far from idle. It is a later effort on the part of the kindly Hollanders to pour forth their wealth, not to outrival other realms in the glories of their gallery of Arts, but to restore, so far as may be, to the home of an outlawed Stuart its old familiar treasures. But the Spanish monarch is early bestirring himself, and promptly lets his ministers understand how welcome will be their efforts to secure a share of what is in the market. Haro is not slow to pass the message forwards, and in England Don Alonzo de Cardenas is soon feeling his way among the 'purchasers. Dewarts and Sir Balthasar and Hutchinson are plied with glittering baits. Backed by the wealth of Spain, Cardenas bids the golden shower fall right heavily; the bolts and bars give way, and the frail objects of his pursuit fall into his eager hands. For Spain is also finally secured the famous Raffaele that once had graced the Mantuan gallery. Old Spanish purchases go back by the way by which they had come. Bearing them and their new companions across the rugged mountains of Cantabria, eighteen mules toil painfully, while Philip awaits with ill-concealed impatience the hour of their arrival. The Mantuan picture draws forth his warmest expressions of delight. "It is 'La Perla,'" he cries, "of all I ever saw." To this hour, hanging in the Museo del Prado, it bears the name then given.

A different future is in store for the Correggio, 'Venus teaching Cupid,' which Colonel Hutchinson also lately made his own. For many a year it will adorn a ducal gallery in Spain, but Murat's restless eyes will one day behold it, and it will be thenceforth Spanish property no longer. From French captivity Lord Londonderry's purse shall, as the years roll on, redeem the truant beauty, to rest again in peace on English shores.

A fate similar to that which stripped Whitehall had previously overtaken the other famous English collection, the gallery of the Duke of Buckingham. There also thieves had had their share, but a faithful old retainer of the house had rescued many and shipped them safely across the seas to Holland; and there they had been finally dispersed.

It is indeed a fact well worthy of note that both Prince and Favourite should, as travellers, have escaped the many dangers of their adventurous journey; as Protestants, the fanaticism of an intensely Catholic metropolis; as Cavaliers, the chances of a broil amongst foreign noblemen—to fall each by a bloody death on English soil. The history of the dispersion of their gathered treasures is but a minor detail in the thrilling history. *Vanitas vanitatum*. "Verily every man living is altogether vanity."

EDWIN STOWE.

THE EXHIBITION OF SMOKE ABATEMENT/APPLIANCES.



HE promoters of the movement for endeavouring to diminish the smoke which spreads a persistent canopy over the metropolis deserve the best thanks of their fellow-citizens.

The problem is not new, but it has been forced into prominence by a concurrence of conditions which give a somewhat new aspect of the case. There have been areas in England as vast as the metropolis which have been covered with a canopy of smoke arising from manufactories—such, for instance, as districts round Manchester, or between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and in the Potteries; but there has never been, in this country or in any other, so vast an aggregation of dwelling-houses as that which constitutes London.

The Smoke Abatement Exhibition affords a view of many arrangements by which fuel may be consumed without smoke under steam boilers, and under various forms of furnaces. It is even shown how the Potteries, which have been some of the most persistent creators of smoke, may be freed from smoke in future.

The real difficulty in relieving the London atmosphere from visible smoke lies in the almost universal employment of the open fireplace for warming our houses. The open fire is a companion and a friend to a solitary individual, and it is the almost necessary complement of a social gathering. In an artistic point of view the fireplace is the central feature in every room, and there are few matters of internal decoration upon which so much thought has been bestowed.

The open fireplace of the old-fashioned pattern is undoubtedly the best engine of ventilation for a room. An open fire with a bright flame conveys warmth to the walls of a room, whilst its rays leave the air to be breathed cool; and there is no doubt that the perfection of ventilation would be to have cool air to breathe, but to be surrounded with warm walls, floors, and furniture, so as not to feel ourselves parting with our heat to surrounding objects. Besides this, the open fire enables each occupant of a room, by selecting his position, to regulate according to his wishes the amount of heat he desires to obtain from it.

There are, no doubt, cold countries in Northern Europe where this worship of the open fire does not prevail; but so far as England is concerned, it may be said that the abolition of the open fire would materially alter, if not revolutionise, many of our social arrangements.

In considering the arguments in favour of so complete a change of our habits, it will at once be seen that it is from the large number of houses brought together in the metropolis that our difficulties arise. For instance, there are few things more picturesque than on a bright, calm autumn day, when the sunshine is modified by a haze, to come in sight of a cottage situated near a wooded hill, from whose chimney a thin column of smoke rises straight up into the air. When, however, we aggregate together cottages and houses into a vast town, the smoke which we admired whilst it proceeded from one fire becomes a source of trouble and evil.

The matter resulting from the incomplete combustion of coal which is projected into the atmosphere on a foggy day, prevents the dissipation of the fog, and thus smoke and fog

act and react on each other to keep the atmosphere polluted. But the incomplete combustion of bituminous coal not only sends smoke into the air, but deposits a mass of soot in the chimney; and as if the householder was determined to do all in his power to make the atmosphere impure, the smoke which is thus arrested in the chimney-flue in the form of soot, is periodically pushed up out at the top of the chimney into the air, not only to the detriment of the occupier of the house, but to that of the neighbours—an arrangement which may be witnessed any morning in houses where chimneys are being swept.

In addition to these visible products from bituminous coal, of which so many complaints are made, there are invisible products of combustion, and were successful arrangements made to abate all visible smoke, these invisible products would remain to injure the air of the town. Of these products sulphurous acid deserves probably the most consideration. This product is very apparent in London air; it adds to the pungency of the air in a fog, and gives acidity to the rain which falls in London; and it is from this that arises the decay of many varieties of stone in some of our most splendid buildings, as well as the rapid deterioration of certain descriptions of work in metal. The presence of sulphurous acid in London air may, however, have beneficial results in destroying some of the evil influences which might otherwise arise from the vast amount of organic matter in a state bordering on decomposition, which pervades the whole atmosphere of a great city.

The visible as well as the invisible products of combustion would be diminished by a reduction of the quantity of fuel consumed in the metropolis. The consumption of an ordinary open fireplace is far greater than what would be necessary, provided all the heat created were properly utilised; and the fuel consumed in the kitchen of an ordinary dwelling-house is very far in excess of what would be required for cooking the food of the family if there was no waste of heat. It is largely within bounds to say that three-fifths of the coal consumed in the metropolis in domestic fireplaces might be saved, provided the appliances for warming and cooking were devised upon the rational basis of avoiding waste of heat.

But so large a diminution in the consumption of fuel would effect a material saving in other ways. The labour entailed by the use of open fireplaces in houses is enormous. In a house of moderate size the consumption of coal, at a low calculation, will be twenty-four tons a year, which would require twelve carts to convey it to the house—or a street such as Eaton Place would require more than 1,200 carts to supply it with coal. When the coal is placed in the house, these twenty-four tons require to be carried up in coal-scuttles, each holding probably a quarter of a hundredweight; that is to say, that there would be to be carried from the cellar to various parts of the house nearly 2,000 coal-scuttles full of coal. The residue would have to be carried down again in the shape of ashes, probably to the extent of 400 coal-scuttles, independently of the proportion of ashes which get scattered from the fireplace about the room, and have to be cleaned up by the housemaid. In addition to this, the dirt engendered by the smoke and soot sent up into the atmosphere renders much additional cleaning necessary, and entails on the inhabitants of London a vast

expenditure on soap, and on repainting and redecorating our rooms. The labour thus entailed is wasted force which might be saved and used in other ways, if we were prepared to adopt systematized arrangements for the supply of heat to our houses.

With the present size of London, the pollution of the atmosphere is a very serious evil. But the rate of extension is continuous. At the beginning of the century the population did not exceed 960,000; since that time it has continuously increased by one-fifth in every ten years; it is now nearly 4,000,000; and at this rate, which shows no symptoms of decrease, the population will exceed 8,000,000 in 1920. The houses spring up on the outskirts of London on every piece of spare land. Each new house contributes an addition to the smoke, and therefore the evil is becoming intensified year by year in an accelerating ratio. It cannot, however, be said that up to the present time any system of domestic warming has been presented to the public which affords the undoubted advantages which the open fireplace possesses.

For cooking purposes gas presents many advantages, because it is available at any moment, and it affords a means of regulating the temperature to any desired point. But gas has not yet been applied to the warming of rooms in such a manner as to provide the various advantages, both for health and comfort, which the open fire possesses.

Gas heating is, however, in its infancy. The production of gas can be effected without creating smoke, but the preliminary to its general use for heating is the production of a gas adapted to heating, as distinguished from gas for lighting purposes. This is a very easy matter, so far as the production of the gas is concerned; and the gas for heating would be cheaper, but duplicate pipes would be needed for delivering the two sorts of gas.

The method of heating houses by steam, as a combined system, presents many advantages. In this system the steam is conveyed by pipes laid along the streets from boilers placed in a central situation: by proper arrangement the production of steam would be effected without creating smoke. The steam is laid on to each house in the same manner as gas is laid on. The system would be more conveniently applied to new houses and in newly laid-out streets, because in many existing streets the number of pipes already laid down would present a serious obstacle to the adoption of the system. It would be specially applicable to the warming of the blocks of model dwellings which are being erected for the accommodation of the artisan and labouring classes.

But there remains the broad fact, that however valuable these various makeshifts may be, we have not at the present time any system of which we could at once say to a person seriously desirous of contributing to the abatement of smoke, that its adoption would insure unqualified satisfaction. The Smoke Abatement Exhibition affords the public an opportunity of seeing to what extent the skill of English manufacturers has succeeded in mitigating the evils of smoke from the open grate. The exhibits of open fireplaces which seek to prevent smoke may be roughly classed under six heads, viz. :—

1. Those which bring air warmed, or otherwise, to the top or back of the fire.
2. Those which draw down the gases and flame through

the fire to unite with warmed air, or otherwise, at the back, whence the gases pass up the chimney.

3. Those which are based on the principle of coking the coal before use. Of this class Dr. Arnott's was the earliest example; and this method has many adaptations in the exhibition at South Kensington.

4. Those which claim to obtain a smokeless fire by means of smokeless coal.

5. The plan of using coke and gas, as proposed by Dr. Siemens; or

6. The combustion of gas on asbestos, or gas on fireclay. The latter can only be classed as mere makeshifts, which do not give the real advantages of the open fire.

There is no doubt that in many of those under the first two heads, which are devised to burn bituminous coal without smoke, when the fire has once been carefully lighted and made to burn brilliantly, and when great care and attention are bestowed on the firing, little or no smoke is produced.

The Arnott stove and its modifications, which are embraced under the third head, do, after the fire is once well lit, burn without visible smoke. The fault of the Arnott stove was the dull fire it created; this fault is modified by Messrs. Barnard and Bishop's glow stoves, and by some others of the stoves exhibited. But the true charm of the open fire lies in a bright flame from bituminous coal, and the merit of the open fire lies in the powerful radiant heat which that flame and the glowing coal afford, and in the strong draught up the chimney which the flame causes, by which a most efficient ventilation is furnished. The difference in the velocity of current in a chimney with a red fire without flame, and a bright fire with flame, is as much as from fifteen to twenty feet per second. The fire furnished by smokeless coal is a glowing red fire without flame, and Dr. Siemens claims as one of the advantages of his fire of gas and coke combined, that it does not send so much heat up the chimney as an ordinary fire. If in the open fire, therefore, smokeless coal only is to be used, or if Dr. Siemens' plan be adopted, it would be possible to obtain quite as efficient an arrangement for ventilation by other means.

The fact is, we must look upon the Smoke Abatement Exhibition as the first practical effort to direct public attention to the enormous importance, in its relation to the health and comfort of the community, of getting rid of smoke. It has not solved the problem, but it has done something towards it. It has produced sufficient evidence to show that it would not be unreasonable for the Metropolitan Board of Works to proclaim in the next Building Act that in every new house the arrangement for warming and cooking should be such as to prevent the generation of smoke. If that were done, the attention of architects, engineers, and builders would be so constantly devoted to this object that we might reasonably hope in a few years to see whole districts in the newer parts of London free from this evil.

Pure air is as important to a community as pure water. Much attention has been given to obtaining pure water for the metropolis, and we have succeeded in obtaining water of a fairly good quality. Our efforts should not be relaxed until we have secured pure air.

DOUGLAS GALTON.



VARNISHING DAY AND PRIVATE VIEW DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

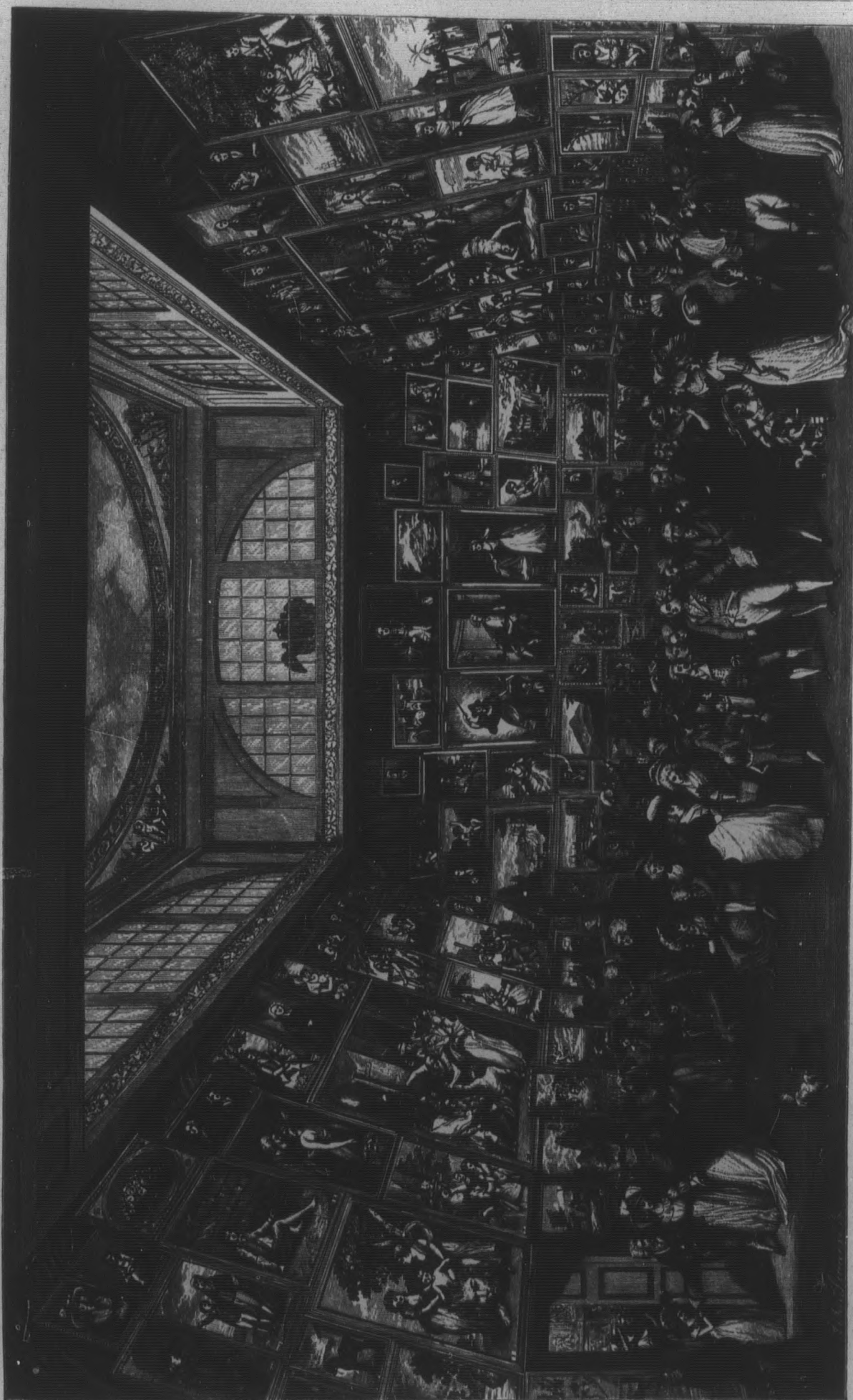
THE "outsiders'" varnishing day at the Royal Academy is, in many respects, the great artistic field day of the year. No gathering is looked forward to with more interest by the wielders of the brush and chisel. It is true that the expectant exhibitor now knows beforehand that he has something "in;" he has received a card inviting him "to inspect such of his works as have been accepted for exhibition." But, supposing him to have sent several works, and to have received no previous missive of rejection, he is ignorant until he reaches the galleries how many of them, and which, he is destined to find on the walls, and, a still more important point, where they are on those walls—on the line or near the roof.

People's memories are now so proverbially short, that probably few are aware how recently these varnishing days, as they at present exist, were instituted, and still fewer what a battle raged round the question for many years at the Academic Council board. The members of the Academy had, indeed, enjoyed the privilege for many years, though not without interruption. It was in 1809 that the permission to retouch and varnish their pictures after they were hung was first granted to them. There is no record of any objection being taken to this by other exhibitors until 1835, when Mr. John Martin, in giving evidence before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire as to the state of the higher branches of Art, and the best mode of advancing them, brought forward as a grievance against the Academy that one of his pictures had been injured, after being sent for

exhibition, by some varnish spilt upon it, as he conceived, in malice, by some envious Academician.

The President, Sir Martin Shee, in his rebutting evidence, said that he thought the varnishing days might be regarded as among the privileges granted by the diploma, but that so far as he was concerned it was one which he did not care to see retained. Retained they were, however, until 1852, when at the instance of Mulready, seconded by Maclise, the privilege was abolished. It is to be noted, however, that Mulready's proposition contained the first germ of an outsider's varnishing day, for it suggested "the propriety of doing away with the varnishing days, or of making such alteration in the present arrangement as shall equalise the supposed advantages of those days to the exhibitors generally." The decision of the Academy showed that it considered the advantages to be nothing more than "supposed," for it abolished the days altogether, merely giving members the right to repair any accident that might have happened to a picture. But—and this was an important concession—it gave the Council power to grant the same right to non-members. A curious fact in connection with this is that the then President of the Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake, stated publicly at the dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, that the practice would have been discontinued long before but that the works of Turner, who had died a short time previously, gained so much by it, that it would have been a great loss to their effect if they had not had the benefit of his final touches. Leslie, in his "Recollections," says he believes it would have broken Turner's heart if the varnishing days had been abolished, and that whenever such a measure was hinted at, he said, "Then you will do away with the only social meetings we have, the only occasion on which we all come together in an easy, unrestrained manner. When we have no varnishing days we shall not know one another." And Leslie adds that Turner painted all the effects of his pictures then, as, indeed, many well-known stories go to prove.

Numerous attempts were made to regain the privilege, but without success. In 1860, however, a round-robin was signed by



The Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, 1787.

the following members, W. Dyce, J. R. Herbert, E. Landseer, F. Grant, G. Jones, P. MacDowell, H. W. Pickersgill, A. E. Chalon, W. P. Frith, E. M. Ward, C. Stanfield, and S. A. Hart, calling for a reconsideration of the whole question, with a view to restoring the varnishing days. The agitators, though not immediately successful, eventually gained their point, and not only obtained in 1862 a renewal of their former privilege for the members, but actually got something for outsiders; it being resolved that such exhibitors whose works might appear to the Council to require such advantage should, on special invitation of the Council, be permitted the privilege of varnishing and retouching on the last of the three days set apart for that purpose; and in that year forty-eight such invitations were accordingly issued. This limited concession remained in force till 1869, when, on the occasion of the first exhibition in the Burlington House Galleries, the present custom of giving all outsiders a whole day to themselves, immediately following the three days allotted to members, was initiated, and has been continued ever since. Now it is the outsider who can spill his varnish over the academic canvas.

That the boon, somewhat tardily conferred, is thoroughly appreciated, is proved by the number of artists that come up specially from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in response to the invitation to inspect their works accepted for exhibition. Besides, it is a sort of private view of the exhibition, for those at least who have not too much to do to their own pictures. Our illustration, by Mr. W. C. Horsley, shows the scene in the large Gallery No. III., though hardly at the most animated part of the day. It is here generally that the most cheerful and excited groups are to be found, either at work or engaged in criticism. Cheerful because it is always considered an advantage to have something in the big room, even though it may be near the ceiling; and animated because here are generally the pictures of the year, those which will provoke the most discussion, and whose merits and defects are consequently most fiercely argued. One feature in the scene is the number of ladies; last year there were nearly one hundred and fifty exhibitors belonging to the fair sex. It is true that a great many of them have nothing to do on this occasion, as the bulk of their contributions is in the water-colour room; still a goodly number arrive with colour-box and brushes, and are soon hard at work. Down the centre of each gallery is a table, on which are sponges and basins of water, while carpenters are stationed about ready to move the stages and ladders for those whose pictures are in an elevated position. Two or three members of that much-feared and much-abused body, the Hanging Committee, are always in attendance, ready to listen to all sorts of appeals. The usual request is merely that a picture may be tilted more or less, but occasionally some sanguine individual does not hesitate to suggest that his picture would look much better where Jones's is (Jones's being near the line), while Jones's "broad, powerful work" would look quite as well where his, Smith's, is (near the ceiling), and that, as they are the same size, the exchange could very easily be made. It is very interesting to watch the groups that will gather round the work of an unknown man who has got a picture on the line, discussing it and him. Sad, on the other hand, is it to see one who has grown grey in the service of Art without obtaining more than her smallest favours, perched at the top of a ladder, giving a coat of varnish,

or a few last loving touches, to the work which, when he sent it in, he perhaps fondly hoped might bring him the fame that had so long eluded his grasp.

As the varnishing day is the carnival of Art workers, so the private view day may be said to be the carnival of Art amateurs. When this latter festival was instituted cannot be very clearly ascertained. Royalty had, as now, a day to itself, but whether fashionable Art-loving society was invited on the same day, or had another to itself, is not certain. The former would seem to have been the case, to judge from the accompanying woodcut, which is done from Martini's engraving of Ramberg's picture or drawing of the Great Room at Somerset House in 1787; though whether it is intended to represent the scene at a private view, or the visit of royalty on some ordinary day, or whether, so far as the spectators are concerned, it is a made-up representation, cannot be accurately determined. The foremost person in the centre is the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., with a catalogue in his hand; on his right is Sir Joshua Reynolds, carrying his ear-trumpet, and pointing to one of the pictures on the walls; following them are other Academicians, members of the Council, the one on the Prince's left being probably F. W. Newton, the secretary. Who the tall and portly ecclesiastic is seems uncertain, though it may have been the Honorary Chaplain, the Rev. W. Peters, himself an Academician. Many well-known pictures can be recognised on the walls. In the centre, at the end, is Reynolds's portrait of the Prince of Wales, in the robes of the Garter, with a black servant arranging his dress; on the right, next but one to this, is the same painter's Lady St. Asaph and Child; and above, Beach's portrait of Tattersall, the horse-dealer; the corresponding place to the Lady St. Asaph, on the left, is occupied by Reynolds's Mrs. Stanhope, the portrait engraved as 'Contemplation'; the two portraits on the line, on the extreme right and left, are those of Boswell and Sir H. Englefield, both by Sir Joshua. The centre, on the right wall, is occupied by Northcote's 'Death of Wat Tyler'; next to it, on the right, is the portrait of Master Yorke with a bird in his hand, and a dog beside him; and farther still to the right, on a lower level, is the portrait of Lady Cadogan: both these by Reynolds. In the chief place on the opposite wall is Opie's 'Death of Rizzio'; to the left of it is Reynolds's portrait of Lady Smyth and her children, which has just again been exhibited in the Academy's Old Masters' Exhibition; and below the Opie are the President's 'Cherubs' Heads,' being different views of Lord William Gordon's little girl. The people in the room afford an interesting study of the costume of the period, but one certainly is surprised to see the dogs. Can it be that that notice, so insulting to the canine race, "No dogs admitted," had not yet been invented? The publisher of the engraving evidently thought that some people should be excluded, for he has placed at the bottom the inscription, οὐδεὶς ἀμυνσὸς εἰσέρω. If, however, admission to the exhibition had been limited to those only who had a taste, the resources of the Academy would hardly have been what they are. The shilling of the uncultivated Philistine and of the æsthetic devotee are equal in value for all practical purposes. Perhaps the notice for the former should be slightly varied, and he should be warned not to go away uncultured and unrefined.



HOME AFTER SERVICE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF R. STEELE ESQ. LIVERPOOL.

ROUEN.

A LANDSCAPE painter can hardly hear the name of Rouen without thinking of Turner and Ruskin. Some of the finest designs in the "Rivers of France" are views of Rouen, and Ruskin, in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," has drawn from its great churches examples of nearly every good and noble quality in the art. Both saw the place before the hand of the destroyer was laid so heavily upon it. The changes and chances of Mr. Ruskin's artistic life led him thither just as the last of the picturesque houses on the quay was being pulled down, and sorrowfully he records the fact. Turner came earlier, and saw more of them, and he was there before the cast-iron spire was set up on high on the great tower of the cathedral to throw everything else out of proportion—before St. Ouen was "skilfully restored," or so many factory chimneys gave Rouen a claim to be called the Manchester of France. He could doubtless have evolved beauty from the chimneys, but what could he have done with that hideous *fièche*? In all the three drawings which give a distant view of the cathedral he has introduced a kind of spire on the central tower, but this must have been supplied from memory, or from sketches made during a former tour, for when he went abroad with Mr. Leitch Ritchie in 1831, or thereabouts, to make sketches for the "Wanderings by the Seine," in which the beautiful series of engravings, now known as the "Rivers of France," appeared, no spire was to be seen—the wooden one which used to be there having been destroyed by lightning in 1882.

1822. St. Maclou also once had a tall and graceful spire, but it was terribly injured by a storm in 1705, pulled down during the Revolution, and finally rebuilt as it now appears in 1869. Turner does not seem to have felt the need of a spire for St. Maclou. Having done his best to equip one church with

all that was necessary to make it a dominating feature in the landscape, he left the tower of St. Maclou as he found it, finished only by a shapeless stump. If, however, this church has lost some of its best features, it still has Jean Goujon's beautiful work to show on its doors. He, the great leader of the Renaissance school of sculpture in France, came to Rouen in 1540, and stayed there three years, during which time he did much to enrich the town. The fine ornamentation on these doors consists of arabesques and bas-reliefs of scriptural or allegorical subjects, which are remarkable for strong feeling and vigorous execution. He was the sculptor of the four Caryatides which support the gallery of the ancient Halle des Cent-Suisses in the Louvre. It was while working on a scaffold on some bas-reliefs on the outside of the Louvre that he was killed by a stray shot in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

But if we cannot walk for ten minutes in the heart of the city without being vexed by the evident

loss of many a fine subject, Turner's views, from points just outside the town, have suffered little from the demolitions and restorations which would indeed have vexed the heart of poor Prout. Two of them are from the left bank of the river—one



Porte de Jean Goujon, St. Maclou, Rouen.

from the Grand Cours above, the other from the Quai du Havre, below the bridge. The latter is perhaps the finer of the two. It is perfect in composition, yet looks as if it were thoroughly faithful to local character. There is hardly any change in the substance of the scene. The houses on the quay opposite are Turner's houses; the cathedral would be Turner's cathedral, or nearly so; if the monstrous Jacob's ladder were away from the top of it; the vessels are lying at the quay-side now as then; and one might possibly see the same lovely phantom of showery cloud which breaks into light above them: the chief difference between his and any modern draughtsman's materials would be in the moving and floating foreground. When

I last saw the spot, a large English "screw," black, grim, and coaly (the *Cybele* was her name), was being unloaded just where Turner had placed his little steambóat with the white cloud of steam flitting upwards from the ornamented funnel, with the old



Street Scene, Rouen.

lady prominent among the crowd, standing dangerously near the said funnel, and the whole thing looking very confused, cranky, and top-heavy. What a huge, smooth-sided, toil-enduring slave of modern commerce the steamer of to-day looked beside my memory of Turner's ferry-boat!

The other riverside view is taken from the Grand Cours—a noble avenue of elms which appears in a rather conventional and compressed way on the left of the drawing. The trees, however, were but young then, and could have had no claim to be made much of in the composition. The cathedral, seen from this point, would tower up with a clearer supremacy when the horizontal lines of the house-roofs and bridge were longer

and more unbroken, and Turner has instinctively brought his materials together, by strong lateral contraction, so as to magnify the cathedral considerably, if any strict realistic test of likeness be applied to the drawing. But to me, using my memory and sketches together, it is like, although no later hand of similar power will ever give us another representation of those facts conceived in a similar spirit. As for the foreground, whatever it was then, nothing can be more pictorial than it is now. The riverside is embanked in a very stiff manner (perhaps that was the same in Turner's day); but the barges are so large, and present such fine entanglements of ropes, sails, cabins, rudders, and what not, and such varieties of painted surfaces, and the elm branches stoop so low, and perhaps an elm which has been felled comes in so well as it lies across the path, that for once a sketcher, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, might fancy that Turner had not a better time of it than he himself was enjoying. There are houses, trees, and sheds which encumber the Ile de la Croix, and hide a fine feature in Turner's composition, namely, the staircase descending to the island from the middle of the bridge, but, on the whole, there are compensations for what is lost. Only the huge spire, black, rigid, and merciless in its look of overweight, is a thing which I am inclined to say no man can tame; a very dexterous arrangement of masts might do it, but then farewell to the supremacy of the cathedral in the picture. How this thing looks from any of the streets may be seen from our illustration.

But Turner's finest drawing of Rouen is that from St. Catherine's Hill. Whoever examines the engraving with a strong memory of the actual place will be delighted and astonished by the wonderful grasp of a likeness which the great master has shown in it. We can recognise the truth of the sweep of the river; of the bridges, subtly contrasted both in form and perspective; of the road winding up the hill, and the little ravine which causes the great twist of it to the right. How beautifully the strong dark vertical lines of the poplars, starting up from the very base and corner of the drawing, make us feel the sharpness of this curve, and how we sympathize with the line of diligence passengers who are cutting off the zigzag by going straight up the hill! Then the sky of the drawing is distinguished even among Turner's skies. I have always thought it represented the afternoon of the showery forenoon which appears in the riverside views. Mr. Ruskin often quotes it as a masterpiece. He says that "the clouds are arranged on two systems of intersecting circles, crossed beneath by long bars very slightly bent," and of the whole drawing he says that "none in the great series of the Rivers of France surpasses, and few equal it. It is beyond all wonder for ease, minuteness, and harmony of power, perfectly true and like the place; also inestimable as a type of Turner's consummate work." I have sometimes fancied that Mr. Ruskin, when showing his drawings, uses this as a kind of test as to whether his friends are worthy of such an intellectual treat. He is apt to put it silently before them, and stand quietly by, but when he sees that it is really appreciated, a smile of pleasure breaks over his whole face.

Unhappily, when we are in Rouen, all our thoughts cannot be given to tracing out the changes in a Turner view, or dwelling on the stone poems of artists of another kind. So many deeds of cruelty have been wrought there, and frequently by the very men who set the mark of a living faith on the buildings by which they surrounded themselves, that our hearts are chilled within us. La Haute Vieille Tour,

itself most picturesque, formed part of the prison where young Prince Arthur was murdered; the Square of Notre-Dame has seen tortures inflicted on heterodox persons which are too horrible even to read of; and in the Place de la Pucelle Joan of Arc was burnt alive. Burnt by the English in 1431—so runs the story—yet she was captured by French soldiers, who sold her to the Regent Bedford for 10,000 francs; when she was tried, her accuser and her judge were both Frenchmen, and she was brought to the stake by the zealous persistence of the Bishop of Beauvais. Not only did no Frenchman come forward to save her then, but until quite recent times no attempt was made by any of her countrymen even to do so slight a thing as to preserve intact, as precious memorials, the prison where the last months of her life were spent, or the market-place where it was so barbarously ended. The latter has been almost entirely changed. We learnt in our youth that she suffered death in the old market-place at Rouen. We go to the old market-place, and are sent on to a small irregular square, with an ugly fountain in it, and are told that this fountain marks the exact spot where the "Maid" was burnt, and that the square is called La Place de la Pucelle in memory of her. We are struck by its apparent unfitness, from the smallness of its size, to be the theatre of such an event, but find that the Place de la Pucelle was once a part of the Place du Vieux Marché (which, by-the-by, has every right to

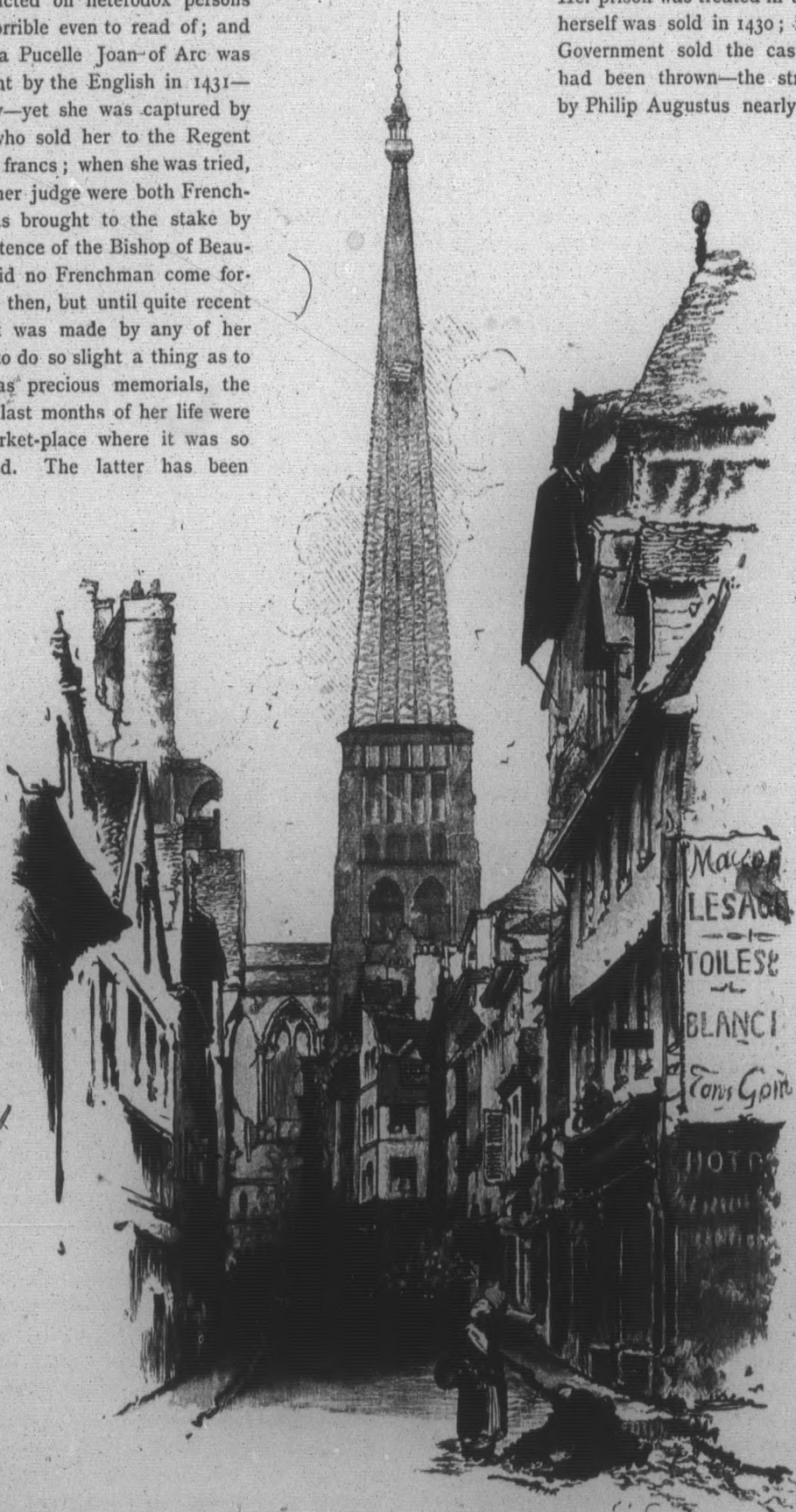
that name, for markets were held in it even in the eleventh century), and that in the beginning of the sixteenth century some houses were built which divided the market-place into

two irregular parts, the largest of which retained its old name, while the other was christened La Place de la Pucelle.

Her prison was treated in the same way. She herself was sold in 1430; in 1796 the French Government sold the castle into which she had been thrown—the strong castle set up by Philip Augustus nearly five hundred years

before on the hill of Bouvreuil, but now growing ruinous from lapse of years and sundry well-directed cannon shots—to some Ursuline nuns from Elbœuf, who came and settled on the ground hard by. It is needless to say that in a very few years they demolished all that was left of Joan's prison-tower: after this, all that remained of the château was the donjon tower, which contains the chamber where she was interrogated and threatened with torture. In 1840 a new generation of nuns wanted to destroy this last fragment of the ruins; but times had changed, an outcry was raised, and Government at once voted funds to rescue the tower. Soon afterwards, lest the same thing should occur again, a subscription was set on foot to buy it back for the town—the town itself heading the list with

25,000 francs, more than twice the sum paid for the Maid herself. I am afraid, however, the municipal authorities have shown their love for the tower by having it restored.



Street and Cathedral, Rouen.

Thus far with received tradition, but now, I rejoice to say, it seems almost certain that Joan of Arc was not burnt at all. It was always difficult to believe that a king who owed his crown, a great nation which owed its salvation, to a mere girl, could allow her to be burnt alive without raising voice or hand to save her. Yet such has hitherto appeared to be the fact. No sum startling in its magnitude, but for that very reason possessed of power to tempt her enemies to stay their hands, was offered to ransom her, nor do we hear of any bands of her countrymen, strong only in zeal, rising in fury to rescue her. The story ought to be incredible—she was not burnt. It was necessary to make the English soldiers believe she was, for to them her power was either that of a sorceress or of an emissary from heaven, but it is quite possible that many of the great people knew that her execution was but the semblance of one. If Charles VII. knew it, he could afford to be passive; if the Bishop of Beauvais knew it, he might well hand her over to death *avec le cœur léger*; and the Bishop of Winchester whose impatient speech, when he interrupted the priest who was confessing her, has been transmitted to us as a proof of English brutality, was not brutal at all, but only emphasized the part he was directed to play. These were his words:—"Now, priest, do you mean to make us dine here?" Probably the only idea in his mind was, that it was a pity that a pleasant reality, namely, a good dinner, should be spoiled by a farce too long drawn out, and he spoke accordingly. That Joan of Arc lived after 1431 is proved by documentary evidence of the strongest kind, and various places combine to furnish it. In the archives of Metz there is a contemporary account of her arrival in that town on the 20th of May, 1436. She was recognised by her two brothers. The same paper relates that she afterwards married a Sieur d'Armoise, a knight of good family, to whom she bore two sons, and though it is said that the person who assumed the name of the Maid was only a worthless woman named Claude, is it likely that the Sieur d'Armoise would have been deceived into marrying a well-known adventuress? This discovery was supplemented by finding in the muniment chest of the family of Des Armoises of Lorraine a contract of marriage between Robert des Armoises, Knight, with Jeanne d'Arcy, surnamed "the Maid." Again, in the Maison de Ville at Orleans, and carefully preserved amongst its archives, under dates 1435 and

1436, are records of money paid to various persons for bringing letters from Joan the Maid. Also on Wednesday, Aug. 2nd, 1436, 12 livres were given to Jean du Lis, brother of Joan the Maid, for that the said brother of the Maid came before the council to ask for money that he might go back to his sister. (The family of Joan were, as is well known, ennobled under the name of Du Lys, in memory of the fact that she had raised up the lilies of France from the very dust.) On the 18th October, "for carrying letters from the Maid to the King at Loches, 6 livres." After Joan was married she was called Dame Joan, and whenever she came into Orleans she appears to have been sumptuously entertained, and to have had meat and wine for herself and her attendants at the cost of the town. The town also presented her with 210 livres, a very large sum when the value of money at that time is taken into account; and this, as was entered in the accounts of the city, was for services rendered during the siege in 1429. Now are town councils so ready to part with money that they will entertain any doubtful impostor at their expense whenever she enters their town, or forward her letters at a heavy cost, or give her a large sum of public money? They did more: so sure were they that the Dame des Armoises was the veritable Joan, that they at once put an end to the masses which had been said for the repose of her soul ever since her execution. Orleans, be it remembered, was a town where she must have been thoroughly well known, where her greatest deeds had been done—a town where, it is said, the people could never gaze their fill at her. They must have gazed to mighty little purpose if, after four or five short years had gone by, they could let themselves be deceived to this extent. There can, however, be hardly any doubt but that they were right in believing that Joan herself was once more among them. They, of course, had more reasons to assign for their recognition of her than time has suffered to come down to us, but we may hereafter be furnished with some that are conclusive. Possibly her reappearance had some connection with the death of Regent Bedford, which took place about the same time. At any rate, even if we are not able to state as a positive fact that this barbarous execution never took place, the discovery of these faded and long-forgotten old papers, and the new reading they seem to give us of Joan's history, have the effect of considerably lightening the air of Rouen.

MARGARET HUNT.

COLOUR AS APPLIED TO ARCHITECTURE.*

HOWEVER pent up we may be in the narrow streets of a smoky town, we cannot often look up at the sky without being struck by its beauty of form or of colour.

The effulgence of the sun at mid-day in a deep blue cloudless sky is a type of splendour (Shakespeare says, "as gorgeous as the sun at midsummer"), while the lurid blackness of the thunder-cloud with its jagged edges is a type of sublime horror; but between these there is every form of beauty or magnificence, from the first pale saffron rays of sunrise to the deep crimson splendour of sunset. The starry heavens have ever been the admiration of mankind, poets

have sung of them from Job to the Poet Laureate, and yet their charm is as fresh for us as for the first man that wandered across the desert or chipped a flint. And if we emerge from the town, almost every phase of the earth's surface—where unspoiled by man's hand—teems with sights of beauty or magnificence. The whole realm of water, too, from the boundless ocean to the babbling brook, presents us with effects as varying and as beautiful as the sky itself.

Nature, who mostly speaks to us in the softest whisper, doubtless tells us the almost infinite powers she can bestow if we will but study her laws; but even in her mutest moments she invites us to gaze on and to admire her beauty.

* Read at the London Institute, December 19th, 1881.

this alone we can enjoy without trouble and without effort—this is evidently the true solace and delight of man.

Man is an imitative animal, and those things which delight his eye he tries to depict on his body, his implements, his furniture, and his habitation, and when he has risen to a worship, on his temples. It is rarely the case that we can learn what were the first beautiful things that struck man's fancy; but from our own feelings we can form a rough guess that it was novel beauty; for however beautiful our habitual surroundings may be, we have gradually come to know them from the earliest dawn of our intelligence. They have become a sort of hieroglyphic, more apt to recall past emotions or events than to be enjoyed for their intrinsic loveliness, and the mind must be re-trained to appreciate their beauty. It seems likely that from this cause, though in a minor degree, mankind has ever evinced such pleasure at seeing the first flower or the first bud of spring after the barrenness and desolation of winter. The first sight of the mountains and the waterfalls is almost divine to the dweller in the plain. The exotic flower or bird gives, even to a child, the greatest delight. So I think we may affirm that it is novel beauty which excites our highest admiration.

Crude and brilliant colours delight children, and perhaps they have not much less effect on the highly educated man. How often have most of us stopped to admire a bit of green-stained wood that has fallen in our path in a forest, or been struck by the novel harmony or even discord of a scrap of some brightly coloured stuff, a bead or a button, with the grass that it has fallen amongst! There are, too, certain rarely seen effects that impress us with undying recollections: the golden flash of the first green lizard that has crossed our path, the sparkle of red flame in a wood when the sun streams through one single red leaf, the emerald blaze from the eye of the cat, or the flash of sapphire from the gurnet's fins.

The desire to reproduce the forcible impression of some new beauty probably first stimulated the savage to imitation. Tradition relates that those deep blue bars floating in golden green on the silver side of the mackerel seemed so exquisite to the New Zealanders that they tattooed themselves in imitation.

It is almost self-evident that the first worship of beneficence must have been the worship of the sun, the source of light, of warmth, and proximately of vegetation; while night, with its cold and darkness, became the evil deity.

When the first shrine or temple to the sun-god was made, it seems likely that those colours that were most striking or most prized were lavished on the deity or the temple, and it was dependent on the mood of the priest or of the worshipper whether the same colours were used on the shrine or the temple of the evil deity—whether he was to be propitiated by having the same attentions bestowed upon him as upon his rival, or whether his temple or his image was to strike the suppliants with the proper horror. It is probable that from their rareness, their beauty, or their brilliancy, certain colours were appropriated exclusively to religious use, and were afterwards bestowed upon the chiefs and their families, or were seized upon by them. The imperial yellow of China and the imperial purple of Rome may serve as examples.

Little is at present known of the gradual process of man's elevation; almost all trace of his artistic progress is lost. Those wonderful drawings of animals on the cave bones are supposed to be the work of primeval man, but I think other and more probable solutions may be found; but be that as it may, these drawings afford no evidence of his taste or skill in

colour. Fortunately for us, there are the traces of colour amongst the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, and we still have the colouring of some of the temples in Egypt. But it is almost useless to speak of such colouring unless it has been actually seen by our own eyes in its proper situation, or at least by persons whose judgment we can trust; that which looks crude and harsh in the light of a climate like our own may have the greatest richness, splendour, and harmony in its original situation, with a "mighty contiguity of shade," and under a burning sub-tropical sun.

The scheme of Egyptian colouring we all know from books, and from the specimens at the Crystal Palace, and it may be described as bands and spots of brilliant colouring on a white ground. Sir Frederick Leighton, who has seen the temples of Upper Egypt, describes their effect as fairylike, not as a rich sustained magnificence of colour, but like a flight of lovely butterflies, through which the polished white ground is seen.

That the Greeks painted their temples and statues, or at least portions of them, we know, and by some critics this painting has been described as crude, garish, and vulgar; but in temples we have to consider this point—was the colouring a fair specimen of Greek taste, or was it done solely to please and attract the herd of vulgar worshippers? I may mention, in reference to this subject, that Mr. Watts, R.A., was with Mr. Newton when he was carrying on the excavations at Halicarnassus. A large slab was turned over, and is now in the British Museum, which formed a part of the tomb of Mausolus: on its face was a wide floral border; this ornament was painted with vermilion and golden yellow on a ground of greenish-tinted ultramarine, and under that blazing sun, Mr. Watts declared that the effect was magnificent; and his were the only cultivated eyes that ever saw it. It was carefully covered up for Mr. Newton to see on his return, but on being uncovered some few hours afterwards the whole colouring had vanished.

It would, perhaps, be well to speak first of the effect of some of the coloured exteriors that I can recall: the most striking of them are the Cathedrals at Genoa and Pisa, and some of the buildings at Cairo, which are horizontally striped with black and yellowish marble, or sometimes with red and grey at the latter city, while on a few mosques and houses there are bands of coloured tiles alternating with bands of grey stone that give a quaint, but not unpicturesque effect.

The inlaid marble work of the Cathedral, Tower, and Baptistery at Florence gives to them rather a mechanical and flimsy appearance; A. W. Pugin said they looked like Tunbridge ware. The exquisitely varied tones of the crumbling marbles that encase St. Mark's almost reconcile us to the unsubstantial character that this veneering gives to the building. The pink and white diaper of the Doge's Palace is so endeared to us by old recollections, and by its place in picture, that we are hardly capable of forming a proper estimate of its true value. The garlands and festoons of flowers, the variegated carpets, the embroidered silks and rich velvets that are hung from the windows and balconies of Italian palaces on gala days, when even portions of the streets are carpeted with flowers, naturally suggest less evanescent decoration.

When I first saw Venice, nearly thirty years ago, many of the houses and smaller palaces had their plastered fronts ornamented in colour: bands of green or red were painted round the windows, apparently in imitation of porphyry, with gold ornament upon them, and the spaces between them were

formed into panels enriched with floral ornament, and on one house there was still the last fading remains of a figure subject in fresco. But in that fairylike city, where everything seemed made for enjoyment, no colour could be too brilliant when the sun flashed from the broad mirror of the canal, and the boats along the bank had painted sails and coloured streamers; where the very piles were painted in bright colours, and slabs of porphyry or jasper gave points of colour to its white marble palaces, while St. Mark's was not only cased with richly coloured marbles, but had panels of mosaic, and portions of it gilt, besides its bronze horses and copper roof. Another sort of half-coloured decoration is found in parts of Italy, where some of the fronts are executed in black, red, and yellow sgraffiato. Enamelled and coloured bricks are also used, and coloured pottery is sometimes built into the brick-work; with the former some of the Italian steeples are covered, arranged like party-coloured ribbons twisted round the spire, and are more curious than beautiful. The green and gold tiles with which some of the churches at Botzen and Vienna are covered are certainly very magnificent, but they do not accord well with the mass of grey stone beneath.

We will now consider roughly the schemes of internal decoration, and what is true of a whole interior is also true of any piece of decoration forming a whole by itself, such as a window, a carpet, a shawl, a screen, or a movable panel. It may be said that there are only three divisions: the first is the fully coloured, where white and the very pale tones are used as jewels on a generally rich half-tone. The second scheme is where a white or very light-coloured ground is wholly enriched with ornament. The third scheme is where a white or very light ground is only partially enriched by spots, bands, or cartouches. The effects produced will greatly vary with the materials used; greater limpidness, depth, and richness will be attained when polished marbles, glazed tiles, and mosaic are used than when a similar effect is sought by the use of fresco or distemper; nay, than even by the use of oil colour itself.

The most perfect example of full-coloured decoration I have seen is the interior of St. Mark's at Venice. The damp salt air acting for so many centuries on the polished marble has crumbled its more perishable parts, and produced an effect almost like the bloom on a plum; and sometimes a haze of greenish gold is produced by distant mosaic; while the dust, the smoke from lamps, from wax tapers and candles, fixed by the damp, has given such tone to the whole that no single harsh colour betrays itself. Cross lights, too, coming from behind ranges of columns, throw slight gleams on to polished surfaces, and cause reflections on the shining pavement below, producing an effect almost unrivalled.

Perhaps the next most splendid example of full-coloured decoration is the under Church at Assisi, said to have been painted in fresco by Giotto and his pupils; and the third is probably the great Council Chamber of the Doge's Palace at Venice. The grand ceiling itself is formed into panels, the woodwork between rolling and curling itself into magnificent, but rather rococo, gilt framework, deeply carved, for the pictures, which, with those on the walls, are painted by the great Venetian masters. But, like most ancient decorative oil painting, its richness scarcely atones for its overpowering blackness, which hardly allows the subjects to be deciphered. The churches at Subiaco, at St. Gemignano delle belle Torre, and the Arena Chapel at Padua are all fine examples, but of course the dusty quality of fresco produces an entirely different

effect from the depth and limpidness of marble, however fine the colour of the frescoes may be.

There was once a lovely room at the Luxembourg called Marie de Médicis' Room, with coloured scroll-work on a gold ground. The saloon of the house of the Sheykh Abbas Mufti, at Cairo, is lined with coloured tiles of the Rhodian quality to a height of about six feet from the raised floor; over this is a wooden shelf on which the precious porcelain was put, so that if it fell it might fall on the mattresses of the divan beneath. Above this shelf are landscapes, with figures hunting and hawking, in what may be called the Persian manner, rather heavy in colour, and above is the gorgeously coloured ceiling. The lower parts of the walls have wide windows in them, glazed with white glass like vial ends, and were doubtless furnished with wooden lattice-work, and over them are the lovely pierced plaster windows, filled with coloured glass. The floor is of whitish marble, with coloured borders, but when the house was inhabited some of this was probably covered with highly coloured carpets. In the middle is a fountain, inlaid with coloured mosaic, and at one end and on one side are slabs of white marble inlaid with coloured marbles, and marble steps in the wall, down which water once ran in cascades. This room in its neglected state cannot be cited as a perfect example, as there is too much white, but when furnished and occupied in its palmy days it was doubtless a splendid example.

Supposing Owen Jones's restoration at the Crystal Palace be correct, the Alhambra must have been very gorgeous and wonderful, as on a sunny day we may see how the carved plaster-work, coloured and gilt, comes out in fresh variety of patterns as we shift our position, the sun catching different planes of gilded surface. Of the wholly decorated buildings on a white ground I cannot recollect a single good specimen, but of the partially decorated the Church of St. Anastasia at Verona is a very perfect example.

Stained glass is of itself the most perfect vehicle for the highest form of colour. It may possibly be objected that painting in oil is the highest form, and it is difficult to conceive anything more gorgeous than the colour of the masterpieces of the world—Titian's 'Entombment' at the Louvre, his 'Venus' at Madrid, his 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in our own National Gallery, Bonifazio's 'Supper' at Venice, or his 'Finding of Moses' at the Brera, Tintoretto's 'Miracle of St. Mark,' Paris Bordone's 'Woman' at the National Gallery, or bits of Vandyck, of Rembrandt, of Peter de Hooe, or Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the colour in these pictures forms a portion of the subject itself, an imitation of rich stuffs, of architecture, of landscape, or of palpitating flesh. It is true that if the colour is not good we do not look at the picture at all, but be the colour ever so exquisite, it is but a setting of the subject, or only one of the means to produce a complex effect; but the stained-glass windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are like a glory of every lovely tone and colour, that exceeds one's imagination; these windows are like the liquefaction of all lovely gems, the essence, as it were, of mother-o'-pearl, of tortoiseshell, of beryl, deepening into deep emerald and orange; of rubies sinking into carbuncles, garnets, and black; amethyst and sapphire absolutely without any distinct form or shape, but such a divine effluence of colour that you seem as if you could bathe in it and be cured of all mortal ills. You ask yourself, can it be human work? And when that cannot be denied you say, how did these magicians get the power of presenting such unique loveliness to mankind?

Where we have stained glass in its fullest perfection, no further colour decoration is needed, though I admit that in certain rare instances it does not greatly interfere with highly coloured decoration, as may be seen at some of the mosques at Cairo, and the Sheykh Abbas Mufti's house. The stained glass in the Duomo at Florence is divine. The great window at St. Giovanni e Paolo, with its lovely blues and greens, might tempt any one to go to Venice solely to see it. There are some lovely windows at Perugia, where the predominant colour is pale apple-green. There is magnificent stained glass at Strasburg, in the choir at Cologne, at Poitiers, at Angers, and there is one fine window at Canterbury; but let any one who loves colour go to Chartres, and though in the ambition of his youth he may have desired to be a hero, a saint, a lawgiver, a philosopher, or a poet, the moment he has seen those windows in the aisles of the nave he will feel that the height of man's ambition is to execute such stained glass.

It may be well to give you some rough idea of the extreme subtlety of colour, more especially as those whose tastes have led them to study its application are often asked what colours will harmonize with others. Suppose we take a couple of boards, and put at equal distances along them a thousand and one ounces of black paint and a thousand and one of white, and let us take of both black and white enough thousandths of an ounce, by weight to mix with the black and white, and add them in arithmetical progression, viz. one thousandth of black to the second white, two to the third, one thousandth of white to the second black, two to the third, and so on. We shall then have a thousand and one samples, descending in regular progression from pure white to pure black. If an ordinary person mixed these colours, he would probably be unable to detect several hundreds of the tones that would be discernible by a skilled colour mixer. In the case given, each thousandth would be something less than half a grain; but scales are used that weigh to a thousandth of a grain, and in all probability the trained eye of an artist could distinguish the tone of white tinged with the thousandth part of a grain of black as well as the movement of the balance hand. But this example only deals with two colours, and it is obvious that the whole series of known pigments may each be singly used to tint the original mixtures, and when several of these are mixed a large infinity may be produced.

Now, if you apply this to any two colours you please, you may judge how many thousand tones and tints of each there may be. And, again, the relative areas of the two colours may make the difference between a harmony and a discord; consequently, to answer the question, you must see the colours in juxtaposition, and the mass of each, before you can say whether they will or will not harmonize.

Painting itself is but a translation of the perfect language of nature into one that is imperfect: to speak of nothing else, nature's circle extends from the white brilliancy of the sun to the deepest black in shadow, while the artist's range is but from white to black. We may say roughly that in nature every colour, from white to black, harmonizes with green, taking flowers as the example; but when we come to analyze these greens, the variety of colour, of the texture, and modellings of the leaves renders it only possible to approach the colour when the palette is in the hands of an accomplished painter. This may, however, be affirmed, that where the same species of plant have different coloured blossoms, the leaves will vary in tone or tint with the colour of the blossoms:

geraniums, for example, that have scarlet blossoms have a different coloured leaf from geraniums with white blossoms. Perhaps we may go further, and say it is possible to harmonize any two colours if we are allowed to arrange our own proportion of surface, and the tints and tones of the two colours. Azure blue and crimson are found to harmonize in the tail of the macaw, but the crimson feathers run into maroon at their upper ends, and into an orange yellow at the lower, and thus harmonize with the azure of the large feathers of the tail; and these edges, too, of the crimson feathers are so thin, and in some cases the filaments are so wide apart, that they make a sort of greenish haze; in some cases the crimson feather itself is tipped with azure, but then the crimson shades off into yellow before it begins to be blue.

In many instances the old masters, with all their skill, have been unable to harmonize red and blue where they both occur in large masses together, and though I think that prince of the colourists, Bonifazio, has occasionally made the attempt, his instinct generally prompted him to use green or black instead of blue.

When we see how difficult is the task to make harmonies even with the colours to our hand, it is astonishing to find a person directing mosaic or stained glass to be arranged by writing the names of colours on the spaces, and if an harmonious result is obtained we may fairly give the credit to the glass painter or the mosaic worker. I mean where red, blue, green, pale yellow, or the like is written on the spaces, and not where there is a reference to the particular colour in the palette of the glass-painter or mosaic worker.

If it be allowable so to speak of nature, she spares no trouble in obtaining her effects, whether various artifices of form and texture are adopted, subtle devices of colour had recourse to, or, what is more commonly the case, when both are used. The black swan with its body of black silk, partly plain and partly watered, with corded silk and velvet trimmings, is an instance of the effect got with one colour by difference of texture and modelling; but to give emphasis to this, the colour of its beak runs from crimson into orange, with a greenish-black tip.

Most of us have noticed in the green parroquet of Australia how this pale green runs into a deep canary colour on the breast, while two small azure feathers, like delicate spots made with the finger tip, placed symmetrically on either side the breast, give both value to the yellow, and charm us by a feeling of surprise. In another and a larger yellow and green parroquet—the golden Conure of Guinea—where the deep yellow of the wings comes against the green back, a charming and novel effect is got by a range of deeper-coloured yellow feathers which curl out. It would be impossible to go through the various devices which nature has used for giving charm and beauty to birds, from the little brown sparrow to the magnificent macaw with its green, azure, crimson, and yellow feathers. In the azure and yellow macaw, where the colours are in large masses, fine lines of black or dark grey feathers stripe its whitish wrinkled cheeks.

I should like to give you instances of what I may call splendid inventions in colour, and new and original harmonies, but time only allows of my mentioning one: in the Cathedral of St. Maurice, at Angers, there is a fine late fifteenth or early sixteenth century window of St. Christopher carrying the infant Christ across the river. The sky is not bluer than an English sky after a shower in spring; the giant, with his weather-beaten face and tawny locks and beard, is in a blue

dress with a palish yellow staff, fording the white-edged wavelets of the pale blue river; round his neck is an apple-green tunic, and below that a crimson scarf; this comes against the black robe of the infant Jesus, and so does the giant's hair, while all the rest of the robe cuts black against the blue of the sky and of dress, except where it touches the little pink chubby face, with its curling yellow hair and gold nimbus. I do not recollect ever having seen this harmony of a mass of black against blue in any other stained glass, perhaps not in any material, unless it be in a Chinese enamel.

I must omit all further description of the delicate pencilling of the silver pheasant, of the burnished greens, blues, and bronzes of the peacock, the Impeyan pheasant, and the humming-bird, and all the subtleties that are found in the colouring of flowers; but let me say that if music be a passion for those whose ears are exquisitely strung, so is colour a passion to those whose eyes have cognate sensibilities. I have heard people express wonder at Linnaeus for seeing such exquisite beauty in the flowering broom as to fling himself on his knees and thank the Almighty for having made anything so beautiful.

I trust that brilliant composers in colour may again spring up amongst our race, for we might have English colour as well as English music, and I may point out that though colour will lend itself to any form, as music will to any sense, still it is well to have it set "like perfect music unto noble words." I wish I had time to fully explain the peculiar position civilised mankind are now in. Since the middle of the last century the desire for beauty has died out, at least as a master passion; at that epoch we entered on the iron age, and the energy of mankind has been devoted to physical discovery and to mechanical invention. The result of this has been twofold: it has put mankind into the possession of powers only dreamed of before, and it has dissociated beauty from the implements and structures of daily life. We are to our ancestors, before the date mentioned, as the men who had learnt to make chipped flint tools and weapons were to those who had only sticks and stones; and as the inventors of chipped flints had too much to do in making their weapons, and conquering with them, to bestow time on their perfection or ornamentation, so have our immediate ancestors been too busy to bestow a thought on the beautifying of their great inventions; consequently we have a whole grand phase of life where, roughly speaking, everything is not only hideous, but where the inventor and designer are proud of these very defects. An engineer of some distinction boasted in public that he never cast away a thought upon the look of anything he did. Though, in fact, the problems are still too complex, all we can hope for at present is to do the work anyhow; the time has yet to come when we can hope to make the work beautiful; consequently we have not yet re-learned to love the beauty of anything, and are contented with what some other age thought beautiful, or some half-barbarous people think beautiful now.

Neither will time allow of our entering minutely into the details of some of the more splendid modern specimens of internal decorations which exist in various parts of the world, to produce which almost every material has been used—the metals, marbles and precious stones, mosaic and enamel, painted tiles and glass, native woods, and those of the Indies,

of Africa, and of America; ivory, tortoiseshell, and mother-o'-pearl; embossed, gilded, and enamelled leather; silk, velvet, satin and plush, cashmere, worsted, cotton, and matting; plaster, both rough and polished, fresco, distemper, oil paint and paper—but the same principle underlies the use of all, *i.e.* the various colours used must form an harmonious whole. But a more beautiful and interesting effect is gained where gems, marbles, finely marked woods, mother-o'-pearls, shining metals, gold mosaic, or glazed tiles are used, than where the surface is opaque or of a dusty quality. So again with stuffs, there is more variety and greater depth of tone in velvet and plush than in plain silk, cotton, or worsted. A gem, whether tallow cut or in facets, shows one point of its purest and brightest colour, and shades off into numberless tones; the marbles, even when pure, *i.e.* of one uniform colour, have what in painting is called transparency; and in most coloured marbles, besides this quality, the ultimate colour is made up of a great variety of different colours; the same may be said of finely figured woods; mother-o'-pearl has the same transparency, and a slight iridescence as well; gold mosaic glitters in the sun, but as the tesserae are set at a slight angle from the plane of the face, the surface always has a more or less glistening aspect; glazed tiles, besides getting depth and richness from the glaze, have tones of colour not to be got by other means. I think it right to mention that the use of gems, of marbles, and finely coloured woods is beset with this difficulty—that as the number and variety are so restricted great difficulty is found in producing the harmonies required.

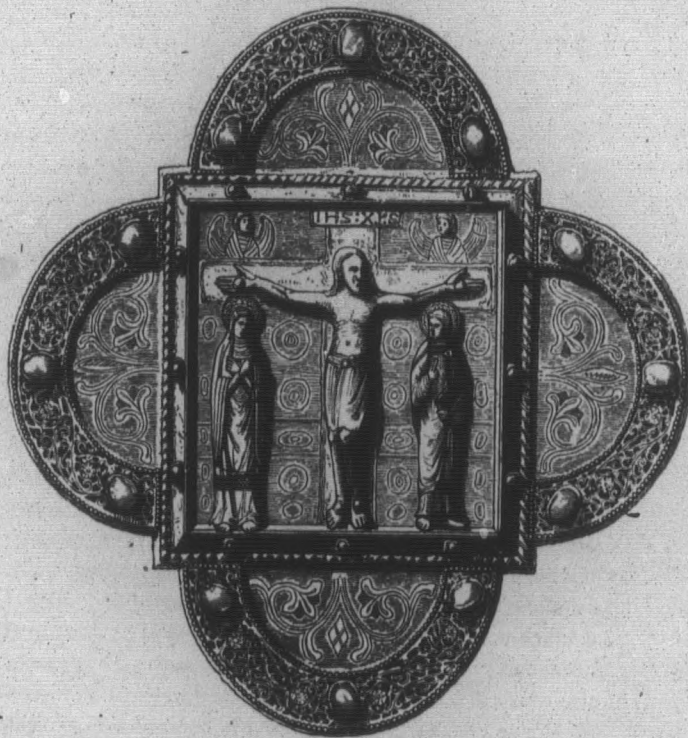
There is one great rule in interior decoration, that when the eye is half closed there should be but a delicate suffusion of the particular colour we wish to predominate; and in any complete system of decoration we want a small portion at least of pure white and of pure black, as scales by which all other colours and tones may be measured; but the obtaining of one suffused colour need not prevent us from making any deep recess—or portion that is so cut off as to make itself a separate object—a spot of brilliancy or coloured loveliness quite different from the main colour of the decoration.

As far as the external decoration of buildings is concerned, I admit that greater dignity may be obtained by a light monochrome than by any other means. It is obvious that where great beauty of form and exquisiteness of line are obtained, colours are apt to draw off the attention from that which is too precious to be lost. Still I would fain see our streets filled with houses of some more cheerful and beautiful material than dingy brick, with its patina of soot and dust. Coloured tiles and earthenware seem to afford us a means for this indulgence; for more costly buildings polished granite, porphyry, serpentine, and bronze might be used with happy effect. All the marbles perish too rapidly in our damp atmosphere for outside use. I have longed, too, to see those walls in our fine public buildings, which are protected by porticos, adorned with splendid mosaics on a deep blue or a golden ground, on which our great artists may portray some grand episode of our national history, and the interiors of our fine public buildings also enriched by gorgeous friezes and splendid panels, such as have been described by the poets from Homer to Tennyson.

G. AITCHISON.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

OUR first three illustrations this month are of the class in which metal is used conjunctively with enamel in ornamental design. To some extent such work stands, no doubt,



No. 22.—*Fermaire, early Limoges Enamel.*

on a different footing from the class of purely metallic work with which we are here chiefly concerned. It is work in which the metal, in many cases at least, is not the most prominent element in the design, but serves the purpose chiefly of a background or matrix in which to insert the coloured designs produced in enamels. In some of the methods of enamel work on metal, however, the latter material is so treated as to have a distinct influence on the character of the completed design; and even apart from that, the use of metal in this combination occupies so important a place in the history of mediæval decorative art that it could hardly be passed over in dealing with metal work generally.

As far as can be traced, enamelling on metal is an essentially mediæval or Teutonic form of Art work. It seems to represent that love of colour which is inherent in both the northern and eastern nations of the world, but is not highly developed in the pure Latin race. We detect this want of feeling for richness and harmony of colour in what is left of Greek colouring and in Roman mosaic work, where the design is infinitely superior to the colour. And though Limoges, the earliest known centre of the practice of enamel work on metal, is said to have been originally a Roman colony, it is not to Rome, but to Byzantium, that the style of its early enamels is evidently to be traced. The workers in the art were, in the first instance, the monks of the monastery founded near Limoges probably at the beginning of the eleventh century, and they drew their artistic inspiration, though not perhaps

direct from Constantinople, at least from the Græco-Venetian artists who formed the link between the decorative art of the eastern and western worlds, and some of whom probably went to Limoges when it became a centre of ecclesiastical Art work. They stamped their peculiar feeling on the work fabricated there, the fame of which soon spread, so that in the twelfth century Limoges had not only become renowned for the productions of its own monastic ateliers, but had given the lead in a style of work which was largely and closely imitated in other parts of Europe; many specimens called "Limoges enamel" being probably so only in style, and being imitations, made elsewhere, of the work for which Limoges furnished the pattern.

The enamels used in decorative art of this class are fusible vitreous substances with a coating of metallic oxide, and may be either semi-transparent or opaque, oxide of tin giving the quality of opacity. The manner of incorporating them with the metal varied at different periods, two methods having been employed, that called *cloisonné* and that known as *champlevé*. In the first-named method, which was the earliest practised, the surface on which the design was to be formed was left plain, and the main lines of the design were then formed in thin ductile strips of metal, which were soldered with their edges to the ground metal, and thus formed a series of enclosures (*cloisons*), each of which was filled up with coloured enamel to the same thickness as the metal walls, leaving a level surface in which the colours were separated by thin strips of metal emphasizing the main outlines. In this form enamel work on metal somewhat resembles stained glass on a small scale; the metal strips answer to the leading of the stained glass, and the coloured enamel to the glass itself. This was



No. 23.—*Dish, Champlevé Enamel.*

the most prevalent form of enamel work in Europe during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and during that period

* Continued from page 56.

the design was mainly embodied in the enamel, the figures introduced being partially realistic in colour, the enamel being used to represent actual flesh tints as well as the more highly coloured draperies and other parts of the design, and introduced also in various geometric and other forms, simply for the sake of colour effect; sometimes forming a diaper, all over a surface, of coloured spaces separated by a network of metal lines. But this formation of the metal *cloisons* separately, and soldering them on to the ground, was of course a delicate and difficult process, and towards the end of the twelfth century the *champlevé* method, already introduced in the eleventh century, had gradually almost superseded the cloisonné method. In *champlevé* enamelling the solid ground of metal which it was intended to decorate in this way was traced with a design, and the spaces hollowed out of it for the reception of the enamel. This process gradually led to a change in the parts played in the design of the metal and the enamel respectively. Instead of the metal merely forming dividing lines to enclose the enamel design, the design came to be formed much more largely in the metal, the enamel being so disposed that, although it was really an addition of another material on a metal ground, it appeared in many cases merely as the coloured ground from which the metal design stood out; it occupied the interspaces only, and the design was represented in the metal. Hence it came to pass that after the twelfth century the realistic colouring of figures was nearly disused, inasmuch as the figures, when introduced, were in the metal, and not in the enamel, and in place of coloured representation the modelling of the figures was represented by tooling and chasing on the surface of the metal. Thus this later class of *champlevé* enamel comes much more properly

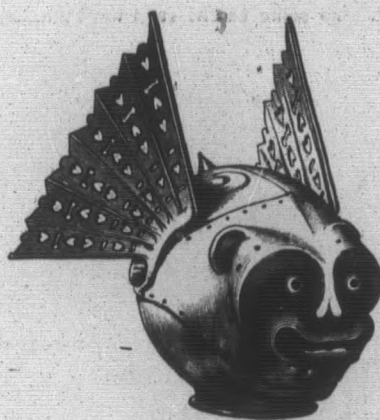


No. 24.—Detail from *Champlevé Enamel Dish*.

under the definition of metal work than does the earlier cloisonné method, in which the part played by the metal (generally gold) was constructive rather than artistic.

Our three illustrations represent, as far as can be without the aid of colour, these two different styles of combining

enamel and metal. The Fermaire engraved as No. 22 is of early Limoges work. The ground of the centre portion and of the four semicircular spaces is composed of light-coloured enamel designs on a ground of darker enamel, divided by thin lines of metal. These metal *cloisons* are shown in the



No. 25.—*Helmet, German*.

engraving merely by stopping short the shading, leaving a margin all round the lighter enamel; the real effect would perhaps have been more truly conveyed by a decided line separating the white strips from the dark interspaces of enamel, as the metal makes a sharp line always in the actual work. The figures are probably (for we have not seen the original from which the drawing is made) raised in metal and coloured with enamel. The border, of open metal work with crystals, is beautifully rich in effect, and is interesting from its resemblance to other work engraved in our last article, such as the Irish cross (No. 17, *ante*). In both these the influence of Byzantine taste, which controlled all Europe at one time, is obvious; in this example we find the Byzantine form of scroll ornament, and the setting of the work with crystals to enhance its richness of effect, a method of treatment which in the Byzantine and early mediæval period seems to have prevailed almost all over Europe.

Nos. 23 and 24 represent a piece of *champlevé* enamel, of probably late twelfth or early thirteenth-century date. The construction is sufficiently indicated on the enlarged drawing of the centre portion, No. 24. Here it will be seen that the ornament filling the spaces around the figure has not that double line round it, that strip of white, which in cloisonné enamel is formed by the metal boundary; the ornament is simply white spaces, which are part of the solid face of the metal left untouched, while the interspaces are hollowed out and filled with a dark-coloured enamel (probably blue), which, artistically speaking, forms a ground to the metal design. Only in the flower in the lower part of the circle the centre space is filled in with a differently coloured enamel, leaving a strip of metal round in the same manner as in cloisonné work, so far as appearance goes; so that at this point the treatment is reversed, the enamel forming the design, and the metal the ground. The two leaves below the bud, and from which it springs, are again treated differently, the metal being left as the design, but engraved on with a line round the edges of the leaves. The same treatment is carried out with the equestrian figure in the centre and the other figures in the compartments round the outer portion of the plate, all of which, it will be

seen, have a double line round them; this double line is produced merely by the fact that the metal design is left rather larger than the intended drawing, and then the actual design is traced in outline by the tool just within the margin of the visible metal. This treatment no doubt arose from the habit of using a strip of metal to separate different parts of the design in cloisonné work, which led to the eye demanding the effect to which it had been accustomed, though no longer constructively requisite.

Our next illustration carries us from the cloister into the battle-field. The German helmet here represented is a very plain and unpretending example of the application of Art to the metal implements used in different ages for offence and defence in fight. The amount of decorative design and workmanship of the highest class which has been lavished on arms and armour is indeed extraordinary, and the taste for richly ornamented accoutrements of this kind seems to go back as far as history will take us, seeing that Homer devoted so much space to the elaborate description of the decorations of the shields and armour of some of his heroes—descriptions which are evidently given *con amore*. It is singular to reflect how entirely all this taste for decorative weapons has disappeared in European society, though it retains its hold still among Orientals. Whatever the defects of modern Art, we still at least desire to have many objects of our daily use rendered ornamental, and those who can afford it will even demand very rich and costly ornamentation; but in the case of weapons of war we nowadays look only to workmanship, and any attempt to ornament a

rifle or fowling-piece would probably be scouted by the purchaser as pretentious and uncalled for. Our cannon, which formerly had a certain elegance of shape, have become more and more ugly as they have been improved in effectiveness, and are now perhaps about the ugliest manufactured objects that can be seen; and even the sabre-hilt aspires to nothing beyond neatness and convenience to the hand. The meaning of this probably is that war has ceased to be the great pride and interest of whole communities, as it once was, and is now regarded as a disagreeable business, to be done, when unavoidable, as effectively as possible. There is, no doubt, a certain beauty in the extremely fine workmanship of modern fire-arms, which is not without its value even in an artistic point of view; and, on the other hand, some ancient weapons,

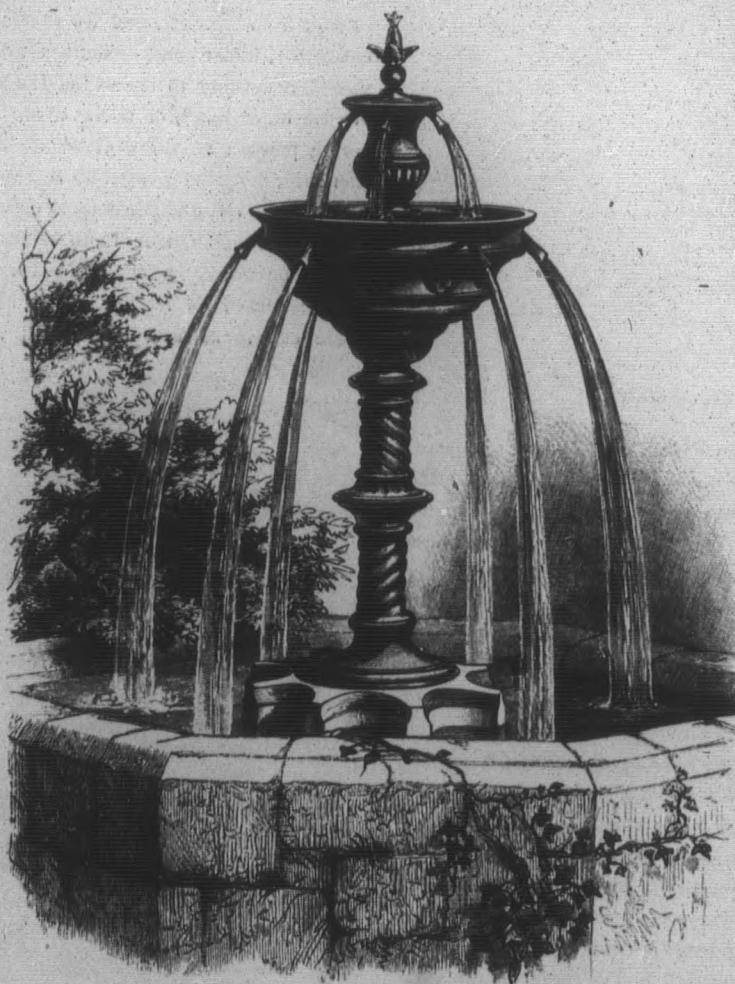
arquebuses and such arms, are undoubtedly more overlaid with ornament than is consistent with the best taste, or with their fitness for their special purpose.

The German helmet represented (No. 25), though a very simple piece of work when compared with the great elaboration that has been bestowed on helmets in various periods, has, however, two points of special interest. In the first place it is a good example of the grotesque element in design, not too much forced, arising merely out of the exaggeration of the natural features of the face. Secondly, and which is more to the point in connection with our present subject, it is a very good specimen of design precisely suited to the character of the material. The rounded surfaces and hollows, the repoussé nose and angles of the mouth, represent exactly the kind of modelling for which thin metal is suitable.

The wings attached to the helmet are not quite so essentially metallic in design as the body of the helmet proper, though they are an effective addition. It may be observed that their design strongly recalls features in German architecture.

Let anyone examine some of the open-work spires that exist in German Gothic architecture, and he will see just the same features as are observable in these "wings"—spaces divided by ribs and pierced with geometrically shaped openings.

The design for a metal fountain, Fig. 26, is from a picture attributed to Mabuse, which was in the possession of the late Prince Consort. The fountain, which is represented in the picture as of a bright copper, is the centre object, around which figures of the Virgin and saints are grouped. It was probably painted by the



No. 26.—Fountain, from Picture by Mabuse (?).

artist from some existing fountain, in its general character as well as its details, or perhaps from a font; at any rate there can be no doubt that it represents a style of work prevalent in his day (about the beginning of the eleventh century). This may be taken as a typical illustration of a large class of objects in metal work, in which the forms are in reality architectural, with sometimes more or less attempt to give a certain degree of metallic character to them. This is partly the case in this example, for the twisted or spiral design of the stem of the fountain is a form which has a specially metallic character, partly from its association with the frequent practice from the earliest times of treating gold and wrought metal generally by torsion, and partly because the spiral mouldings, with their alternate edges and rolls,

bring out those sharp and glittering reflections from which so much of the effectiveness of bright metal work arises. But in



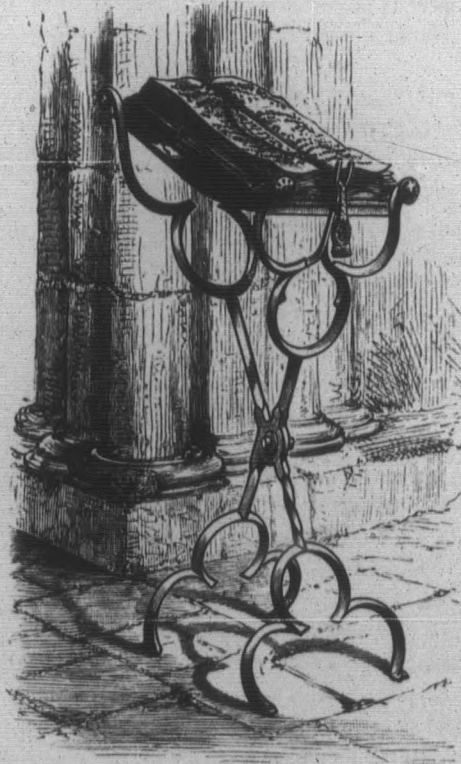
No. 27.—Lectern, Medieval.

general this, which would have been a cast design, of course, is what we may call an architecturalised metal design; the mouldings are derived from architectural mouldings, and have no especially metallic character; the proportion of thickness to height in the stem is a little less than what would be proper in marble, but not much so; for wood it would be just about right. The whole character of the object, therefore, is not essentially metallic, and though a fair design in itself, it cannot by any means be regarded as a satisfactory example of artistic metal work. The same criticism may be applied to the lectern, No. 27. This is a specimen of a type of design frequently employed in mediæval work for this class of object, and which has been much imitated in the modern mediæval brass-work which has emanated from the neighbourhood of Southampton Street. It has the merit of solidity of appearance and of a good broad firm base, in this case rendered still more firm and steady by the spreading feet, the lion figures seated on which, however, are much too small and delicate for the scale and proportion of the whole. But this, again, is not essentially a metal design. It might just as well and suitably be turned in hard wood. The base is simply a cast representation of the moulded stone base of thirteenth-century architecture. It is for this very reason that the lion pedestals are, as aforesaid, out of scale and relation to the whole. They would be too delicate, and their pedestals too thin for the position, if of anything of less tenacity than metal, but they would only appear in keeping in connection with a design which was really metallic in its proportions throughout; and this is not so.

Fig. 28, a folding lectern, represents almost the opposite extreme. This is a purely metallic design, not a single portion of which would be strong enough to be safe if executed in any material except wrought metal. Even in cast iron it would be practically doubtful, for it would be a difficult form to make the model for; it would be liable to twist in cooling, and, under

any sudden shock, to break at one of its acute angles. It is an article that emphatically proclaims itself as wrought iron in every line, and therefore is a piece of true artistic metal work. Its defect is, that the feet are not designed with the appearance of sufficient resistance to the lateral, or oblique pressure which they have against the floor when the lectern is at its full spread. We cannot but feel that they will be liable to a little twist after considerable use. This should have been provided against by so designing the foot as to give not only greater lateral stiffness, but greater appearance of this, by some kind of spur at right angles to the line of pressure.*

The reason why wrought-iron work is so superior a class of work to cast iron we gave in our first article. The latter is not, in the first instance, design or modelling in iron at all, but in wood, or some other material quite different in its qualities and character from iron. Wrought iron is worked as iron from the first, and its special characteristics are the capability, under heat, of being readily bent, twisted, or hammered, according to the will of the worker; and incapability, on the other hand, of being made in very large or extended single pieces; anything elaborate in wrought iron demands, therefore, the joining together of a number of separate pieces; and it being quite impossible to conceal or ignore this fact in the workmanship, true taste demands that these joinings should be frankly acknowledged and turned to account in the design. Now let the reader observe how admirably all these conditions are exemplified in the wrought-iron font



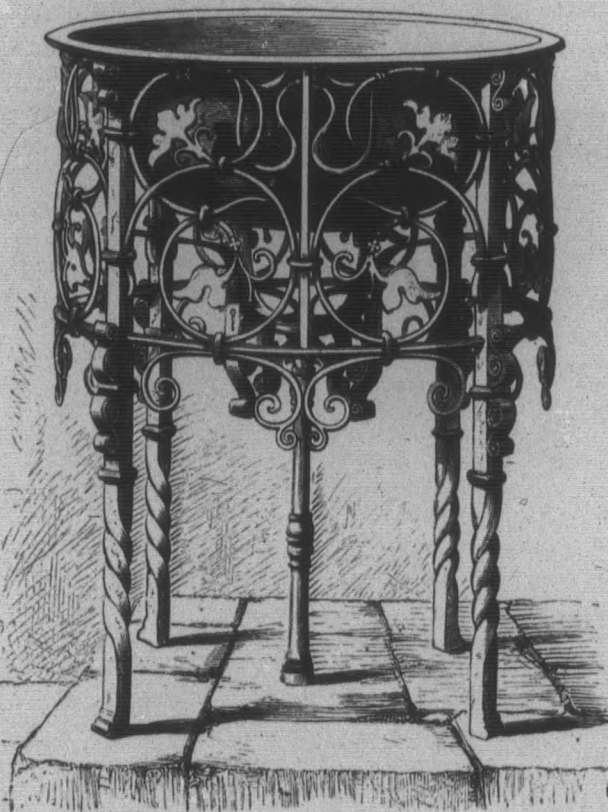
No. 28.—Folding Lectern.

from Fribourg, No. 29, probably about the beginning of the fifteenth century, which is one of the best of all the

* The same practical defect is to be seen in many of the old brass fenders of the Queen Anne period which have been so much hunted after and collected lately. These are often of excellent design, but the large proportion of them have "buckled" inward more or less, under the pressure of frequent feet placed upon them, because the men who made them forgot to provide them with any feature which would stiffen them laterally.

examples that we have to offer in the course of these articles. Observe, in the first instance, how completely the proportions and thicknesses of the various parts are true to the character of the material. They are strong enough, but no material is wasted; they satisfy the eye in regard to strength, as metal, but in no material of less tenacity could they be executed, if at all, without conveying the impression of extreme fragility. Observe the characteristic treatment of the legs by the splitting and torsion of the metal, giving relief to their outline in the manner which so well expresses the character of the material, and which could be used with no other material saving gold or silver. Note the elegant and natural twinings of the thinner metal which forms the screen of the bowl, while at the same time binding the upper portion of the construction together, by curves which follow the feeling and fancy of the worker's hand, which at their ends are beaten out and cut into spreading leaflets, and the joinings of which are shown and emphasized by the welded rings which hold

the curves together at their points of contact. The scrolls which form brackets under the rim of the bowl are a correct adaptation of iron to that purpose; their repetition lower down on the legs is not quite defensible; they seem rather an excrescence there. The feet are hammered out so as to give more steadiness, but only on the outer side of the leg, which is all that is wanted; the projection is not made to take the shape of a moulding all round, which would be unnecessary and out of place. It would have been still better, however, for the appearance of stability, if this outward projection of the foot had been made more marked, and carried still farther out, so as to have more hold on the floor, and to have given more decided character to the treatment of the leg. With these slight exceptions, this is an admirable example of the qualities which should characterize artistic design in ironwork, and which go to make what is called "style" in ornamental



No. 29.—Font at Fribourg.

work, a quality dependent in great measure on consistent recognition, in every detail, of the character of the material used.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF VAN DYCK.*

FEW works could be more interesting to the English Art-loving public than a life of Van Dyck, for though born in a foreign land, Van Dyck was nowhere so well appreciated as in England, where his instinct brought him, and where, after having acquired both fame and wealth, he finally settled and died. It has been said of nations that they always have the rulers they deserve; it might, with equal truth, be said of kings that they have the artists they deserve. Can we fancy Charles I. and his Queen, the courtiers and fine ladies who flocked to his frivolous but elegant court, sitting to another painter than Sir Anthony Van Dyck, one of the most elegant men of his time, and the most refined artist ever known? Who, better than Rubens, could depict the festivities of the court of Henry IV. of France, and the pomp and grandeur inseparable from the name of that proud Spanish monarch, Philip IV.? And if it were wanted to give posterity an exact idea of a military, rough, and anti-artistic age like that of Napoleon, would it be possible to find a better formula than that given by the cold and rigid art of David?

But Van Dyck is not only the painter of a number of

aristocratic personages, his influence on English Art of the seventeenth century has been so great that he can be truly considered as an essentially English painter, and the direct precursor of Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, in whose works his influence is easily discernible. This explains sufficiently why M. Guiffrey's "Life of Van Dyck" should commend itself to the attention of English readers. The gorgeous volume now before us opens with a sonnet to Van Dyck by M. Sully Prudhomme, whose harmonious lines form a befitting introduction to M. Guiffrey's work. After a short preface in which the author explains how, after having taken as a basis for his "Life of Van Dyck" a little-known manuscript in the library of the Louvre, he travelled in Italy, Belgium, and England in quest of authentic documents and information, we are introduced to the home of the Van Dycks. M. Guiffrey then shows us Van Dyck studying under Van Balen and Rubens, follows him to Italy and Flanders, carefully noting the development of the artist's talent, and its successive transformations until what may be called the English period of his life is reached, when his genius and fame are at their height. Alluding to that part of his life, M. Guiffrey says, "Toutefois, dans les toiles peintes en Angleterre, surtout dans celles qui datent des

* "Antoine Van Dyck, sa vie et son œuvre." Par Jules Guiffrey. Paris. A. Quantin, 7, Rue Saint Benoît. 1882.

premières années de son séjour, il arrive à une sûreté, à une puissance d'exécution toute nouvelle chez lui. Certains portraits de Charles I. ou de ses enfants peuvent se classer parmi les œuvres les plus accomplies que l'art ait produites."

Van Dyck's sojourn in England, his marriage, and his death

are very fully described in the fourth chapter, whilst the fifth and concluding portion of the work is exclusively devoted to a general survey of the whole of the artist's career and works, and to a short notice of each of his pupils and *collaborateurs*.

In a work of this kind the illustrations are of the greatest



Simon de Vos.

importance, and the most fastidious critic could not but praise M. Guiffrey and the artists who have lent him their assistance, for the care and attention bestowed by them on the thirty full-page engravings and etchings and the numerous

woodcuts which adorn this volume. M. Guiffrey has very wisely refrained from copying the celebrated etchings of Bolswert, Pontius, and Vosterman, as it would have been necessary to reproduce them on a reduced scale, but he has

reproduced, together with some of the best-known works of Van Dyck, such as the portrait of Charles I. in the Louvre, and the portraits of himself and his friend Endymion Porter, a number of drawings belonging to public and private collections, and not so universally known. The latter have been engraved by means of a mechanical process, the advantage of which is to insure a perfect accuracy and an almost photographic likeness. The portrait of Simon de Vos given in this number is one of the celebrated portraits of contemporary artists engraved by Van Dyck, and so enthusiastically admired by the late Charles Blanc.

M. Guiffrey has appended to his volume a very complete catalogue (numbering nearly 1,200 works) of the paintings by Van Dyck and the engravings executed after his works, as well as a copious index. Carefully printed on fine paper, in bold and clear type, and remarkably free from the numerous errors in proper names unfortunately too common in French books, the "Life of Van Dyck" is a valuable addition to the series of volumes brought out by M. Quantin under the general title of "Les Grands Maîtres de l'Art." Both the author and the editor are to be congratulated on the production of this work, truly worthy of the great genius who inspired it.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS. TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE development of a cultured Art taste in Glasgow is the work of comparatively recent years, and the Institute has been one of the main means by which this work has been fostered and carried on successfully. Through its annual

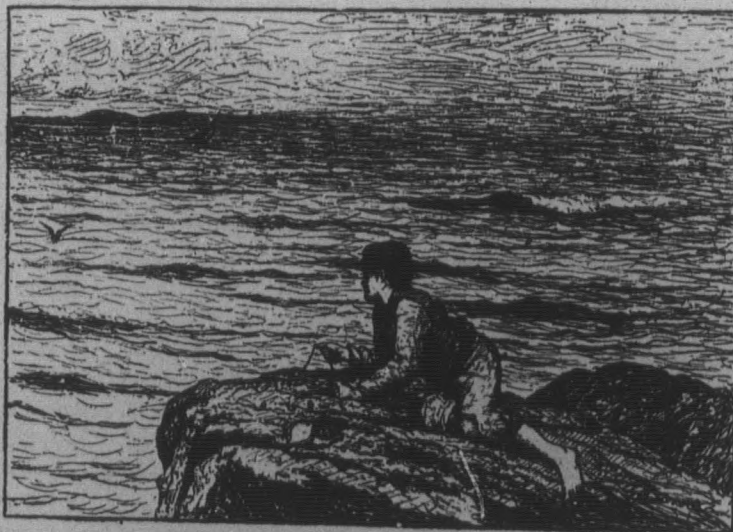


Summer Breezes, by W. MacTaggart, R.S.A.

exhibitions, not only has local artistic talent been encouraged, but the general public have been led to appreciate the difference between what is good and what is bad in Art. The advance in this respect is most gratifying, and the credit of it is not a little due to the unselfish and enthusiastic exertions of a few Art lovers in the city, who spare neither time nor trouble in their efforts to make the Institute exhibitions educational as well as pleasing. While the Institute does not, as a rule, procure for its exhibitions the most important pictures of the year by members of the Scottish Academy, which they naturally reserve for their own galleries, the deficiency is more than made up by the contributions drawn from the wide area to which the Institute, in a cosmopolitan spirit, appeals for support. Scottish, English, French, and Dutch studios are well represented at Glasgow, and the result is an exhibition of a high average of excellence, and of varied interest. Among the loan pictures, always a feature of considerable importance at Glasgow, there are, in the exhibition lately opened, examples of Turner, Corot, Rousseau, Pettie, Dupré, Linnell, and Orchardson. These pictures are of great value to all those young artists who can understand that painting means

something more than merely laying colour on canvas. One of the most delightful works in the gallery is 'Summer Breezes,' by W. MacTaggart, R.S.A. Mr. Cecil Lawson's large landscape of 'Barden Moors,' from the collection of Mr. Graham of Skelmorlie, attracts considerable attention. Mr. Burne Jones's 'Sea Nymph' is to the multitude one of the puzzles of the exhibition.

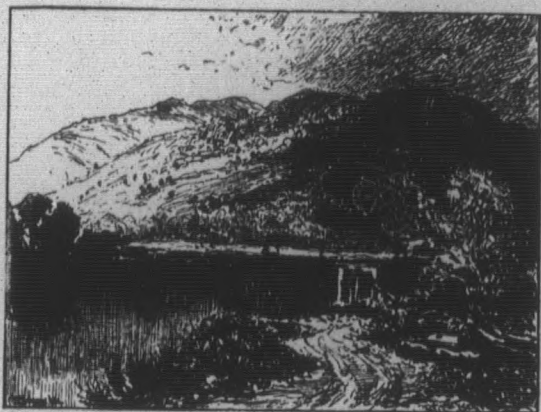
It cannot be said that, this year, many Scottish artists have made a notable advance. Mr. David Murray, A.R.S.A., is of the number whose motto is "Forward." He seems to be feeling the ground firmer under his feet. His 'Sannox Sands and Shallows' and his 'West Loch Tarbert' are both excellent pictures. In the 'Sands and Shallows' the tone is very charming. Mr. Joseph Henderson's 'Mr. Stoddart, Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*,' is a capital portrait and a faithful likeness. 'Fishing from the Rocks,' by the same artist, gives us a fine fresh sea and a feeling of breezy nature. Than 'The Broken Jug,' by the late J. C. Henderson, no better work has been produced of late years by a Scottish student. Among other landscapes by Glasgow artists may be mentioned Mr. Robert Allan's 'Cordova,' Mr. Wellwood Rat-tray's 'The Heart of the Highlands,' Mr. M. G. Coventry's 'On Loch Ridden,' Mr. Wm. Young's 'Glenfalloch,' Mr.



Fishing from the Rocks, by Joseph Henderson.

Peter Buchanan's 'Pass of Loch Ard,' and works by Messrs. Wm. Glover, A. K. Brown, Walton, R. C. Crawford, East, Guthrie, W. Y. Macgregor, and McGregor Wilson.

Mr. J. D. Taylor's 'The Morning's Catch' is fresh and has good colour. Mr. Alex. Fraser, R.S.A., shows two fine landscapes, 'Rowallan Castle' and 'The Clyde.' From Edinburgh there are also contributions by Mr. John Smart, R.S.A., Mr. W. D. McKay, A.R.S.A., Mr. George Aikman, A.R.S.A., Mr. Beattie Brown, A.R.S.A., Mr. Pollok Nisbet,



Glenfalloch, by Wm. Young.

Mr. John Nesbitt, and Mr. Lawton Wingate, A.R.S.A. The works by Mr. A. D. Reid (notably his 'Moonrise,' marked by genuine poetic feeling) and Mr. Sam Reid merit particular attention. Messrs. Crawford, Mackellar, Davidson, Hutcheson, and Tom McEwan show that figure painting is not neglected in Glasgow. Mr. Robert McGregor's 'Going to the Field' is a well-painted canvas.

Among the important pictures sent from London, many of which have already figured in the Academy, are Mr. Pettie's 'Trout Fishing,' Mr. Paget's 'Buondelmonti's Bride,' Mr. Val Prinsep's 'Young Solomon,' Mr. W. Lawson's 'Jesus in the House of the Pharisee,' Mr. Fred. Barnard's 'Barnaby Rudge' and 'Chaff,' Mr. J. R. Reid's 'Peace and War,' Mr. Weber's 'Mid-day Meal,' Mr. J. White's 'Rustic Wedding,' and Mr. Cox's 'The King breaks many Hearts.' Mr. Aumonier's 'Cornish Orchard' is charming with its careful work, its good light, and its general feeling of completeness.

There are portraits from the late Sir Daniel Macnee, Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., Signor Patalano, and others, but the two that attract the most attention are 'Professor Owen,' by Mr. Holman Hunt, and 'Principal Caird,' by Mr. Millais. The workmanship of the latter is magnificent, but the painter has somehow missed the picturesque "absence of prettiness" of his distinguished sitter.

In the collection of water colours Mr. Herkomer's magnificent drawing of 'Grandfather's Pet' is the most important exhibit. Mr. R. W. Allan's 'At Fraserburgh' is an excellent drawing, and high praise must be given to Mr. D. A. Williamson's poetical treatment, and to the telling workmanship of Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Carlaw, and Mr. Allan Buchanan.

The sculpture calls for no particular notice. Mr. Lawson's 'Cleopatra' is, however, a striking figure, and the work of Miss Montalba and Miss Halse is clever and bright.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LIEUTENANT WALTER R. POLLOCK HAMILTON, V.C., by C. B. Birch, A.R.A., engraved by G. J. Stodart. This admirable group is a worthy memorial of a gallant young officer who was killed on the 2nd of September, 1879, in the defence of the Residency at Cabul, together with Sir Louis Cavagnari and two other Englishmen. Lieutenant Hamilton's death is thus described:—"The gate was broken down, and in a few seconds the native troops were massacred almost to a man. A few soldiers, with the four white men, met the assault of the infuriated throng, who, wild with fanaticism and the exultation of feeling their prey in their grasp, swarmed to the attack. Again and again did the Afghans, like a recurring wave, forced on by the pressure of those behind, vainly essay to win their way into the house. Each effort but increased the heap of slain. Cowed by their reception, they withdrew to the cover available from walls and houses, and from their vantage-ground poured a hail of lead into every opening in the building. Gallant Hamilton, so lately adorned with the Victoria Cross, honoured it by his heroic bravery. He exposed himself undauntedly to the hottest fire; for a time he seemed to bear a charmed life, but at length a bullet pierced his heart, and, fighting nobly, he fell." Mr. Birch has conceived this group with a fine perception of the heroic theme; every detail in it bears evidence of conscientious effort, of work which the sculptor has produced from his heart. There is remarkable strength and power in the principal figure (Lieutenant Hamilton stood over six feet high), and the dying Afghan—so grim in his last vengeful effort—is rendered with an accurate knowledge of the physical characteristics of that spare and sinewy race. This group, in addi-

tion to its personal interest, might well serve to represent the ideal of military prowess and heroism.

'HOME AFTER SERVICE,' by F. W. W. Topham, engraved by A. Danse. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879. It attracted much attention, not only on account of its excellent colour and the effective grouping, but from the interest and pathos naturally associated with the subject. Italian soldiers, just home from a campaign, have timed their arrival at the entrance to a church so that they meet the emerging congregation. The groups tell their several stories with no uncertain utterance, and go to make up a picture which is full of interest and attractiveness.

'FISHERWOMAN RETURNING FROM BATHING HER CHILDREN,' from the painting by Madame Virginie Demont Breton, etched by Leopold Flameng. This talented lady, who was born at Courrières (Pas de Calais), and who was educated for an artistic career by her father, has contributed to the Salon many excellent pictures, but none more excellent than that which adorns our pages this month. For the proportions and modelling of the figures, the muscular physique of the mother contrasting so well with the rounded outlines of the children, for the clever balance of the group on the uncertain foothold, and for the general perfection of the drawing, this work will well repay a careful study. M. Flameng has evidently been delighted with his subject, and has produced one of the most highly finished and technically perfect of his etchings.



CABUL. 1879.

LIEUT. W. R. P. HAMILTON, V.C.

ENGRAVED BY G. J. STODART, FROM THE STATUE BY C. B. BIRCH, A. R. A.

ART NOTES.

NEW YORK—THE GALLERY OF WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT.—Before noticing the paintings a few words must be said of the gallery itself, which is made by its decoration one of the notable rooms of Mr. Vanderbilt's new home. The main gallery opens from the great central hall and into the vestibule of the Fifty-first street entrance. It is wainscoted in ebonized wood, which with small inserted gilt panels makes the border of the field. This wall space is hung with a crimson tapestried stuff worked with a design in dead gold, and is somewhat more prominent in color and design than the usual background chosen for paintings. Above the border the frieze is divided into panels ornamented with an architectural design in gilt, in which figures in small oblong panels and painted in grays are introduced. The cove of the ceiling, whose tone as the frieze is brown, is worked out in a pattern of gilt. The color scheme here it will be seen is unusual, ranging from black and crimson into brown, and to properly subdue the effect of great richness requires all the splendor of the paintings. The room is lighted from above by a light graceful pattern in glass, whose almost only color is in its opalescent jewels. A pretty feature of the gallery is its balconies, which on three sides overlook the vast room from the corridors above. That over the main door is easily transformed into a place for musicians, since the gallery is occasionally to do service as a ball-room.

The entrance, which is by a small alcove underneath the balcony for musicians, has on one side Alma Tadema's 'Entrance to a Roman Theatre,' and on the other 'The Carnival Fête' by Madrazo, the younger; a gay scene, whose color and composition contrast with the deep calm color and quiet disposition of the groups of the opposite Tadema. Over the entrance to the smaller room, which supplements the larger gallery, is another Tadema called 'Down to the River.' The composition is unusually interesting. The figures, which are of life-size, show but little more than the heads. These are of a Roman lady with a beautiful child descending to the river where the boatman awaits them. Beyond is the wide stretch of the river and the yellow arches of the bridge. The color is little more than a various blending of yellows with the greens of the water, but is calm and lovely, while the figures, for this artist, have unwonted vitality. On an easel filling up the alcove, in which is the fireplace, is De Neuville's 'Le Bourget,' one of the great treasures of the gallery. The subject is an incident in the Franco-Prussian war, whose heroes are Lieut. Grisey, Captain Briseur and Captain de Venier. From a shattered church, the two are carrying Lieut. Grisey in a chair. The street is in flames, groups of Germans fill the windows, and about the church the triumphant soldiery watch the passage of the Frenchmen. Unlike Detaille, in his larger works of similar scenes, De Neuville makes this incident the centre of the picture, and surrounding it, the fallen men, grimy and bleeding, the dismantled houses, and all the various details, are only less eloquent of the horrors of war. The soldiery are admirably characterized. It has been urged against De Neuville that he paints Germans as a Frenchman. This was to be expected, and can scarcely be complained of. There is a certain brutality in some of the faces, as in that of the figure smoking; but this is exceptional, and the impression remains only of men who have grown accustomed to scenes of horror. The color is gray throughout, only broken by the flames and the stained red of the French uniforms. The painting is a powerful one, not alone in technic but in its moral force, and might fitly be one of the properties of an universal Peace Congress. In Millets alone, Mr. Vanderbilt is enviably rich. In one space hang three, and there are two others opposite which might more properly hang with these. The massing of paintings by the same artist is a crucial ordeal. This Millet can bear, inasmuch as, to his exquisite feeling he adds a color that is almost decorative, and in so low a tone that the eye is not easily satiated. His large picture, 'The Water Carrier' is a sturdy peasant girl with a wooden pail in each hand. In her dress blue prevails, a deep rich blue, which makes a third with the warm gray of the wall and the beautiful dark greens of the foliage in the background. The two smaller pictures 'The Knitting Lesson' and 'At the Well' are lighter in tone, each making use of a peculiar pink with warm grays. The general effect of color in the space given to these paintings

makes this corner of the gallery one of the most delightful and restful spots in it. On one side this is pleasantly extended by a Diaz, an Eastern Bazar, whose details scarcely appear. On the other side, unfortunately, a really exquisite Boldini, 'Ladies of the First Empire,' makes a false note with its gay triviality in the presence of the full rich color of the Millets. The other two Millets are a 'Shepherdess of Barbizon' and 'Hunting in Winter,' an uncommon subject for Millet. To go to the other extreme of color and feeling, there are two dashing canvases by Villegas. The larger is 'The Christening.' The scene near the magnificent altar is resplendent with light and the elegant group before the richly-habited priest; adding to this wealth of cheerful color are the incidental groups of ecclesiastics, altar boys and attendants, and the gay company laughing and flirting in the background. The humor of the scene is very droll. The baby is crying, the altar boys are mischievous, the choir boys singing lustily above are not unmindful of what is going on below, and the stiff, pompous figure of the godfather makes a prominent figure. The second work, 'An Arabian Night's Dream,' is even more vivacious in color. Under a vase filled with the white spreading plumes of tropical grasses, lies an Oriental on a mass of silken cushions, fulfilling his dream of luxury with his pipe, and an Almeh by his side playing on some stringed instrument. The feature of the work is the white plummy grass which almost fills the upper half of the canvas, balancing the rich colors mingled in the lower half, a species of dashing *tours de force* interesting when it is exceptional.

Munkacsy is admirably represented by 'The Two Families,' in which the figures do more than give occasion for a handsomely appointed interior. This is here in all its richness and agreeable color. The breakfast table has just been abandoned by some children, with their mother near, to watch a family of young pugs take their breakfast. The story is made prominent, and a very nice story it is; at the same time it is surrounded with the evidences of Munkacsy's skilful brush in rendering the beauties of plush, India-rugs, bric-a-brac and the velvety coats of the young dogs. 'The Sword Dance' by Gérôme, which has been seen by many at Knödler's, with its fine painting of a green veil wound about the dancing girl, is here. 'The Court Fool' by Zamacois is another work which has been made known by photographs. Meissonier is seen in several works. 'The Ordinance,' and 'Information' are military scenes, the latter introducing a rustic amid a group of officers on the march, with the faces sharply characterized. 'The Committee on Moral Books' by Vibert, a couple of monks going through a pile of French novels with a convenient fire ready, who have forgotten their clerical task and sit reading with mouths stretched, is the genial original of a well-known reproduction.

Many paintings by well-known artists, whose works, however, are rarely seen here, are found in Mr. Vanderbilt's gallery. By Sir Frederick Leighton is 'The Odalisque,' which scarcely, however, sustains his reputation, and 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' by Millais, evidently an early work, but which has been recently brought out in a mezzotint engraving in England. There is a large Ernest Nicol, 'Paying the Rent,' a subject which has been seen in one form and another, but is here fully represented with all its clever studies in character, and with a technic which is nearer the excellences of the French school than is usually seen across the channel. By Couture is 'The Realist,' an artist studying a sheep's head. There are two works by Baron Leys, one containing portraits of Martin Luther and Lucas Cranach, who is represented sketching the Reformer, and the other, 'The Citizenship of Antwerp conferred on Pallavicini, 1541.' There is a large Landseer, 'After the Chase,' with hounds among dead game, and a 'Sultan of Morocco,' by Delacroix. Other artists usually represented are all here. There is a large Schreyer containing the well-known group of white horses in strained action, and a smaller picture, by the same artist, of horses at a drinking place, full of delightful repose and sunny color, and more enjoyable than the more representative work. Scarcely should be mentioned in this connection the fine Fortuny, 'Fantasia at Tangiers,' since Fortunys are not found everywhere. The Fantasia is the dance of Arabs around the smoke of their guns, a wild centre of motion contrasted with the motionless groups watching them, a subject not unlike a Fortuny exhibited not long ago at Knödler's. There

are two works by Knaus, in what may be called his old and new style. 'The Village Fête' is not unlike, in its color and number of figures, 'The Thief at the Fair,' recently sold in the Morton-Hoe collection. 'The Rag-Baby' belongs to his later works. It is a child holding a hastily constructed doll, and has that gayety and brightness which has endeared Knaus as an artist, aside from his rank in his profession. There are two small canvases by Pettenkoffen, who is rarely seen, but who makes himself felt among all his more ambitious work. The most telling is 'The Ambulance,' in which the wagon, speeding along amid a cloud of dust, is laden with figures, each carefully individualized, while the little canvas is alive with motion. Near this hangs a small Quadroni, 'The Happy Artist,' who kisses his fair visitor while her elderly escort examines the painting, a Frenchy story, the whole expressed with grace and lightness.

There are but few landscapes, but these include two beautiful Duprés, 'A River Scene' and 'Midday,' and two Rousseaus, one also a river scene. There is a Clays, and also a Ziem, neither of which call for special mention, as do not the Bouguereau, 'An Italian Boy,' nor 'Mignon' by Jules Lefebvre. Space will scarcely allow more than the names of Frère, Hamon, Troyon, Jules Bréton, Meyer von Bremen, Willems, while must be omitted a number who are fairly but not specially represented on the walls.

The smaller gallery is lighted by a window at the end, as it is somewhat screened by the balcony which extends around the room and gives place to the water-colors up stairs. In here is found a large Bonnat, 'An Arab Chief,' a strong, picturesque figure, and Meissonier's cabinet portrait of Mr. Vanderbilt. The portrait is frankly painted. The florid complexion, with full veins underneath, is rendered without constraint, and with a breadth which to most artists would be incompatible with the details and size of the canvas. There is found here another Meissonier, 'An Artist and his Wife,' the two contemplating a picture, which is more pleasurable than much of his more recent work. The small gallery otherwise has but little interest compared with the large room, except as it affords an opportunity to compare artists with themselves, as in the case of a large autumn landscape by Jules Dupré, which scarcely contains a trait of the later man, and, even in a more marked manner, Diaz in 'Cupid's Whisper,' in which the figures are as academic as if by Landelle or de Keyser. Of the older English school, here is 'Rest by the Stile,' by Thomas Faed, and 'The Monarch Oak' by John Linnell, two works scarcely at home among the Frenchmen, and which are even not kept in face by the English representatives of the larger gallery. The only American works are by George H. Baker, and presumably portraits.

THE REJECTED WATER-COLORS.—The artists who felt themselves particularly aggrieved by the action of the Hanging Committee of the Water-Color Society, hardly realized the possibilities involved in their comprehensive invitation to all the great rejected. The exhibition of the rejected works at the American Art Gallery, certainly proved that pictures had been refused hanging that would not have dishonored the Academy of Design. On the other hand, it has given to the public a lively sense of the painful duties which the jury of admission has annually to perform, and it will go far toward creating a sympathy for it, rather than for the disappointed artists. The gentlemen who had the present exhibition in charge, failed to discriminate between paintings rejected by the jury of admission, and those not hung by the Hanging Committee. This distinction makes all the difference in the world, and in the confusion in which the matter was left, their own, in some respects, just cause has suffered. It is true that the indignant rejected, who had charge of the exhibition, created a sort of limbo in an adjoining room to which they sent a number of works. But by this nothing definite was established, except that they too recognize degrees of badness, whereas if they had adhered to the classification of the society and hung the works accordingly, the responsibility would have been placed where it belonged.

Among the most numerous exhibitors was W. Hamilton Gibson. It seems fair to presume in his case that the heavy bronze frames, which were outlawed by the Water-Color Society, and which surrounded all his works, had much to do with their rejection. Mr. Gibson adheres to an almost monotonous coloring, and doubtless frames his drawings in the most suitable manner, yet undeniably such frames interfere with adjoining works. His contributions were chiefly small landscapes, quiet in tone and exquisite in feeling. So far from their being monotonous, when Mr. Gibson ventures in other directions, as in the copper-colored sunlight on his foliage, the

attempt is seen with regret. His large landscape was not wholly successful. It had a spotty, chopped look, and the sheet seemed frittered away; at the same time, that delicate sympathy with nature, which is found in his smaller works and in his illustrations, was not felt. 'Waiting for the Cue' by Hamilton, was identical in subject with the Freer in the Water-Color Exhibition. The only inference is, that the artists painted from the same model at the same time, and entered into generous rivalry. Mr. Hamilton is not discredited by Mr. Freer's more fortunate work. He has not used his blacks as freely, and in consequence has made his picture, as a picture, more agreeable. There is pleasing color in the background, at least in the tapestry portion, the upper part being somewhat incomprehensible. De Forest Bolmer contributed 'A Moorland Path,' and a smaller landscape with water, which, if not as ambitious as his work in the Water-Color Society, was sturdier and equally worthy in other respects. The landscape of C. Melville Dewey was more characteristic than his Academy painting, which is adequate description for all who are familiar with the artists poetical and sensitive work. This, however, was a little disturbed by a figure, a trifle hard in color and in execution. It is puzzling to determine why the authorities of the Water-Color Society should have hung the peacock feather of Charles H. Moore, and should have rejected his admirable Venetian doorway. The feather certainly carried imitation to its limits, and was really a wonderful piece of work, but was trivial compared with the doorway. Mr. Blum seems to have less grounds for complaint: he was well represented in the Water-Color Society, and would have been no better by the half dozen works in the American Art Gallery. With the exception of the 'Butcher Shop,' in which the subject is charmingly idealized, the rejected works differ but little from those accepted. The work shown by Geo. H. McCord is an excellent interior, spoiled only by a most curiously constructed cat, and shows greater skill than his regular society work. Everyone will sympathize with the ill-fortune of Hughson Hawley. Notwithstanding their hard and wearisome execution, and their crowded composition, these are not qualities which warrant entirely discarding work, praiseworthy in other respects, until the standard of the Water-Color Society is higher than it now is. Much of the work in the 'rejected' exhibition is so good, that there constantly arises the curious inquiry as to why it is not better. There are two landscapes by E. P. Rossiter, 'Along the Creek,' and a hillside with a figure. In these the touch is broad and assured, there is a feeling of light and air, but the seated woman seems to rest on the top of the grass, and there is a general lack of substance. 'The Rainy Day' of F. M. Gregory has the same breadth, but wants emphasis; the figures seem veritably to be melting away. In the cottage scene of Mr. Riviere the feeling is good, but the figures and furniture appear to have no fixed abiding place. So in a number of works, there does not seem to be enough attention paid to the necessity of an adequate technic as a means of expression. There is some very nice work in 'The Woodland' by E. F. Miller, especially in the foreground, where with a few touches is given a sense of fulness and completion of detail. There were several creditable flower pieces. The 'Chrysanthemums' of Miss Shelding were very nice in tone; Miss Lampert exhibited a tambourine full of roses, a clever conceit called 'After the Dance'; 'Meadow Flowers' by Frank French showed bold brushwork expended on an interesting subject. The works of which these serve as a type, form a comparatively small portion of the exhibition; the greater number are pitifully interesting, not as pictures, but as evidences of faithful, earnest labor gone utterly astray.

THE DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY has recently brought together an interesting loan collection of fans. These represent the periods beginning with the latter half of the seventeenth century down to the present time, and afford an opportunity to compare styles, and incidentally throw light on the habits, customs and history of the different ages they represent. The oldest fan of the collection is an old Venetian dagger fan, the sticks of which are handsomely ornamented with arabesques in black. The appearance of the fan is dainty enough to seem only an elegant trifle in a noble lady's hand; but concealed in the shaft is a sharp, strong dagger which can be drawn as easily as from a sheath, and be equally ready for defense or for revenge. A Spanish fan of a little later date tells a pleasanter story. It is large and gayly ornamented, and in its decoration are gleaming sheets of mica, through which the fair dame who wields it, can watch the effect of its execution. The Louis XIV. fans, to which period these belong, have large, wide, ivory sticks handsomely cut in

medallions and interlacing lines. The Dutch and Spanish fans imitate the graceful Watteau designs, but each in their own way, the Dutch being heavy and the Spanish gaudy in color. One Spanish fan, loaned by Miss Furniss, must be remarked for its delightful color which scarcely varies from yellows and browns and to which time has added tone. The Louis XV. fans are more highly ornamented, tinsel and spangles being lavishly used, but are less artistic. The sticks are narrow and wide apart, the proportions being almost awkward. In the Louis XVI. fans, the sticks have become small and are placed close together. They offer a fine opportunity for ornamentation which is taken advantage of, many of them being treated with *verniss Martin* while the upper parts are simply painted in the prevailing style of figure subjects. Several *verniss Martin* fans are owned by Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. R. M. Hunt, Mrs. Barlow and Mrs. Astor. The subjects of these are mythological and scriptural, and are expressed with great *naïveté*. They are dignified, however, with the color, which is exceedingly tender and fresh, and not unlike that of the old Italian painters. The influence of the school of David, and the lagging skill of the French artisan, are seen in the fans of the Directory, in which classic designs are mounted on the Louis XVI. sticks. Still later is a fan, common as might be expected in workmanship, dating as it does from the early days of the French Revolution, but interesting from its portrait of Mirabeau between two maps of France and Paris as redistricted. Another political fan, belonging to the time of Louis XIV., is Spanish. The young Philip IV. hands to Spain the inscription 'I bring you peace,' while on the other side the England, Austria and Holland are forced to acquiescence. A ducal coronet is part of the decoration of the sticks which gives it added significance. The group of Chinese fans in ivory, loaned by Mrs. G. W. Childs and Mrs. Cadwalader, are as exquisite as lace work. Mrs. Grant has added to the collection some fine examples of lacquer work, and notably one of gold lacquer on ivory. A gift from the Queen of Siam has a decoration not unlike Chinese work. Mrs. Wm. Astor contributed a case of fans including some fine Louis V. examples, a *verniss Martin* fan which took the prize at the Crystal Palace exhibition, some modern Swiss carving, and a Spanish bull-fight fan. The most beautiful fan of the entire collection, and belonging to Mrs. Astor, is of modern French work. The design, painted by De Beaumont, is a group of ladies looking out toward the sea, a most skilful composition both as to grouping and in the management of the color. This is gay and fresh, and laid on with a broad, free touch. The fan is mounted on ivory sticks carved with cherubs in high relief, with a monogram in diamonds. Mrs. R. L. Stuart contributed a magnificent fan of modern Spanish work, but chiefly remarkable for its sticks, which were decorated with a vine whose leaves are in green enamel and flowers in diamonds. Other modern fans owned by Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Del Monte had hunting scenes painted by Charles Detaille and De Pené. A fan framed, owned by Mrs. Alsop, is said to have been painted by Guido. The subject was mythological and the work interesting, by whomsoever painted.

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY'S election of officers took place March 16. Two tickets were offered taking the color of the difficulties which have recently disturbed this society. The regular ticket was elected with the exception of Mr. Symington for treasurer, who was defeated by Mr. Falconer. The opposition offered for President, John Lafarge; Secretary, J. Carroll Beckwith; Treasurer, James Symington; Board of Control, Alfred Fredericks, Arthur Quartley, F. S. Church, S. G. McCutcheon. The successful ticket is President, T. W. Wood; Secretary, Henry Farrer; Treasurer, J. M. Falconer; Board of Control, George H. Smillie, Thomas Moran, F. S. Church, Harry Fenn. The treasurer's report shows that the gross returns from the exhibition were \$10,000 and that the sales amounted to \$2,000 less than last year.

THE LADIES' ART ASSOCIATION gave a reception last month, at which the attraction was 150 sketches in oils and water-colors by the late Bayard Taylor. Few people probably knew that Mr. Taylor, to the manifold interests of an exceptionally busy life, added painting. The sketches cover the wide area of his ramblings from Egypt to Norway, and from the Far East to the remote slopes of the Sierras. They were unframed, and should be regarded, as they probably were by himself, as memoranda of places and scenes through which he passed. Even looked at in this way, the amount of earnest, patient labor could not have been inconsiderable to a man of so many occupations, and indicate, above everything else, his always observant attitude. Artistically they are, as might be

expected, of slighter value. Mr. Taylor had but little control over his medium, and seems to have had still less a lively imagination. He has apparently striven with great exactness to set down facts, and his want of knowledge of drawing, proportion and color have hindered him. Some of the scenes, especially those of southern Italy and Greece, are picturesque, but this picturesqueness is rather a quality which inheres in the scenes themselves than belongs to the artist. Mr. Taylor, however, should not be judged in this light since he did not himself bring his work before the public.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Morton-Hoe collection of paintings sold at the Leavitt Art Gallery realized \$50,548. The largest price reached, was by the 'Automedon' by Henri Regnault, which brought \$5900. 'Tropical Scenery,' by F. E. Church, sold for \$3175; 'A Thief at the Fair,' by Knaus, for \$2250; Landscape by Dupré, \$1150; 'Spanish Mutineers,' by Vibert, for \$1300.—A collection of paintings by George H. Hall, to which was added a number by other American artists, was sold by Kirby & Co. during the month.—The spring exhibition of the Academy of Design opened March 28th and will close Saturday, May 13th.—Mr. Frank D. Millet delivered his lectures on Roman Costume before the Decorative Art Society during the month.—The sale of the Sichel collection at the Kirby Art Gallery amounted to \$15,000.—Thule de Thurlestrup goes to Norway and Sweden during the summer for *Harper's Magazine*.—The Brooklyn exhibition of water-colors opened March 13th. The paintings for the most part had been exhibited in New York.—F. G. Renner, of Renner & Co., to whom many artists gave the framing of their pictures, and who took charge of their transportation to out-of-town exhibitions, died suddenly last month.—The King of Italy has presented Gen. Di Cesnola with a gold medal struck in his honor.—Henry Farrer, President of the Etching Club, has received a letter from Seymour Haden, president of the Painter-Etchers' Society of London, saying in respect to the etchings sent from America: "They are excellent, and in the true spirit of etching, and I hope will be appreciated by our public as much as by me."—The failure to secure the 'Automedon' by Henri Regnault, sold in the Morton collection, for the Metropolitan Museum, must be considered as a great want of foresight on the part of the authorities of the Museum. No lack of money is spent by them in things of doubtful value, and an undoubted work of art, and one of special value to students, was let go without an effort. After a contest with the Corcoran Art Gallery it was secured for the Crow Art Gallery, St. Louis.—Mr. John D. Wolfe's private collection was placed on public exhibition and sale in March at Leavitt's Art Gallery. It contained a number of well-known works, among them Coté's 'Springtime,' familiarly known as 'The Swing'; Cabanel's 'Venus'; Bouguereau's 'Nymphs and Satyr'; Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, by Piloty. The gallery contained an unusual number of large works: Bonnat being represented by a 'Fellah Woman and Child,' and Makart by 'The Egyptian Water Carriers' and an 'Almeh.' The collection had evidently been formed some time, and is undergoing the weeding-out process which takes place from time to time.—Twenty-eight pictures have been sold in the exhibition of rejected water-colors amounting to \$1300.—Mr. F. C. Welsch, an artist long resident in Rome, where he was president of the German Art Club, has recently returned to this country.

BOSTON.—Local Art Exhibitions succeed one another without intermission. W. L. Metcalf exhibited seventy-five canvases at Chase's Art Gallery; Ernest Longfellow had on view at the same gallery for two weeks a number of figures and landscapes; Mr. Gaugengigl had for some time his paintings at Lowell & Co's, and Marcus D. Waterman held a two weeks' exhibition at the same place.—The collection of paintings belonging to the late Alvin Adams was placed on exhibition at Leonard & Co's, before being sold by his executors. Mr. Adams was a well-known lover of the fine arts, and the collection was the best on recent exhibition. An illustrated catalogue containing twenty Albertypes was issued.

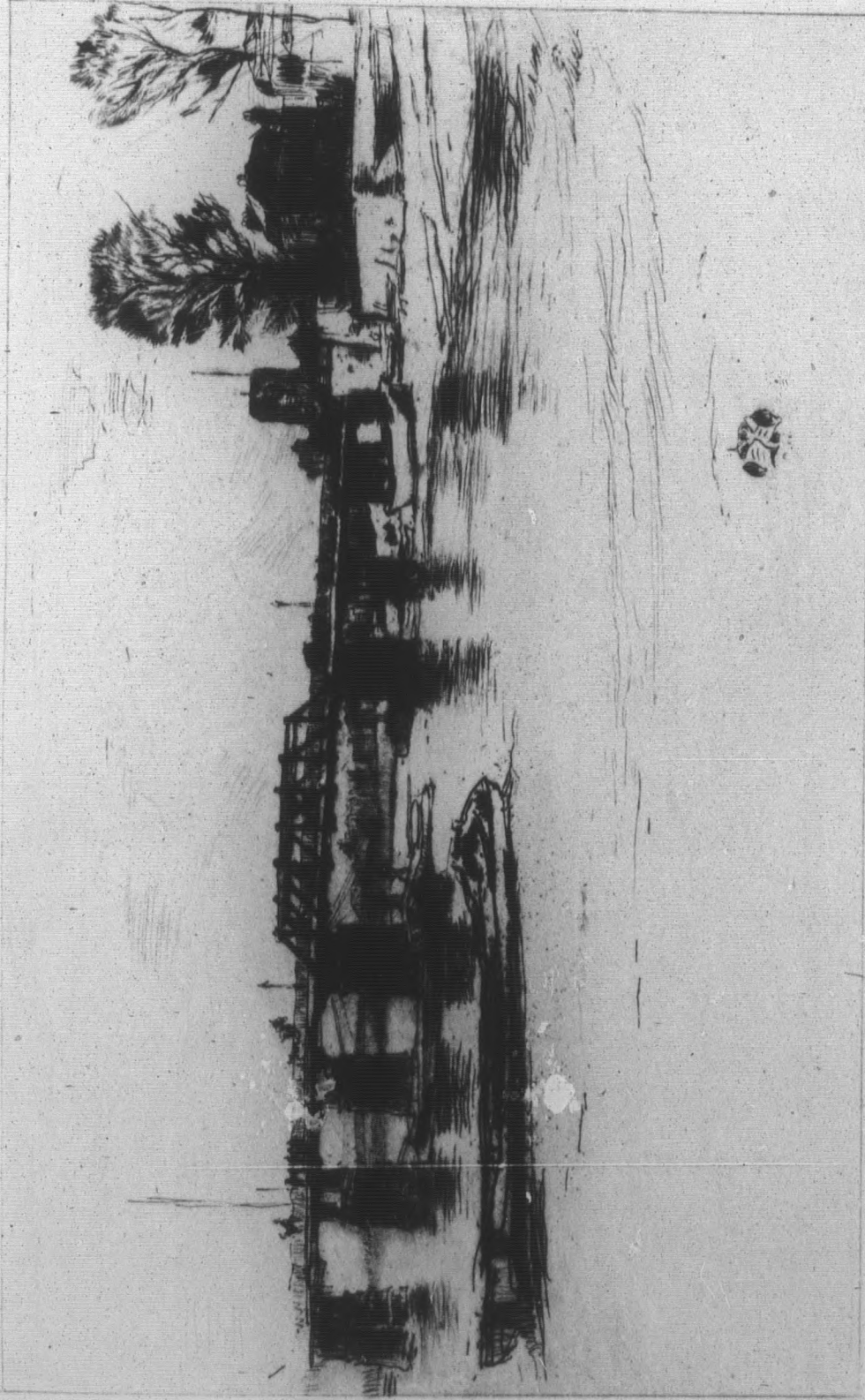
CHICAGO.—The Decorative Art Society has undertaken, with its other work, the discussion of the appointments of the various apartments of the home. The dining-room has been considered, the nursery and bedrooms following in order. Mrs. J. N. Jewett, Mrs. J. G. Scammon, Mrs. J. Wirt Dexter, Mrs. Humphreys, Mrs. Corbin, and other prominent members have taken active part in these discussions.—The Chicago Art League has been holding an exhibition of oil and water-color paintings, etchings, and other black and white work.

CINCINNATI.—There is an earnest effort in Cincinnati to transfer the School of Design attached to the McMicken University to the new Museum. Mr. Joseph Longworth offers personal inducements and the probabilities are they will be accepted.—The Art Museum has undertaken the laudable project of making a collection of local and national pottery. Selections have been made from the potteries at East Liverpool; Zanesville; Chelsea, Mass.; Greenpoint, L. I.; Trenton, N. J.; and fine examples of the Cincinnati kilns have been presented.—The following officers of the Woman's Art Museum have been elected: Mrs. A. F. Perry, President, Mrs. M. F. Force, Vice-President; Mrs. P. Mallon, Treasurer; Mrs. H. C. Appleton, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. C. Neare, Corresponding Secretary.—The trustees of the Art Museum have issued their first report. They announce an additional gift of \$150,000 from Mr. Charles West as an endowment fund for the maintenance of the Museum. Immediate steps have been taken to procure plans for the building, which is to be erected in Eden Park. The Museum is now temporarily opened, and classes in various branches of art are to be organized as soon as practicable. Mr. Joseph Longworth has received thirty more Lessing drawings, with others yet to arrive.

DAYTON, O.—The Pottery Club which has now been organized ten years is beginning to bear fruit. They secured a year ago the services of Mr. Isaac Broome, a practical potter of New Jersey, who was sent as Commissioner by his State to the Paris Exposition, and to inspect the Potteries of the Old World, and was for several years Director of the Art School at Philadelphia. Mr. Broome has been engaged at Dayton for five years. Nine acres of ground have been secured and two enamel kilns erected; classes have also been formed in wood-carving and other branches of art. The officers of the Club are Miss C. Brown, President; Mrs. E. M. Wood, Mrs. O. M. Gottschall, Mrs. Agnes Platt, Vice Presidents; Mrs. J. B. Thresher, Treasurer; Miss E. A. Rogers, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. A. Roberts, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Isaac Broome, Director.

PHILADELPHIA.—The prospect of erecting a monument to John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, is now revived and it is hoped will be carried to a successful end. Shortly after Marshall's death in 1835, a committee of the Philadelphia Bar undertook the task of raising money for a monument in his honor. The sum was insufficient and for nearly fifty years the money, which was invested in the loan of the city of Philadelphia, has been accumulating. Upon the death of Peter McCall, one of the original trustees, this money, amounting to about \$20,000, was found by his executors in certificates of the loan. Accordingly, a petition signed by Chief Justice Sharwood, Edward Olmstead, C. Ingersoll, H. Cramond, John L. Newbold, and Wm. Duane to the judges of the Court of Common Pleas has been made, asking that a committee from the Law Association be authorized to receive money for the purpose and carry out the original intention. This has been done, and the committee named of the following gentlemen: Chief Justice Sharwood, Hon. Wayne McVeagh, John Cadwalader, Wm. White Wiltbank, C. C. Binney, George W. Biddle, Wm. Henry Rawle, six of the number being six of the original sixty signers. The monument will be placed in the Capitol at Washington.—Mr. J. E. Temple, the munificent patron of the Academy of Fine Arts, has presented to it the painting 'A Holiday Vacation' by A. Koehler of Munich.—'Off the French Coast—Moonlight,' by W. P. W. Dana, has been bought by several gentlemen and given to the Academy of Fine Arts.—The regular annual exhibitions of the Academy of Fine Arts will be in the autumn hereafter, instead of the spring.—This month and the next the Belgian work in painting, engraving and sculpture, which the Belgian government has been invited by the authorities to exhibit, will take place at the Academy. An exhibition of Art and Industry was held during the month.—The first annual exhibition of the Water-Color Society opens April 10th, and will continue to May 6th at the gallery 1725 Chestnut street.—The statue to Gen. Reynolds has been commissioned to John Rogers of New York.

MINOR NOTES.—A monument by W. W. Story has been erected over the body of Keats and his friend Joseph Severn, at Rome. Mr. T. A. Trollope made the address in the absence of Lord Houghton, who is ill.—The collection of old drawings in the Uffizzi gallery, formerly so inaccessible, have been arranged chronologically, and hung in a well-lighted room at the end of the main corridor.—A statue of Alexandre Dumas, by Gustave Doré, is to be erected on the Place Malesherbes, Paris.—Boehm, the English sculptor, is to model a recumbent figure of Dean Stanley for Westminster Abbey.—Breton, Rivière and W. W. Oulless have been made Royal Academicians.—A monument is to be erected at Zurich to Zwingli.—At the next *Salon* J. P. Laurens will exhibit 'The Death of the Emperor Maximus'; Cabanel, a portrait of a New York lady and his 'Diana'; Jules Lefebvre, a French wedding, and Frederick Bridgman the portrait of a lady in Roumanian costume.—Ziem has been refused admission into the French Water-Color Society by four votes, and, it is said, owing to his neglecting to make calls on the members, which is the accepted French custom.—Bakker-Korff, called the Dutch Meissonier, has recently died at Leyden.—The bi-centenary of the death of Murillo was celebrated at Seville, April 3d, 1882.—Panoramas of Paris at different epochs are among the lesser art projects of that city.—The portrait of Edmond de Goncourt has been etched by De Braquemond.—Robert Gibb, the painter of 'The Thin Red Line,' a battle piece, has been made a member of the Royal Scottish Academy.—An attempt is making to preserve the ruins and archaeological remains of Egypt by the appointment of an international commission. Of this Zeki Pasha, minister of works, Franz, the German architect, Baudry, the French, and Mr. Rogers, a former English consul at Cairo, are members.—Wm. T. Walters of Baltimore, one of the earliest of American collectors, has received permission from that city to build a connecting passage across the street between his galleries.—The Cercle de St. Arnaud and the Mirlitons have both been holding recent exhibitions in Paris. At the latter a bust of Croizette was a distinguished feature, and at both, portraits predominated. Meissonier exhibited the portrait of a New York gentleman; Bonnat, two portraits, and Carolus Duran the same number. Bastien-Lepage was seen in 'Murillo painting his Beggar Boys' and a view of the 'Thames at low water with St. Paul's in sight.'—At the exhibition of the Art and Literary Club in Paris, Frederick Bridgman exhibited a 'Café at Biskra,' and a 'Negro Village,' and Henry Mosler 'The first Boat,' children floating a wooden ship. The latter has been bought for the private gallery of the Art Club in the Rue Volney.—Wm. Felter Douglas, the curator of the National Gallery, Edinburgh, has been made President of the Royal Scottish Academy, in place of the late Sir Daniel Macnee.—Gallait has finished his 'La Peste de Tournai' which will be exhibited at the Vienna Exposition. It has been bought by the Belgian government for \$22,000.—Vibert has been made one of the officers of the Legion of Honor.—An exhibition of the works of Courbet opened the first of April at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.—Jules Breton sends to the *Salon* 'Evening in the Hamlets of Finisterre.'—The daughters of Bewick have presented to the British Museum two volumes containing 4500 impressions of the Bewicks and 150 drawings.—Taine's lectures at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* this season, relate to the history of painting in Italy during the Renaissance.—George Manet, one of the fathers of the impressionists, has received a decoration.—Mr. John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, has presented to that city a copy of the portrait of Lord Baltimore at Gorbamby, England.—The artist, Mytens, was a Fleming who preceded Van Dyck in court favor in England.—Holman Hunt's 'Shadow of Death' has been on recent exhibition at Toronto.—Larkin G. Mead has been elected to a professorship in the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence, Italy.—Meissonier has given to the Louvre 'The Etcher,' and the 'Chevalier at the Window.'—A Women's Art Society has been organized at Austin, Texas, with Mrs. J. W. Gleason, Pres., and Mrs. Julia Pease, Sec. It will hold an exhibition.—The bronze statue of Professor Henry by W. W. Story, will stand west of the new Museum on the grounds of the Smithsonian.



CHELSEA.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY J. A. McNEIL WHISTLER.

NEW YORK. PATTERSON & NEILSON.

SHERE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



Shere Mill.

IN the present day, when the great city spreads its arms like those of the all-devouring, all-embracing kraken of northern fables, and covers the fair fields which surround it with ever-growing streets and suburbs, those who love wild and sequestered loveliness are driven each year to seek it farther afield. To many such it will be welcome news that districts may yet be found within thirty miles of London unpolluted by smoke, unfrequented by fashion, where the smock-frock is still worn by the labourer, and the sound of the flail still resounds in the roomy barns. In the centre of such a district lies the village of Shere. Situated on the high-road between Guildford and Dorking, and close to a station, it seems almost incredible that it has retained its primitive picturesqueness, that its commons and woods are as lonely as of yore, and that the hateful notice-boards of "eligible building sites" and "proposed villa residences" are still unknown.

The village has indeed been long a favourite haunt of artists, whose white umbrellas are frequently to be seen along the banks of the stream and by the old mill, and some among them, after returning year after year, have ended by adopting it as their permanent home. Their houses, and those of a few men of business or letters, who come here in the summer months to seek repose, cling round the skirts of the village and its outlying hamlets, and their pointed gables and red-tiled roofs peep above the trees, and add to the beauty of the little valleys between the heather-clad hills.

The village itself completely retains its old-world appearance and air of sleepy repose; indeed, even as we turn from the station down the shady lane, as we pass under the shadows of the great elms, by the meadows deep in flowery grass, by the old mill where the rippling stream widens into a quiet pool fringed with tall bulrushes and waving plumes of

meadow-sweet, and the cattle stand knee deep in calm enjoyment, a feeling of rest and peace sinks into the soul; the great city, with its hurry and bustle and harassing cares, becomes a thing of the past, and fades from the mind like a bad dream from which we awake with relief.

The more important features of the village seem to have altered but little since the days when the Manor of Essira was entered in the Domesday Book as having been settled by Edward the Confessor on his Queen Editha, and containing woodland sufficient to feed five hundred swine. The church and mill, the farms with their existing names, even the division of the manor into wood and pasture, meadow and heath, as stated in the ancient documents, correspond very nearly with the present order of things. Part of the manor was retained by the Crown for many centuries, and was included in the dowry of each of King Henry VIII.'s wives, but another portion passed to Roger de Clare, and from him through the hands of many knightly possessors, most of whom seem to have met with violent deaths either on the field of battle or on Tower Hill. In Edward I.'s time we find the mill valued at £2 10s. yearly, and the meadow land at 2s. 6d. per acre, while the arable land is put down at 4d., and the wood and heath at 1d. yearly. At that period the villagers were bound to deliver to their lord thirty-eight cocks at Christmas at 1½d. apiece, and in the summer one hundred eggs value 3d., twelve barbed arrows, and two pairs of gilt



Shere Village.

spurs. A weekly market to be held in the village street was granted by Edward II., and also a fair on the eve of St. John the Baptist, which is still celebrated on Shere Heath. A little later the estates passed to John Touchet, Lord Audley, who

was buried in the south chancel of the church, where his brass can still be seen. His son being beheaded as a traitor, the lands were granted to Sir Reginald Bray, in whose family they have remained ever since. To the generosity of this knight, whom Holinshed calls "a verie father of his country," we owe the greater part of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster and St. George's Chapel at Windsor. His curious crest, the braye, or hemp-breaker, so often repeated in the mouldings of the latter building, will at once be recognised in the stained glass in Shere Church. In another window appear the arms of England, Ormond, Warren, and Clare, while the tracery of the windows (Edward III. period), the bold dog-toothed mouldings of the Norman door in the south porch, the curious font, and the piers and columns of Sussex marble, all carry us back to the different periods of its history.

The centre of the village is marked by two great elms, and standing here we obtain a good view of the irregular streets, with their projecting corners and gables, stacks of twisted chimneys, and old-fashioned shops with narrow latticed windows, half concealing the goods they are meant to display. On our right rises the ancient church, with its deep porches and massive walls, the sturdy yews casting deep shadows over the moss-grown headstones, and contrasting with the graceful wych-elms which droop over the clear stream at the bottom of the churchyard. On the left the stream ripples out from the low bridge and overhanging boughs, past the half-timbered cottages forming the Lower Street, and disappears from sight as it turns into the rich water-meadows, where its course is marked by tall flags, long purples, and blue forget-me-not. On a hot summer's afternoon, as we sit on the low parapet of the bridge, we can watch the trout gleam in the shallow stream, and hear hardly a sound beyond the rippling water and the shrill screams of the black swifts circling round the church steeple. Beyond the red-tiled roofs to the north, behind the straggling street, rise the chalk downs, the green turf broken by white paths, and the beech-trees standing out against the blue sky; while behind us, to the south, lie the deep lanes, wide heaths, and dark firs peculiar to the sandstone district. The village lies on the junction of the chalk and sand, and the great variety of scenery thus produced is one of its chief charms. The contours of the hills, the colour of the soil, the trees and shrubs, flowers and ferns, even the birds and insects, are totally distinct on the north and south sides of the little stream of the Tillingbourne, which here divides the two districts. Its windings take us into so many

charming nooks, so many subjects for the pencil or brush are to be found along its banks, that they well deserve to be followed from its very source, where it bubbles out of a mossy bank on the side of Leith Hill. Flowing down the Lonesome valley, it reaches the old house built by Mr. Jacobson, a Dutch merchant, who, coming, "as was the custom, to eat water-soucy at Dorking," fell in love with this secluded spot, and made it his home. A little farther on the brook is joined by another hill stream, and enters the grounds of Wotton Place, well known as the favourite resort of Evelyn, "the great virtuoso," and still held by his descendants. The mansion-house, which lies in the midst of beech woods long celebrated for the size and beauty of the trees, came into possession of the Evelyns in

1579; and we hear of one of the owners setting out soon afterwards to attend the judges in his capacity of high sheriff, followed by one hundred and sixteen servants and thirty gentlemen, all arrayed in green satin doublets with silver braid, and white ostrich feathers.

The terraced garden, the island, fishponds, and avenues, were all laid out by Evelyn himself, who writes in his Diary of "the house large and ancient, well suited to these hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with these delicious streams

and venerable woods that it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation." Here in his youth he planned a hermitage well suited to his studious and contemplative mind, and here he constantly came to visit his brother, and to advise on the improvement of the grounds and the laying out of walks and shrubberies. He delighted in streams and woods, and in his Diary are many entries such as "Went to see Mr. Hussey at

Sutton, in Shere, who hath a pretty seat well watered;" or, "The rest of my time at Wotton I spent in walking about the goodly woods, where in my youth I have so often entertained my solitude." It was probably under these very beech-trees that he composed his "Sylva," or discourse respecting forest trees, and here he came to spend the last years of his life. His love for trees grew rather than diminished in his old age, for he speaks in most pathetic terms of the groaning and sighing of the woods during a great hurricane which did much damage in 1703, and expresses a wish in his will "to be buried under the laurel grove at the bottom of my garden." This, however, was not carried out, and his tomb, engraved



On the Tillingbourne.

with his favourite saying, "All is vanity which is not honesty," can be seen in Wotton Church, with many other interesting altar-tombs and brasses.

Leaving Wotton, the Tillingbourne flows through Abinger Hammer, where the red ironstone of the district was formerly worked, and the stocks and whipping-post still adorn the village green, through Gomshall, with its ancient Anglo-Saxon name, *Gum-sele*, chief court or residence—and passes the gardens of many quaint farmhouses, with their sunny

stack-yards and vast barns, deep eaves and brilliant lichen-covered roofs. In such a farmhouse Evelyn was nursed when a baby by a kind peasant woman, "a most sweet place, towards the hills, flanked with wood and refreshed with streams, the affection to which kind of solitude I seem to have sucked in with my very milk."—*Evelyn's Diary*.

Just beyond Shere the Tillingbourne enters Albury Park, where gnarled oaks and spreading Spanish chestnuts, with



The Fir Wood, by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

the glimpses of distant moor, form inviting subjects for the artist. Here again we are met by memories of Evelyn, for the grounds and gardens owe much to his skill. Here he often visited his friend Mr. Howard, and designed for him the canal, the garden, and the crypt beneath the hill. The canal has been drained and planted, but the crypt remains, as well as the broad terrace walk, skirted by close-growing yews and laid with fine turf, which is still known as "Evelyn's Walk."

In later days the old house became well known as the place

where the enthusiastic followers of Irving met to discuss the approaching millennium, and found their faith rewarded by the mysterious gift of tongues. The apostles and archangels of the new dispensation have long since resumed their places as ordinary mortals, and the manifestations which aroused public curiosity to such an extraordinary degree are now things of the past, but the handsome cathedral-like church still forms a conspicuous object in the landscape, and is frequented by numerous members of the sect.

Beyond Albury the stream widens into two large pools, which have been frequently painted, and flows on peacefully through green pasture meadows to join the Wey at Guildford. In these fields is still found the large edible snail unknown elsewhere in England, said to have been introduced by the Earl of Arundel, "his lady delighting in such food;" and Evelyn chronicles that "this huge and fleshy snail was held *in deliciis* by the Earl himself!" Fortunately for its descendants, their merits are no longer appreciated here as they are in Paris.

If in search of more extensive views, we need only follow one of the many paths leading from Shere towards the chalk downs, through some deep combe, with its fine turf spangled with flowers and dotted with clumps of juniper, yew, and holly. As we reach the top, wide views open out on either side, while before us lie grassy glades tempting us to trace out their windings. Here we can wander in solitude for miles; now through a hollow where the hawthorn-trees are wreathed with honeysuckle, and the path disappears under tall bracken and tangled undergrowth; now down an avenue of tall beeches, where the soft turf deadens our footsteps, and the harsh cry of the jay or woodpecker alone breaks the silence; now passing a clearing where tall clumps of foxgloves spring up to hide the traces of the woodcutter; until suddenly, in the heart of the wood, we come upon a tiny cottage, so lonely, so ancient, so far removed from other habitations, that as we see the door open and a diminutive old man in a snowy smock gazing at us as he leans on his stick, we feel that our childish dream is fulfilled, and we have found the very cottage where Snowwhite was watched over by the seven little dwarfs.

Turning to the west, the paths widen into stretches of open down, extending towards Guildford, along which we can still trace the "Pilgrims' Way" by the ancient yew-trees, now hollow and twisted with age, which were planted by the palmers on their way to the great shrine at Canterbury. Even in those days they can hardly have been indifferent to the fair prospect which met their gaze as they passed "o'er the long backs of the bushless downs;" the wooded valley and purple moors stretching away to the blue hills of Sussex and Hampshire in the south; on the north the rich plain watered by the Thames; while in the foreground rose, as now, St. Martha's Hill, crowned with its ancient cruciform chapel of dark sandstone. Here the pilgrims paused to renew their vows and obtain indulgences; and here the inhabitants of the village still nod drowsily through the service, and sleep at last beneath the thyme-scented turf.

Let us now pass to the south of Shere, and follow one of the many deep lanes where the sun is shut out by overarching boughs, and the air is cool and damp. We soon reach the commons, with smooth-shaven cricket grounds and clumps of oak and fir, one of which forms the subject of our largest sketch. As we advance the cottages and farmhouses become more scattered, the fields narrow, and the heaths join and spread out into purple moor and thick fir wood, extending nine or ten miles from east to west, and clothing the range of hills which jut out into the Weald of Sussex like headlands into the sea.

Narrow paths and disused tracks traverse the woods and moors in all directions, and lead us into the little valleys with their glistening undergrowth of young oak and holly, where the brown pools are fringed with soft cushions of moss and drooping ferns, and the air is full of the resinous scent of the firs. Here the brown lizards dart across the path, and the golden-crested wren slips shyly from twig to twig; and here in early summer the woodcock has been found watching over her downy, bright-eyed brood. On the higher ground the serried ranks of the firs open out, the heather glows purple in the sun, and as we emerge at length on the crest of the hill, a grand view breaks suddenly upon us; the wooded fields and distant downs of Sussex lie like a map unrolled at our feet, while on the right the dark outlines of Hascombe, Blackdown, and Hind Head rise in succession and close the prospect.

It is a curious fact that during the last fifteen years the wood has been encroaching with rapid strides on the more open spaces, and many paths have been rendered almost impassable by the growth of young firs. Formerly these were destroyed by the constant paring of the surface for turf, but now that coal has been brought within reach of the poor this is no longer done, and the railway has thus actually caused the extension of the wood—an unlooked-for result of civilisation.

The scenery which surrounds Shere on all sides is so varied and beautiful, that those who wish to know it better will not regret the time spent in studying it minutely. The artist will find on all sides subjects well worthy of his art, the botanist's and naturalist's search will be rewarded by rare and curious specimens, while those who merely wish to enjoy a summer's holiday will rejoice to think that breezy moors and lonely woods are still to be found almost within sight of London.

The views of Shere Village are from the pencil of a promising young artist, Mr. Gordon Fraser, whilst that of the Fir Wood has been drawn by Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

M. J. SALIS SCHWABE.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS

SIGNIFICANCE IN PARTICULARS.—General knowledge is remote knowledge: it is in particulars that wisdom consists, and happiness too. Both in Art and in life general masses are as much Art as a pasteboard man is human. Every man has eyes, nose, and mouth; this every idiot knows; but he who enters into and discriminates most minutely the manners and intentions, the characters in all their branches, is the alone wise or sensible man; and on this discrimination all Art is founded.

As poetry admits not a letter that is insignificant, so paint-

ing admits not a grain of sand or a blade of grass insignificant, much less an insignificant blur or mark.—*Wm. Blake.*

PAINTING OFF-HAND.—*The Use of Sketches and Studies.*—Great works, which are to live and stand the criticism of posterity, are not performed at a heat. However extraordinary it may appear, it is certainly true that the inventions of the *Pittori Improvisatori*, as they may be called, have, notwithstanding the common boast of their authors that all is spun from their own brain, very rarely anything that has in the least the air of originality.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

DRAWING AND ENGRAVING ON WOOD.*



AMONG the many wonderful features of this wonderful age, there are none more definite in their effect, more useful in their character, than the wholesome and ingenious methods of familiarising the whole world with "facts" through the medium of Art. And it has been nobly said

that "the highest of the Fine Arts are appointed to relate to us the utmost ascertainable truth respecting visible things and moral feelings; and this *pursuit of fact* is the vital element of the Art power—that in which alone it can develop itself to its utmost."

The pursuit of fact opens a vista of research far beyond that of mere form; to have fact correctly declared there must be a hue or tendency visible of the interpreter's *motive*. The truth of a scene represented by mere mechanical skill, without the spirit of interpretation, would be *nil*, although we can but represent what is natural, and not what is supernatural; so the highest refinement of expression is but an interpreted representation of fact, the production of a mind capable of ascertaining truth.

If a fact be properly represented, it is reasonably comprehensible to most minds, and to fit this interpretation into an age of utility and haste, combined with vigour, it only needs the proper medium for sending this mind's interpretation of fact to all the thinking world.

Many will recognise such truth by an unexplained feeling of exaltation; and this by having had certain facts enforced upon them by direct means—in short, by being addressed to them in a language understood by all—the universal language of Art. A kind of quick-acting method of Art handiwork (indeed, a kind of Art telegraphy) would naturally become the most familiar of all arts, and peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the age, or as an adjunct to human life. Such a method we might recognise in the modern state of wood engraving, embracing as it does the manner of illustration of newspapers and innumerable books. An art, to be truly familiar, must be of a "repetitious" nature (if I may use such a word); it must reach the many: owing naturally to its cheapness, rapidity of execution, and adaptability to ordinary newspaper type, the "woodcut" stands foremost in this respect. Unfortunately it shares much of that proverbial fate of all familiarity—if not contempt, at least indifference with the public. Yet it strictly belongs to that section of remarkable features of the day that possess the power of familiarising the whole world with facts. What, indeed, is more fascinating than a well-illustrated magazine or book?

This age has been called the iron age. It may be so; but it has produced a cable of strength—never before experienced—for holding fast all that is good and great. It is an age of quick recognition and reward. Without crediting the arts

with the power of rising higher than they have done, they can never fall into such decadence as they have been known in past times—so much lamented by some. The reason is that Art is now more the property of every thinking person than it was before. We are building galleries in our big towns to be filled with good works, so that every citizen can see and enjoy them with his family (especially on Sundays, by-and-by). The more we have of such institutions, the stronger will be the hold that Art will have on the public. It cannot again lie as if dead.

Good Art work in a weekly newspaper of high quality is far more advantageous to the artist—opening out, as it does, more possibilities to the development of his art—than either the Greek line in clay, or the Gothic line with colour (of stained glass), ever could have done. To the public it offers fairer terms, for scenes of their daily life are given them in a form both agreeable and distinct, subject to no irreparable loss if damaged, as it must have been with Greek vases; or, on the other hand, not subject to so little familiarity as the stained glass offered, it being an exceptional thing to look upon those; whereas Art, in some form or other, should be ever present in the midst of us.

If, therefore, the "woodcut," used universally as it is, holds an honoured place in our list of familiar arts, we have to consider two things in order to prove its vitality or strength, and utility: the first is, *the immediate effect it has upon the development of the Art craftsman*; and the second, *the extent to which the material lends itself to artistic expression*.

To consider the first point adequately from my point of view, I should have to inflict upon you all my revolutionary ideas of tuition—ideas mostly diametrically opposed to the standing canons of Art tuition. The study of Art is, as the study of medicine, clouded by traditional superstition.

We are able to point out many painters who have had their Art minds entirely trained by the practice of original wood drawing. Two painters, so trained, stand so high that their works will live as long as the material upon which they are painted remains. One is dead; the other still living. The dead man brought a new art to us—new, because it was so strangely natural, and having withal the grace of the painter's mind upon every tuft of grass, upon every stone, upon every face. He first taught us to observe two things we had neglected to find for ourselves: the tender phase of nature, and the possibility of combining the grace and proportions of the antique with the ordinary type of English peasant, without, however, losing character or sacrificing truth. It was he who first taught us what loveliness there could be in a grey day, giving us a new light in his pictures. He told a new truth, after which everybody readily accepted his discoveries and imitated them. Many will recognise in this description Frederick Walker.

In his early life he was employed by a wood engraver to produce drawings—as he was told, "as much like John Gilbert as possible." But his individuality grew in spite of this. Then he was put to copy on to the block the very bad drawings of Thackeray for his "Philip." Walker soon resented this procedure, and suggested, though timidly, that he would like to do some original drawings for the story. Thackeray

* This paper was delivered at the London Institution in January, 1882.

consented, and new life came to Walker, and a new art to us. His feeling for line was new, and exercised a remarkable influence on all subsequent wood drawing. By this work he learnt to express himself in a way that has never been offered in equal terms by any Art school or academy.

He felt his way to composition, expression of character, and tone of colour. His Art study had a purpose beyond the mere drawing from a model, whereas Art schools encourage a purposeless system of drawing and painting from the life.

He soon added colour to his art, and painted one of the drawings to "Philip" in water colours, showing the scene where Philip is in church. This painting possessed the sensitive, sympathetic touch that characterized his wood drawing. There was, so to speak, more *drawing in colour* than ordinary brushwork in this first painting. This picture commenced a new era in the history of water-colour painting, and during his short, but precious life he brought water-colour painting to its highest possible perfection. His oil painting was the outgrowth of his water-colour art, and both were evolved from his first black and white art. In his most perfect work the wood draughtsman was ever visible, and that gave another and newer character to the handling of the brush. This particular quality in Art has been called by some critics an untutored condition, which is tantamount to positive deficiency of training. I emphatically deny this. To many minds a picture is wrong when it lacks the conventional treatment handed down to us by tradition. But to prove that wood drawing, in its best and most worthy aspect, affects the Art craftsman favourably towards this handling of the brush that I hold to be so beautiful, and is only attainable by the practice of wood drawing, I must point out to you another painter; he belongs to another country, but has developed the very same characteristics as the wood draughtsmen of our English school, started by Walker, without, however, seeing any of their work, drifting only into the characteristics by force of the same training, the variation in the result alone being modified by the idiosyncrasy of the artist. This artist I have mentioned already as the one that still lives, whose works are of lasting worth. His name is Adolph Menzel, resident in Berlin.

Menzel's art is distinctly that kind which results from the practice of realistic drawing—mark this—realistic drawing as opposed to academic drawing. It is that kind of drawing that accepts the presence of colour and tone. It is therefore unlike all other drawing in which "Form" alone, irrespective of local tone or colour, is represented. His eye and hand are trained to look for truth *generally*, and although belonging without a doubt to the school of wood draughtsmen just named, he differs from Walker in one point. Walker looked for the truth that was in keeping with his love of the tender and graceful. Menzel looks only for the truth that lends itself to artistic treatment. Hence he is sometimes crude, his subjects sometimes lacking the charm of happy selection.

Probably the most striking triumph over difficulties of grouping, of local tones, and variety of expression, has been achieved by Menzel in his scene at a Berlin Court Ball. He has selected the room in which the guests are scrambling for refreshment. The room is all ablaze with lights that further help to disturb and distort the already overdone rococo decorations of the walls and ceilings. To paint so many figures packed closely together, with each to tell its story; each approximately right, at least, in its light and shade; varying so astonishingly in tone and colour, according to its

position between the lights, offers difficulties that few would grapple with, and fewer still succeed in overcoming. He represented actual facts—actual truths of expression that have come under his notice; he has brought together a number of beautiful ladies in most fashionable dresses, greedily devouring whatever they can get to eat, a greediness that is accompanied by not the most elegant of attitudes. All this he has given with grim truthfulness. He has produced a picture that charms, without, however, agreeably affecting our sentiments. He has surmounted artistic difficulties, solved knotty problems, and conquered. This is distinctly the work of a painter trained in a peculiar school, and the special qualities that constitute the success described are owing entirely to the peculiar training that early illustrative work gives to an already gifted man.*

How Menzel has watched Nature, and how he has resolutely set to work to note every change of attitude and expression of man, woman, or beast that crossed his path, was made very clear to me when he showed me his sketch books. Drawers and drawers full of the most precious jottings. Wherever he might be, he would be ready with his sketch book noting the action of a man bending forward, or talking to somebody, or an action denoting doubt or ease; getting perhaps nothing more than an elbow, or a bit of a head, but having secured so much, the rest could follow. These books seemed hardly less without end than the subjects to be found in the precious books themselves. No man more fully carried out Leonardo da Vinci's advice, always to have a sketch book at hand when out walking.

We are still, remember, upon the question of the immediate effect wood drawing has upon the artistic development of the Art craftsman, and so far I have named two remarkable painters who have been materially influenced by this manner of study.

Now, if I say that neither would have produced that particular art if trained otherwise than as a wood draughtsman, it will not, I fear, make you familiar with the qualities that separate his art from the art of others. But I will try and make it as clear to you as possible. You will at least easily perceive that the position wood drawing has held in their respective arts was never a subordinate one.

The one great truth about painting is, that it is only *drawing with colour*. But there is another feature that belongs to the *drawing* in a picture, which must be called the *composition*. To show you the especial advantages the wood draughtsman has of gaining this indispensable power, I must to some extent treat the subject of composition itself. At starting you must clearly understand that seeing a good subject, either in Nature or in your inner consciousness, does not of necessity mean that it is already arranged for pictorial purposes; and the folly of non-painters who gain a kind of reputation by asserting that they see things clearly in their mind's eye—and could paint them exactly, if they were artists—cannot be ridiculed too severely. Nature never arranges herself quite rightly for painting—she is sure to put in something that cannot be used, and a foolish school has been formed by half-formed minds to paint anything and everything they see in Nature, irrespective of all claims to beauty, or interest in subject. Without naming this school, you will easily recognise their productions, and I can assure you with safety, that should one of their works meet the appro-

* For specimens of Menzel's work see the illustrations to the article on that artist at page 136.

bation of intelligent minds, it will be caused by the accident of its being a happily selected subject. In portraiture you would certainly not select the moment for representation when your sitter is blowing his nose, or even paint him with that feature showing marks of a cold day. Not only is Nature frequently out of drawing, and badly designed from the artistic point of view, but she also has a nose, and blows it, and the school just described would not hesitate to represent her in this unbecoming pose. You must *select* from Nature. Nature is so changeable, and represents so much to our minds (even different things to different minds), that the space of a few feet of canvas, and the strength of a human mind, can only represent a selection of that Nature, which will at once represent truthfully not *all* that is visible, but what a certain mind feels to be a true interpretation of that Nature. It is most mischievous not to select, for it at once shuts out the possibility of making Art a teacher.

It stands to reason, if Nature does not pose herself advantageously always, with all her attributes properly arranged, that something must be done by painters to supply this deficiency in Dame Nature. And a peculiar phase of cunning steps in called "making a picture."

So to bring the art of picture-making clearly before you, you must first think of one prodigious difficulty the artist has to deal with, namely, that of knowing how to place an unlimited scene on a canvas of limited size. He must impart his impression of a scene to you without the aid of Nature. And the impression he received from Nature must be manifested to you through an inanimate medium, for on his canvas must be represented the points that constitute the gist of the subject; and if rightly done, his original impression from Nature should be made clear to you through his handiwork. Whilst looking at Nature the very atmosphere affects your imagination; and associations will make a glorious subject of an ugly church, or a new and vilely built street, to your mind. But added to this, Nature is all around you, and you do not get your impression from one bit only. What impressions would you have of Nature if you were only permitted to look upon her through a box, with the ends open, placed to your eyes so as to allow you only a small square view at a time? Think of the unbearableness of this limitation of view, and how difficult it would be for you to fix clearly in your minds what was around you. You could hardly be expected to form a correct judgment. You even hesitate to say what a country is like when travelling in a close carriage, getting only occasional peeps out of the window in passing along. How this irritates you! But what is the artist to feel when he is expected to represent in one limited space what you see and feel when you gaze around you, north, south, east, and west?

These demands will explain to you how it is that the finest "bit-painting" or "bit-drawing" ever fails to kindle people's imaginative faculties, and fails to awaken the broader reflections and longings of those who do look at Nature, and who love works of Art *because they have looked at Nature*. Still, speaking of landscape art to explain my subject, a *selection of subject* is perfect so far as it contains the points that impress the heart and mind when looked at without the open-ended box that was alluded to before; and so *there should be more suggested in the picture than actually represented*. That is the art of all arts; that satisfies; for all idiosyncrasies will equally find their sympathies touched. That is, moreover, composition as we should most truly understand it. And possessing this power—the other minor conditions of

composition, those that mean the proportion of quantities, and pleasing lines, will naturally and readily find their existence. The ordinary Art student, obedient to traditional practice, paints at his school studies of the figures placed before him. These studies, however well painted, remain but studies. They never look anything else but studies, however much they may be doctored up by the introduction of various accessories. This pernicious doctoring of studies for exhibition is a procedure to which a wood draughtsman would scorn to lend himself. He is, from the first, educated to exercise the power of "making pictures of his subjects," and his studies are always the beginnings of his pictures. This education enables him to make pictures of his bits, so that he never finds his "bits remain fragments." Bits that are pictures, and not fragments! Understand me rightly. By "bit" I mean the smallest amount of artistic material in Nature, selected as subject for drawing or painting. This bit can be complete in its treatment and suggestive of large thoughts. Lacking these qualities, it remains a fragment, no matter how perfect the work.

Again, the wood draughtsman's work has frequently to be done rapidly. He learns to compose his subject mentally, and sees the arrangement and treatment on the bare paper. When he has the living model for the different parts, he can, in the very act of drawing, modify what he sees before him in Nature, and so produce at once what his mind has conceived his subject to be. This operation necessitates attention to correct drawing, to lines of composition, to expression, and to light and shade. In such a drawing there will be vigour, and spirit in execution, and the shorter duration in actual labour often produces the greater amount of vigour. This method, I venture to say, enables him to throw off a much finer impression of his ideas than he would with the orthodox cartoon. It can be just as much the preliminary vision of an after-work in colour, but it is, from the nature of the method, quick-acting in its fulfilments, which cannot be said of that tiresome cartoon of past celebrity. I will even say that the cartoon, which is supposed to be the correct preliminary preparation for a picture, is useful in proportion to its approach to a good wood drawing in feeling and general realisation of truth.

The art that is evolved from this training may have its faults, but it has its peculiar triumphs over other artistic peculiarities. It seeks for no display of touch, and for no unpleasant assertion of crude colour, in order to attract. No, in this art there is a sensitiveness of drawing and a delicacy of gradation of tone seen in no other art in that particular guise. It was this school that first thought of painting a figure subject under the effect of a grey day, showing us how beautiful grey days really were.

It may be necessary to state, in parenthesis, that with a few notable exceptions, the engraved wood drawing taken up at random to-day would hardly answer a fair test to my argument. I rather draw my conclusions from what has been done within the last thirteen years—starting from the commencement of the *Graphic* newspaper. A process for saving the original drawing was soon perfected, and photography was employed to transfer the drawing, which was done on paper, to the actual block for engraving. This not only permitted the engraver to refer to the drawing, but it also enabled the proprietors of the *Graphic* to exhibit a number of these drawings at the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. It was a collection of drawings such as I venture to say was

never before seen—a collection that every Englishman ought to have been as proud of, as every foreigner was charmed by it. I go further, and say there was as much of the truest and most complete Art realised in that collection of drawings as in the whole of the pictures that hung on the endless walls belonging to the different nations. Although the successful

period of wood drawing is of this recent date, I should only mislead by not mentioning that the immediate present does not fulfil all that wood drawing can fulfil, or has fulfilled, and later on I will tell what I have to quarrel with in the modern phase of this art.

HUBERT HERKOMER.

(To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OLD CHELSEA.—Etching by J. A. McN. Whistler. A study of the recent Exhibition of The Society of Painter-Etchers, which has lately been formed under the presidency of Mr. Seymour Haden, certainly warranted the assumption that its members were for the most part either ignorant of, or antagonistic to, his teachings as to what a good etching should be. Instead of simplicity, rapidity, and a careful selection of line, a straining after elaboration, fulness of subject, and repletion of line was everywhere visible. Such a slight rendering of a subject as Mr. Whistler's 'Old Chelsea' was hardly to be seen; and yet this simplicity, this sketchiness, as the unlearned would call it, is a sure sign of a mastery of the art, and can only be satisfactorily achieved after a long apprenticeship to more elaborate work. It required the training which had its outcome in the celebrated "Thames Series" to enable Mr. Whistler to produce the unpretentious plate which we give in this number. To those who read aright this rendering of Chelsea will possess much interest. The artist, seeing a grouping of the subject which he wished to perpetuate, evidently sallied forth from his house hard by, plate in hand. The winter's day made lengthy work on the cold copper an impossibility. There was no time for any lengthy elaboration such as is contained in the etching of the same subject of which we gave a fac-simile at page 3 of our last volume. So the scene was rapidly sketched in, the artist not even thinking it necessary to reverse the subject so that it might be recognisable when

printed. The suppleness of line, and the vivacity and personality of the rendering throughout, will give it a value not only to Mr. Whistler's countless admirers, but to those who regard our series of etchings from an instructive, or even a pleasurable, point of view.

'THE STUDENT IN DISGRACE,' by J. W. Burgess, A.R.A., engraved by Joseph Greatbach.—This picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1878, was painted in the University of Salamanca, the different professors sitting to the artist. The class-room in which they are assembled is one of the oldest rooms in this ancient university, of which Oxford alone takes precedence, the long-disputed question being decided in 1414 at the Council of Constance, when the Warden of Merton (Henry de Abendon) successfully advocated the claims of his university. The quaint dresses of the professors—entirely accurate as they are—give this picture a special interest. It may be mentioned that the different schools are distinguished by the colour of the tufts on the caps, white signifying divinity; green, common law; crimson, civil law; blue, arts and philosophy; and yellow, medicine. The student overtaken in some fault is receiving an impressive rebuke from the stately professor on the right.

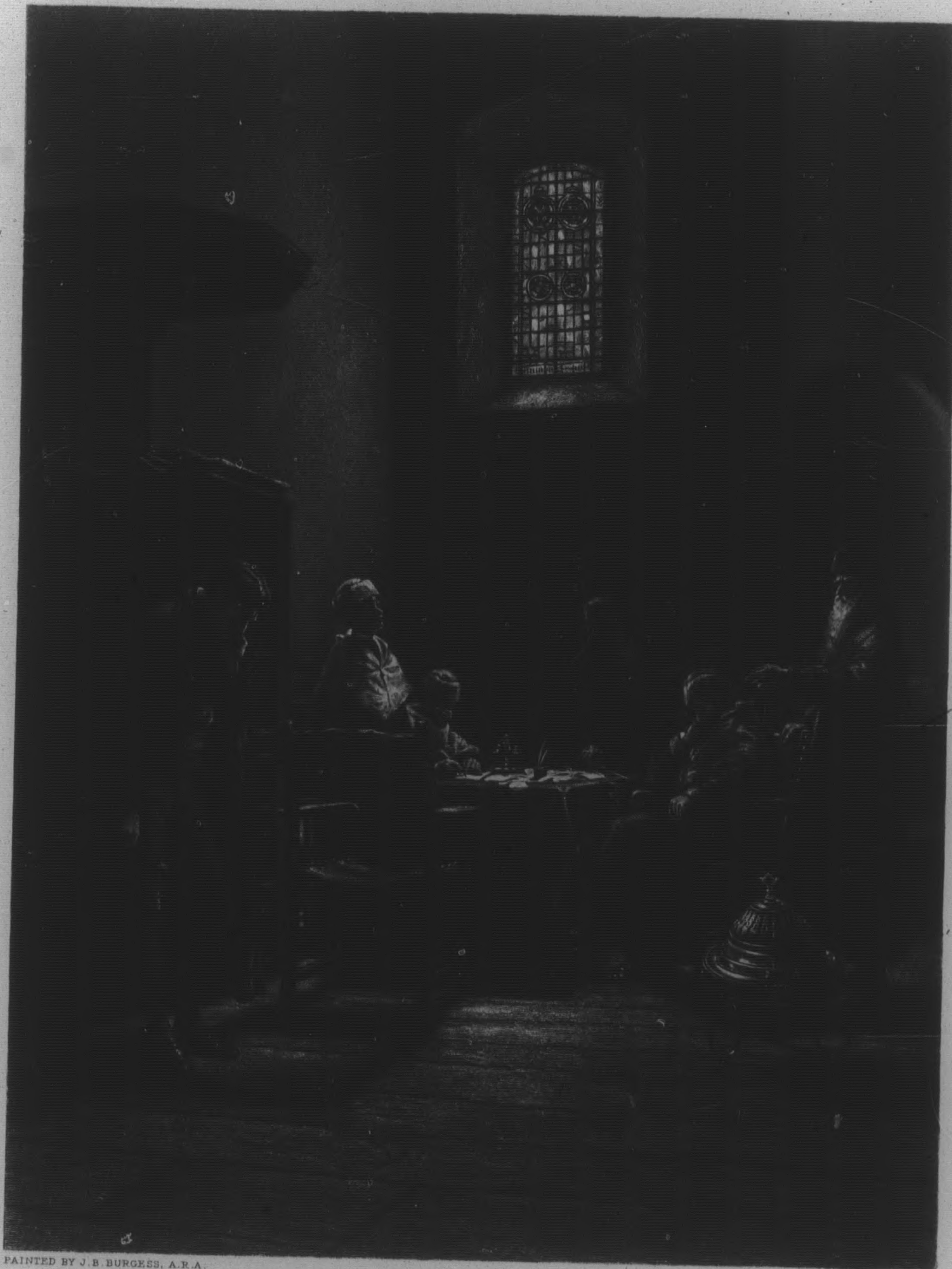
FAC-SIMILE OF DRAWING BY MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—This is referred to in the article at page 152.

ADOLPH MENZEL.

I PROPOSE to bring before the reader a career, one of the most remarkable in the annals of modern Europe; a character singular for individuality; an art so original as to be in great part self-created. Adolph Friedrich Erdmann Menzel was born in Breslau the 8th of December, 1815. His father had been occupied as principal in a girls' school, but being an ardent lover of the arts, and taking special interest in the then newly discovered process of drawing on stone, he quitted his educational calling and started a lithographic establishment. The son, an infant prodigy, had shown from his earliest days strong predilections for Art, accompanied by uncommon repugnance to strict discipline or study. As soon as he could hold a chalk in hand he drew of his own self-will whatever met his eye or came into his head. His father, with the intent of securing the advantage of thorough training, transferred, in 1830, his business to Berlin, and wished his

precocious boy to enter the Academy. But the erratic youth—to the detriment of the future—disdained so prosaic a course. Life in the public streets, Art such as could be picked up by looking in at the shop windows of printsellers, with desultory yet somewhat diligent lithographic work at home, pleased the young truant better than plodding, persevering studies under the Academy professors. Matters, however, grew more serious when, at the age of sixteen, he suddenly lost his father, and was thrown on his own resources, with the burden of the household cast on his shoulders.

Young Menzel proved himself both the artist and the hero. The struggles of these early days will perhaps never be fully known, but a modest personal narrative gives some insight into character and mode of life. We find here briefly set down how from the first began that "auto-didactic" method, which brought the ready draughtsman without a master



PAINTED BY J. B. BURGESS, A.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY JOSEPH GREATBACH.

THE STUDENT IN DISGRACE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HENRY TURNER ESQ.

confronted face to face with nature. Close contact with life was at the same time joined to an early begotten love for literature; hence the double aspect of the unaccustomed Art manifestation which was soon to take the world by surprise. School-day lessons had implanted the desire for historic reading; books with stories of classic, mediæval, down to modern times were devoured, and the scenes vividly conceived were off-hand reduced to pencil and paper. The mind, restless as the body, passed in a vagrant sort of way from century to century, groping after, if not grasping, illimitable knowledge; mingling actual life with creations of the imagination, and passing from men to heroes, and so to mythic gods. And while by stealth taking in food to satisfy the intellect, the hand was mastering the mechanical process of drawing upon stone—a facile adroitness which in after-years was turned to signal account.

"Left to my own resources," we are told, "by the unexpected death of my father, thrown upon inevitable business concerns, I yet gave up none of my aspirations; if the day was short, the night helped out. In 1833 I came before the public with my first work, 'The Artist's World Wanderings,' compositions in lithograph suggested by Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister.' The effort was little more than tentative; it was as nought compared with what I had behind it, lying in reserve in the back-

ground. Nevertheless for me the result proved cheering; I felt that I had reached my element, and most gratifying was the flattering reception given on all sides. I was warmly welcomed into Art circles, and the director of the Academy, Gottfried Schadow, much feared for the severity of his judgments, and an absolute stranger to me, bestowed on my work an eloquent eulogy."

Boundless enthusiasm, untiring industry, with talent amounting to genius, sustained the artist in a struggle which soon passed into a triumph. But Rome was not built in a day, and the great life-work here entered on had com-

paratively small beginnings, accompanied by usual discouragements and misgivings. The early products, though not without indications which at once arrested public attention, were comparatively crude and ill digested. Ideas flowed indeed copiously, but were set down with little method; invention proved fertile, but lacked form; observation was keen and discursive, but the delineations of character had yet to gain ultimate incision. The tyro, having disdainfully thrown aside old professors, had to find out for himself everything he needed; no wonder then that in the meantime he stumbled somewhat in the dark. A design is before us, drawn

when just under the age of twenty, abounding in errors which a regular academic course would have rendered impossible. Established laws of composition are simply ignored, nature is not reduced to Art treatment, and as to the style of ornament, historic schools are blindly violated because wholly unknown. But this embryo condition could not last long; Menzel, probably, is of the same opinion as Mr. Millais, that the best part of Art is that which cannot be taught, and he certainly does not belong to the order of mediocrity, for which academies mainly exist. Space does not permit us to inquire how far the abnormal pictorial phenomena that followed might have gained or lost by passage through the academic crucible. No doubt the

unities, symmetries, and proprieties would have been better preserved. But most will prefer to take the man and his Art just as they are, even though the individuality be somewhat rugged and rude. The artist, speaking for himself, declares that his utterances are best expressed by "the round word Naturalism." Genius is a law unto itself, or rather let us say, it works as nature works; genius plus nature make a Menzel!

The mass of work thrown off over a period of more than half a century is in magnitude so amazing, and in character so miscellaneous, that only a general survey can be attempted



Fac-simile from a Pencil Sketch by A. Menzel.

in these pages. Drawings are to be counted not by hundreds, but by thousands; besides those known to the public, there are



Frederick the Great: Forged March to Breslau.

multitudes of sketches stored away in portfolios open only to friends who are favoured to listen to the artist's vivid descriptions within his studio. Then also beyond power of reckoning are numberless lithographs, of which the speciality is that they are drawn without the intervention of an inferior hand, direct upon stone, by the master himself. Menzel has the credit of having matured the process of lithography, and his agency and activity have been scarcely less felt in the sister art of wood engraving. His drawings on wood, astounding for their number, are still more remarkable for their knowledge, for the full cognisance of conditions and limitations, of the significance in line and touch, of the value of light and shade in the accentuation of form. Such intelligence in the reading and illustrating of a printed page is comparable, with a difference, to the skill of Sir John Gilbert.

By logical art sequence, light and shade passed into colour, and Menzel, as a water-colour painter, may be fairly judged by the drawings contributed last year to our Royal Water-colour Society. Lastly, in order of time and process of



A Berlin Merchant's Interview with the Generals.

development, follow paintings in oil, which, though in comparative minority, swell to numbers sufficient to crowd

the lifetime of an ordinary worker. At the outset the technique was ill understood, but in the end, as one critic remarks, "the art of painting was evolved and perfected within the largely capacious brain." The style and method, as with all else pertaining to the man, are self-originated and peculiar. The masterpieces selected for the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1878, owing, possibly to professional rivalry and national jealousy, were not rewarded, as they deserved, by a grand prize; but the slight received compensation two years later by highest honours gained in the Munich Exhibition. These fivefold manifestations—drawings in pencil, pen, or chalk; lithographs; wood engravings; water-colour drawings; and paintings in oil—present Art phenomena unaccustomed and startling; but the enigmas appearing may be in some measure solved by looking on the materials employed as accidental, as languages used for expression, or garments clothing thought. A gifted musical composer may have at his command many and varied instruments, but one and the same mind speaks through one and all. So is it with the manifold Art of Menzel.

As form in Art is the primal element, so drawing in Menzel's work, whatever be the instrument or material, is the chief constituent. The Germans, as a rule, stand pre-eminent in form; they are unsurpassed as draughtsmen and designers: with the point of the pencil, chalk, or charcoal, they set down precisely, as with the pen of a ready and sure writer, just what they see or think. Some are swift, others slow. Cornelius and Overbeck would take five or ten years to elaborate a design, and then the composition came out harmonious as a symphony, and full of ideas and exhaustive as an encyclopædia. Menzel, compared with such pictorial essayists, is a rapid shorthand writer; he is a journalist of current events, and yet his jottings never degenerate into penny-a-lining. We are enabled to give, through the kindness of the artist, a fac-simile of a sketch from the life. The original pencilling does not reproduce as well as drawings in pen or Indian ink; the sharpness and accent of touch, the play, yet precision of hand, become blurred. The artist, in assenting to the publication of this specimen of his work, explains that during the many years he has been thus accustomed to draw from nature, he has preferred to use pencil, because, in the hurry and accident of sketching expeditions in out-of-the-way places, water colours or oils are cumbrous, long in drying, and otherwise prove less ready and convenient.

The number of such sketches and scraps from nature accumulated during a long life, the pencil seldom out of hand, is incredible to those who have not enjoyed the privilege of looking through the crowded portfolios put away in cabinets or lying by dozens about the studio. Not a character, incident, or accident escapes observation. Life passing through the streets of Berlin, or attitudinising on Parisian boulevards, old churches in Bavaria or the Tyrol, with picturesque worshippers before rococo shrines, market-places, fountains, and figures in time-beaten towns—even the cypress gardens in Verona sketched as recently as last autumn—all, with much more besides, are indiscriminately devoured with omnivorous pencil. Nothing is left out; animate and inanimate nature share the life of man; horses, dogs, cats, barn-door fowls, goats, geese, pigeons, sparrows, are all copartners in these serio-comic scenes of modern civilisation. Even trees, fields,

and foreground weeds stand by as not wholly indifferent spectators; gnarled roots, serpent-twisted branches, pebbles in a stream, or flowers in a path, each speaks a word which adds a meaning. The point of view is frequently singular, as if the subject were looked at askance from an odd corner; the eye is that of a sly spectator, catching by stealth folly as she flies, or seizing perchance on something almost too good to be true. And yet when put on paper nature herself is not more real.

Whether the outsider be intended to hold himself serious or to split with merriment is not always quite apparent. Something between the two extremes is probably the state of mind the artist inclines to. Menzel assuredly by his impromptus proves himself the involuntary and irresistible satirist; with him the soberest truths sparkle into jest, and fact is spiced with fun. Yet, on looking through a miscellany of sketches, we do not find provocation to loudest laughter, but rather the quieter mood of laughing in the sleeve. Nothing absolutely coarse meets the eye, yet little would serve for the illustration of Alison's "Essay on Taste;" more there is in the way of Addison, and much of "mixed wit" mingled with wisdom. Certainly, as we have said, satire cuts keenly, and humour circuitously hits slyly; sometimes, indeed, the poking of fun becomes even rowdy and rollicking. The comedy of Shakespeare is akin to this Art; scenes are here found comparable to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and to the character of Falstaff, and yet the quieter

currents of Sir Roger de Coverley are not wanting. Such was the train of thought suggested by portfolios, which reveal an Art that passes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Four illustrations to these pages are taken from the "Life of Frederick the Great." A work published in Paris dedicated to the achievements of the historic parallel, Napoleon the Great, had by the drawings of Horace Vernet attained no inconsiderable success. And so the idea suggested itself of a companion volume on the hero of Prussia, and Adolph Menzel was asked to furnish the illustrations. The earliest drawings went to Paris to be cut on wood, but the work turning out "wooden" in the worst sense, German executants were substituted with the advantage of the personal superintendence of the artist himself. Few illustrated volumes display greater inequalities, and that not so much from the disparity among the engravers as through the

inferiority of the earlier to the later drawings. Menzel ranks, as we have seen, among self-made men; comparatively unknown, he entered on the arduous undertaking which brought him an European reputation; thus his first efforts might almost be mistaken for the well-meant woodcuts of a Juvenile Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but he warmed with his subject, and gained as he went on knowledge, freedom, and enthusiasm.

By the time some hundreds of drawings were out of hand, the designer's position among his contemporaries became pretty well determined. Yet in the "Life of Frederick" we hardly recognise Historic Art, at least in its high academic sense. The compositions seldom concern serious affairs of State; they do not compare with the solemn dignity of Delaroche, they are not grandiloquent as Kaulbach's

contemporary well-painted epics of civilisation; they are more concerned with the circumstance of ceremony, the accident of the battlefield, the by-play of court life. And taken for all in all this pictorial history sustains comparison with the best products in the Art and Literature of our times. These trenchant pictures are more perspicuous and pleasing than the ponderous prose of Thomas Carlyle, while they share in like epigram and caustic stricture. These slashing political and social skits sparkle with passages which recall the brilliance of Macaulay, his play of antithesis and power of psychological dissection. We read in



Royal Concert: Palace at Potsdam.

these withering designs the hollowness of pomp and power, the nothingness of the world's glory; vanity of vanity, all is vanity, saith the painter! The Great Frederick is seen in this volume clothed in his threefold greatness of soldier, statesman, and poet-philosopher; to these may be added a fourth, that of a half-civilised savage addicted to wild outbursts of temper. In character of soldier one illustration here shows the King heading his troops: war and statecraft doubled the dominions inherited from the father. Another woodcut presents a diplomatic episode, the rencounter of a Berlin merchant with bellicose generals; a third from the same volume exhibits his Majesty drivelling garrulously on the flute, a pastime which had grown into a passion. The spinet and the royal music-stand figuring in this palace concert are still preserved as historic relics at Potsdam. Here, and in the neighbouring garden palace at Sans Souci, the liveried

guides who conduct visitors through the State apartments are accustomed, in the fustian language of lackeys, to pay tribute to "Herr Professor Menzel," and to point out the festive dining-room and the spangled music chamber severally depicted in the well-known canvases of the Berlin National Gallery. The last of our illustrations represents the old King riding the high horse through the streets of Berlin, amid the cheers, jeers, and wonderment of town boys and court flunkies.

Only an artist of utmost versatility, capable of viewing his subject from many sides and in divers lights, could do justice to a character so complex or a career so chequered as that of Frederick. The portrait drawn of the King, who valued himself more on his poetry than on his dispatches, is far from flattering; even in happiest moments, when seated amid the great men collected round the court, the artist's ironical compliments to the crowned head, his sly-hits, covert jests, creep out at every turn and touch. The dignity that should hedge in a king, the sceptre, sword, and crown, "thrice glorious ceremony," with "the tide of pomp that beats upon the high shore of the world"—such are the regal circumstances cast around the monarch whom the world calls Great!

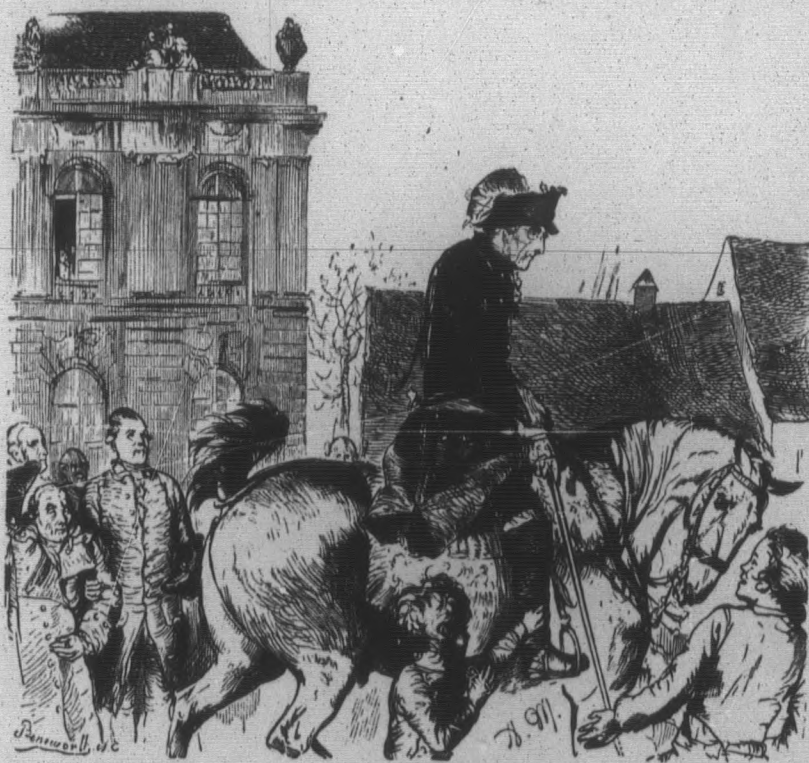
It has been said that for an historic artist the first qualification is the ability to paint a good portrait, not so much in a technical sense as in the delineation of character. Menzel, so judged, is almost without a rival; he not only seizes on the salient traits outwardly, but he penetrates beneath the surface, probes the springs of action, and by a certain imaginative insight suggests the mind's latent possibilities. His chief snare is overdraw- ing, a besetting sin which occasionally pushes character to the verge of caricature. Certainly neither his portrait of Shakespeare nor that of Henry VIII. will be received in England with the same encomium as in Germany. But in Berlin and within the boundaries of Prussia the artist is more at home. German to the backbone, his volleys of satire against the comical dealings of Voltaire with Frederick are not likely to be agreeable to Frenchmen. The two characters, each great in his way, were unequally matched, and the one distrusted and despised the other. The relationship was altogether incongruous and

paradoxical; "the great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guarantees, and the great king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes!" The strangeness of the personalities and situations offered, as was likely, irresistible temptations to the pen and the pencil. Abundant materials ready to hand are found at Potsdam and Sans Souci: a drawing is shown by the King representing Voltaire as a monkey, while the literary expert on his side is known to have stigmatized the royal poetry as dirty linen put out to wash! Menzel, in some half-dozen scenes from this memorable but melancholy story, of which the oil picture of 'The Round Table at Sans Souci, 1750,' in the Berlin National Gallery, is the most considerable, takes the middle course of censor, yet moderator. At the feast of reason and the flow of soul the wiry electric little Frenchman gains each eye and ear, and enacts the part of lion or professional wit. Again, on the favourite terrace outside the dinner-table, the King and the critic walk as closest bosom friends; and then, in direst contrast,

appears the fugitive Mentor under arrest at Frankfort, raving in towering passion as a maniac! Greatness and littleness in one person have never met together in smaller compass, yet with more concentrated force, than in this stinging drawing: this is "the mad piper who," in the words of Carlyle, "made dance to tune the gloomy bear of the north pole!" An example no less striking of Menzel's satirical touch in portraiture is Machiavelli's bust. Frederick, in youth, had heralded his entry on the political stage by a refutation of that Satan-inspired book, "The

Princè." Menzel, gifted above other men with sudden flashes of thought careering across the brain, conceived the idea of thrusting Frederick's volume of refutation into the face of the Italian philosopher. The drawing depicts the author of "The Prince," "the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of perjury," looking upon the whole proceeding with supercilious silence and contempt. Designs such as these speak more than whole libraries; we seem to understand why portrait painting preceded the printing-press: printed pages remain unread while these illustrations are devoured, and Art here for once has the advantage over Literature.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



Greetings of the old King in the Streets of Berlin.

(To be continued.)

ORIENTAL CARPETS.



It would seem to be specially the province of an Art Journal to observe any change in taste and note its origin, more especially when that change affects decorative art as applied to our domestic life.

Twenty years ago the strangest ideas seem to have prevailed as to what kind of decoration was appropriate to floor coverings. The very marked change in the public taste which has since taken place is to a considerable extent attributable to the number of Oriental carpets which have found their way to Western Europe. A few years ago Persian carpets could only be obtained from one or two shops in London, but now there is scarcely a large upholsterer who does not keep an assortment of Persian, Indian, and Smyrna carpets, and there are wholesale warehouses where thousands of Oriental rugs may be seen. Almost simultaneously with this demand, political events have caused immense quantities of these rugs to pass into the hands of Levant merchants, who have sent them on to the markets of Western Europe. The fact that numbers of Daghestan, Kurdish, and Anatolian rugs have been included in the consignments has been due to the famines in various districts of Asiatic Turkey, which have obliged the poor people to sell their rugs as being the only goods on which they could realise anything. The bankrupt state of the Turkish Empire has also caused the richer classes to part with their valuables, and in the East carpets are frequently the most valuable possessions of a family. Long ago the Turks, in their great raids into Western Asia, took whatever portable valuables they could lay their hands on to Constantinople. Selim I., who conquered Arabia about A.D. 1517, is known to have carried off a number of fine carpets from the mosques at Medina and Mecca. These had been the prayer carpets of distinguished pilgrims, left as offerings at the shrines. The Sultan's treasury at Constantinople contained a great number of fine carpets, and I believe that the remarkable antique specimens which have lately appeared in Paris and London have mostly come from this source. It is not our business to explain the means by which these valuables are made to pass from the treasure-house into the hands of the Greeks and Jews, but any one who is acquainted with Constantinople knows that most things can be effected there by a judicious employment of money.

The weaving of carpets by hand is of itself a simple process, but the weavers of the very fine specimens above referred to must have had at least as much artistic knowledge as the best tapestry workers at the Gobelins. Probably they copied an outline design, and put in the colours much in the same way as the workers in the high-warp tapestry loom. The simple machinery required is identically the same in the two cases. There may, perhaps, be workmen in Paris who possess the knowledge of drawing and colouring, and also sufficient manipulative skill, to copy one of these very fine carpets; but I doubt if any of them would ever have the patience to finish a rug of moderate dimensions. If my readers have seen a specimen of a very fine Persian carpet they have probably not considered what an amount of labour has been expended thereon. I will therefore give some particulars of a carpet which came from the Sultan's treasury, and which is now

in the possession of Mr. George Salting. I now speak merely as to questions of cost of production and expenditure in labour, and I will add that my calculations are mainly based on details given by Chardin, who lived in Persia in the reign of our Charles II.

Mr. Salting's carpet has about four and a half square yards of surface. Two persons might have worked at the loom simultaneously, but from the uniformity of the work I think it more probable that one hand alone executed it. If one person worked ten hours per day at it, he could not have completed it in less than twenty years. The labour expended would have cost, according to Chardin, about £420; its selling price would have been about £504 of the money of the seventeenth century. If we take the wages of the tapestry workers at the Gobelins for a comparison with modern skilled labour, the cost of imitating that carpet nowadays could not be less than £4,000; and it would probably be much more! In making this last calculation I have taken as a basis the wages which can be earned by a good tapestry worker in Paris: had I taken the highest prices paid for labour at the Gobelins, the amount would have been about half as much again.

At the Savonnerie, adjoining the Gobelins, some carpets are made which are intended to imitate the Oriental manufacture; but as the patterns are put on point paper, the part played by the workman is as mechanical as that of a worker in cross-stitch. A fine Persian rug could not be worked in this way, and I therefore do not think that the Savonnerie workmen could produce an exact imitation. The best tapestry workers at the Gobelins are, however, extremely expert, and no doubt if the proper materials were supplied them they could produce a tolerable imitation of a fine Persian rug. The work, however, as compared with the finest tapestry, would require about twelve times as much labour. It would at best be a mere imitation, because, if we may judge from the designs which the French artists make for tapestry and Savonnerie work, it does not seem likely that they could make a fine original design for a carpet. Persian carpets of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are real works of Art, and bear about the same relation to ordinary carpets as the pictures of Titian do to the painted canvases put up for sale in a third-rate auction-room. Their quality is due to the special material of which they are made; their artistic excellence in a great measure to the identity of the designer and the worker. This is a condition essential to the development of any high-class decorative art. Unfortunately the tendency of modern manufacturing makes the part played by the workman more and more mechanical, and the designer frequently knows nothing of the technical details of the manufacture. Competition in trade leads to the building of immense manufactories with thousands of workmen, without which it is said that cheap textiles cannot be produced. It is an abnormal state of things which separates the designer from the workman, and it is necessarily fatal to the development of a school of design applied to textile fabrics.

We have in these days so reversed the natural state of things in reference to making designs for textiles, that perhaps some persons acquainted with manufacturing may be inclined to doubt my assumption on this thesis; and it will be too much to take for granted that every one will allow the necessary identity of the designer and the worker. So I will state

where I think I see intrinsic proof that such was the case in all old Persian carpets of fine design. In these carpets some part of the design is always repeated, and as it is not difficult for a person who has worked a carpet to say at which end the work was begun, it is practicable to compare an ornament executed in an early part of the work with a similar ornament near the end. To a practised eye some change can almost invariably be detected. Perhaps we see that the workman found a difficulty in executing some detail of the design, and when he comes to the repeated portion he modifies or improves his ornament. Scroll-work and ornaments which appear confused in the first part are altered and made intelligible when repeated, and colours which are too intense in tone are altered in a manner which shows a knowledge of the original conception of the designer. Now, unless we suppose that the designer was always at hand to help the workman and suggest these changes, it is difficult to understand how they could have been carried out. It is much easier to imagine that the workman was capable of designing and executing the whole work himself. When we compare the designs with those of the illuminated manuscripts, it will be seen that the workman took the style of ornament used at the period, and adapted it to his special purpose with a skill which could only be arrived at by a workman acquainted with every technical detail of the manufacture.

My object in writing on Persian carpets is to put the information which exists in some sort of order. We have certainly specimens of carpets representing the manufacture of several successive centuries in Persia, and there ought to be less difficulty in determining the age of such elaborate works of Art than in the case of European pictures, to which we assign dates by the peculiarities of their style.

It is greatly to be regretted that the artists who worked these carpets neither signed nor dated them. One would have thought that the man who could spend twenty years of patient labour on his work would have had sufficient pride in it to have signed his name on it. I have neither succeeded in finding the name of the place of manufacture, nor the name of the workman, nor the date of the work, on any fine early carpet. The numerous inscriptions I have examined are almost all devoid of interest. If in Arabic, they are prayers or quotations from the Koran. Inscriptions in ornamental letters placed in panels in the borders of Herat carpets are generally lines from Hafiz. The inscriptions in the narrow borders next the fringes are also usually complimentary verses addressed to the owner of the carpet. The only inscription I have observed which threw any light on the age of a carpet was a monogram in Cuphic character, which was found to have been copied from a Herat coin of about the year A.D. 1300.

In the carpets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries dates are not unfrequently met with, and I may as well here give the means of deciphering them. The Arabic numerals are used and read (as we Europeans read) from left to right—

$$\begin{aligned} \bullet &= 0, \text{ 1 } = 1, \text{ 2 } = 2, \text{ 3 } = 3, \text{ 4 } = 4, \text{ 5 } = 5, \text{ 6 } = 6, \\ \text{ 7 } &= 7, \text{ 8 } = 8, \text{ 9 } = 9. \end{aligned}$$

The Arabs use the lunar year of $354\frac{1}{2}$ days, and count from the Hijra, or flight of Muhammed from Mecca, which took place on July 16th, A.D. 622.

If we read, for example, on a carpet 1110 = 1235, we must first deduct from this number 3 per cent. to find the equivalent of solar years: $1235 - 37 = 1198$; to this add 622, and the result will be that the carpet was made in A.D. 1820.

The earliest date we have observed on a carpet was 1028 from the Hijra, which is equivalent to A.D. 1619. But almost all the dated carpets met with have been made in the last hundred years. The inscriptions on the modern Kurdish rugs are generally mere gibberish; they have evidently been imitated from older carpets by persons who could neither understand Persian nor write the Arabic character. So I may finish this part of my subject by warning amateurs of early Persian carpets that the deciphering of the inscriptions is generally mere waste of time.

All old Persian carpets are made of goat's hair. There is no sheep's wool whatever in them, neither in the warps, wefts, nor pile. The only carpets with any pretensions to artistic merit in which I find wool are the old Smyrna rugs. Goat's-hair carpets with a cut pile were probably made in Persia and Central Asia at a very remote period, and some persons have supposed that the description in Exodus of the hangings round the Temple refers to such a manufacture. But I do not propose to attempt to treat of the archæology of the subject earlier than the thirteenth century after our era, as I think that about A.D. 1200 is probably the maximum antiquity which can be assigned to any specimen now existing.

As the tapestry of the high-warp loom was the highest development of the weaving of worsted yarns in Europe, so Persian carpets were the finest textiles made with goat's-hair yarns in Asia. Carpets with a cut pile probably first came to France through the Crusaders, for I must maintain, in spite of French antiquarians, that *Tapisserie Saracenoise* of the mediæval French inventories means carpets, although the word may have been used as a generic term including brocades of Eastern origin. Hakluyt, in his "Voyages," written in the time of Queen Elizabeth, speaks of Persian carpets "with a thrum," but he evidently had never seen one, and he intimates that the English of that time did not understand how they were made. The manufacture must have been known and imitated in France before this time, as we have "*Tapissier Saracenois*" mentioned in French works of the fifteenth century. But the originals and imitations of Oriental carpets may have been scarce and precious, and probably only in the hands of the few. The period when they were brought to Europe as merchandise may be judged by their appearance in pictures. The carpets depicted by Memling and his contemporaries are Oriental worsted tapestries, probably from Samarkand, but about the beginning of the sixteenth century we find true Persian carpets in both German and Italian pictures. These have a cut pile, and were no doubt made of goat's hair. I cannot understand why these carpets did not find their way to England before 1600, but the passage referred to in Hakluyt seems conclusive on this point.

An Oriental carpet now exists which is believed to have belonged to Charles the Bold, who died in 1477. None of the early French imitations have, as far as I know, been preserved to this time. As they were certainly made of wool instead of the more durable goat's hair, it is unlikely that any specimens exist even of the seventeenth century.

Several Persian authors—for instance, Nessari and Raschid-el-din, who wrote about A.D. 1300—make passing reference to carpet-weaving, but the first detailed information I can find in any work occurs in Chardin's *Travels in Persia*. Sir John Chardin lived many years in Persia about A.D. 1670, and was a French dealer in precious stones, knighted by Charles II. Some carpets exist which probably belong to the period when Chardin wrote; notably two specimens of very high artistic

merit, which are in the possession of Mr. William Morris, of Kelmscott House, Hammersmith. These carpets have about two hundred and twenty stitches per square inch, and we learn from Chardin that this was the finest pitch then used in the Persian carpet looms. One may imagine that Chardin had seen in Persia some fine ancient specimens, such as have from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred and seventy-five stitches per square inch, for he says that the Persians of his day had long ceased to make very fine carpets. In speaking of the carpets worked with a fine stitch, I wish to explain that I leave out of consideration the comparatively modern Sennaar carpets. I am aware that some of these carpets have five hundred to six hundred stitches per inch, but the extreme inferiority of their designs prevents them being confounded with the carpets of the fine period.

As to the interesting question of the antiquity of the finer specimens of carpets which are in the hands of our collectors, I will now state very briefly the general conclusions formed during my investigations. I believe all the carpets with two hundred and fifty to seven hundred and seventy-five stitches per inch were made prior to A.D. 1530. I see no reason why some carpets, worked on goat's-hair warps, and ornamented with quaint animals, may not be as old as 1200—1225, the period preceding the Mongolian invasion of Persia. A carpet of this kind is in the possession of Mr. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society. The very finest carpets, worked on silk warps, and showing pronounced Chinese influence in their design, probably belong to the period of the Ilkhanian dynasty, 1260—1335. The carpets of this period which have gold and silver thread in tapestry stitch were made at Herat. All carpets with cochineal dye in them were made after A.D. 1530. There seems to be but one reliable method of ascertaining the antiquity of these carpets, and that is to compare their design with specimens of contemporary Persian Art. The same style in vogue at a given period may be observed in all kinds of decoration, whether in architecture, sculpture, metal work, faience, or textiles; and specimens are not wanting in our collections in all these branches of Art. Unfortunately most of these subjects are also undated, and it would require a very extended study to arrive through them alone at accurate conclusions as to the age of carpets. I rely, therefore, on illuminated manuscripts, which are almost always dated. In the miniatures of these manuscripts carpets are frequently depicted, but more valuable indications are given by the style of the decorations of the borders. After making due allowance for the difference of treatment for the design of a carpet worked in stitches, and that of a painting made by the lines of a fine brush, very close parallels may be found between the designs of manuscripts and carpets. Some people have hastily assumed that it would be impossible to reason out a chronology in carpet designs, because the same ornaments are so frequently repeated. It is true that the ornaments used in the fourteenth century may still be recognised in carpets made four hundred years later, but I believe that every time an ornament is copied it undergoes some slight change, until perhaps the original idea is lost. The modifications, therefore, of a particular scroll or ornament afford us the greatest assistance. I feel sure that if I had a hundred carpets of one class of manufacture placed before me, I could easily arrange them in a chronological sequence; and if I had a series of manuscripts extending over a similar period, it would be apparent that the ornaments on the manuscripts have a tendency to change in the same way as the ornaments

on the carpets, and that therefore the date could be fixed with some accuracy from the contemporaneous specimens. —

The only real difficulty I find in the investigation is that materials are scarce, and insufficient for a complete comparison. I have not been able to refer to any illuminated Persian manuscripts earlier than A.D. 1330. If any collector possesses illuminated Oriental manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, I would ask to be allowed to examine them. I should also be glad to hear of any fine old Persian carpets, my investigations being still incomplete, and this article having been compiled chiefly with the object of drawing the attention of Art collectors to the subject.

At present we have no literature on the subject. The only book to which I feel I have been under any obligations is a French folio, "*Art de faire les Tapis façon de Turquie*," which describes very completely the process of carpet-weaving by hand, as it is practised at Aubusson and at the Savonnerie at Paris. A book has lately been published in Germany by Lessing, figuring carpets from ancient pictures. The patterns are carefully reproduced, but the value of the work is diminished by the author not having been able to distinguish carpets worked in tapestry stitch from those with a cut pile. And unfortunately, almost all his plates are taken from the former kind, which are the least interesting class of carpets. There is an American work which refers to ancient carpets, and there is an English work with a chapter on Oriental carpets, which refers to the old Persian manufacture. But on reading these books I found that neither the American nor the English author had taken the trouble to ascertain how a carpet was made, or what it was made of!

The English-speaking races certainly use more carpets than any other people, so they ought to feel an interest in the study of the best specimens of the manufacture. Half the designs brought out by modern carpet manufacturers show a tendency to imitate the Oriental models. If, therefore, we want to make carpets like the Persians, we must use a similar material for the pile which forms the surface. The essential requisite to make a carpet wear well is that the material which forms the pile should be sufficiently stiff to stand upright, and sufficiently wiry to spring up again after any weight has pressed it down. Wool is too fluffy and curly to make a good carpet, but the longer hairs of goats and camels being wiry in their nature are very suitable for this purpose. Camel's hair is not much used, because it can only be dyed certain colours. There are many qualities of goat's hair, and the diameter of the hairs varies from 1-300th of an inch down to 1-1500th of an inch. For the making of carpets such as we have been describing, the finer qualities of goat's hair are essential, but in carpets for ordinary use with a larger pile a coarser hair is more suitable. Asia Minor, Persia, and Central Asia are probably capable of supplying any quantity of goat's hair if the demand arose. Probably the hemp now discarded by the mohair-spinners could be utilised for this purpose. If goat's-hair carpets could be obtained for town furnishing, they would probably be preferred on the ground of cleanliness. Many people must have observed that Persian rugs may be left for years in our houses without much apparent deterioration, whilst a modern pile wool carpet will, if left uncovered, get grimed with the greasy dirt of a town in a single winter. It is easy to understand that the fluffy nature of wool absorbs the dirt which can be shaken off from the goat's hair. These are utilitarian questions; if we also want to make carpets

artistic in colouring and design, other considerations must influence the choice of materials. The Persians happened to have a breed of goats with long silky hair, and they gradually adapted their carpet manufacture to make the best possible use of this material. The hair from different districts varied somewhat in colour and other qualities, and we find, consequently, that the carpets vary also. If we want to imitate a particular kind of Persian carpet, we must obtain the same quality of hair with which it is made.

An avowed imitation of Oriental carpets has long been carried on in England, Scotland, and France, but it has not been attended, according to our ideas, with any great measure of success, nor can it be expected that a satisfactory result can be obtained by attempting to imitate a textile with a totally different raw material. Perhaps the difficulty of obtaining the Angora goat's hair prevents the using of the proper material. This breed of goats probably originated in the high plateaux of Central Asia, and no district in Europe has been found suitable for them. The hair of the Angora goat was scarcely known thirty years ago in Western commerce. It now forms the chief export from Asiatic Turkey, and is known in trade as Constantinople mohair. This comes from Anatolia and the central parts of Asia Minor, and there is a tradition that the Ottoman Turks brought the breed with them on migrating from Central Asia. In treating of Smyrna and Anatolian carpets I shall point out that the character of the designs seems to support this tradition; and as my argument as to the origin of the Persian carpet manufacture will require me to seek to identify the districts in which this breed of goats existed in the earliest times, I shall hope presently to mention the historical facts of this Turkish migration which brought them within reach of Europe.

When two years ago I commenced these investigations, I believed, like most of the rest of the world, that carpets were made of wool, and it was only after spending a year in trying to imitate a Persian carpet that I became aware of the importance of the selection of the raw material. I then had recourse to the microscope to ascertain what the raw material used in the fine carpets really was. I obtained hair from various living animals, chiefly from those in the collection of the Zoological Society in London, and found that there was no great difficulty in determining the species of animal which had supplied the material for the carpets. There appeared to be only the hair of four animals—that of the common camel and Bactrian camel, of the yak, or Thibetan ox, and the long-haired goat. The first three only occur in very small quantities, and therefore practically the pile of ancient carpets is all goat's hair. It is also all goat's hair of a similar breed to that which we call Angora or Constantinople mohair.

Hair has not got what manufacturers call high felting qualities, and is by no means so easy to spin as wool. The hair of various animals was first utilised in English manufactories by the late Sir Titus Salt, and I am indebted to Mr. Edward Salt, the present head of the firm at Saltaire, for the greater part of my specimens. I have goat's hair from Thibet, Yarkand, Badakshan, Herat, Bokhara, Khiva, Kerman, Lake Van, Angora, Smyrna, and South Africa, the last-named country being the only district out of Asia where the goats have been successfully naturalised. It appears that these animals require very peculiar climatic conditions, and it is

almost certain that the districts of Central Asia where they are now found are the same where they have existed from time immemorial, and it is probable that these districts were also the original seats of the carpet manufacture. The nomad tribes of Asia, who shift their camping grounds periodically to obtain pasturage for their numerous herds, do not possess this breed of goats, probably because they are more troublesome to herd than sheep, and because they will not bear being driven long distances day after day. To develop their long fleeces a very cold winter is required, whilst the ground must not be covered deeply with snow, so as to prevent the goats browsing on the brushwood and herbaceous plants. It also seems a necessity, for the reasons above stated, that they should be able to obtain food all the year round in or near the same district. These climatic conditions occur on some of the elevated plateaux of Central Asia and Persia. They happen to be those parts which are the least accessible to travellers; and although we know little of these countries, a certain general similarity in their physical geography is noticeable. They are the plateaux surrounded by mountain chains, where the interior watersheds drain into salt lakes. In such districts the evaporation exceeds the rainfall, and the amount of rain or snow which falls during the year must be small. The most accessible of these countries is the Persian province of Kerman, including almost all the interior of Southern Persia and the borders of Beloochistan. Mountains surround this district wherever it approaches the sea, so that the moisture of the clouds is deposited before it can reach the plateau. From the general elevation of the country low temperatures prevail during the winter months, but the coating of snow is said to be so slight that it has entirely evaporated by the middle of February, leaving the ground still frozen.

The central plateau of Asia Minor, where the Turks successfully naturalised these goats, has a configuration somewhat resembling Southern Persia. All the districts, in fact, where these goats are found have climatic similarities, but the differences in soil, flora, and herbage are sufficient to produce minute peculiarities in the fleeces of the flocks; and such peculiarities, due to a constant cause, might become intensified, but would retain their general character through centuries. When specimens of goat's hair are magnified 550 to 600 times, the very minute details of structure which become apparent allow the Kerman goat's hair, for example, to be distinguished from Khivan goat's hair, and further distinctions may be made with other kinds by a comparison with specimens of known origin. The difficulties are somewhat increased when we have to examine dyed specimens, but I consider that I detect similarities between hairs pulled out from the antique rugs and modern samples. It is, at all events, possible to divide antique carpets into different categories by an examination of the hair of which they are made.

As not every one might be inclined to enter into a microscopical examination of hairs, I hope in a future article to indicate the characteristics of the different classes, so that they may be distinguished by the make, the designs, and the colours of the dyed hair.

After dividing the carpets into their respective classes, I shall then give the means of an approximative determination of their age by a comparison with the decorations of illuminated manuscripts.

WENTWORTH BULLER.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

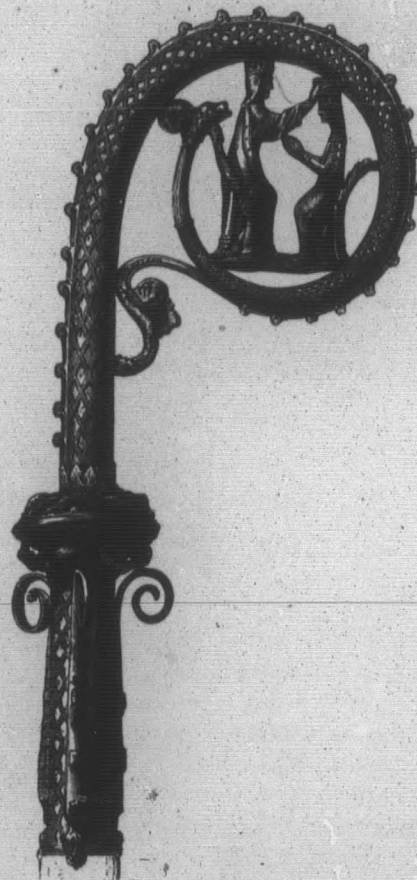


THE examples in this article are entirely taken from ecclesiastical work, including two very important classes of church furniture, objects on which some of the richest decorative Art work was lavished by mediæval workers, and which were thought worthy of almost any expenditure in rich material and in design and execution. These were the pastoral staff, the bishop's or abbot's sign of office, and the reliquary in which were preserved and exhibited the relics of departed saints.

The first-named object is often erroneously spoken of as a "crosier," which is a misapplication of a term properly belonging to a different object. A crosier was a small cross fixed at the end of a staff, and was the symbol not of a bishop, but of an archbishop. The bishop's symbol is the crook at the end of a staff, and though called in French *crosse* (*crosse d'évêque*), it is probable that this was a popular corruption of *croc* or *crochu*, as it is difficult to understand how anything which is so palpably different from a cross could have originally received that name.

The origin of this particular form of staff has been much discussed, and is open to several explanations. The most

called the pastoral office. But there are reasons for suggesting a possibly older and less simple origin for this symbol. A staff with a crook at the end (*lituus*) was one of the ensigns of the



No. 31.—Pastoral Crook, from Hôtel Cluny.



No. 30.—Pastoral Crook (Early Thirteenth Century).

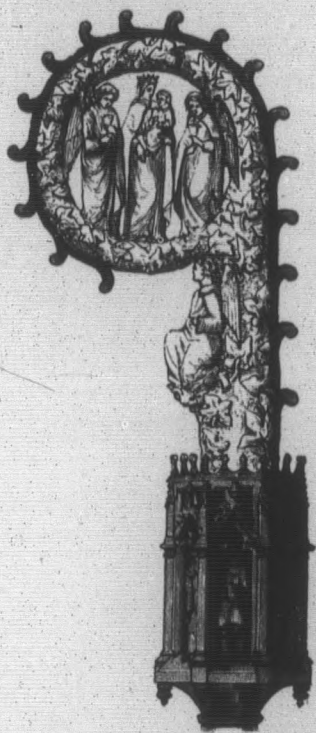
obvious one, of course, is that it simulates the shepherd's crook, and thus illustrates metaphorically what has been frequently

augur in the religious rites of pagan Rome, and those who remember how close was the connection between the pagan Roman Empire and the early Christian Church, and how the temples in some cases became churches, will probably be inclined to think that the connection between the augur's *lituus* and the bishop's crook may be a probable one enough. While on the subject we may mention another theory which has been propounded by writers on ecclesiastical antiquities; namely, that the pastoral staff was only the survival, in the hands of a dignitary of the Church, of what was formerly in the hands of every worshipper; for in days when there were not only no pews, but no seats of any kind in churches, it was the custom to supply staves for the worshippers to lean on as a partial support. But as such a staff would have no symbolical meaning, there seems no reason why the bishop should have retained it when its practical use was superseded, any more than any other member of the Church; and we merely give the theory as a curiosity of antiquarian criticism.

The form of the pastoral staff in early times appears to have been very simple. There is an illustration of one carried by one of the figures on an enamelled relic chest of Limoges work of about the twelfth century (engraved in Du Sommerard's great work, "Les Arts du Moyen Age"), which shows the staff in its simple form, with a round knob near the top, from which

* Continued from page 121.

springs the crook. This is the foundation of all the more elaborate designs which came into fashion subsequently. For a considerable period the knob was retained in nearly its



No. 32.—Pastoral Crook (Fourteenth Century), from Hôtel Cluny.

original form, being merely ornamented without any material alteration; but the crook at a comparatively early period began to assume considerable elaboration in its curves. The form of a serpent was frequently given to it, or suggested at least in a conventional manner. Whether this adoption of the serpent form was in any way symbolic, or merely resulted from artistic fancy, is not known. The next step was in the insertion of small figure subjects, having some relation to Church or Christian history, in the curve of the crook—a fancy which, once adopted, seems to have been universally approved, as it becomes after that an almost invariable feature in the design of the staff. The growing importance of this feature, no doubt, led to the discontinuance of mere metal for the head of the staff, and the frequent introduction of ivory for the principal part of the head, as a material capable of highly finished carving on a small scale, though the ivory was still usually combined with metal, probably as much for strength and protection as for decorative effect. While these changes were being developed in the crook portion, another development was also in process in regard to the knob, which towards the close of the fourteenth century had almost entirely lost its original form, and developed into a much larger and richer feature in the shape of a series of small niches and canopies, often filled with figures, forming a kind of little shrine at the top of the staff, from among the pinnacles and finials of which sprang the crook. In the most elaborate specimens the niches are often repeated in two or more stages. The change illustrates the tendency, in late Gothic detail, to architecturalise the details of furniture and church implements of every kind. This tendency we noticed in a former paper as characteristic of Byzantine and Romanesque designs for shrines and reliquaries. Under the influence of the purer and more refined taste of the earlier mediæval artists this tendency to make

details in the form of miniature architecture was very much modified, and for a time seems to have nearly disappeared; but it reappears again very decisively in the later mediæval period. This treatment of decorative work, especially metal work, in forms which arose out of, and which properly belong to, masonic architecture, is æsthetically a mistake, though a great deal of the work done in this style is unquestionably of great richness, beauty, and delicacy.

Most of the points we have touched on are well illustrated in the four specimens of pastoral crooks given in this article. No. 30 is probably of early thirteenth-century date, and shows the original form of the knob and crook, unaltered essentially, though treated in a highly decorative manner. This is a staff entirely of metal, partially gilt, and decorated with enamel. The spaces in the trellis ornament which covers the crook portion are formed of enamel, the lines being the metal surface, of copper gilt. In both this and No. 31, in which the same form of ornament is introduced not only on the crook, but on the staff, it should be observed that the metal lines or cloisons are thicker in the drawing than they should be; they are, in fact, the usual thin lines of cloisonné work, and have a much lighter appearance in execution than the drawing conveys. In this and the succeeding example, which are both from the celebrated museum of the Hôtel Cluny, and were very possibly made by the same hand, we see the indication of a wish to give more importance to the head of the staff, by adding below the knob four pieces of metal, riveted on and curved outwards below the knob, somewhat in the



No. 33.—Pastoral Crook (Early Renaissance), St. Hubert's Abbey, Brabant.

same manner as the scroll of foliage curls outwards below the abacus of an early French Gothic capital, and from this the idea was probably taken. This is a good example of purely

metallic treatment of metal: these little scrolls are precisely metal ornament, and would look ill, and suggest the idea of weakness, if executed in any other material. At the same time it must be admitted that they are not very well in keeping with the character of the detail of the crook, and have rather a "stuck-on" appearance, which is not satisfactory to the critical eye. The space between these added scroll ornaments is decorated with *champlevé* enamel, leaving a design in the metal, which is also partly engraved on the surface. The decorative treatment of the crook is identical with features in the carved stonework of French thirteenth-century architecture; the same rounded leaflets are found over and over again in running ornaments and capitals of the same period; the little crockets which break the outer line of the curve are imitations of a well-known decoration of the gablets of buttress-heads and other architectural features. In this case, however, they are applied in a manner not unsuitable to metal work.

No. 31 retains the knob form unaltered, and shows the same crocket ornament round the outside of the crook, and the same scroll ornaments below the knob. The trellis ornament is carried down as low as the insertion of the scrolls; below this, in the original, the staff is moulded into a spiral. The crook shows one of the earliest examples of the introduction of figures, in this case of metal, and the termination of the scroll in what may be called a serpent's head, though very conventionally treated; but as many other examples show the serpent's head in a much more realistic and unmistakable manner, there can be no doubt as to the intention in this case. The figures appear to represent the coronation of the Virgin.

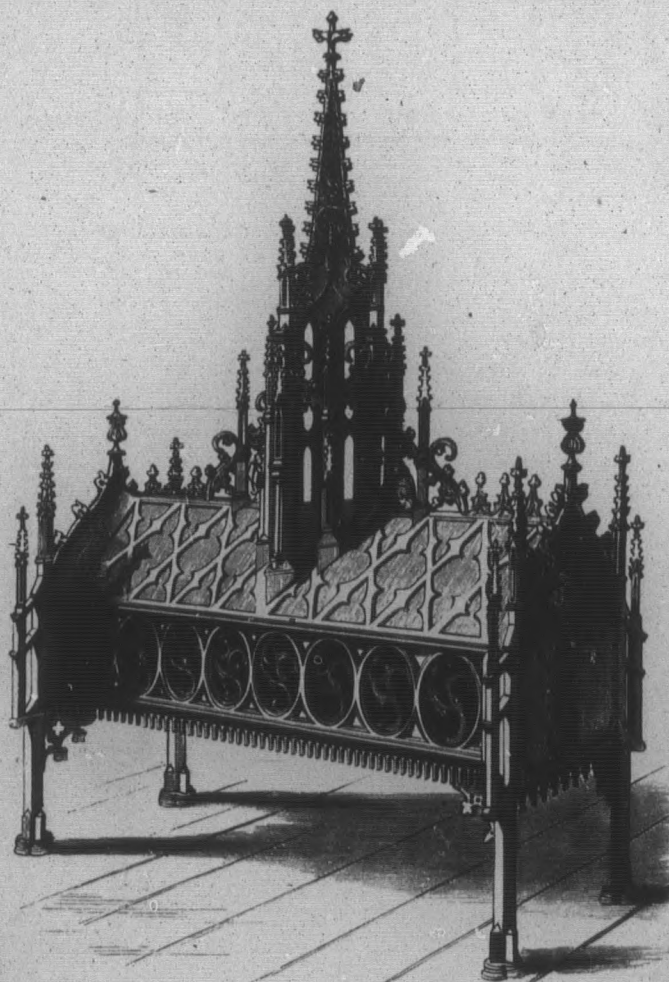
The whole of the metal, where its surface is not concealed by enamel, is gilt; the enamel forms a blue ground between the cloisons of the trellis ornament.

In the rich and ornate example, No. 32, the character of the design, it being more than a century later, has greatly changed. The knob has developed into a shrine with niches, buttresses, and pinnacles, and it must be confessed that, regarded as metal work, it has entirely lost that truly metallic character which the two former examples exhibit, and in this respect it cannot be regarded as very good or pure artistic work. The crook has become an elaborate carving in ivory, and here again there is more of elaboration than of pure taste, for the naturalistic foliage employed weakens and obscures the line of curvature, producing an effect very inferior to that of the fine

pure curves in the two previous examples. The crook is filled with sculpture, which on this side represents the Virgin and Child and two angels; but if we had the engraving of the other face of the crook it would be found that the carving represented the Crucifixion. This is a curious and ingenious refinement, frequently found in these late carved ivory crooks. Although the sculptured figures stand quite free of one another, and the whole can be seen through between them, the artist artfully contrived to represent on the other face a perfectly different subject, even with apparently perfectly different leading lines. This is not metal work, we admit, but it is a curiosity of art worth mentioning in passing. We are brought back to our subject by observing the admirable manner in which the metal is used to strengthen and guard

the frailer ivory, at the same time producing a series of radiating crockets round it, adding much to the decorative effect throughout. This is really the only piece of truly metallic design in the whole, and it serves to suggest one most suitable use of metal in combination with other materials, in which it may be made to serve the double purpose of protection and ornament.

No. 33, from St. Hubert's Abbey, Brabant, is an exceedingly interesting example of a crook of the same main characteristics, but entirely of metal, and of early Renaissance character; a lingering touch of Gothic manner appears in the octagon shape of the shrine head, and the mouldings at its base, and in the quasi-Gothic crocketing round the crook, the style of which is in curious contradiction to that of some of the other details. The material is copper, beaten and chased, and partly gilt. The crook portion is entirely covered with gilding; in the shrine



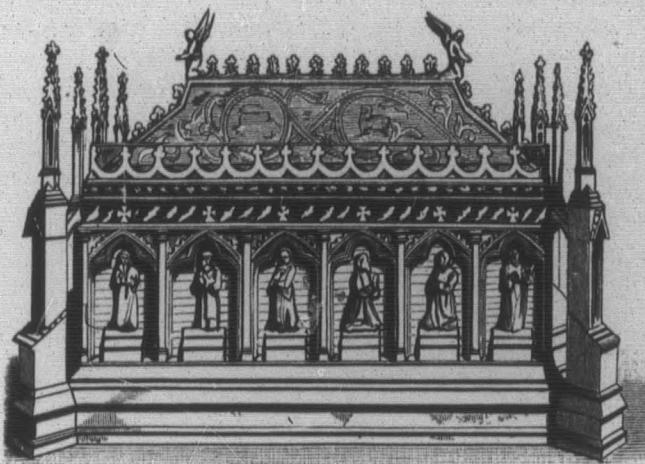
No. 34.—Reliquary, German.

portion the circles in the frieze are picked out with gilding, and the pilasters and outer edges of the niches; the ornaments between the shrine and the stem of the staff are also picked out in gold; the staff itself is moulded in a spiral ornament, with the spirals lined out in gilding. The whole work must be considered deficient in homogeneous style, and also in the sharpness of line which should characterize metal work; it is not by any means essentially metallic. Indeed, among these examples there cannot be a question that the highest artistic merit belongs to the earlier and simpler ones, and that the artistic excellence decreases regularly in the later ones. The effect of gilding on copper, in the last example, is, however, very good; and it may be observed that copper is really a much better

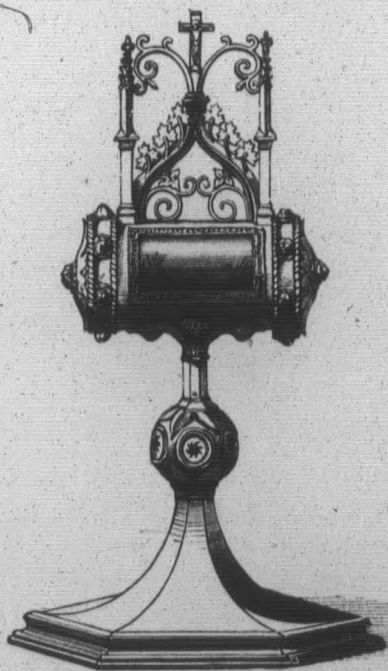
ground for partial gilding, where the ground is to be shown, than silver: gold in combination with silver loses some of its lustre and richness of effect, and looks paler, whereas in combination with a copper surface the whole decorative value of the gold is fully brought out, and even enhanced.

We now come to the examples of reliquaries, of which we have here two perfectly distinct types. Numbers 34 and 35 represent a type designed for the special purpose of containing personal relics of saints, either clothes or sometimes bones, and intended on occasion to be borne in procession. These large relic boxes symbolize the bearing about of the body of the saint, and were actually called *feretories*, a name properly signifying a bier (Latin *fero*, to carry), and their general form was a reminiscence of the coffin form, with sloping top and ridge. These objects are, as in the two examples given here, almost always architectural in detail. No. 34, it will be observed, has its traceried openings at the sides (through which the relics could be seen), its lantern and spire on the roof, its buttresses and flying buttresses. It seems probable that in both examples the semi-detached buttresses at the angles were intended to afford ready means of lifting and

for the most part, of that sharply defined and enriched style which is not ineffective in metal work. The work is German, and in regard to the treatment of detail it is a favourable specimen of German mediæval work. The crossed bars on the roof, it should be observed, are not flat, as the drawing would seem to indicate; they are in the ordinary form of Gothic tracery bar-work, and should show a centre line, with an eyelet behind each of the cusplings. The other example, No. 35, which is silver gilt, and decorated with champlevé enamel on what we may call the roof, is less effective as metal work, being more completely and solidly architectural in design. It differs from the last-named specimen in having no openings through which the relics could be seen, and appears, therefore, to have been intended rather for the safe keeping of relics than for their exhibition. It was not uncommon to have such relic boxes placed on pedestals of wood or stone of a highly decorative design, and not improbably this one, which is not raised



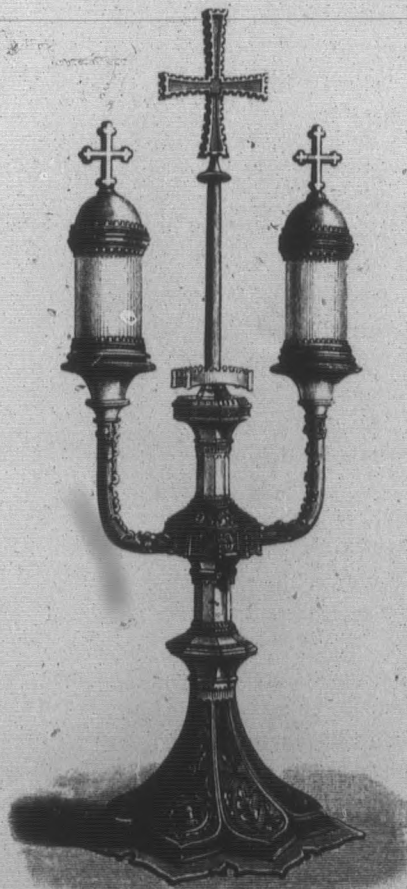
No. 35.—Reliquary.



No. 36.—Reliquary, from the Cluny Museum.

grasping it with the hands. Reliquaries of this form were usually between two and three feet long, and therefore of no inconsiderable weight. In No. 34 the lantern and the roof are silver, but the cresting along the ridge is gilt, and the tracery also, as well as the small brackets at the junction of the legs with the body of the chest. The whole is a very rich and handsome object, and though it is merely an imitation of architecture in metal, the architectural detail happens to be,

tended rather for the safe keeping of relics than for their exhibition. It was not uncommon to have such relic boxes placed on pedestals of wood or stone of a highly decorative design, and not improbably this one, which is not raised



No. 37.—Double Reliquary.

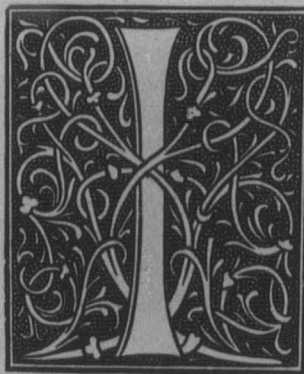
from the ground by feet, was so placed. The relic box with open lights for exhibiting the contents was called in French *châsse-ossuaire*, its most common use being for containing some of the bones of sacred personages. Under

this name some of the reliquaries in the South Kensington Museum are catalogued.

The next two specimens belong to a different type, and resemble the kind of casket which was used for exhibiting the consecrated host to the worshippers; for which purpose these may have been intended, or they may have been for the exhibition of small relics. When used for the display of the host, this form of transparent casket was called a *monstrance* (*monstrare*, to show or exhibit). The form, at least, came into use when, in the early part of the fourteenth century, it became the custom to carry the consecrated wafer in processions, in such a manner as to exhibit it visibly to the worshippers. Before this time it was carried in a closed *pyx*, and not seen. It is probable that this form, even when used as a reliquary, was adopted from the shape of casket used for carrying the host. The most usual form was that in which an upright tube of crystal was fixed on a base and in a setting of metal, with a cover of the same material. The double reliquary, No. 37, approaches the usual form more nearly; No. 36 is an unusual form. Occasionally these small reliquaries, like the larger *feretory*, assumed in their metal setting the forms of architectural details; there is an interesting example in the South Kensington Museum in which the buttress forms of architecture are used in greatly attenuated proportions, so as to appear almost as if the forms were originally designed for metal work. In these two examples there is no architectural imitation whatever; they are admirable specimens of pure metal design. In No. 36, though the arch or canopy at the top is a partly architectural form, it is filled in with metallic scrolls, and the crockets on its outer edge take the form of thin beaten-out metal leaves, quite

distinct from the ordinary solid rounded shapes of carved stone crockets when used in a similar position in architecture; the pinnacles only are a little too much like stone pinnacles starved into great tenuity. In every other respect this and its companion are beautiful examples of design of their class. The spreading foot gives every security and stability to the whole; the knob on the stem makes it more secure for the grasp of the hand; and in No. 37 the arrangement of the double casket rising from the central stem is exceedingly graceful. In No. 36, which is again from the Cluny Museum, the metal is either gold or gilt entirely, the rims of the casket are set with jewels, and the small circular bosses on the stem-knob are inlaid with spiral stars in enamel, red and blue alternately. The ornament in both is admirably applied, with the single exception of the rather straggling little bits of conventional foliage running up the stems of the caskets in No. 37; the effect would be better without these, which make a ragged outline. The general design and shape of the foot or base, which is the same that is commonly found in mediæval chalices, is one of the most admirable forms that decorative art has ever invented, as combining entire suitability for its purpose with beauty of line. No curves in Greek work are purer and finer, or more fittingly placed, than those which are formed by these spreading bases, on which the mediæval chalice or reliquary stands with such combined grace and stability, illustrating the fact that the best form for a practical purpose is also frequently the best and most expressive form in design. Forms of structure which are unsuitable for their practical purpose seldom please the eye, whether in goldsmith's work or in larger and more important constructions.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE AT MANCHESTER.



IN the course of last year a number of gentlemen interested in the technical instruction and general artistic education of their fellow-citizens in Manchester drew up a scheme on which a local museum, with these objects in view, might best be started. This was submitted to Sir Frederick Leighton, to Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., and to Mr. Ruskin and others, and received a very cordial approval.

The leading idea of the committee—which probably owed its origin to the need of finding a fitting home for Mr. Mothersill's legacy—was to induce the Manchester Town Council to erect an Art Museum in one of the public parks, and to intrust to them its management during the first four years. On their part the committee promised to raise the sum of £5,000, which should be expended on works of Art, to be placed in the Museum on its completion; and they further undertook to bring together, during their four years' management, works of Art to the value of a further sum of £5,000, and to hand over the whole to the citizens of Manchester at the close of the period named. Afterwards the

management was to be vested in a committee chosen partly by the Town Council and partly by the subscribers to the Museum.

Such a demand upon the resources of a rich city such as Manchester could scarcely be regarded as exorbitant, and met with a prompt response from a number of persons interested in fostering so desirable an outcome of local self-government. Emboldened by their success amongst their friends, the committee of the Manchester Art Museum now appeal primarily to their fellow-townsmen, and indirectly to the public generally, to assist them in carrying out their scheme systematically. We sympathize so heartily with any effort to raise the level of British workmanship, that it is with reluctance we make any comments which may seem to be disparaging. We therefore begin by saying that we are firmly of opinion that each and all of the special features of this Art Museum are worthy of support, and will, we hope, in due process of time, find full recognition in this undertaking; but experience, as well as precept, should warn us of the dangers of going too fast, and of ranging too far afield whilst we are still ignorant of the country we have to explore. "Qui trop embrasse, mal étirent," is a homely but wise adage; and to no economists or stewards of public trusts is it more applicable than to those who would take in hand the raising of the taste standard amongst producers and consumers of Art works. Art is long—not only for those who

would achieve distinction in its practice, but for those also who would learn its attractions and influence, and we fear that anything like hothouse forcing would produce among the industrial class (for which the Manchester Museum is specially designed) an outburst of something even more silly and intolerable than the Art affectation by which the middle class has been of late attacked, and from which its recovery seems so slow.

The methods by which the committee hope to achieve its lofty ideal challenge greater criticism than the benevolent spirit by which that body is actuated. We seem to recognise in the arguments put forward distant echoes of the thunders of those literary Olympians who from time to time discharge their bolts into the midst of artists and craftsmen, firmly confident that to both classes their advice and warnings should be at once salutary and final. We have before heard it maintained that in the study of the Fine Arts alone familiarity does not breed contempt, but we doubt the wisdom of the dictum that "all pictures in the Museum should be either of subjects which are familiar to large numbers of people, or of subjects which are closely connected with things which are familiar." If this principle is to govern the selection of works for the Manchester Museum, it restricts the duties of the purchasing committee to somewhat modest proportions, whilst it is at variance with other parts of the programme. If the committee believe, as they suggest, Wordsworth's canon, on which Mr. Ruskin based so much of the second volume of his "Modern Painters," how do they think that "admiration, hope, and love" are to be aroused and sustained by the contemplation of familiar subjects treated artistically? Dutch "still life," however meritorious in its technical qualities, can hardly be regarded as a high or ennobling phase of Art; but such works deal distinctly with familiar subjects.

Again, we must demur a little to the proposal of teaching therapeutics or inculcating a love of gymnastics as a proper, or at least an important, function of Art. It is possible that we misapprehend that part of the committee's programme which deals with this subject, and as we are anxious that through no fault of ours should their motives be misunderstood, we will quote their own words:—

"Of the things of which every one ought most strongly to love and admire the beauty, the most important is health—perfection of life; and as all classes of people fail to love and admire it deeply, it is highly desirable that Art should strengthen the love of it, if Art can do so without losing her charm. Happily, modes of life offer good subjects for painting, almost in proportion to the degree in which they are favourable to perfection of life. For it can hardly be doubted that beauty, the presentation of which is admittedly one of the chief functions of the Fine Arts, is essentially a revelation to the eye of those qualities which we believe are those which the object represented should possess, and that hence the idea of beauty of appearance varies with the conception of the nature of perfectness of substance."

This may be very learned, or it may only be a fine artistic way of putting a trite aphorism. At any rate we can only hope that in the interests of the unlettered and uncultured, who are to be the favoured guests of the Museum, the explanatory labels to be attached to each work of Art will be written in a more intelligible, we had almost said in a more vulgar, tongue.

It seems too, to our untutored mind, that under such narrow

limitations not only would the works of Fuseli or Nollekens be excluded, with which we might perhaps dispense, but that the powerful moralists of the school of Hogarth and Cruikshank would find no favour in the committee's eyes.

But the good fruits to be hoped for from the Museum, when constituted as proposed, have not yet been exhausted. Examples of the most beautiful products of the industrial arts, native and foreign, are to be exhibited, in order that work-people and "people of the middle class should acquire familiarity with, and admiration of, objects beautiful in form and colour." For the use of the unlearned labels are to be attached to each object, explanatory of its intended use, and of the reasons for its selection. The great rock which in this instance would lie in the way of the committee would be the fair exercise of that freedom of criticism which "the experts" would claim. The canons of taste are indeed wide enough to admit much, but as interpreted by dogmatists or enthusiasts they seem to exclude every development of form or colour save that which their authority pronounces orthodox. To expect from this new academic standard of taste, which the Museum committee seems desirous to erect, stability of fashion, is, we think, to ignore the whole habits of our daily life and the tendency of the human race. It is only by constant changes that society survives, and with it the whims and fancies of an unæsthetic period have as good right to be ministered to as those of one more enlightened. There is nothing to indicate from our own history, or from that of the most Art-ridden nation, that a phase was ever reached, or even desired, when "no new form could ever be substituted for an old one, unless the new seemed more nearly right than the old; and that desire for novelty, for fashionableness of form, could not long co-exist with a keen sense of beauty." We may be reminded that in China and Japan, the promised lands of the anti-progressionists, some such standard must have been enforced at a remote date, and that to it we are indebted for the almost unbroken tradition of good work (in certain limited fields), of which specimens from far-off antiquity down to quite recent times continually come under our notice. But to this we answer that conditions which might be imposed upon a walled-in nation, despising its neighbours and ignorant of its fellows, are hardly applicable to Manchester workmen, or to European and American customers. The committee in their anxiety to cut away the excrescences of industrial art, and to train it in fixed lines and within fixed limits, would end by stifling its growth altogether, and would render it absolutely impotent to compete with the enterprise of those workers who had taken no higher standard than that of popular caprice. It is the true mission and undoubted right of artists to direct this ever-shifting stream, but the workers have more material duties to perform; and these can best be discharged by giving their skill and labour to carrying into effect the passing wants and fashions of their employers.

In one matter we cordially indorse the views of the committee—that English people will not be led by simply seeing collections of beautiful objects in a museum to accept them as guides for their own work; but we are by no means so certain that the makers are not insensibly affected by the sight of such objects, though probably in a less degree than the purchasers. We, however, scarcely share the committee's confidence that labels and cheap catalogues will advance the cause it has at heart, and we are altogether opposed to the proposal to furnish a part of the Museum, "as the committee

think that the rooms in a house of moderate size ought to be furnished, to teach effectively the important lessons that the difference between beautiful and ugly wall papers, carpets, curtains, vases, chairs, and tables, is as real as the difference between good and bad pictures and sculpture; that beautiful form in the things which surround us can give us keen pleasure; and that the habit of enjoying beauty in such things as furniture and pottery fosters sensibility to the highest kinds of beauty." In our mind the first-fruits of such an arrangement would be a certain display of ill-will on the part of the producers of the "ugly wall papers, carpets," etc., and a very general extension of discontentedness amongst those who discover themselves to be endowed with a taste which, happily for its owners, had up to that moment dwelt in peace in the midst of its "unlovely home." We are very far from saying anything which might hinder the spread of a higher or a truer appreciation of what is beautiful, but this standard we maintain must not be sought in Queen Anne decorations or Chippendale furniture, but in the accessories of our daily life. The true artist's mind is that of Flaxman, who in the groups of dirty St. Giles's children could see poses and lines of beauty which were hidden from a less trained perception. The only outcome of the school to which the author of the pamphlet we have under our notice has seemingly given his or her approval is that veneer of so-called æstheticism which is rendering a large section of the intelligent middle class supremely ridiculous. It is with them that the struggle to "live up to their blue china" has been so eager; and though we may readily admit that like all other social movements it has been not without its good side, still it has induced a hot-house growth of artistic cant, which cannot be too highly deprecated. There is nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, by an exaggeration of the conditions under which we live, and a true artist, if he is to be the faithful interpreter of his age, will use his talents to make the most artistic use of the materials at his disposal.

But to return to the proposals of the Museum committee. The scant words with which they announce their intention to provide a collection of casts of the best Greek sculpture contrast ominously with the copiousness with which they discuss questions on which diversity of taste or sentiment may without scruple be allowed to exist. If the Museum is to have the revivifying influence which its projectors anticipate, to no higher sources of inspiration can they look than to the remains of Greek sculpture which have been preserved. To artists and workmen of every grade, and in every branch, the study of form, as ennobled in the Parthenon and Phigaleian marbles, is of the highest importance, and we should be inclined to believe that arts of design would in this country prosper in exact proportion to the attention given to these marvels of purity and truth. The almost unbroken supremacy of the city of Lyons in designs for textile fabrics is mainly, if not wholly, due to the diligent study in the Museum of Casts, which has been urged by artists and professors, and pursued by foremen and workmen in this direction. It is therefore with some reason that we express the earnest hope that the directors of the Manchester Museum will make their Museum of Casts the starting-point of the good work they have in view, and will provide, with the reproductions of the antique, able and simple-speaking expositors, who by slow degrees will unfold to all who come the hidden beauties and mysteries of the works before them.

The suggested acquisition of pictures of beautiful scenery

and of animal life will form pleasant objects, provided their didactic character be not too obtrusively put forward. Against the restriction which the committee proposes to place upon animal pictures we must, however, protest. The visitors to the Manchester Museum will be neither more nor less brutal because they are to be kept from seeing pictures which "serve to give knowledge of the numerous ways in which animals are destroyed by each other and by men." There is something almost childish in introducing conscientious safeguards of this sort into an institution which is primarily intended for such as have arrived at the age of reason.

But the sphere of usefulness and regeneration to which the committee would make their Museum attain is not limited by the aims already enumerated. It is not only to be an exhibition where true Art is to be cultivated, and a temple of Hygeia where healthful influences are to be inculcated, but it is to enter into the lists against both church and chapel, and to discharge for each, under more favourable conditions, the functions now reserved to Sunday schools. It is, moreover, to be the assembling place of all whose dirty and unattractive lodgings are sufficient to destroy home influences and to render home life burdensome. But there is obviously some misgiving lest this object should fail. "Few people," we are told, "are willing to stay long enough in a gallery in which there are only things to be seen, to really enjoy and remember the pictures." On this account, therefore, music will be played in the afternoon and evenings. If the assumption on which this resolution is based be correct, then has South Kensington existed in vain. Few people, we are certain, have power to appreciate at the same time an appeal to both eyes and ears. The committee seem to hold that it is through the latter organ that the way is most readily found to man's inner nature, forgetting apparently the Horatian maxim—

*"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."*

We are not concerned to discuss here the vexed question of Sunday opening. We believe that in this matter it is better to follow the wishes of the majority, provided always that the convictions of the minority are not ostentatiously outraged. We are, perhaps, a little sceptical that the Manchester Museum will, at first starting, prove itself the earthly Paradise its projectors anticipate, but we may rest assured that the influences to which its visitors will be subjected will be healthy and elevating; and for this reason the proposal to throw it open on Sundays will, we trust, meet with calm and charitable consideration even from those to whom the idea may at first sight seem distasteful.

And here we take leave of the scheme, trusting that ere long we may have an opportunity of showing what the committee have done towards carrying out the programme through which we have run. If we should have seemed in any way to laugh at some of their high-flown hopes, it is with no desire to impede their flight. We appreciate the noble task of becoming their brothers' keepers which its members have set themselves to perform. We admire the zeal with which they have set to work. In their desire to raise the powers of rational enjoyment amongst their fellow-men we believe they are setting an example which, if generally followed, would remove from the upper and middle classes the stigma of selfishness not unfrequently with truth brought against them.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.*

MICHAEL ANGELO. (No. 2.)



REMEMBERING the reputation of Michael Angelo, and the unique position he holds in the domain of Art, it is only natural that his drawings should be among those the most prized and sought after by collectors. And nowhere has the almost religious veneration for even the slightest sketch by his hand been so strong as in England; neither have we been surpassed in the length of time over which our steady, pertinacious acquisition has extended. Hence it has come to pass that both for numbers and importance our collections of the master are the richest in Europe. This wealth of material has rendered the selection of an example for reproduction an easy task, and we venture to think the choice of one of the studies for the 'Lazarus,' from the British Museum, will be approved by the readers of the *Art Journal*. Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus,' in the National Gallery, is, perhaps, the most important picture in this country. That it was painted in competition with Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' Sebastian being assisted by Michael Angelo, is known to all. In the letters of Sebastian to Michael Angelo there are to be found references to the picture, though there is no documentary evidence to show the precise share the latter master had in its composition. It possesses extraordinary interest from many points of view, not the least being the singularly felicitous fusion of the special and distinctive qualities of two schools so radically diverse as the Venetian and Roman. The impassioned splendour of Venetian colour may here be said to have attained its highest excellence. Surpassing Titian in the depth of his harmonies, Sebastian has succeeded in rivalling the breadth and largeness of style of his master, Giorgione, who, in a sense, stands here in his fullest presentation. And this feeling, that a very noble phase of Art here touches its highest development, gives an added impressiveness to the work. Taking the subject as it is narrated in the Gospel, it would perhaps be impossible to find a representation more inadequate. In contrast to its vast size and perfect manipulation one may recall Rembrandt's etching of the smaller 'Raising of Lazarus,' therein, with a few scratches, the Dutch master renders the fact with a perfect truth, a touching sincerity, and a reverent feeling corresponding to the homely words of the story. But Venetian Art, seeking its emotional expression in colour, never attained the force of dramatic presentation to be found in other schools. The depth of its tragedy, the joyousness of its lyrical motives, the languorous sweetness of its idyls, are translated into harmonies of colour, strong or subtle, gay or sombre, whose charm is irresistible in its attraction, but which often leave us indifferent to the persons represented in the scene. Michael Angelo was quick to discern that if these captivating and attractive qualities of the Venetian school could be combined with his vigorous draughtsmanship and dramatic grasp of a subject, it

might be possible to produce a picture which would successfully compete with the more popular art of his rival, Raphael.

There has been considerable diversity of opinion as to the result of the contest. The verdict of contemporaries evidently decided in favour of the 'Transfiguration,' since the Cardinal Medici retained it in Rome, and relegated the 'Lazarus' to Narbonne; modern feeling will probably more highly esteem the manifestation of inborn gifts like those of the Florentine and Venetian rather than the academic mastery of the versatile Urbinate. Apart from technical qualities, there is certainly nothing in the 'Transfiguration,' not even the floating presence of the Transfigured, which reaches the sublimity of the figure of Lazarus; indeed, Michael Angelo himself never conceived a form more terrible and impressive. Lazarus casts aside his grave-clothes with the look of one who has just risen from the nether world; his regard is fixed on the Redeemer, but there is no expression of joyful recognition, rather is it the despairing gaze of one who finds himself again burdened with the load of life. The magnificent action of the arm flung across the torso, and the struggling of the leg to relieve itself from the drapery, suggest the weary Titan; or it may be that the painter intended to personify Italy itself, for whom henceforth there was no hope of freedom, but only the dull, brutal life of the enslaved.

It will be seen that the drawing we have reproduced differs materially from the figure in the picture. The right arm is here extended, possibly to touch the hand of Jesus; the action of the right foot extricating itself from the drapery is not indicated, neither is the face thrown into shadow; nor have the supporting figures their ultimate action. In each respect the change made has added enormously to the force of the action, especially in the case of the Lazarus. If only on account of the similarity of the position of the figure to that of the Adam in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Michael Angelo would not have adhered to this motive; otherwise it gives the opportunity for a magnificent piece of drawing in the exposed torso. The study must have been made in Michael Angelo's forty-third year: it was evidently not drawn from nature. Years of practice had given him an absolute certainty of hand and scientific accuracy of anatomical drawing which, within their own limitation, have never been surpassed. Neither has any other artist reached such perfect manipulation in the modelling of the nude. The material in this case, it is scarcely necessary to say, is red chalk. It may be remarked that the majority of his designs are either in red or black chalk, and sometimes elaborated to the highest degree of finish, though never attempting what may be called realistic treatment. The sketch before us is especially valuable from showing Michael Angelo's method of working out a conception. We see how he is, as it were, feeling for action in the different indications of the foot: had he retained this position of the figure, successive studies would have developed the action of the various parts of the group, until all was finally determined; then a cartoon would be made of the size the figures were to appear on the canvas. Lomazzo, in his "Trattato dell' Arte della Pittura," says that Michael Angelo once told Marco da Siena that he ought

* Continued from page 36.



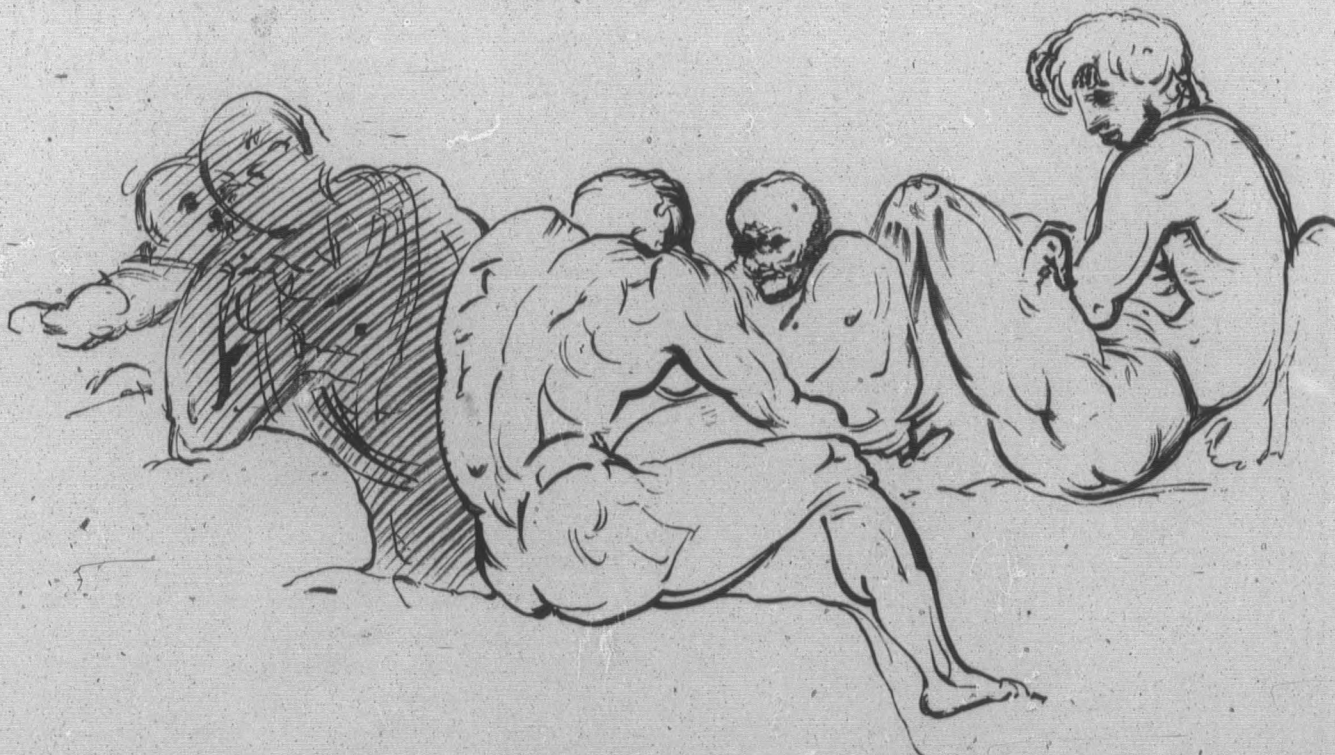
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OF DRAWING BY MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

always to make his figures pyramidal, serpentine, and multiplied by one, two, and three; and in this precept, he added, consists the whole secret of painting. How far, and in what manner, Michael Angelo's practice in the present instance follows his precept we must leave the reader to determine. There is a fellow-drawing to our example in the British Museum, also in red chalk, in which the Lazarus has the same action as in the picture.* Both drawings were from the Woodburn sale, previously belonging to Wicars and Buonarrotti.

The study for the 'Resurrection' is from the collection of her Majesty at Windsor Castle. It is evidently later in date than the 'Lazarus,' and while showing Michael Angelo's power of drawing the human form in energetic action, and containing magnificent examples of foreshortening, is less firm and decisive in the expression of form. The arrangement of the composition is also more obviously artificial than in earlier work, as, for example, the group of naked figures in the cartoon of Pisa. From the stand-point of Michael Angelo's art

nothing could be finer than the action of the Christ springing out of the tomb, nor the sudden terror of such of the soldiers as have been awakened. No better example could be found of the ultimate determination of the master's method, which aimed at pure abstraction: the form is abstract, so also is the conception of the subject. Art is here reduced to its simplest elements, the expression of all-phases of emotion by the sole representation of the naked human form, drawn with rigorous scientific exactitude. It is a return to the simplicity of the earliest masters, only whereas their art was absolutely deficient in scientific knowledge, this resolutely subordinates all other qualities to accurate anatomical drawing. An illustration from the work of a master, removed by two generations from Michael Angelo, will show the aims and practice of the respective periods. In the Palazzo de' Conservatori at Borgo, San Sepolcro, there is a fresco of the 'Resurrection' painted by Piero della Francesca (Piero being the master of Luca Signorelli; Luca, though not the master of Michael Angelo,



Group of Naked Figures by Michael Angelo. In the British Museum.

was the artist who most strongly influenced and determined his style), which may fairly be considered a typical work of the middle of the fifteenth century. Jesus is represented quietly stepping out of the tomb, while four Roman soldiers in full armour, and with their weapons and shields, are sleeping on the ground beneath. The scene is laid in an olive garden on a hillside—the same as may be seen without the walls of the city—the dawn is just breaking, and may be supposed to be throwing a flush of tender rose light on the form of the Saviour. He holds a small banner in his right hand; the traces of the wounds are visible in his side, hands, and the raised foot; the form is full and masculine, the head noble in type, and with a

grave solemnity of expression which is extraordinarily arresting. The aim here is to express feelings of intense solemnity: nature is hushed to perfect stillness, the watchers are buried in deep sleep; Jesus awakes and passes away. Michael Angelo imagines the scene as one of violent action, of agitation and panic fear; he flings about muscular forms in a wild and terrible tumult; until the spectator is stunned and overpowered as by some furious tornado. Which method of treating the subject, it may be asked, is the more impressive; which painter has the more profoundly and imaginatively conceived the event?

Considerations of this nature naturally lead to the demand, wherein consists the secret of the enormous influence of Michael Angelo on his contemporaries, and of the position he held, and still holds, in Art? In England the greatest, if not the first exponent of the cultus of the master, was, without doubt, Sir Joshua Reynolds: he may be said to have constituted himself the arch-priest of the Michael Angelo worship.

* Since these drawings illustrate the method employed in working out the picture, it will naturally be asked why they are not in the same building at the National Gallery? Indeed, one of the most important uses of the contents of the print-room is the assistance it affords to the study of the masterpieces of the National Gallery; therefore the existence of the two collections in buildings a mile apart ought not any longer to be tolerated.

In the eloquent pages of the "Discourses" the Florentine is the central figure, and before him the courtly and genial little man is in a continual posture of prostration. Heine was not a student of Italian Art, and probably had small sympathy with Michael Angelo, or we might, perhaps, have had in the infernal chase in *Atta Troll* a pendant to the figure of Shakespeare on his black charger, attended by his commentator, Franz Horn, on a less noble animal. But with all the praise and admiration, it is singular how hazy is the picture of Michael Angelo set forth in the writings of Sir Joshua. There is an infinity of declamation about the "Grand Style," and the student is

doing so he was furthering the cause of English Art. Still he must have known that in some of his own portraits he had succeeded in creating genuine works of Art, faithfully representing his age, and which, therefore, would have a perennial charm; whilst, respecting pictures like the 'Death of Dido,' in the last exhibition of Burlington House, in which it is to be presumed he attempted to put into practice the result of his study of Michael Angelo, he must surely have had doubts; he could scarcely have been unconscious of their aberrations of drawing, even if he did not detect their affected sentiment and tawdry magnificence. The tendency of Art, already

plainly declared in his time, was towards nature and realism; therefore, for him to direct the student to commence a composition by selecting a figure from Michael Angelo, and placing it on his canvas, seeking to design the other figures in the same manner, was sheer folly, and was only exceeded in simplicity by the touching docility of the generation who blindly followed his advice.

It is not difficult now to see how Reynolds became imbued with these notions. He evidently found them in the dilettanti circles at Rome and in the pages of Vasari. Valuable as is Vasari's biography—not forgetting, however, that it owes much of its material to Condivi—it is, with regard to the source of Michael Angelo's real power, essentially misleading. If Reynolds's attitude was that of worship, Vasari's was idolatry; only it is impossible not to feel a lurking suspicion that the idolatry had in it a touch of officialism. There were, however, many and sufficient reasons why Vasari could not rightly estimate the art of Michael Angelo. The canons accepted by him and his contemporaries showed that Art had lost all vitality, and was, at least at Rome and Florence, nought else but lifeless mechanism. And further, nothing could be more diametrically opposite than the characters of Michael Angelo and the official painter and obsequious servant of a worthless despot. A conclusive example of Vasari's judgment is to be found in his remarks on the bas-relief of the Virgin and Child, an early work by Michael Angelo, now to be seen in the Casa Buonarrotti at Florence. He says



Sketch of Head by Michael Angelo.

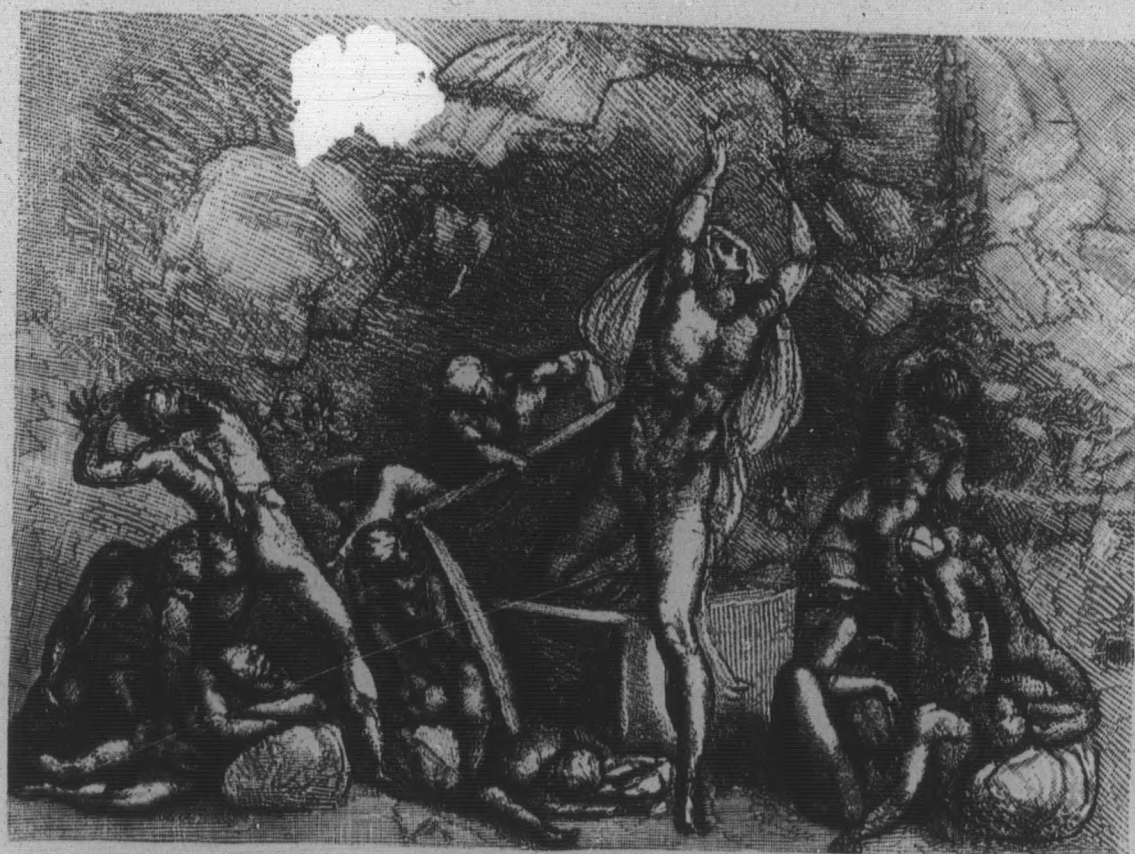
directed to devote himself to that alone, but wherein consists the true grandeur of Michael Angelo's art there is not the faintest hint, neither is there any suggestion of the extraordinary personality which stood behind that art. The curious, almost humorous aspect of the case is the unconscious irony of events bringing into spiritual relationship the stern, solitary Florentine and the sprightly and social painter of fashionable portraits in an age of perukes and gold lace. It is always difficult for the actor in a movement to judge of its future course; therefore Reynolds may have been perfectly sincere in insisting on the imitation of Michael Angelo, and he may really have believed that in

it is of marble, and somewhat more than a braccia high. Our artist was still but a youth when it was done, and desiring to copy the manner of Donatello therein, he has succeeded to such an extent that it might be taken for a work by that master, but exhibits more grace and a higher power of design than he possessed. Mr. Heath Wilson truly observes, "It is not possible to find a criticism more remote from the truth than this. The forms are clumsy and ungraceful, the relative relief of the parts, which in the works of Donatello was managed with such perfect skill, is here misunderstood. The drapery is poorly designed in confused, tormented folds, and whilst it is evidently meant to be

an imitation of the style of Donatello, it is in every way inferior to the works of that great master. It is, indeed, strange that at so short a distance from the period when Donatello lived, and with his masterpieces on every hand, artists should have become so dead to their spirit teaching. His fidelity to nature, whether in those tragic gestures, cries of anguish that rend the heart, or in the calm beauty of his Madonnas, or his joyous groups of children, makes his work more inspiring than that of any other artist, and it might have been thought would have kept Florentine Art sound, and sweet, and natural for evermore."

If, however, we look in vain to contemporary authors for the reason of the sway Michael Angelo has held over the minds of men, we are not left in the same uncertainty on turning to the biographies which have appeared of late years. In no department of learning has modern criticism produced more

valuable results than in the history of Fine Art. Meaning has been restored to work which had long ceased to have any intelligible interest. In the lives of the artists, in the history of the times that shaped those lives, and the ideas that influenced and modified their activity, we obtain the clue to the purport of their productions. Then much which before was only more or less dexterous manipulation becomes instinct with vitality; fresh interests are awakened, and clear knowledge takes the place of vague impressions. In no instance, perhaps, has this revivification been more complete than in that of Michael Angelo. Several biographies of him have appeared, all distinguished by research, learning, and remarkable critical acumen. Moreover, the State archives and documents in the possession of the Buonarotti family have furnished material, which was formerly either inaccessible or unregarded. And what a marvellously dramatic story we have



Study for the Resurrection, by Michael Angelo. From the Royal Collection at Windsor.

revealed to us! So picturesque are the events in which Michael Angelo was an actor, so absorbing their interest, so important is the epoch in which he lived in the cycle of modern Art, that we do not wonder at biography succeeding biography. Then we come to understand the fascination of these priceless drawings, and how each line embodies the thought and emotion of one of the most profound and subtle workers in Art, and then also we learn the reason of their presenting an attitude of revolt or despair. By his works he gave utterance to those protests, almost prophetic denunciations, which he dared not speak with his lips. The tragedy of his life consisted in this: that he, the sober republican, the follower of Savonarola, and whose religious convictions were strongly tinged with the scriptural doctrines of Luther, saw his native land the prey of savage or licentious despots, and her priests the ministers of a spiritual tyranny still more terrible. True, there came occasions when Florence rose in arms

to repel her tyrants, and to Michael Angelo was assigned an honourable post in the direction of her defence, but even then he seems to have been impressed with the hopelessness of resistance. His desertion and sudden flight from Florence in the hour of danger, though atoned for by his subsequent return, was neither more nor less than deplorable cowardice, and must have caused him many bitter tears of repentance. Excuse there can be none, unless it be in that strange and mysterious mental malady which seems to have smitten the Italians of the fifteenth century. We hear of men who had conducted enterprises with extraordinary skill and coolness up to a certain point being suddenly stricken with incapacity: such was the incomprehensible collapse of the conspiracy of Grifonetto Baglione at Perugia, so also with the sorry endings of the careers of men like Duke Valentino and Sigismund Malatesta. A fixed despair seems to have settled upon the souls of men; therefore when Michael Angelo carves his

celebrated statue of Night, her face and attitude indicate hopeless and inexpressible suffering; neither does the Dawn presage brighter things. This is without doubt the most beautiful of his works; but the spirit which infuses her is that of absolute despair, and grief without end. Thus, too, if we study the most perfect example of his genius in painting, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, we find the same sentiment throughout. Adam receives the breath of life from his Maker with an attitude of sullen indifference; fiery serpents smite his progeny, or the Deluge engulfs them; prophets lament over a wasted world, until at last, in the final Judgment, Christ, with angry, almost ferocious gesture, consigns humanity to eternal perdition.

Once, however, in his artistic career he laid aside his prevailing mood, and depicted a scene inspired by a much less sombre sentiment. This was in the cartoon of Pisa, wherein his art touched its highest point, and which was evidently, in the opinion of contemporary artists, from every technical point of view unsurpassable. He here undoubtedly strove to grapple with nature; he set apart his æsthetic theories, and successfully endeavoured to reach objective truth. We especially hear of the marvellous exactitude of the representation of individual form, and such reproductions of portions of the composition that have come down to us fully bear out the statements of contemporaries. The attitudes, also, though representing energetic action, are entirely natural and unconventional. Drawn in his thirtieth year, there is none of the mannerism of the later work, nor the rigidity of the earlier. It was the one example of his genius showing what he might have produced had he lived in happier times, and under more favourable artistic conditions. For it must be remembered the earliest record we have of his practice was his endeavour to arrive at imitation of nature: when copying Martin Schöngauer's 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' the better to attain reality in the forms of the devils, he went to the fish-market and bought fish having scales of strange colour. Again, when a pupil of Ghirlandajo, and while the painting of the great chapel at Sta. Maria Novella was in progress, he made an accurate drawing of the scaffolding, trestles, &c., with the young men at work on the frescoes. Had he remained in the workshop of Ghirlandajo instead of being admitted into the household of Lorenzo de' Medici, he might have continued the tradition of Florentine Art; it was the association with the literary men and pedants who sat at Lorenzo's table that warped the right direction of his talent. It must have been there also that he was first initiated into those pseudo-Platonic speculations which inspired his verse and paralyzed his art. Till his time, literature in Italy had held the second place, and Art the first; but when painting became learned, when it accepted its theories from men of letters, at once the former positions were changed; and this was one of the main causes of its decline. It is easy now to see that Michael Angelo should have continued the path which Signorelli had followed—that he should have taken up the torch which the latter had borne so splendidly. That he was influenced by Luca is, of course, understood, but it was the form rather than the spirit which he assimilated. At the same time it must be admitted Luca's task was the more easy: when he worked it seemed as if there were boundless hopes for Italy. And he stood, like one of his own men-of-arms, determined to maintain the rights of freedom, in revolt against what cramped the fullest spiritual and intellectual development in the past, while recognising all that was noble in its patiently accumulated wisdom, alive to the new movement that was struggling into birth, passionately

worshipping beauty, but proclaiming that the highest beauty must live in an element of joyful serenity. Michael Angelo, whether from choice or necessity, trod a different road, but he also bore himself bravely, and peace came to him at the end, or, if not peace, at least ironical acquiescence in the inevitable; not accepting what was as right, for in the last years we find him writing to Vasari, "No man should laugh when the whole world is in tears." Pope Julius said of him, "He is an awful man, and difficult to deal with:" when, however, we read of the hindrances he received in his work from the vacillation or imperious demands of popes and princes there can be little surprise at his difficulty. For his biting speeches to his fellow-artists there was less excuse, though we may believe they came rather from the head than the heart. The antagonism of Michael Angelo and Raphael seems rather to have been commenced and carried on by their scholars and followers than to have sprung from any personal feeling in the masters themselves. Michael Angelo, moreover, instinctively felt that his veritable rival was the many-sided, far-seeing Leonardo: the more dangerous because he saw Da Vinci held himself aloof from all personal rivalry. Basing his principles on fundamental laws, Leonardo had a calm assurance of their truth and ultimate triumph. He could no more cherish an antipathy or nurse a hatred than could Shakespeare or Goethe. It was not so with the sombre, brooding nature of Michael Angelo. In the anonymous contemporary *Life of Leonardo*, published in the *Archivio Storico*, there is related an anecdote vividly illustrating their respective characters. Leonardo one day, in company with G. da Gavina, passed by Santa Trinità, where there was a company of honourable men who disputed about a passage of Dante; they called to Leonardo and asked him to explain its sense, and by chance it happened that Michael Angelo passed by at that moment, and he too was called by one of those present; then Leonardo suggested that he doubtless could give the desired explanation, whereon Michael Angelo, supposing this was said in mockery, angrily answered, "Explain it thyself, thou who designed a horse and could not cast it in bronze, and for very shame abandoned it." And having said this he turned his back and went on his way, whilst Leonardo reddened at the words, and Michael Angelo, wishing further to wound Leonardo, added, "And thou wert believed in by que' caponi de' Milanesi." Representing principles so radically diverse, and all semblance of courtesy being disdained by Michael Angelo, the rivalry became a duel to the death. While living Michael Angelo triumphed, but at his chariot wheels he dragged the lifeless body of Florentine Art. Or perhaps it would be more fair to say that the Art of the past had run its course and accomplished its destiny. Art, being the finest and most delicate expression of man's thought and sentiment, can scarcely show fair and sweet when the body politic is fatally corrupt. The praise and honour for what was truly sublime in Michael Angelo's work are due to him alone; what there was in it of shortcoming or misdirection arose from causes not within his control. We may imagine a time when his frescoes shall have crumbled away, and the works of his hand have turned to dust, but the imperishable records of his life will show that at a period the most intensely exciting of modern history, and the actors in which were men of unsurpassed daring, originality, and force of character, the heroic figure of Michael Angelo stands forth as one of the noblest and most highly gifted.

HENRY WALLIS.

ART NOTES.

NEW YORK—NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The fifty-seventh annual exhibition is a disappointment. It is inevitable that in over eight hundred paintings hung there must be good work, but this is not in sufficient strength to overcome the dead-level of mediocrity which gives character to the exhibition. The custom of the Academy, which gives certain advantages to the Academicians, is not alone responsible for this mediocrity. Of paintings on the line a large proportion are by outsiders, and there are only six Academicians who exhibit in any position four paintings, which is the largest number exhibited by any member of the Academy, the greater number contributing no more than two works. Any one familiar with the exhibitions of the Academy can readily imagine what a large proportion of these paintings are, both in subject and treatment, for they have appeared from year to year with wearisome regularity. There is nothing that compares in importance with Eastman Johnson's 'Funding Bill,' or 'The Old Roadway' of George Inness. What is lacking in material has not been made up by judicious hanging. Three more honest, conscientious men than Messrs. Shattuck, Yewell and Cropsey, never composed a Hanging Committee. They have not used their positions for the benefit of themselves nor for their friends. They seem to have been guided chiefly by the size of the frames, irrespective of their contents. The familiar plea of disappointed artists, that their paintings are injured by unfavorable juxtaposition, is not of consideration. A painting ought to be able to hold its own after it leaves the studio. The complaint of the public is of more moment, and this is that the Hanging Committee has sacrificed, to the symmetrical appearance of the rooms, a number of the best and most interesting works in the collection. These cannot be obscured, for they are discovered on the floor, on the sky line, and in the darkest corners of the corridor; but the effort of discriminating them should have been made by the Hanging Committee, and the paintings have been placed where they might have added lustre to the exhibition, and have been readily seen by the public.

The portraits retain their usual proportion. They make, indeed, one of the most interesting divisions of the exhibition, as no branch of art more completely illustrates the changes which art in general has undergone in the last few years. A glance from the expressed prettinesses of Mr. Huntington to the homely reserve of Miss Sartain's 'Marie' encloses the whole intervening field. Within this we see from what different aspects men and women have been at times contemplated. The view takes a wide scope, including their cuticles, hair, and various physical attributes, their clothes, and, lastly, their characters. Each of these represents some passing fashion in art; and if we now admire Miss Sartain and Mr. Weir, we must remember that we were formerly wont to admire Mr. Huntington and Mr. Hicks, and that next year we may have forgotten the fashion of to-day and prefer another sort of cuticle and other integuments. Through all these changes, the process which has gone on has been that which is perceived in other forms of art. It is that from idealism to realism. Mr. Hicks's 'Lady at the Opera' is a contemporary of Lady Blessington and the *Annals*, when women were seen, not as they are, but as they ought to be—tall, graceful, high-bred, and diaphanous, from a not too material diet. This view has its merit, for, however we may feel toward it, there is in it a certain elevation which is lost elsewhere, except in the noble heroines of newspapers, that circulate only below stairs, since literature has upheld the banner of realism longer and more vigorously than art. The portraits by Mr. Huntington are, as always, refined, and make up, in a sort of complimentary prettiness, for the actual wear and tear of light, heat and cold, on the complexions. Yet, unluckily, however artists may repair the ravages of nature, they cannot counterfeit its charm of freshness and vitality. This, perhaps, leads us to prefer the franker realism of the younger painters, who not often smear the faces of their sitters with muddy, dirty tints, which we are half-persuaded into accepting, because of the other faithful, if homely traits, that they catch. There is something of this in the portrait of George W. Maynard, by J. Alden Weir, which, though almost concealed toward the zenith, is not lost. There is this, also, in Mrs. Whitman's portrait of a child. It is scarcely more than a sketch, the modelling of the face is

1882.

but imperfectly brought out, and the tints are not clear, but there is the suggestion of freshness and vitality, which will outweigh a number of imperfections. Purity of flesh tones certainly cannot be ascribed to the portrait of a lady by J. Alden Weir; the lower part of the face, neither, is sufficiently evolved, notwithstanding he records what one feels to be a certain phase of individuality. He has also secured a pleasant arrangement of color in the drapery. The value of this may be estimated by comparing it with Mr. Healey's portrait of a lady, with which it is balanced. In Mr. Healey's portrait, to an ugly combination of a light, neutral tint with gray, he has contrasted a vivid, hard spray of red roses, which put the teeth on edge. The best color in Mr. Healey's portrait is the landscape in the rear, to which the curtain bears some inexplicable relation, as in the upper part it appears to mingle with the foliage. All this, however, is insignificant, compared with the uneasy pose of the figure and its disagreeable sense of raw paint. Mr. Eastman Johnson has done himself his usual justice, but has divided it between two portraits. In the portrait of a lady, he has rendered the luxurious plush and the different accoutrements of a lady in toilet equal to one of the best of drapery painters. The face he has left with the usual covering which nature provides, and has there rested. Across the room is the portrait of an old man, in whose face is all that the other lacks—expression, individuality, human sympathy. In the portrait of Wendell Phillips, by Frederick P. Vinton, there is a sense of manliness and straightforwardness which ought, but by no means always is, to be found in the portraits of men. The same thing characterizes the portrait of Captain Fyffe, by Edgar M. Ward, in which, also, is to be remarked that bearing which does not need the uniform to tell of martinet drill and naval discipline. The portraits of Mr. Porter and Mr. Munzig are both disappointing. Mr. Munzig is deluded by sweetness and prettiness, his work in oil by no means equalling that in black and white. Mr. Porter does not fulfill his earlier promise. His portrait of a lady this year is dry and hard, and his style, once so agreeable, is becoming a mannerism. Among this group of portraits in the east room is Miss Sartain's 'Marie,' which has been alluded to. The portrait is painted in a half light, which on the face is deepened by the shadow of the hat. The highest lights are, indeed, subdued, but with great skill and moderation the modelling is effected, and as strongly in the darkest part of the face as in the light. There is also a fine sense of the softness and texture of the flesh. The work is done with perfect frankness and without any straining after effects. The portrait of a child, by Miss Rosina Emmet, is scarcely as satisfactory as other of her portraits. This is apparently the result of careless treatment, seen in the stiff folds of the child's dress, and certain negligence in other parts of the work. But one readily pardons this on account of the tenderness and charm which she has caught in the little face, a charm which is something beyond that of the correct drawing of its lineaments. Two other portraits of children, in the south room, must be mentioned. The portrait of little Miss Vedder, by George Butler, Jr., has the unusual quality of calling attention to the child rather than to its image. There is a sense of an agreeable personality. This is the most flattering compliment an artist pays to a sitter, but it is doubtful whether to do this always is in his power. The portrait, also of a child, directly above, by Charters Williamson, has merits of another sort. These lie in its strength and sturdy frankness, rendered almost at the expense of the subject, who is placed uncompromisingly before the public. The largest group of portraits is the theological faculty of Yale College, by Prof. John F. Weir. The first thing remarked is the low tone of the painting. This, with the five black gowns, makes an ensemble almost gloomy, and hardly due to the theology of Yale. The grouping is admirable. There is an absence of constraint, and we may easily suppose that they are all intent on the point which Dr. Bacon is elaborating and has just emphasized with his fist. In the corridor are found two portraits by John Alexander (one being that of Thurlow Weed), which give some positive signs of promise. These by no means exhaust the portraits hung, but include all that present distinctive traits and sufficiently illustrate portraiture as it exists at present.

It cannot be said that landscape painting is declining, but it evidently engages the attention of fewer artists, and those

who still contribute landscapes to the exhibition, for the most part content themselves with modest canvases. 'A Winter Morning' by George Inness, conforms to the unexpected, which may always be associated with this artist, who is the least mannered of all and who finds greater variety of themes than other artists in landscape. In these he is not always, however, equally successful. This canvas is thin and vapory, wanting in agreeable color, and lacking in that poetical charm which usually belongs to his brush. In the south room 'Under the Greenwood' is in a more accustomed vein, and is a stronger piece of work. Mr. Wyant has drawn a circle about his endeavors and keeps strictly within it. Of this we might have the right to complain did he not disarm remonstrance by doing what he does so well. His grays and greens are perennial as the seasons. An Adirondack brook, with mists clearing before a wall of rock in the background, is his chief work. But of this and its kindred so much has been said that repetition only is left. The most prominent competitor this year is Robert C. Minor in 'The Vale of Kennet,' an English rural scene. Mr. Minor works in something the same way, but with a more joyous manner. He has virile strength, and at the same time is poetical. There is a rarer quality in 'The Edge of the Forest' by C. Roger Donahu, a Paris student, who sends a fringe of forest trees, through which is seen the fields and sunset-sky, expressed with strength, refinement and great reserve. Every one will congratulate W. Gedney Bunce for transferring his Venetian colors to 'The Hillside' which he contributes. Nothing in the exhibition equals this in pure sensuous color. It is interesting to note how completely this fills the canvas, and how little account one takes of the composition whose elements at this writing it would be impossible to detail. The Hanging Committee has placed this joyous little canvas on the floor, where it enlivens all the space about it. George H. Smillie's 'On the Merrimac,' it is gratifying to know, is to go to Scotland. There are other landscapes in the exhibition more interesting, but none that can be sent with as gratifying conscience among people who do not know us. It has none of those confused elements which the Adirondack school made a feature of landscape painting. The composition is of the utmost simplicity. It is equally simple and unpretending in treatment, but full of grace and loveliness, which will be sure to delight its fortunate possessor. There are several large landscapes which claim attention. Among these a 'Stormy Day on the Moor,' by J. R. Brevoort, with a fine sky; Chas. H. Miller's 'Stormy Day on Long Island,' which might be mistaken for an English scene, by an English painter; and A. F. Bunner's 'Summer in New England.' By W. J. Hennessy is a Thames view at sunset, with hay barges, the canvas being still somewhat empty. The 'View of Stockbridge Mountain' by J. B. Bristol has the artist's usual delicate strength and refinement. Into his 'Sad November' Jervis McEntee has introduced an impenetrable-blue haze, whose color in the foreground he has focussed in a bird hovering over a pool. Even so slight a diversion among the older men is welcome. That they have not made it before, and oftener, is to be laid rather to the public, who does its uttermost to prevent a man doing aught but that he has once done well. 'The Head of Tidewater,' by A. F. Bellows, is most agreeable in color, and so broadly treated, that the lines of its crowded background of houses is not disagreeably felt. R. Swain Gifford has given a strong rendering of 'Nonquitt Cliffs,' in which he has found some pleasant color in the dark evergreens among the brown rocks. D. W. Tryon is one of the most prolific of the younger landscape painters. His execution is a trifle dry and hard, but he has some nice color in his harvest scenes, and adds thereto an agreeable feeling of sentiment. The exuberant color of many of the older school of landscape painters, contrasts strangely with the restraints of the younger men in this respect. As if to belie their youth, they use their color boxes meagrely and almost as if bound by a vow. To these must be excepted Bruce Crane, who has no fears of his green tubes which he uses joyously, and furnishes canvases that are good companions on dull days. Bolton Jones, of more varied tastes, has likewise a greater liking for more positive color. Mr. Murphy is true to his browns and grays, which he uses still with charm. None of the younger men has produced a nicer bit than Wm. C. Fittler in 'In the Orchard' a small uppretentious landscape. What Mr. Bunce has done in one key, William J. Lefebvre has done in another, these two marking the extremes of beautiful color in the exhibition. In 'The Ox Team,' with its deep full greens, the red of the oxen and the grays of the sky make a chord of color so rich and agreeable, that the eye is satisfied without caring further for its cause. It is not probable that this would satisfy the artist, whose

etchings indicated his tendency toward the drawing of animals. In this line, which Carlton Wiggins has taken up, he has also made additional headway in this respect. Mr. Wiggins's work now is also marked by a certain grave restraint, which is encouraging for the future. The works of other *genre* must be omitted until next month.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—Whatever the virtues and vices of the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists, and these seem to depend quite as much on the mental standpoint of the observers as to inhere in the exhibitions themselves, they are never commonplace. For this reason they are the most interesting exhibitions of the year. The good things are of the sort that excite enthusiasm, and the bad have an atrocity that provokes emotion which acts like a tonic on the nerves. As has been intimated, the good and bad are often interchangeable according to the spectator, but the strength of feeling, of the one sort or the other, remains. Unlike other exhibitions, where the effort not to see becomes fatiguing, here almost every work has some claim upon the attention. This is partly due to the size of the exhibition, but chiefly to the care exercised by the jury of admission, which results unfortunately in the exclusion of many creditable works, rather than the hanging of any which fail to elicit comment. The Society is now in its fifth year, and has made a place for itself both independent of the indiscriminate praises of its eulogists, and the criticisms of its detractors. It is not too much to say that it contains the best pictures which the season has produced, with the exception of one at the Academy of Design, which is, however, by a member of the young Society. The portrait of his mother by J. A. McNeil Whistler, is given the place occupied last year by Bastien-Lepage's great work. This feature of the American Artists' Exhibition is so agreeable that we may hope it will be continued. The painting is not wholly unfamiliar, having been exhibited at Philadelphia and reproduced by engraving. But it is still fruitful in interest. Mr. Whistler calls it an arrangement in white and black, and is one of those artistic problems of which he has shown himself fond. But to an even greater extent than in his 'Lady in White' he has given it human sympathy, which makes it of interest to the public, as well as to the limited circle of artists. How much better this is than the barren results of mere technic, every one who feels the tenderness and refinement of the seated figure amid the homely surroundings will appreciate. Considered otherwise, it is a thorough piece of work, and shows how much can be accomplished by the most simple, direct means. Such teaching is not out of place in the exhibition, as, for example, in the lower half of Abbot Thayer's otherwise fine work, 'Lady and Horse,' and in the portrait by Alden Weir, whose roses are built out in low relief. The various qualities and tones of the black, its lightness and fineness, as in the folds of the curtain, are so little suggestive of the means he has taken to get them, that it becomes an effort to give it attention. This is done by glazing over the underlying black surface. The method recalls Wm. Page, who insisted that in this way Titian proceeded in his portraits. The weakest part of the work is in the failure to realize satisfactorily the different planes. Priscilla Fauntleroy, one of Hawthorne's heroines, by George Fuller, is by all odds the finest painting of the year. At the same time, it may be remarked, that it is the rock on which visitors to the exhibition split, and rend one another with arguments. Priscilla is a beautiful young girl, three-quarters life-size, seen through a golden haze. This is the seal which Mr. Fuller puts upon his work. To those unaffected by his painting, this is his mannerism, and beyond this they do not go. If this were all, there were no need to go further. But from out this haze appear the most solid technical qualities, beautiful drawing, and color that may be fairly called decorative. If he had done nothing more, Mr. Fuller would not have gone beyond many others; but no artist has produced such beautiful types of lovely innocent girlhood. His art as painter has been the means of expressing that which is worthy of his art, and which is much more rare. This union every one will agree is not common, and gives especial value to Mr. Fuller as an artist. 'Lorette,' a figure of about the same size, is a young girl with wheat in her arms, a French-Canadian type, not as attractive as the Priscilla in color or in conception, but, notwithstanding, a beautiful work. Abbot Thayer's 'Lady and Horse' is the most striking picture of the exhibition, and is greatly in advance of Mr. Thayer's previous work. The lady is a handsome young woman with red gold hair and fine complexion, dressed in a dark, olive-green velvet habit, gauntled, and standing by her horse's head. The force which Mr. Thayer has given to the figure, by subordi-

nating the horse in the background, on which he has expended but little drawing, is a wise reserve that not every one would have practiced. The figure is indeed very beautiful, and worthy of its prominence. The head is set with distinction on a round columnar neck, rising above the simple dark line of the dress which no laces or frills are called upon to hide. In the lower half of the canvas, the background projects even beyond the drapery, a difficulty which some evident scratches in the canvas, apparently marking folds, do not remedy. In his other work, 'The Student,' Mr. Thayer is chalky, as of old, a characteristic he has omitted in the lady with the horse. Two portraits by Frank Duveneck, contain some excellently painted textures, noticeably the fur on the dress of the elderly lady, and in the costume of the younger. Singularly, they have complexions identical in color and texture, and both are distinguished by a lack in modelling which only scrutiny succeeds in bringing out. The Andover portrait, by Frank Vinton, is fresh and vigorous, and proves Mr. Vinton an excellent painter of men; of women he has not given us an example. The portrait of a child, by Mrs. Whitman, to continue the Boston portraits, is full of vitality and freshness. The child stands bareheaded in a field of dandelions. Mrs. Whitman, with broad effects, gets at once lightness and more substantial qualities. She has shaken off in great measure the trail of Mr. Hunt's brush, which marked all his pupils, and has acquired her own distinguishing features. She contributes also a canvas of rhododendrons, especially good in the flowers and background. The portrait of a lady by J. Alden Weir has been alluded to. It is much less successful than his Academy portraits. The color is raw and inharmonious. 'The Bather,' is a Henner-like motive, but treated in a very un-Henner-like fashion. The flesh tints are chalky, and the canvas, wanting in power, is not compensated for its lack by beauty. The portraits by Wyatt Eaton are substantial if not remarkable pieces of work. Carroll Beckwith exhibits a pleasing portrait of a lady in a bonnet, and with a clever rendering of the softness and "humanness" of flesh. His best work is a dashing sketch of rippling water, with reflections, which is worth all his azaleas and models' breakfasts, whose table equipage is cold enough to chill the toast and coffee. Mr. W. M. Chase has not ventured beyond a couple of experiments, both clever of course. The diffused light in the 'Girl Reading' is excellent, and the girl herself is a very pleasant, companionable sort of person. The studio interior is interesting, but in a way which artists who are fond of special bits of good work, rather than of ensembles, will chiefly admire. The portrait of Dr. Neftel, by Frank Fowler, shows a great deal of quiet power both in its feeling of individuality and in its treatment.

Always one of the most attractive points about these exhibitions is the liability to surprises. One never knows exactly what to expect of the younger men. Mr. F. D. Millet, who has been interesting himself in classic studies, appears with the best marine of the season. It is apparently only a study, for the water would dash out of the canvas but for the frame. But it surges up with a power that gives a better idea of the resistless force of the ocean than one usually finds in art galleries. The color, in depth and transparency, is excellent. Arthur Quartley's contributions are both small, but he has done nothing better. The study from nature is fresh and full of vigor. Out of his view of 'New York from the Jersey Shore,' he has drawn loveliness and refinement, making it not only a view, but a picture. There is much of the sort of vitality found in Mr. Millet's and Mr. Quartley's sketches, in this exhibition. The 'Winter' of J. H. Twachtman, two hillside slopes with sparse wood, and snow-covered, has all the bleakness of desolation which is to be found in such localities. It is given unrelentingly real, and shows surprising power. The 'Early Spring' of Bolton Jones is a pleasanter treatment of a pleasanter subject. There is in it a nipping air, which puts colors and outlines into somewhat sharp and unpleasant prominence, but that, too, belongs to early spring. Frank Jones's 'At the Ferry' has such a capital-painted foreground, and suggestions of detail so pleasantly made out elsewhere, that the figure is not necessary to give it interest. The 'Early Morning' of Bruce Crane requires the catalogue to identify the artist. It is a clever little canvas, and in it he finds himself equally at home with graver color. The 'Autumn' of Edwin H. Blashfield is scarcely so much a picture as a decorative panel. This is by reason of its arrangement, which places the figure in a niche in a stone slab. But the figure and its immediate surroundings fulfill all the requirements of a picture. A dark-haired woman, past her youth, watching the birds flitting by, typifies the season. The attitude, particularly the right arm, has a little too much of the

washwoman in its pose; but, too much cannot be said of the draperies and of their color, which carries out the tints of the leaves at her feet in a beautiful disposition of dun yellows and reds. These by no means complete the list of noteworthy works, which must remain over until next month for want of space.

That the time will ever come when the Hanging Committees of art exhibitions shall receive the reward from every one, "Well done, good and faithful servants," cannot be hoped. The results of the troubles arising from the exhibition of the Water-Color Society, and the dissatisfaction of the exhibitors at the Spring exhibition of the Academy of Design, make it evident that some radical change is necessary. It is a well-known fact that the members of the Academy shirk their duties in this department whenever it is possible. It has been suggested that the committee be selected from the members in alphabetical order, and that the disagreeable task be imposed on all alike in turn. There is but little hope that the Academy will abrogate its privileges to members; but judicious hanging will neutralize, in part, the result of these privileges, as it might easily have done this year. On the contrary, we find the strongest work of the exhibition, Mr. Alden Weir's 'Popindrecht Milk Maid,' hung in the darkest corner of the corridor. As to the selfishness which is urged more properly against the Hanging Committee of the Water-Color Society, it may be said that the grace of hospitality is one that properly belongs to the ideal Hanging Committee, and this obliges that others be served first, instead of greedily appropriating the best places. As for the public, for which, after all, the exhibitions are held, the Hanging Committee that will put the best pictures where they can be best seen, no matter by whom painted, will receive from it well-earned thanks and appreciation.

Since the above was in type, at the annual meeting of the Academy of Design a resolution was passed embodying this suggestion: that the Hanging Committee should be chosen from the members in alphabetical order, and adding that, on failing to serve, the names of such members shall be put on the Hanging Committee for the ensuing year.

The Sharples portraits of Washington and Mrs. Washington, which have been on exhibition in New York, have less an artistic than historical interest. There is nothing in the drawing or coloring which will make them accepted as great works of art; but they do give a presentation of traits in Washington, of which we find no trace in the Stuart portraits. The mouth in the Stuart portraits is singularly weak, amounting to but little more than an unmeaning slit. Here we find it full of energy and decision, and that it corresponds much more nearly to the historic accounts of the accomplished general and wise president. The story of the portraits is that they were painted by Sharples, who was a relative of a Mr. Cary who had been the commercial agent of Washington in London before the war. He was a man of means, and on coming to this country on a visit after the war, brought letters of introduction and commissions for the portraits. In addition to these, he began the portraits of Jefferson and Adams, but these were never finished. An effort was made some years ago by Washington Irving and others to buy them, but they could not then be sold. The paintings we believe are now for sale; no effort, however, has yet been made to secure them.

The Cypriote antiquities at the Metropolitan Museum have been the cause of another series of charges and counter-charges between Mr. G. L. Feuardent, Mr. Clarence Cook and Mr. di Cesnola, and, as the matter now rests, there is nothing as yet established. The charges of the first two gentlemen make the antiquities not only a fraud, but a much-patched-up fraud. They have placed the strength of their attack on two statues claimed by the Director of the Metropolitan Museum as monoliths that have not been restored. These two statues are the Aphrodite and Eros, which Mr. Cook calls 'a patchwork of unrelated parts,' and a man with a horned head of an animal in his hand whose various transmutations make up a series of plates that have been given to the public. Not content with this, Mr. Cook demolishes the Temple of Golgoi, from whence the statues were taken. Mr. di Cesnola's answer is an unqualified denial, and the two statues have been placed on exhibition in the main hall of the Museum and the public invited to give them close scrutiny. The trustees of the Museum support Mr. di Cesnola in the matter, which can probably only be settled satisfactorily by demolishing the statues.

NEW YORK CITY.—The sale of the Wolfe collection of paintings exceeded in interest even that of the Morton-Hoe paintings, the bids often advancing a thousand dollars at a time. Bouguereau's 'Nymphs and Satyrs' was bought for \$10,010 by Edward S. Stokes, for the Hoffman House Café; 'Springtime,' by Cot, brought \$9700; Mr. D. C. Lyall, of Brooklyn, was the purchaser. 'Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn' was sold for \$3500 to Mr. Schiff. The following are other prominent paintings sold and their purchasers: 'Fellah Woman and Child,' Bonnat, \$6000; Mr. Jackson; 'Combat for the Colors,' Detaille, \$2700, Knœdler & Co.; 'Ville d'Avray,' Corot, \$2050; Child's Head, Knaus, \$1000, W. C. Whitney; 'Veiled Circassian Lady,' Gérôme, \$3800, W. C. Whitney; Falero's 'Meteors,' M. Munoz, \$2800; 'Emperor Charles V. and Fugger the Banker,' Carl Becker, \$3900, S. Loeb; 'Birth of Venus,' by Cabanel, \$5300; Makart's 'Egyptian Water Carriers,' \$3100; Vollon's 'Dresden China and Fruit,' \$1050; the 'Noonday Repast,' E. Frère, \$1,025. The total amount of the sale of ninety-six pictures was \$131,865.—J. S. Hartley, the sculptor, has given a private view of the plaster model of the statue of Miles Morgan, ordered by Mr. H. T. Morgan, of Springfield, Mass., for that city, where it is to be erected in the court-house square. Morgan is represented in the prime of life, starting for the field, armed with both gun and hoe. He wears the home-made dress of his day, with knee-breeches and ribbed stockings, a conical broad-brimmed hat on his head. His face is that of a determined but somewhat anxious man, who has paused to look around for a possible Indian lurking near. The modelling, which is broad, and directed rather toward realistic effects, is very satisfactory. The statue will be cast in bronze. The pedestal, designed by Mr. D. W. Willard, is festooned with wreaths of bronze, oak leaves, and acorns. On the face is to be cut: "Miles Morgan, an early settler of Springfield. Died 1699, aged eighty-four. Erected by one of his descendants of the fifth generation in 1882."—Mr. W. M. Chase is to paint the portrait of the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts for the State Department at Washington.—Miss Abbott, Mrs. Dillon, Messrs. Rehn, Nicoll, McEntee, and Farrer, were the fortunate painters of pictures sold at New Orleans.—The result of sales made by New York artists at Springfield was \$6,600. Among the sellers were Messrs. Parton, Nicoll, Bristol, Shattuck, T. N. Wood, Wordsworth Thompson, E. L. Henry, Bierstadt, Bricher, Wm. Hart, Ream, Gaul, James Hart, Tait, Witt, Silva, and de Haas.—The Durer Club, a new art society, has for its aim the publication of a series of portfolios of etchings. Mr. C. H. Platt is the President. The membership is limited to one hundred.—Thus far there have been 97 paintings sold at the Academy of Design, amounting to \$32,250. Those bringing the largest prices are 'Woman's Work is Never Done,' S. J. Guy, \$875; 'Uncle Ned and I,' T. W. Wood, \$800; 'Just One Year Ago,' Douglas Volk, \$800; 'Still Life,' W. M. Brown, \$600; 'Nonquit Cliffs,' R. Swain Gifford, \$800; 'Tuning Up,' J. G. Brown, \$1,000; 'Charging the Battery,' Gilbert Gabl, \$1500; 'Waiting,' S. J. Guy, \$850; 'Vale of Kennet,' R. C. Minor, \$1200; 'Bleak Day,' W. P. W. Dana, \$1,000; 'Morning off Appledore,' Arthur Quartley, \$1,000; 'The Neighbors,' J. G. Brown, \$1200; 'Scene on Grand Canal, Holland,' C. Y. Turner, \$2,500; Head, by F. A. Bridgman, \$450; 'Near Stockbridge,' J. B. Bristol, \$600; 'Clear the Track,' J. G. Brown, \$1500; 'Kept In,' Douglas Volk, \$400; 'Waterloo,' E. H. Blasfield, \$300; 'Mosque at Cairo,' Samuel Colman, \$450; 'She Seals Her Fate,' J. W. Champney, \$400; 'Curzon's Mills,' A. T. Bricher, \$800.—The sales at the American Art Gallery exhibition of the Society of American Artists have been: 'Priscilla Fauntleroy,' George Fuller, \$4000; 'Lorette,' by the same artist, \$3500; 'Spring,' by H. Bolton Jones, \$350; 'At the Ferry,' Frank Jones, \$250; 'Sketch from Nature,' Arthur Quartley, \$125; 'October Storm,' Geo. H. Smillie, \$125; 'Midday on the Meadows,' Chas. Melville Dewey, \$200; 'Cairo Café,' F. A. Bridgman, \$2500.

PHILADELPHIA.—The exhibition of Belgian pictures opened at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Monday, April 3d. The project is due to Mr. Edward Seve, the Consul-General of Belgium, who has interested the Belgian Government to the point of undertaking the expense of exportation, and the Academy to opening its galleries, and giving the exhibition official recognition. The greater number of important works are historical subjects, to which Belgian artists have always been largely addicted. Many of the artists represented are familiar to the American public, but the greater number are new names. The most striking work on exhibition is 'The Masked Ball,' by Charles Hermans, a

lively scene, crowded with figures, and high in color. By Alexander Robert, is 'Charles V. in the Presence of Death'; Portaels sends a coquettish Judith; Jean Verhas, a child with pigeons; Emile Wauters, two sketches for his large historical pictures, 'Mary of Burgundy taking the Oath at Brussels,' and 'Jean VI. and the Guilds of Brussels.' By Everiste Carpenter, is his painting, 'The Refugees'; Franz Meerts, 'The Young Rossini Blowing the Bellows for his Master'; Emil Sacre, 'The Death of a Pitman,' with life-size figures; Edmond de Prateres, some clever animal paintings, one, especially good, of two donkeys, called 'Two Members of the Temperance Society'; Heyerman, 'Prayer during a Storm,' a nice genre; Markelbach, 'Demoiselles of the Seventeenth Century.' The most dramatic work is Alexander Struy's 'Dishonored.' Joseph Stallaert is represented by 'St. Almayne, or the Last Combat of the Gladiators'; and the principal work of Xavier Mallery is 'The Mother of the Gracchi.' Landscapes are by Alphonse Asselbergs, Jacques Rosseels, J. T. Cooseman, Franz Courtens, and Franz Hens. Robbe has sent cattle and Robie flowers. The entire number of works are 300.—The old Philadelphia Art Union has been reorganized by John Sartain, Chas. S. Keyser, Richard Vaux, John Scollay, Henry Freeman, James S. Kovengarten. Each subscriber, on the payment of \$5, receives an engraving, and the chance of drawing one of twenty paintings.—Charles G. Leland has been elected President of the Ladies' Decorative Art Club.

MINOR NOTES.—The Chicago Art League will hold an exhibition in Black and White next fall.—The women artists of Chicago have started a life-class.—The Bohemian Club, an art society of Chicago, is illustrating Tennyson.—The St. Louis Sketch Club has elected for new officers: President, Almon B. Thompson; Vice-President, Carl Antherz; Secretary, Wm. Eames; Treasurer, W. L. Marples. Directors: H. C. Ives, J. R. Meeker, Paul E. Harney. A life-class has been started in San Francisco by the resident artists.—The Woolsey medal, presented to President Woolsey, of Yale College, is two and two-third inches in diameter, an eighth of an inch thick, and weighs a half pound. On the obverse side is the portrait; on the reverse, a wreath of laurel leaves and the inscription: "Præceptori suo. Præceptores Valensi," and the date in Roman numerals. It was made by Chaplain, of Paris. One hundred copies, in bronze, were made, and the die broken.—A statue of Calhoun is to be erected at Charleston, S. C. The model made by A. E. Harrish represents him as having risen from his seat, in speaking, with his index finger extended. It will be cast in bronze.—Springfield, Mass., is to be presented with a statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, modelled by Saint-Gaudens, by his descendant, Mr. Chester W. Chapin.—The Marquis of Lorne has presented to Prince Leopold, on his marriage, a view of Quebec, painted by Mr. O'Brien of that city.—A statue of Longfellow has been proposed to Cambridge by Mr. Arthur Gilman.—'Custer's Last Rally,' by John Mulvaney, is to be purchased by public subscription at Louisville.—The founder of the Boston Art Association, and for thirty years Master of the Lowell Institute Drawing School, George Hollingsworth, recently died.—Olin L. Warner has recently completed a bust of the little daughter of Daniel Cottier.—The Jones collection of French art works, chiefly porcelain, presented to the South Kensington Museum, is valued at £300,000.—Lord Ronald Gower has executed a figure of Lord Beaconsfield.—'Abandoned' by Ernest Slingemeyer, has been sold at Philadelphia.—The Providence Historical Society is the owner of a view of Providence made by an amateur, Thomas Young, in 1798. It is a painting and was engraved and used by the Providence Marine Society on certificates of membership.—The annual exhibition of the Royal Academy and of the Grosvenor Gallery opened on the 29th of April.—Daniel C. French, the sculptor, has completed his group, 'Science Controlling Steam and Electricity,' for the Boston Post Office. Science is seated, holding in her left hand a magnet; on the right, on his knee, his hands chained, is Steam, a strong, athletic figure; on the left, standing, is Electricity, a wiry youth with lightning under his feet, and whom Science has not yet completely subjugated.—The receipts of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for the last year were \$5223.63; the paid admissions, 19,670; free admissions, 144,815. John L. Gardiner has given \$20,000 to the endowment fund.—The Museum of Brussels has purchased 'The Plague of Tournay,' by Gallait, for \$22,000.—Tissot, Moreau, de Neuville, Bastien-Lepage, and Delaunay, have become members of the French Water-Color Society.



PAINTED BY VAL. PRINSEP. A. R. A.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

'A BIENTÔT'

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF G. C. SCHWABE ESQ.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN'S ETCHINGS.

PERHAPS the two qualities which, as one gets a little blasé about the productions of Art, continue the most to stir and stimulate, and to quicken the sense of enjoyment, are the quality of vigour and the quality of exquisiteness. If an artist is so fortunate as to possess both these virtues fully, he is sure not only to please a chosen public during several generations, but to please the individual student—if he be a capable student—at all times and in all moods, and, of the two, perhaps that is really the severer test. But to have these qualities in any fulness, and in equal measure, is given to a man only here and there over the range of centuries. It is given to a Titian, to a Rembrandt, and of course to a Turner; it is given in the days of the Grand Monarch to a Watteau, and in the days of the Second Empire to a Méryon. But so notable and rare a union is denied—is it not?—even to a Velasquez; while what we praise most in Moreau le Jeune is by no means a facility of vigour, and what is characteristic of David Cox is certainly no charm of exquisiteness. To unite the two qualities—I mean always, of course, in the fulness and equality first spoken of—demands not a rich temperament alone. The full display of either by itself demands that. It demands a temperament of quite exceptional variety: the presence, it sometimes seems, almost of two personalities—so unlike are the two phases of the gift which we call genius.

With the artists of energy and vigour I class Mr. Seymour Haden. Theirs is the race to which, indeed, quite obviously, he belongs. Alive, undoubtedly, to grace of form, fire and vehemence of expression are yet his dominant qualities. With him, as the artistic problem is first conceived, so must it be executed, and it must be executed immediately. His energy is not to be exhausted, but of patience there is a smaller stock. For

him, as a rule, no second thought is the wisest; there is no fruitful revision, no going back to-day upon yesterday's effort; no careful piecing and patching, to put slowly right what was wrong to begin with. He is the artist of the first impression. Probably it was just, and justly conveyed; but if not, there the failure stands, such as it is, to be either remembered or forgotten, but in no case to be retrieved. Such as it is, it is done with, no more to be recalled than the player's last night's performance of Hamlet or Macbeth.

Other things will be in the future: the player is even now looking forward to to-night; but last night—that is altogether in the past.

There is no understanding Mr. Seymour Haden's work, its virtues and deficiencies, unless this note of his temperament, this characteristic of his productions, is continually borne in mind. It is the secret of his especial delight in the art of etching; the secret of the particular uses to which he has so resolutely applied that art. With the admission of the characteristic comes necessarily the admission of the limitation it suggests. Accustomed to labour and patience, not only in the preparation for the practice of an art, but in the actual practice of it, it is possible to be suspicious of the art which practically demands that its work shall be done in a day, if it is to be done at all. Such art, one says, forfeits at all events its claim to the rank that is accorded to the *œuvre de longue haleine*, when that is carried



High Park.

to a successful issue, and not to an impotent conclusion. To flicker bravely for an hour; to burn continuously at a white heat—they are very different matters. The mental powers which the two acts typify must be differently valued. And the art that asks, as one of its conditions, that it shall be swift, not only because swiftness is sometimes effective, but because the steadiness of sustained effort has a

difficulty of its own—that art, to use an illustration from poetry and from music, takes up its place, voluntarily, with the

mechanical difficulties, his own quality of concentrativeness preserved to his work the quality of unity. Then, again, it

must be said that Rembrandt and Claude employed, as it were, the two methods, and found the art equal to the expression both of the first fancy and of the realised fact. To see which, one may compare the first state of Rembrandt's 'Clément de Jonghe'—with its rapid seizure of the features of a character of extraordinary subtlety—and the 'Ephraim Bonus,' with its deliberate record of face and gesture, raiment and background. And in Claude the exquisite free sketching in the first state of 'The Shepherd and Shepherdess Conversing,' with the quite final work of the second state of 'Le Bouvier.' Mr. Haden, then, has full justification for his view of etching; yet Mr. Haden's view is not the only one that can be held with fairness.

For all but forty years now Seymour Haden has been an etcher, so that we

may naturally see in his work the characteristics of youth and those of an advanced maturity, in which, nevertheless, the natural fire is not abated nor the eye dimmed. That is to say, the mass of his labour—over a hundred and eighty etchings—already affords the opportunity of comparison between subjects essayed with the careful and delicate timidity of a student of twenty, and subjects disposed with the command and assurance that come of years, of experience, and, may I add, of recognition. But in his early time Mr. Haden did but little on the copper, and then he would have had no reason to resent the title of "amateur," now somewhat gratuitously bestowed on a workman who has given us the 'Agamemnon,' the 'Sunset on the Thames,' the 'Sawley,' and the 'Calais Pier.' Somewhere, perhaps, knocking about the world are the six little plates of classical subjects which Mr. Haden engraved in the years 1843 and 1844. All that remains of them, known at present



A Water Meadow.

lyrists, and with Schubert, as we knew him of old—foregoes, voluntarily, all comparison with the epic, and with Beethoven.

Well, this remark—a remonstrance we can hardly call it—has undoubtedly to be accepted. Only it must be laid to Mr. Seymour Haden's credit that he has shown a rare sagacity in the choice of his method of expression. The conditions of the art of etching—a special branch of the engraver's art, and not to be considered wholly alone—were fitted precisely to his temperament, and suited his means to perfection. Etching is qualified especially to give the fullest effect to the mental impression with the least possible expenditure of hard work. Etching is for the vigorous sketch—and it is for the exquisite sketch likewise; it is for the work in which suggestion may be ample and unstinted, but in which realisation may, if the artist chooses, hardly be pursued at all. To say that, has become one of the commonplaces of criticism. We are not all so gifted, however, that commonplaces are to be dispensed with for the remainder of time.

Of the great bygone masters of the art, some have pursued it in Mr. Haden's way, and others have made it approach more nearly to the work of the deliberate engraver. Vandyke used it as a speedy and decisive sketcher: the later and elaborate work added to his plates was added by other hands, and produced only a monotonous completeness destructive of the first charm—the charm of the vivid impression. Méryon used etching evidently in a different method and for different ends. With something of the patience of a deliberate line engraver, he built up his work piece by piece, and stroke by stroke—touching here, and tinkering there—he says so himself—and the wonder of it is, the work remains simple and broad, and the poetical motive is held fast to.

Nothing eluded Méryon. The impressions that with some men come and go, he pertinaciously retained. Through all



Sawley Abbey.

to the curious in such matters, is a tiny group of impressions cherished in the upper chambers of a house in Hertford

'Street—a scanty barrier indeed between these first tentative efforts and oblivion.

But in 1858 and 1859 Mr. Haden began to etch seriously, and to give up to the practice of this particular way of draughtsmanship a measure of time that permitted well-addressed efforts and serious accomplishments. Nothing is more marked in the array of Mr. Haden's mature work than the sense of pleasure he has had in doing it. How much, generally, has it been the result of pleasant impressions! How much the most satisfactory and sufficient has it been when it has been the most spontaneous! Compare the absolute unity, the clearly apparent motive, of such an etching as 'Sunset on the Thames' with the more obscure intention and more hesitating execution of the 'Greenwich,' or with the Academical exercise of the 'Windsor.' The plates of

the fruitful years, 1859, 1860, 1863, 1864, and so onward, were done, it seems, under happy conditions.

Any one who turns over Seymour Haden's plates in chronological order will find that though, as it chanced, a good many years had passed, yet very little work in etching had been done, before the artist had found his own method and was wholly himself. There were first the six dainty little efforts of 1843 and 1844; then, when etching was resumed in 1858—or rather, when it was for the first time taken to seriously—there were the plates of 'Arthur,' 'Dasha,' 'A Lady Reading,' and 'Amalfi.' In these he was finding his way. And then, with the first plates of the following year, his way was found: we have the 'Mytton Hall,' the 'Egham,' and the 'Water Meadow,' perfectly vigorous, perfectly suggestive sketches, still unsurpassed. In later years we find a later



John Swain, Engraver.]

A River in Ireland.

manner, a different phase of his talent, a different result of his experience; but in 1859 he was already, I repeat, entirely himself, and doing work that is neither strikingly better nor strikingly worse than the work which has followed it a score of years after. In the work of 1859, and in the work of the last period, there will be found about an equal proportion of beautiful production. In each there will be something to admire warmly, and something that will leave us indifferent. And in the etchings of 1859—in the very plates I have mentioned—there is already enough to attest the range of the artist's sympathy with nature and with picturesque effect. 'Mytton Hall,' seen or guessed at through the gloom of its weird trees, is remarkable for a certain garden stateliness—a disorder that began in order, a certain dignity of

nature in accord with the curious dignity and quietude of Art. This is the landscape gardener's work—his and the architects'. The 'Egham' subject has the silence of the open country; the 'Water Meadow' is an artist's subject quite as peculiarly, for "the eye that sees" is required most of all when the question is, how to find the beautiful in the apparently commonplace.

Next year, amongst other good things, we have the sweet little plate of 'Combe Bottom,' which, in a fine impression, more than holds its own against the 'Kensington Gardens,' and gives us at least as much enjoyment by its excellence of touch as does the more intricate beauty of the 'Shere Mill Pond,' with its foliage so varied and so rich. In the next year to which any etchings are assigned in Sir William Drake's catalogue—a thoroughly systematic book, and done

with the aid of information from the author of the plates—we find Mr. Haden departing from his usual habit of recording his impression of nature, for the object, sometimes not a whit less worthy, of recording his impression of some chosen piece of master's art. This is in the year 1865, and the subject is a rendering of Turner's drawing of the 'Grande Chartreuse,' and it is an instance of the noble and artistic translation of work to which a translator may hold himself bound to be faithful. And here this is the proper place, I think, to mention the one other such instance of a subject inspired, not by nature, but by the art of Turner, which Seymour Haden's work affords—I mean the large plate of the 'Calais Pier,' done in 1874. Nothing shows Mr. Haden's sweep of hand, his masculine command of his means better than that. Such an exhibition of spontaneous force is altogether refreshing. One or two points about it demand to be noted. In the first place, it makes no pretence, and exhibits no desire, to be a pure copy. Without throwing any imputation on the admirable craft of the pure interpreter and simple reproducer who enables us to enjoy so much of an art that might otherwise never come near to many of us, I may yet safely say that

I feel sure that Mr. Haden had never the faintest intention of performing for the 'Calais Pier' this copyist's service. To him the 'Calais Pier' of Turner—the sombre earlyish work of the master, now hanging in the National Gallery—was as a real scene. That is, it was not to be scrupulously imitated; what was to be realised, or what was to be suggested, was the impression that it

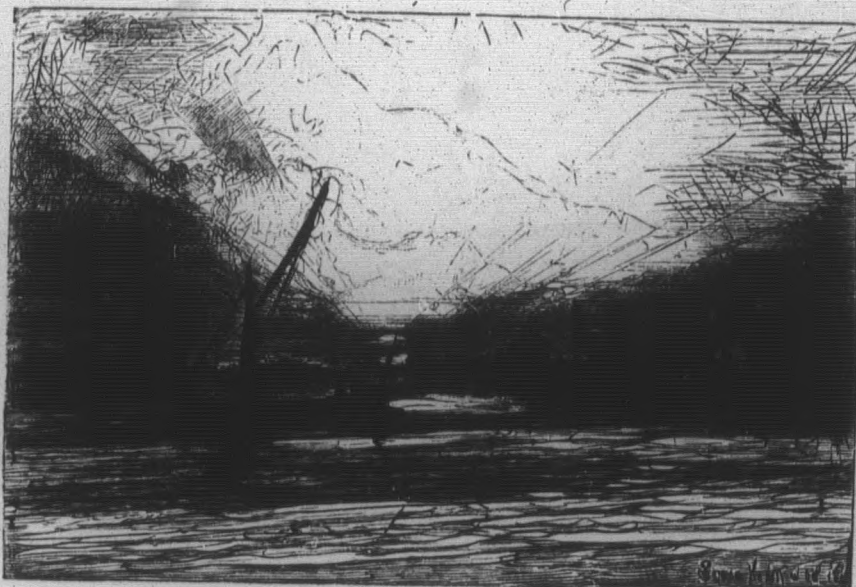
made. With a force of expression peculiar to him, Seymour Haden has succeeded in this aim; but I think he has succeeded best in the rare unpublished state which he knows as the "first biting," and next best in the second state—the first state having some mischief of its own to bear which in the preparatory proofs had not arisen, and in the second state had ceased. The plate is arranged now with a ground for mezzotint—it lies awaiting that work—and if Mr. Haden, having to-day retraced to the full such steps as may have been at least partially mistaken, is but master of the new method—can but apply the mezzotint with anything of that curious facility and success with which Turner himself applied it to a few of his plates in "Liber," in which the engraver had no part—then we shall have a masterpiece of masculine suggestion which will have been worth waiting for.

To go back to the somewhat earlier plates. The 'Penton Hook,' which is one of many wrought in 1864, is another instance—and we have had several already—of the artist's singular power in the suggestion of tree form. Of actual leafage, leafage in detail, he is a less successful interpreter,

as is indeed only natural in an etcher devoted on the whole to broad effects, and looking resolutely at the *ensemble*. But the features of trees, as growth of trunk and bend of bough reveal them, he gives to us as no contemporary etcher has given them. And, in old Art, they are less varied in Claude and in Ruysdael. Leafage counted for more with both of these. And if it is too much to compare Mr. Haden as a draughtsman of the tree with a master of painting so approved as Crome—the painter above all others of oak and willow—as an etcher of the tree he may yet be invited to occupy no second place, for Crome's rare etchings are remarkable for draughtsmanship chiefly. Crome knew little of technical processes in etching, and so no full justice can ever be done to his etched work, which passed, imperfect, out of his own hands, and was then spoilt in the hands of others—dull, friendly people, who fancied they knew more than he did of the trick of the craft, but who knew nothing of the instinct of the art. Crome himself, in etching, was like a soldier unequipped. Mr. Haden has a whole armory of weapons.

Seymour Haden has been a fisherman; I do not know

whether he has been a sailor; but at all events purely rural life and scene, however varied in kind, are discovered to be insufficient, and the foliage of the meadow and the waters of the trout stream are often left for the great sweep of tidal river, the long banks that enclose it, the wide sky that enlivens every great flat land, and, by its infinite mobility and immeasurable light, gives a soul, I always think, to the



Sunset on the Thames.

scenery of the plain. Then we have 'Sunset on the Thames' (1865), 'Erith Marshes' (1865), and the 'Breaking up of the Agamemnon' (1870), the last of them striking, perhaps unconsciously, a deeper poetic note—that of our associations with an England of the past, that has allowed us the England of to-day—a note struck by Turner in the 'Fighting Temeraire,' and struck so magnificently by Browning and by Tennyson in verse for which no Englishman can ever be properly thankful.*

In the technique of these later etchings there is perhaps no very noticeable departure from that of the earlier but yet mature work. But in composition or disposition of form we seem to see an increasing love of the sense of spaciousness, breadth, potent effect. The work seems, in these best examples, to become more dramatic and more moving. The hand demands occasion for the large exercise of its freedom. These characteristics are very noticeable in the 'Sawley

* See, of course, "Home Thoughts from Abroad" and "The R. venge: a Ballad of the Fleet."

Abbey' of 1873, of which a reproduction is given here. But they are to be traced far more clearly when the work is seen on the large scale of the original.

'Sawley Abbey' is etched on zinc, a substance of which Mr. Haden has of late years become fond. It affords "a fat line"—a line without rigidity—and so far is good. But the practical difficulty with it—he goes on to explain to me with reasons which it is not necessary to reproduce here—is that the particles of iron it contains make it uncertain and tricky. And we may notice that an etching on zinc is apt to be full of spots and dots. It succeeds admirably, however, where it does not fail very much. Of course its frequent failure places it out of the range of the pure copyist, who copies or translates as matter of business. He cannot afford its risk. In 1877—a year in which Mr. Haden made a very sufficient number of undesirable etchings in Spain, and a more welcome group of sketches in Dorsetshire, on the downs and the coast—Mr. Haden worked much upon zinc. And it is in this year that a change that might before have been foreseen is clearly apparent. Dry-point before this had been united with etching, but not till now have we much of what is wholly dry-point; and from this date the dry-point work is almost, though not altogether, continuous, the artist having rejoiced in its freedom and rapidity.

The Dorsetshire etchings, 'Windmill Hill,' 'Nine Barrow

Down,' and the like, are most of them dry-points. In them, though the treatment of delicate distances is not evaded, there is especial opportunity for strong and broad effects of light and shade. Perhaps it is to these that a man travels as his work continues, and as, in continuing, it develops. At least it may be so in landscape.

Here, for the present, is arrested the etched work of an artist thoroughly individual and thoroughly vigorous, but against whom I have charged, by implication, sometimes a lack of exquisiteness, the only too frequent, but not inevitable, "défaut" of the "qualité" of force. So much for the work of the hand. For the process of the mind—the inner character which sets the hand upon the labour, and pricks it on to the execution of the aim—the worst has been said also, when I said at the beginning, that Mr. Haden lacked that power of prolonged concentration which produced the epic in literature and the epic in painting. These two admissions made, there is little of just criticism of Seymour Haden's work that must not be appreciative and cordial—the record of enjoyment rather than of dissatisfaction—so much faithful and free suggestion does the work contain of the impressions that gave rise to it, so much variety is compassed, so much are we led into unbroken paths, so much evidence is there of eager desire to enlarge the limits of our Art, whether by plunge into a new theme or by application of a new process.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

DRAWING AND ENGRAVING ON WOOD.*



WOULD open this second part of my subject by stating that I am responsible for the following opinions concerning the effect wood drawing has upon the Art craftsman: it gives him the training in subject-seeing and in composition that cannot be learnt or taught in a school, and thereby trains him from the cradle of his career to make his slightest effort a complete work in design, and never to produce a fragment, or a picture that can only claim the title of "a study." It teaches him to look for tone, so that he studies colour whilst he is drawing form, and then arrives at the period of painter in colours, a ripe artist. Moreover, this process of study awakens the mind and enables it to act quickly and healthily, preventing thereby all chances of eccentricities of workmanship, or of inanition—a condition that the shackles of a school frequently bring about.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I ask permission to give my own personal experiences, for I owe all the Art that I may be fortunate enough, or unfortunate enough to display, entirely to the training that results from honest drawing in black and white for a newspaper. If I am a little too autobiographical, I shall, I hope, be forgiven, for it will answer the purpose of showing more clearly than by argument the stages

through which many a wood draughtsman has gone, and will go again.

It was a sad, dull time for a new wood draughtsman when I first wanted such work; it was just before the *Graphic* started, and after I had drawn from the life at the Kensington Art Schools during two summers. All the drawing required then was done by Walker, Pinwell, Small, Fildes, and Gilbert. I used to draw small subjects, in weak imitation of some of the men named, and then worry Mr. E. Dalziel, who in his goodness to me worried publishers again to take them. A few were accepted and engraved, then published, after stories had been written for them. This was a reversion of the usual order of illustrating stories, for it was a case of stories illustrating drawings. What a tax upon a young imagination! Fancy supplying my subjects to writers! What a mine of hidden meaning there must be in a drawing that is to suggest a plot—a story! I need, however, hardly say that those drawings of mine did *not* possess such wealth of ideas.

Now, you must bear in mind that I had little money to pay for models. I had to trust to friends to sit to me without payment to follow. Such sittings being limited, I worked without proper resources from Nature, and that before my art was strong enough to bear it. How often this happens to young workers! My work did not, and could not progress, and the week's rent had to be met.

Never having been of a nature to despair without a great effort, I determined to apply for an evening engagement as zither player to some Christy Minstrels, then performing at St. George's Hall. Happily there was no vacancy for me, and I searched farther, but nearer my art, for I obtained some stencilling work to do at Kensington Museum at ninepence

* Continued from page 136. This paper was delivered at the London Institution in January, 1882.

the hour. But I failed to appreciate the necessity, and hearing of the *Graphic* starting, I boldly struck, my comrades—now well-known painters—going on with that work a little longer. With a very small capital in hand I bought a block, the page size of the *Graphic*, which cost me one pound (over twenty-six hours' work at the stencilling), and set to work upon a subject, I thought might be interesting, of Gipsies on Wimbledon Common. I brought the actual gipsies, dirty and unsafe as they were, into my rooms, and did my utmost to make a good specimen drawing. I took it to the *Graphic*, but was not allowed to enter the august presence of the manager. The block was taken to him, and I was left to my reflections. Soon, however, I was permitted to follow the block, and was told by the manager that it was very good, and I could go on drawing for the *Graphic*. How differently my legs carried me out—how nice everything and everybody seemed! Those happy moments never return in after-life; this was the first good news I had to tell my parents.

Excepting Mr. E. Dalziel (to whom I owe a lasting debt of gratitude), there was now no need to go to publishers, who would either show you the door, or their hard hearts, or to engravers, some of whom were as bad—one telling me I had not yet eaten enough pudding, being a vulgar allusion to want of practice in Art: what a damper to an enthusiastic young mind! With the eight pounds I obtained for the gipsy drawing I felt I could now really do some good work.

This was a characteristic situation. In the first place, it proves the high standard of work thus required, that made me feel that anything short of that standard would prove unsuccessful; and it emphatically declared the seriousness and importance of the work, and the accompanying enthusiasm it aroused in a young artist. There was no thought of doing a drawing destined only to die with the week in which it appeared. It was a desire (not only in me, but in all those similarly engaged at that time) to produce a work of Art in black and white of a striking subject that would attract attention and fix a reputation. In the second place, the situation was one that educated the subject-seeing faculties. There is not an Art school in the world that accomplishes an education in this direction. The everlasting drawing and painting of studies from models arranged by masters leaves this precious and absolutely indispensable faculty dormant, and the longer the academic training of the student lasts the less chance this faculty will have of awakening. Every painter has had that painful period of not knowing what to paint, or what subjects to select. The first thing he does is to look for those subjects that his favourite painter has selected before him. The difficulties of starting in painting are enormous, and of this the world knows nothing. As I maintain that the wood draughtsman arrives at subject painting by a different and more expeditious process than the ordinary academic student, I can use the last situation I was describing to prove this.

I had eight pounds in hand from the first drawing. Allowing two pounds ten shillings for the expenses of actual living during the two weeks I proposed to labour upon a second drawing, that would leave me five pounds ten shillings to pay for models and other expenses incidental to the production of the drawing. This was being positively rich.

Now for a subject—one that has not been done. One that is striking, combining character with sentiment to move hearts. The very word "subject" runs in your veins; it is on your tongue and in your brain, asleep or awake. You ask some friend in whom you have had confidence, to suggest a

subject to you. He says, Read. I ask what? He answers—Try Dickens. I try, but fail to find any subject that can stand by itself to tell its own story. In your despair you unwittingly go to the fountain—to Nature. But curiously enough only as an alternative. I cannot tell you why this is felt first, but so it is. You expect to find your subjects everywhere but in Nature, and you look at her for your first materials as a miserable alternative. Turned by force out of doors into the visible world, you look at everything with new eyes, and with a distinct purpose in view, to find a subject for artistic treatment. You are aware of being in a poetic country, but looking at the unpicturesqueness of the costumes worn, you are not quite sure where the poetry lies. This is not singular, for we always feel the presence of a poetic condition before we can identify it with any particular object. I felt this in a striking manner when I turned in at the gates of the Chelsea Hospital for old pensioners. In an indistinct way I felt there ought to be something there. I saw the old men sitting about, or hobbling through the gardens, or along the corridors of the picturesque old building. I saw them sitting in groups, spinning yarns; and saw them in their hall playing at dominoes or at cards, or reading the papers, and smoking their pipes. But I was not made aware of a subject. This did not discourage me, for I only felt I had not yet found it. The following day was a Sunday, and I attended the service in their chapel. The moment I entered and beheld that assembly of old men I knew I had found my subject. There was no need to give reasons why it was a good subject, I felt it in my heart, and knew I was right. There was even no hesitation in the management of the subject. I could only do a section, and I unhesitatingly decided upon the section I saw before me from my position at the side of the hall, feeling that it had all the elements of a fine subject. I obtained permission to have the men in the chapel to draw from, so as to get the correct light and shade on their faces. The idea was to make every man tell some different story, to be told by his type of face and expression, or by the selection of attitude. My studies were all good, but they were timidly drawn on the block, and in an unsatisfactory manner, for I was nervous, and it was carelessly engraved. In that drawing I already introduced the incident of the dying man, showing the situation by the anxious look of his neighbour, rather than by any death-like appearance of the man, that might give a sensational tone to the drawing. In spite of the shortcomings I have just explained, the drawing was successful with the public, and the subject was henceforth my own. This is the truest and surest law of copyright. It was done in '69. In '75 I painted a large oil picture of the subject, improving the design throughout, but selecting many of the same models for the leading characters, retaining the same treatment of the subject. When the picture was exhibited, a gentleman called upon me and told me he suggested the very same subject to David Roberts, and took him there to see it. But Roberts said nothing could be made of it because the windows were so unpicturesque, but he would try it. A few days after that he died. David Roberts looked for stones and windows, I tried to look for hearts.

From this time I never felt the want of a subject; principally because I found Nature to be the real source, and looked at her, and at humanity as it was around me, to find endless opportunities for the display of artistic workmanship and of lofty interpretations of our troubled existence. The chief difficulty now was the capability of drawing what I saw.

Does not this seem to you an education singularly safe and

right for the painter? Singularly free from all dangers of morbid conventionalism?

To gain this training, and obtain money that not only enabled you to work out your subjects to the full, but left you a good surplus to devote to the painting of pictures, are indeed marked advantages. To be independent, too, of that poisonous influence, private patronage, and of the sale of the first efforts in colour.

Perhaps the most important practical result of this training is that it enables the artist to make his first painting an excellent and striking work, one that will at once establish his reputation. Whereas the Art student working out his Art in the ordinary orthodox groove produces at first a bad work, or a feeble work, only attracting notice after years of laborious struggling with the difficulties that the former conquers first. He cannot strike out his path so readily, but has to feel his way and slowly establish his position.

Morally, and practically, the wood draughtsman has exceptional advantages. But do not mistake my man. I do not for a moment mean the man who simply draws on wood as a means of living. He gets into a certain style, but gets no further in his art. He is a person whom nobody knows anything about, and nobody misses when his pencil is taken from him by death. Not so with the true draughtsman. His drawings are recognised, criticized, and looked forward to as pictures in exhibitions are, and are missed when they cease to appear.

Now let us consider how far the material will lend itself to artistic expression, and its claims to a position among the highest arts.

To answer the first question we must almost wholly consider the engraver, or the person who has to alter the surface of the block in such a way as to produce the exact effect of the drawing when subjected to a process of printing. Let us see what the process of wood engraving is. The wood block is about one inch in thickness, but of small size, owing to the limited dimensions of the box-tree (for little else is used than box). This is close grained—the end grain always forming the surface for the work. Boxwood is also said to be poisonous, thereby keeping out the approach of worms. Now if you were to print this block as it comes from the maker—that is, blacken the surface with a roller, and lay paper on the blackened surface and then subject them both to the pressure of a press—the result would be a dense black patch on the paper, the exact size of the blackened block. But if you cut into the surface lines, and subject it to the same process of printing, you will find your cut lines white and the rest of the surface black. The roller could not touch the lower surfaces of the cut lines, and they remain colourless. Hence, all that you cut away from the original surface of a block remains white, and whatever is left will form the black, and only visible, marks on the paper when put under the press, for they alone take the black from the roller. As the parts that receive the black are raised, the ordinary wood block is identical with the letter-type, and can be printed by the same press. This, and its facility for electrotyping (so as to produce many blocks of the same engraving), are sufficient reasons for its practicability. No other form of engraving can be printed side by side with letter-type.

It now stands to reason that the most natural and self-evident application of this method to Art would be to get an artist to draw his subject in a few simple lines, and then put it in the hands of the engraver, who will cut away the surface

of the block wherever there are no lines, taking great care to leave the exact shape of the lines.

The earliest efforts were very simple, being a gradual process of development of other kindred arts, such as the manufacture of coins, monograms, and monumental brasses. And although the art of wood engraving was practised in China long before it was known in Europe, a woodcut bearing the date 1423 is believed to be the earliest extant. After this, wood engraving was used for works known as block-books. Then came Gutenberg with his movable types, and wood engraving seems to have declined. However, towards the close of the fifteenth century, Albrecht Dürer took the art up with enthusiasm. From Germany, the birthplace of the art, it went to Italy, where it succeeded very well. But the art seems to have declined until 1700, when it reached its lowest ebb, and it is to Thomas Bewick, who was born in 1753, that we owe the revival of an art that can be as little dispensed with in the present as electricity in the future.

After Bewick, and the school he formed, who drew as well as engraved their own works, wood engraving was done by a personage other than the draughtsman.

Now, here we pass to modern times, when some of our best painters have drawn their best works on wood, and for whom a body of engravers has been raised up who have brought the art of engraving on wood to such a degree of perfection, that the most modern work, especially that of the Americans, is done to show the skill of the engraver rather than the art of the draughtsman. I do not hesitate to say that this is the first sign of a decadence. Take up any number of the *Century* or *Harper*, and you will see what I mean. Effect is the one aim. Engravings, with few exceptions, are not well-considered representatives of painted drawings—such as the *Graphic* first introduced—but are represented by a method of ill-regulated blots, or blotches, to enable the engraver to render a disturbed surface by an ingenuity of lining or texturing of his own devising. You marvel at the handling of the engraver, and forget the artist. Correct or honest drawing is no longer wanted; complete designs are no longer in request; a "bit," just covering an awkward corner of the page, is all that is required. And if the dress of a lady hangs into the letter-press, or a tree grows out of the margin of the drawing, breaking the margin line, people are made to believe that it is the newest and most enlightened style of illustration. This kind of wood drawing is most pernicious to the student who would believe that the highest class of wood drawing carries with it a complete Art education.

Accepting the engraver as an interpreter, we have only to look back in order to see that all interpreters, no matter what their art, have at times allowed their cleverness to mar the dignity of their mission.

Many a violin player has used other men's compositions simply as an excuse for the display of certain tricks or difficulties invented and practised by himself. Many an actor has entirely destroyed the character of a piece by the introduction of sayings of his own. In these cases the violin player ought to compose his own piece for the display of his tricks; the actor ought to write his own play, if he has so many more clever things to say than his author; and the engraver ought to draw his own designs, if he is so over-anxious to show that his material can render what it never was intended to render, namely, the quality of other materials, such as stone or steel. The Germans have a good phrase: "Die Kunst darf nie ein Kunststück werden," or Art should never degenerate into a trick.

Although the Americans were the first to foster this species of "Artistic tight-rope-dancing," I do not hesitate to prophesy that they will be the first to correct it. America is a great child full of promise in Art, but one that hardly yet knows what to be at. It is a child that is destined to be a great master; so let us not imitate its youthful efforts or errors, but rather endeavour to assist its education, until it has reached that sure goal, when it will teach us what we have not yet known.

I have spoken so highly of the *Graphic*, that it is necessary for me to say, I cannot feel the pleasure in their present issues that we all used to feel formerly. The managers declare that the public require the representation of a public event, and are satisfied if it is correct and entertaining, caring nothing for the artistic qualities of the drawing. I do not believe this. The *Graphic* might be the most artistic periodical, and the most correct, for it is extremely rich. Therefore do not take meekly (without at least some resistance) what they offer of inartistic work. The only excuse you may accept is, dearth of good draughtsmen. The *Illustrated London News* has had, since the establishment of the *Graphic*, some admirable work. But, alas! the last summer number was an example of the imitation of the worst features of the American school of wood illustration.

You may divide wood drawing into three styles: the severe in line, treating all objects as if they were without local colour; the free and realistic in line, which purports to show the local tone and colour, as well as light and shadow; and the entire or partial absence of all line, being a painted drawing, devolving upon the engraver the invention of lines to represent the tints.

The first style is represented by Albrecht Dürer and Alfred Rethel, and in our times by Sandys; the second is the invention of Fred. Walker; and the third style was, I may say, first used, if not invented, by William Small. Dürer had a forerunner in the earliest styles, which he only improved. Frederick Walker may have been led to his original style by

a gradual progress of development, starting from the style of John Gilbert. But William Small had no forerunner in his style. It was the haste with which drawings were required for the *Graphic* that I believe first led to the painting of drawings, the engravers assuring the artists that they could manage their part. So it was, perhaps, that it fell to the lot of W. Small to start that school of wood engraving which has reached such a dangerous degree of excellence across the Atlantic. No doubt this style demands the greatest intelligence on the part of the engraver, whereas in the other two styles care is a paramount quality, for the lines, are all drawn by the artist, and if the engraver renders them well, the drawing should bear no trace of his hand. In short, one should be able to say, as Walker frequently did to his favourite engraver (W. Hooper) after he had finished engraving one of his drawings, "It does not look cut at all."

Now to sum up my subject in a few words.

The vital element of the Art power is the pursuit of fact. For the artist's first efforts in this pursuit, wood drawing stands unrivalled. Not only is it mechanically advantageous beyond all other methods, but it offers special advantages to the young painter, to whom Nature has given the divine spark. It frees him from the bondage of conventionalism. It awakens his subject-seeing faculties. It develops the powers of the most delicate draughtsmanship. It trains his powers of composition. It gains for him a reputation before he touches a brush. It obtains for him a livelihood, and he can paint pictures with an independent spirit that is free from the anxiety of sale, so that his first appearance as painter stamps him once and for all.

To you, as the public, it offers infinite pleasure and edification. For you it is really done. Therefore clamour loudly for good work, and be sure it will be forthcoming. In this way you will do great service, and wood drawing and engraving will ever remain a noble, as it is a familiar, art.

HUBERT HERKOMER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G. Engraved by William Roffe, after a statuette by Lord Ronald Gower. Lord Ronald has well represented the great Minister, with the grave and preoccupied expression which was habitual to him when the intellectual face was in repose. It suggests Lord Beaconsfield in the vigour of his manhood, rather than as we see him in Mr. Millais's portrait, ill, suffering, and worn with the long labour and stress of years. When this statue was executed, shortly after the Congress of Berlin, he was at the topmost rung of the ladder, his great rival—as Lord Ronald in the companion statuette has portrayed him—being busied apparently with nothing more onerous than the felling of trees. This was their respective position only four years ago, and now! what an illustration for the Tennysonian line, "The great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change." In a letter to the sculptor, Lord Beaconsfield said that his friends considered the likeness to be the most satisfactory then executed of him, and we are able to state that this opinion has obtained the emphatic concurrence of her Majesty the Queen.

'À BIENTÔT.' Painted by Val Prinsep, A.R.A., etched by Leopold Flameng. This is an excellent example of the best manner of the artist. There is evidently much more than the commonplace "Good-bye for the present" in the parting which is here taking place; something more than the mere courtesies of the ballroom has been exchanged between the couple who now linger so long over the leave-taking. Similar episodes to this take place at every ball of the season, but the prosaic costume of to-day is so repulsive to the painter that he is perforce driven to abandoning the delineation of the history of his own time. Mr. Prinsep was engaged in painting a series of somewhat similar scenes, of which the most important was 'The Minuet,' when he received the commission from India which has apparently diverted his attention for the time into another channel. We have to thank Mr. Schwabe, of Yewden, near Henley, the owner of a delightful collection of modern pictures, for his courtesy in allowing us permission to etch the work.

'ISABELLA,' by J. E. Millais, R.A. For description of this engraving see page 188.



THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM ROPPE, FROM THE STATUE BY LORD RONALD GOWER.

NEW YORK, PATTERSON & NEILSON.

TOURS.

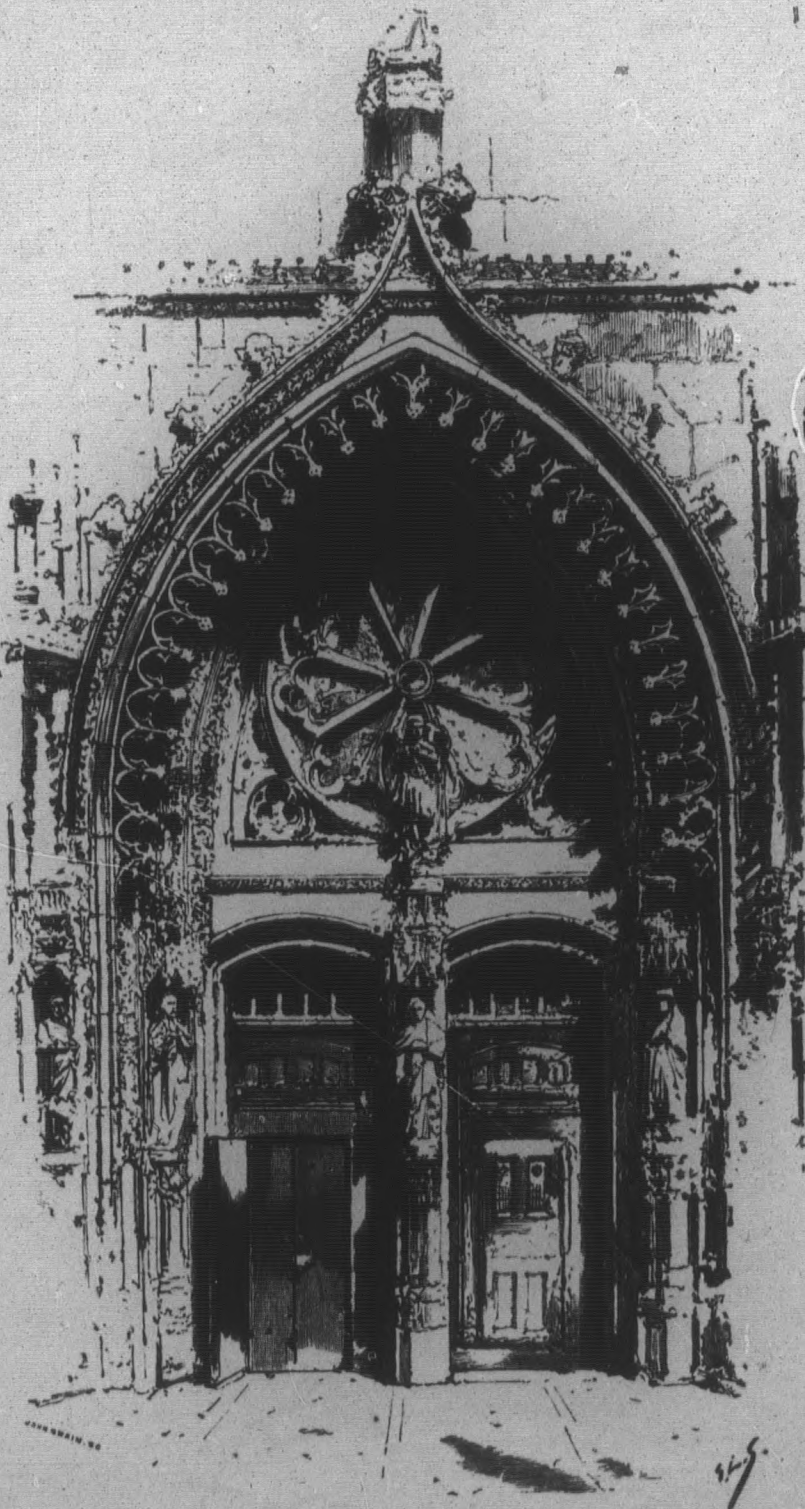
"VIRTUE, happiness, life, mean an income of six hundred francs a year on the banks of the Loire." Thus wrote the great Honoré de Balzac, born May 16th, 1799, on the banks of the Loire at Tours. He fixed the sum on which he could feel sufficiently at ease to be able to practise the Christian virtues considerably lower than Miss Becky Sharp, who was wont to declare that she could be very good on a thousand a year. His love for the Loire was partly imbibed during his youth (when, as Madame de Surville, his sister, tells us, he would stand and watch the splendid sunsets lighting up the Gothic towers of Tours, the villages scattered on all sides, and the majestic Loire covered with sailing vessels, great and small), and partly the longing of a weary and heavily overworked man for rest from thought and labour. The soft and beautiful scenery of Touraine was probably intensely soothing to him, its level plains restful, and most restful of all the placid, easy-going habit of mind of the people. "If you only knew what sort of a country this Touraine is," said he, "it makes you forget everything! I quite forgive the inhabitants for being so stupid, they are so happy." And again, "Touraine has on me the effect of a *pâté de foie gras*, in which one is up to the chin, and its delicious wine, instead of making you tipsy, makes you stupid and happy" ("vous bétifie, et vous béatifie"). No wonder that

this miserable man, who had hung a millstone of debt round his neck by entering into speculations which had failed, who habitually rose at six in the evening and wrote from eight till eight next morning, and often longer, when he found that he had fallen short of the tale of manuscript which he was

bound to supply—no wonder that he, whose neck was scarcely ever out of the halter of never-ending, still-beginning toil, sometimes even envied the existence of the passive and indolent people of his own province, who are so aptly satirized in the local saying, "Tourangeau, veux-tu de la soupe?" "Oui." "Apporte ton écuelle." "Je n'ai plus faim."

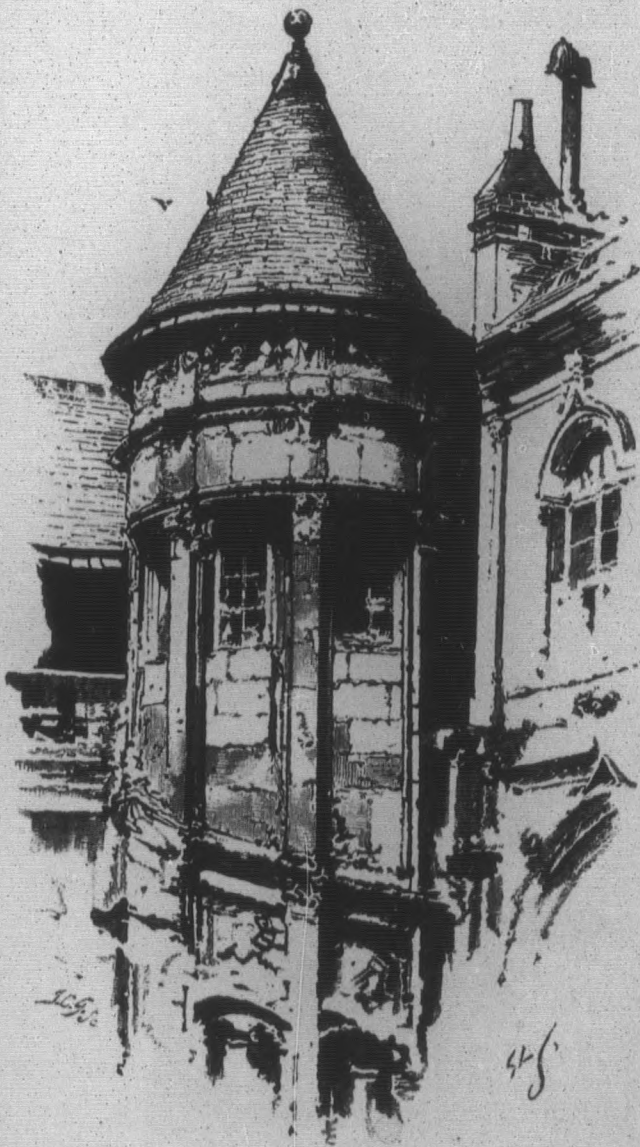
"One can put a great deal of black upon white in twelve hours, little sister," said Balzac when remonstrated with, but he often wrote sixteen or eighteen. He left Tours when young, but frequently returned to it, and, like many other great men under similar circumstances, was on these occasions by no means satisfied with the estimation in which he seemed to be held by the inhabitants of his native town. He was fond of collecting curious old books, and had gathered together a number which were valuable. These he bequeathed to the Public Library of the town. Tours has a very fine library,

containing fifty thousand volumes. It has highly curious old MSS., illuminated and not illuminated. It has a copy of the Gospel written in the seventh century in gold on vellum. This



Portail de Notre-Dame la Riche, Tours.

is the selfsame copy on which the Kings of France took their oaths as Abbots of St. Martin. It has Charles V.'s Book of Hours, Anne of Brittany's likewise, and many other most interesting and valuable works, but it has not the books collected by Honoré de Balzac, for as time went on he became less and less able to bear the coldness and indifference of his own townfolk, and he revoked the gift. He did not, however, cease to flout their intellect, or to explain to them how impossible it was they should have any; and if, as was very unlikely, they ever read his books, they would continually meet with such passages as the following:—"The



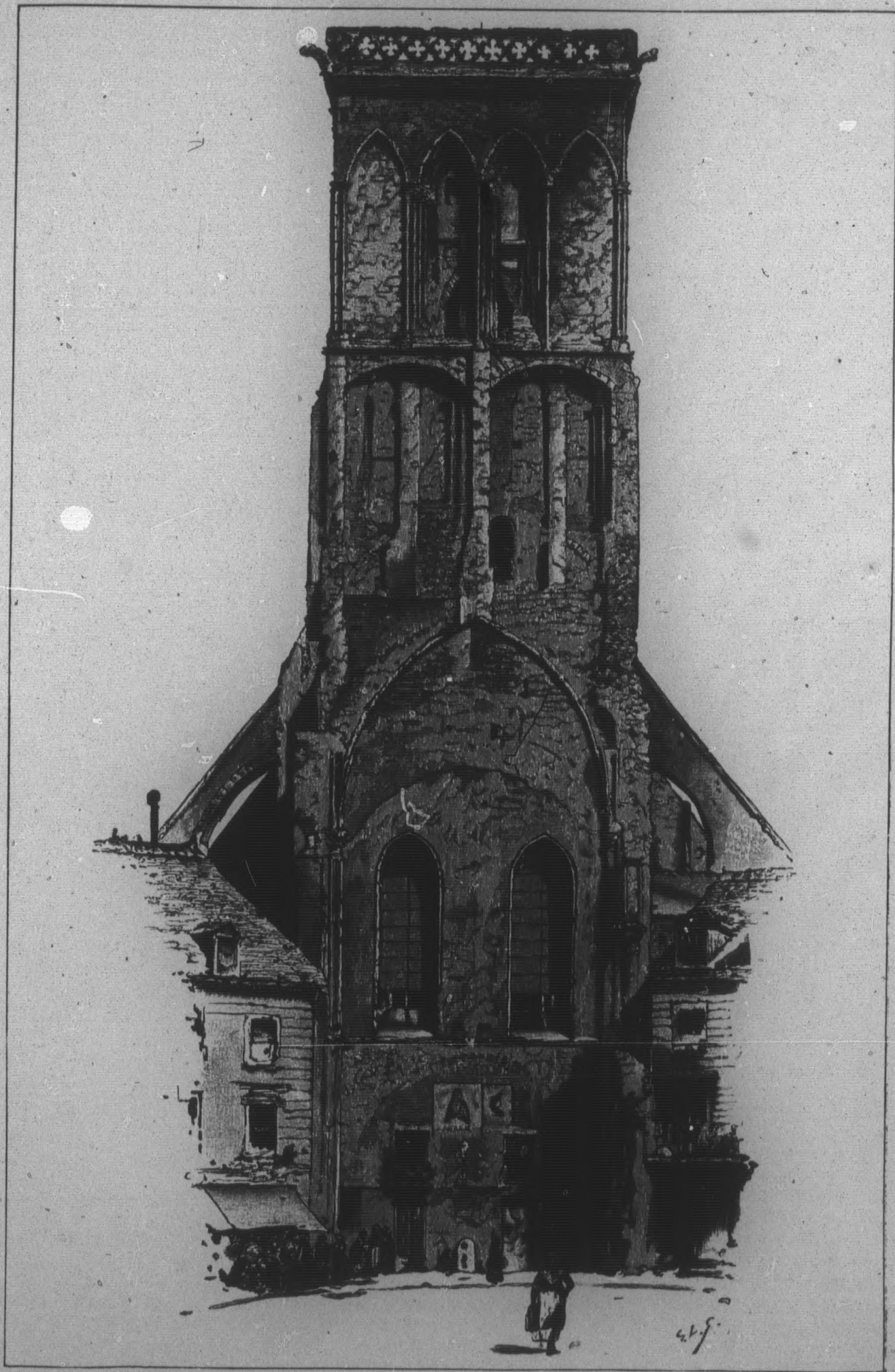
Escalier de la Psallette, Tours.

softness of the air of Touraine, the beauty of the climate, a certain facility of existence, and *bonhomie des mœurs*, soon stifle any feeling for Art, narrow the largest heart, and eat away the most tenacious of wills. Transplant the Tourangeau, and his gifts develop, and produce great things in the most diverse spheres of activity; but at home he stays like an Indian on his mat—like a Turk on his divan. He uses his intellect in mocking his neighbours and enjoying himself, and so brings his life to a happy close. Go to this Turkey of France—there you will be sluggish, idle, and happy. Even if you were as ambitious as Napoleon himself, or as much a poet as Byron, a power, strange and invincible, would compel you to keep your poetry to yourself, and would turn all your

ambitious projects into dreams." Ronsard lived for many years near Tours—he wrote poetry. Béranger lived for many years at La Grénardière, a cottage in the village of St. Cyr, just across the Loire, and we suspect many of his brightest songs were written there, but these two were not natives of Touraine—Descartes was, and it certainly is said that he always had a great dislike to early rising, and even died when at last he was obliged to practise it, for the sake of instructing his royal mistress.

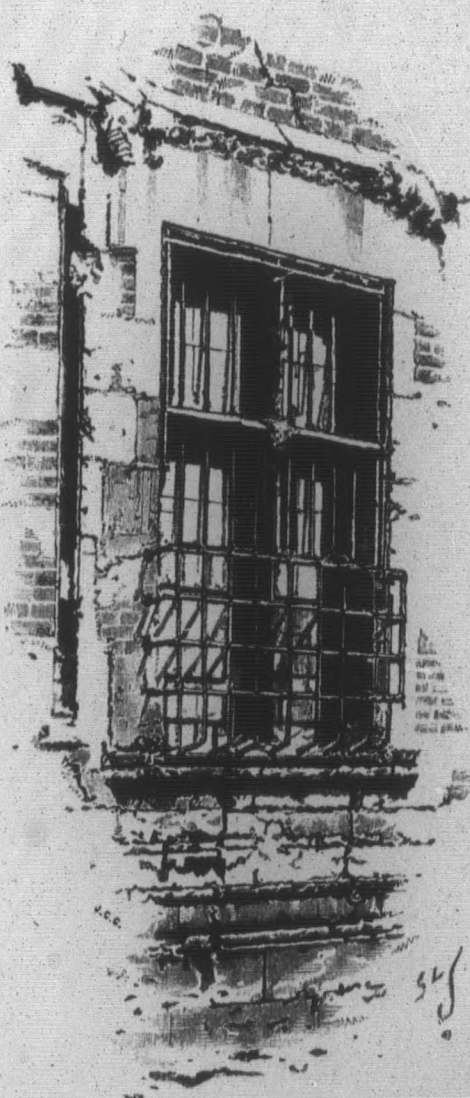
Tours is built on a flat piece of land lying between the Loire and the Cher. These two rivers hem the town in on the north, south, and west, and on the east is a canal from the Cher to the Loire. Of course modern Tours has overflowed these barriers, and stretched itself out in suburbs on the other side of them, but nearly all that is interesting lies within the girdle of these two rivers. They are, especially the Loire, by no means pleasant neighbours, having a trick of rising suddenly, and coming down on the low-lying town with a body of water extremely difficult to receive without danger and embarrassment. Time was when much of the security of Tours depended on the inhabitants of towns higher up the Loire being prompt about getting to horse and riding off to Tours to give warning that the river was rising: now the warning is given by telegraph. The river, however, rises *quand même*, and fills the streets, invades the boulevards, and raises the rent of fields all along its course by fertilising them in the fashion of the Nile. Beautiful fields they are, filled in summer with waving meadow-grass or golden corn. Nowhere is the grass of such an intense green as at Tours.

Another drawback to the Loire as a neighbour is, that it by no means adds to the beauty of the scenery, except at such times as it fills its channel. An immensely long bridge (1,123 feet English), with fifteen arches, has been provided to cross it, and in winter only just fulfils its task; but in summer the river dries up, and dwindles away into a narrow stream, which three or four arches can easily span, and the remainder are left stranded, with nothing better to do than smooth the wayfarer's path over a dismal waste of pebbles. In spite of these drawbacks, it is this long bridge, with its many arches, which is the distinctive feature of the place. The inhabitants flock to it on the summer evenings to "take the air" and watch the clouds rolling over the great plain before them, and see the sunsets, which nowhere else seem half so magnificent as here. Here they enjoy the coolness of the river, the sight of the green islands and varied river craft, and, more gratifying to their artistic sense than any of these things, the view of their long handsome Rue Royale, which runs on in a straight line from the bridge on which they are promenading so happily, as far as they can see, and is then carried on by the Avenue Grammont, and prolonged to a length of six kilomètres. Six kilomètres of handsome straightness is something to captivate the imagination. The Tours people are never tired of dwelling on the beauty of the "magnifique percée de la Rue Royale." The bridge itself is so long that when Balzac's hero, the unfortunate Abbé Birotteau, was appointed Curé of Saint Symphorien, over the water, he being rather gouty was practically banished for life from all that he held dear. Mademoiselle Salomon says, "Notre pauvre Abbé Birotteau a reçu tout à l'heure un coup affreux, qui annonce les calculs les plus étudiés de la haine. Il est nommé Curé de Saint Symphorien. L'Abbé Birotteau sera là comme à cent lieues de Tours, de ses amis, de tout." All that could be done to vulgarise the



Tour de Charlemagne, Tours.

bridge has been done by making a square at each end of it, each of identical proportions and arrangement. That on the Tours side is furnished with bad statues of Descartes and Rabelais, both born in Touraine. Descartes' statue may be known by its having the words "Cogito ergo sum" engraved on its base, but there is nothing else about it which would lead you to connect it with a man of genius. Balzac had a great deal of taste, but nearly all of it was bad: even he finds matter for admiration in the fact that both these squares correspond. He says, "Le pont, un des plus beaux monuments de l'architecture française, a dix-neuf cents pieds de long, et les deux places qui le terminent à chaque bout sont absolument



Street Window, House of Tristan l'Hermite, Tours.

pareilles." It is strange how certain minds can see no beauty in anything that is not large, or straight, or uniform on a large scale, and see most beauty when all these things are combined. This class of mind likes each artistic object to have a "beau pendant." Bad taste of this kind is rampant at Tours—the wretched statue of Descartes has for a *pendant* the wretched statue of Rabelais. The Hôtel de Ville, which is built at one corner of the square where the counterfeit presentment of Descartes stands, has at exactly the opposite corner, and just across the street, the Museum for a *pendant*. Both buildings are constructed on the same plan, both are almost alike, both ugly, and not only ugly, but as dull as the most refined want of taste could make them. The only thing about

the Museum which makes it remarkable is that in amusing contradistinction to our own habit in such matters, it is, or was until lately, open on Sundays, and on Sundays only. No doubt a great deal of money was spent on it; and on the Hôtel de Ville also, but we trust we shall not be thought hopelessly vulgar if we say, would that we could see in its place the old "Hôtel de la Truie qui file," once (in 1463) the seat of municipal administration, and, no doubt, a charmingly picturesque place in spite of its name.

In order to make the Rue Royale completely what it ought to be, the authorities of Tours took upon themselves the task of building the façade of every house in it to the height of the first story. By this means, that *sine quâ non*, absolute uniformity, was insured. Many a good old house, and fine, though ruined church, was cleared out of the way of the Rue Royale as it cut its relentless way through the town. Other buildings are doomed to follow. One of these is the Hôtel Papion, a handsome building which contains the Public Library. Its fault is that it is old. It is a blot on the neatness of a well-cared-for town. Tours is a dazzling place, full of glare and dust. The houses are built of a white stone found in the neighbourhood, which retains its colour for a long time. There is, however, no lack of pleasant places where a refuge can be found from the glare of the streets. The moat has been filled up, the walls thrown down; there are now more than two kilometres of boulevards and fourfold rows of elms, under the shadow of which one may almost make the circuit of the town. The cathedral, which was built in the place of one burnt in 1166, was so long in being finished that almost every style or want of style finds representation on some part of it. The west front is very richly decorated, and in many respects fine, and so is the pretty Escalier de la Psalette (see illustration), in the corner of the cloister square. As the name implies, this part of the building was once used as a singing school, in which boys were trained for the choir.

The Revolution accomplished itself without bloodshed at Tours, but not without much pulling down of churches great and small, and destruction of monuments. The outside of the cathedral was spared, but numbers of monuments inside it were destroyed.

St. Martin's was not so fortunate. Of this abbey, once the great national place of pilgrimage, and of which Kings of France were proud to be abbots, the Jacobins only left two towers, the Tour de Charlemagne (see engraving) and the Tour de l'Horloge. According to Balzac, the old people of Tours were for long after this wont to tell how all the men who lent a hand to doing this evil deed died an evil death, and that, too, before six months had passed. What punishment, therefore, ought to have befallen light-hearted Francis I., who took possession of a splendid railing of silver, with which in some fit of gratitude Louis XI. had protected St. Martin's shrine, and had the whole of it melted down and converted into a good supply of crown-pieces, of which crown-pieces it is more than probable that some came to a very bad end? St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, and gentlest and kindest of saints when not militant, ought after death to have been allowed to keep his little decorations in peace, for in life he was always ready, even in the bitterest weather, to share his cloak with any poor shivering beggar whom he chanced to meet. "What particularly distinguished St. Martin," writes Mrs. Jameson, "was his sweet, serious, unflinching serenity; no one had ever seen him angry, or sad, or gay: there was nothing in his heart but piety to God and pity for men." "He was particularly dis-

tinguished by the determined manner in which he rooted paganism out of the land. Neither the difficulty of the enterprise, nor the fury of the Gentiles, nor his own danger, nor the superb magnificence of the idolatrous temples, had any power to daunt or restrain him. Everywhere he set fire to the temples of the false gods, threw down their altars, broke their images." In proportion, however, to the fury with which he assailed the temples of the pagans were the tenderness and kindness with which he welcomed the penitent and fallen, and forgave their sins on the least sign of a desire to amend. The arch enemy himself is said to have made this a subject of mocking complaint, for such exceeding charity was most hurtful to his own power. St. Martin answered him sorrowfully (again I quote from Mrs. Jameson), saying, "Oh, most miserable that thou art! If thou also couldst cease to persecute and seduce wretched men, if thou also couldst repent, thou shouldst find mercy and forgiveness through Jesus Christ." This shows a grasp of true charity which transcends all that we have any record of at this period of the world's history; indeed, we are not at all sure that the dread personage addressed in this kindly manner by St. Martin had not to wait almost fifteen hundred years before he heard another speech conceived in the same spirit, and then it was spoken by poor Robert Burns:—

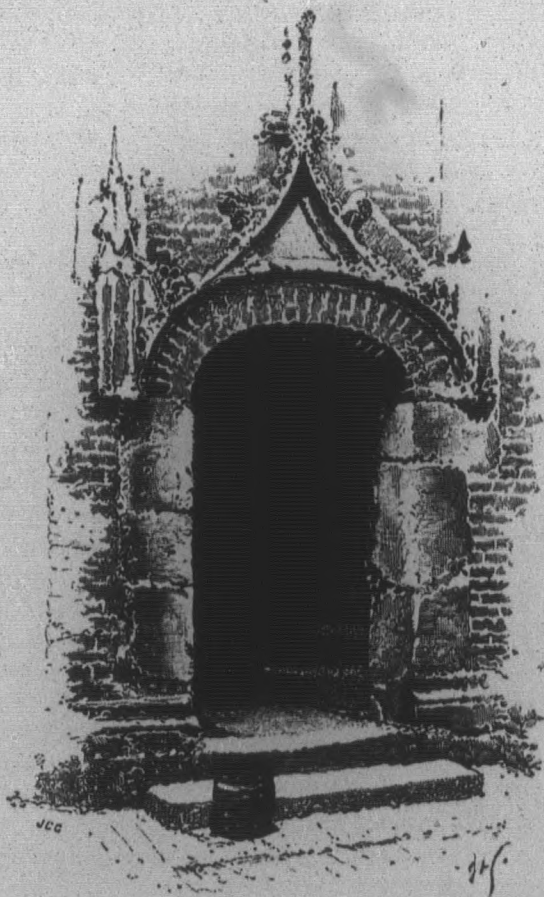
"But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
O wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!"

As before said, Francis I. devoted the silver railing to utilitarian purposes, but if he had spared it it would have been taken by the Huguenots, who in 1561 pillaged the abbey, seized on its vast treasures, broke its images, and burnt its relics; and what they left undone in the way of destruction was ended by the Jacobins, who left nothing but these towers and one small fragment of cloister of the time of the Renaissance. The Tour de Charlemagne is about a century earlier than the Tour de l'Horloge, and is so called because Luitgarde, Charlemagne's fourth wife, is said to have been buried beneath it. Even this tower is encroached on by mean buildings of all kinds; they thrust themselves before it and elbow it out of the way, and bring their wrangling noisy life into direct contact and contrast with the hoary dignity of noble old age. The whole of the site of what was once the abbey is built over. Sometimes the houses which cover it are pulled down, and the excavations which have to be made before new ones can be erected reveal buried treasures, which perhaps owe their safety only to the perfect concealment in which they have lain. In 1861 a tomb hewn out of the solid rock was thus brought to light. It was discovered beneath a house which occupied the exact spot where the high altar of St. Martin's once stood, and is believed to be the tomb of the saint himself. This was by no means suffered to remain in neglect. If the right amount of neglect could but be bestowed on a building, it would be better for the preservation of what we most value than any amount of tender care. The fine abbey church of St. Julien was at the Revolution sold and turned into a stable for the Hôtel d'Angleterre; but, though this was by no means what we wish to see, it suffered more terribly when the Tours people, growing ashamed of the desecration, bought it back and restored it. Notre-Dame la Riche (see engraving, page 169)—once Notre-Dame la Pauvre: its name was changed when it was enriched by the relics of St. Gatien—has been

1882.

restored too, but still has some fine features. St. Clément, a very interesting church, has been turned into a corn market. St. Denis is a stable. These should be rescued from their base uses, but not restored. We cannot help rejoicing that when the town of Tours bought back the abbey of St. Julien they did not buy back the chapter-room, which is still used as a stable for the riding school. It is a beautiful old building, with vaulted roof and many columns, and it has a history, for in this very hall Henry III., driven from Paris by the Leaguers, opened his parliament with great ceremony. Parliament was held at Tours for five years. This is not the only time that the seat of Government has been transferred to Tours. It is but twelve years since Gambetta alighted from the balloon in which he had left Paris, and struggled might and main to retrieve the ruined fortunes of his country.

There are still several examples of the domestic architec-



Courtyard Door, House of Tristan l'Hermite, Tours.

ture of the Middle Ages to be found in Tours, some of which, according to Mr. Dawson Turner, are as early as the twelfth century. Of course these are fragmentary, and their tenure of existence is probably brief. One of these remnants of a much later period is the house (see above and on opposite page) said to have belonged to Tristan l'Hermite, executioner to Louis XI., or, to give him his proper title, the Provost Marshal, and familiar associate of that king. Titles and honours were given oddly in those days. Louis XI. created the Virgin Mary a countess, and made her colonel of his Guards; and Tristan l'Hermite, the wretch who decorated the oaks about the royal château of Plessis with the strange acorns which were so distasteful to young Quentin Durward, had been dubbed a knight in the breach of Fronsac by the elder Dunois, the hero of Charles V.'s time. This house has obtained its name from

Y Y

the fact that a decoration, which looks extremely like a halter and a running noose moulded most carefully in terra-cotta, appears on the outside of it, and as Tristan was a noted man in the neighbourhood, this ornament is vulgarly supposed to mark the house as his, and to convey a grim reference to his art. Sir Walter Scott makes Tristan's myrmidons, Petit André and Trois Echelles, habitually go about with a halter ready for immediate use, wrapped round their waists, lest the good chance of cutting a fellow-creature's days short should be lost for want of proper appliances, so it seemed but natural to expect that a house belonging to the great executioner should be encircled in the same way with the insignia of his calling; but the dates do not correspond, the building is of a later period, and is supposed by Mr. Clutton to have been built by Anne of Brittany for some of her retainers, perhaps for some of the gentlemen archers of her Guard, for the figure of one of these, in the costume of Louis XII., is built into the groining of the roof near the entrance to the stairs. Anyhow Tristan's fatal cord and noose seem to resolve themselves into the *cordelière*, or badge of widowhood which is said to appear on every building erected by Anne of Brittany during her widowhood. The same may be found in the oratory at Loches, on the tombs of her parents and children at Nantes and Tours, and in some parts of the castle of Blois. Who-

ever built this house, it was built for gentlefolks, and is very picturesque. It is a stone house faced with red brick. It is four stories high, and has fine old doors and windows, and a tourelle 70 feet high, which contains the staircase of the house. At the top of this is a curious old wooden gallery, from which fine views of the surrounding country can be seen. Above the four windows on the north side of the court are these inscriptions:—

ASSEZ AVRONS.

PEU VIVRONS.

PRIE DIEU PUR.

PRIE DIEU PUR.

Anne of Brittany, twice Queen of France, was a spirited lady, with a taste for building and a strong determination to have her own way. One of the few objects of interest in St. Malo is the tower on whose summit she set an inscription to inform all officious persons that she did not choose to be interfered with. She had been remonstrated with for spending so much money on building, but would not be checked, and finished the tower which to this day goes by the name of "Qui qu'en grogne," because at the very top of it are to be seen these words, "Qui qu'en grogne, ainsi sera, c'est mon plaisir." It is only another form of "La Reine le veut," and apparently it was equally potent in determining what should or should not be law.

MARGARET HUNT.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.



URING the present century the development of museums has made considerable progress in this country. Under the title of "Museum" people expect to find institutions well lighted and conveniently planned, in which objects in orderly arrangement can be looked at and studied. But Sir John Soane's Museum is not a "modern" museum. Its formation was commenced nearly a hundred years ago, and then possibly without any intention that it should eventually become a "public" institution. The idea of collecting objects in dwelling-houses, and calling the collection "museums," was prevalent long before Sir John Soane's time. The virtuosi of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries used to resort to the museums of John Tradescant and Elias Ashmole in Kennington. In like manner people went to Sir Hans Sloane's house in Chelsea to see his collections, which afterwards played so important a part in the founding of the British Museum. Sir Anthony Absolute hints at the horrors of Cox's Museum when rating Jack. Akin to Cox's Museum was a curious *omnium gatherum* which attracted customers to certain coffee-rooms in Chelsea kept by John Salter, popularly known as Don Saltero. In another direction Mr. Vertue had, like a second Vasari, diligently collected notes upon works of Fine Art in famous museums and country houses, and so had furnished Horace Walpole with materials for his "Anecdotes of Painters," a work which undoubtedly stimulated public appreciation of the Arts, and contributed to the favourable condition which has led to a National Gallery. A museum of Indian rarities, dingily, if

not unknowably, germinated in the cellars of John Company's house in Leadenhall Street, little anticipating a prospect of cleanliness and spacious accommodation at South Kensington. Founders of domestic, as distinct from public museums, made little, if any, provision for securing to succeeding generations the benefits of their labours as collectors. Some few might munificently leave their possessions to public institutions, but the majority would be callous to the future, whether their collections should be dispersed under the hammer of a Hutchings or a Robins, or, through the indifference of inappreciative heirs, degenerate into so much lumber and litter, to be stored away in attics, and to be discovered at the present time clothed in a hallowing mantle of housemaids' sweepings and dust.

To none of such last-named contingencies did Sir John Soane contemplate exposing his valuable library and collections, which, in their house at 13, Lincoln's Inn Fields, are, in a way, representative survivors of the eighteenth-century "domestic," as distinct from the nineteenth-century "public" museum. From humble origin Sir John valiantly fought his battle of life, ultimately issuing therefrom a knight and facile draughtsman, to whom the Governments of George III., George IV., and William IV. looked for advice and guidance in schemes for erecting great monumental public buildings—buildings which would have savoured more of the architectural dreams of a Claude than of the practical experience of an Inigo Jones or a Christopher Wren.

Towards his latter days the architects of England signalled their acknowledgment of Sir John's supremacy by striking a medal in honour of him, and by presenting him with an address. Thirty years previously he had been elected a Royal Academician. Throughout his successful career he had

amassed various works of Art and books, many to aid him in his profession, others to give him pleasure. As the collection grew, its due disposal within the rooms of his house gave rise to the necessity of adapting passages and basement offices into exhibition-rooms, all of which remain to this day just as they were when Sir John Soane died in 1837. The Monks' Parlour, Oratory, the Catacombs, the Sepulchral Chamber, the Crypt, etc., are fanciful names of the leading features of Sir John's metamorphosis of his dwelling-house into a museum. The conversion of a private dwelling-house into a public museum must, according to modern views at least, be an experiment of doubtful success. One can nevertheless realise the satisfaction which the old gentleman must have felt as he might saunter from his little breakfast-room, with its top-lighted domed ceiling, either towards the front of the house into the fine morning-room and library, with its painted ceilings and Pompeian red walls, or towards the back, into the sombre passages hung with casts of architectural details, fragments of sculpture, busts, torsos, and models, to look down upon the huge and unique alabaster sarcophagus beneath the cupola of the sepulchral chamber. That he was alive to defects in the plan of his museum is made clear in his own account of it, printed in 1835.

The preservation of a collection, which is more than one of *lares et penales* in the usual sense of the term, possessed Sir John Soane, and he took the best steps he could for securing it. In 1833 he obtained an Act of Parliament, and made a sufficient endowment for the maintenance of the Museum. Upon his death on the 20th of January, 1837, this Act took effect, and from that time to this a board of trustees has been charged to inspect and exercise a due control over the "collections," so that free access shall be given at least on two days in every week throughout the months of April, May, and June, and at other times. Within the last few years the number of free admission days has been increased, and those days have been fixed for Tuesdays and Thursdays in February and March, and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays in the months of April, May, June, July, and August.

The handbook to the Museum was compiled from Sir John's fuller description, and draws attention to the most important of the contents. As may be imagined, a principal theme of the collection is the illustration of architecture. Apart from casts of details, which nowadays are elsewhere superseded by casts of complete works, photographs, and so forth, there are highly finished models to scale, done in plaster of Paris, of ancient Greek and Roman buildings, some cork models, fragments of antique friezes, mouldings, and capitals in marble and in terra-cotta; mosaics and paintings; and original drawings by Piranesi and Clerisseau, two eighteenth-century architectural artists. Besides these, here and there one comes upon original designs in plaster, by Barry and Flaxman, for monuments. Chief amongst these architectural examples are many of Sir John Soane's original designs for works carried out and projected only. In the former category those of the Bank of England are noticeable, whilst in the latter a view of a triumphal bridge and a design for a national monument are masterpieces of the style of pseudo-classical architecture which had so great a hold upon Sir John Soane, though not entirely to the exclusion of other styles, for amongst these stupendous projects we have a design for Gothicising the fronts of the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, a work of Art which pro-

bably finds a parallel in the Italianising of the Foreign and India Offices by the late Sir Gilbert Scott.

The library is catalogued and arranged for easy consultation. Quite recently the trustees have printed the catalogue of books.

In the present bent of public taste for Queen Anne and Georgian decorations, the great collection of some fifty folio volumes, containing original designs of Robert and James Adam for all sorts of architectural ornaments and decorations, friezes, panels, fireplaces, etc., rises into importance. Chiefly in the style of Etruscan and Roman arabesque decorations, these works are executed with much delicacy, and are full of variety and suggestiveness. Of equal value, perhaps, is a volume containing drawings for Greenwich Hospital, Hampton Court, etc., by Inigo Jones, with which, too, are some few drawings signed by Sir Christopher Wren. Standard works on Art, like Agincourt's "*Histoire de l'Art par les Monuments*," Piranesi's works, the "*Museo Clementino*," and many others are also here. An interesting collection of original Italian designs and studies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is well worth consulting.

Some fine missals and illuminations, named in the library catalogue, are placed out in glass cases; as, for instance, those attributed to Lucas van Leyden, those by Giulio Romano, and others in the breakfast-room and north drawing-room. Rare editions of classic works, such as Fra Landino's "*Comento Sopra Dante*," 1481, and the first three editions of Shakespeare, 1623, 1632, and 1664, which formerly belonged to John P. Kemble, may be seen here; "*Les Amours de Henry IV., Roi de France*," published in 1695 at Cologne; "*A hyve full of hunnie*," published in 1578; a religious work "*contayning the firste booke of Moses, called Genesis, turned into English meetre*;" "*The Roman Historie written by T. Livius of Padua*, 1600;" Lydgate's works, 1602; "*Ortus Sanitatis*," in black letter, 1517—titles taken at hazard from the catalogue—may convey some idea of the miscellaneous character of the library. Two important works attract popular attention. The one is a volume of Hogarth's engravings with an autograph inscription, "*This copy was presented by Mr. Hogarth to Dr. Schomberg*." Here we have excellent impressions of the '*Harlot's Progress*,' the '*Rake's Progress*,' the '*Marriage à la Mode*,' the '*Industrious and Idle Prentices*,' the series of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, the '*Enraged Musician*,' the '*Stages of Cruelty*,' '*Gin Lane*,' and '*Beer Street*.' Modifications which Hogarth introduced into his engraved works, as compared with the originals in oil colour, can be noticed in the case of the '*Election*' series and the '*Rake's Progress*,' the paintings themselves being here. For instance, a great forked flash of lightning, crudely caricatured, is introduced into the engraving of the '*Arrest*,' and behind Tom Rakewell's sedan-chair are a number of street Arabs playing at cards and with dice, who do not appear in the painting.

A second remarkable work in the library is the six-volumed large-paper copy of Pennant's "*London*." Scarce engravings and water-colour sketches, pen-and-ink drawings by Nash and others, were collected and inserted on interleaving sheets by John Fauntleroy, a banker and amateur, remarkable not only for his taste—particularly, according to one of his friends, for fine curaçoa—but also for the fatal notoriety he acquired as a forger, which culminated in his execution at Newgate some fifty years ago. This copy became Sir John Soane's for the price of £694.

The books of the library are usually consulted in the morning-room, the ceiling of which is decorated with allegorical figure subjects, timidly painted in imitation of glowing processions, such as Guido's 'Aurora,' by H. Howard, R.A., a contemporary of Turner's. These paintings lose effectiveness through being brought into an incongruous companionship with panels filled with monochrome garlands. A story is told of Howard and his art. He was painting the portrait of a child and cat, but getting into difficulties over the cat's legs and tail, he appealed to Turner for advice. "Wrap them up in your red pocket-handkerchief," was the reply. This was done, and Mr. Thornbury records an opinion that this painting is one of Howard's best. Overlooking a large cork model of part of Pompeii, showing excavations round the Temple of Isis in 1820, hangs on the west wall of the library a rapidly decaying picture of the 'Snake in the Grass,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Bequeathed by Sir Joshua to Lady Thomond, after her death it passed, in 1821, into the possession of Sir John Soane for 510 guineas. In front of Beauty, seated, is a Cupid, who is loosening her girdle or zone. Her right arm is raised in a curve, so that her hand shades her face. The group is set in the darkening glories of what was once a luminous pastoral landscape. Waagen, commenting upon the replica of this painting, which is at the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, objects to the half-hidden face, and thinks the line of the right arm ungraceful. Nevertheless he fully approves of the warmth, power, and transparency of the colouring. These latter qualities, however, are disappearing from the original, which is past restoration and repair. It is now a mass of corrupting pigments, and the colourman, whoever he may have been, deserves the execration of Mr. Holman Hunt.

In far better condition are the four large paintings of the 'Election' series by Hogarth. These belonged to David Garrick, who had purchased the four for £200. Sir John Soane bought them for 1,650 guineas at the sale of Mrs. Garrick's effects in 1823. They are displayed in the "Picture Room," where ingeniously contrived movable planes have been inserted, by which an exhibiting space of 45 feet long by 20 feet broad is obtained in a space of 13 feet 8 inches by 12 feet 4 inches broad. The four subjects are respectively called the 'Entertainment,' the 'Canvassing for Votes,' the 'Polling,' the 'Chairing of the Member.' Hogarth's graphic and caricaturist force is fully displayed in these events, the like of which have been virtually relegated to the limbo of the past by the Ballot Act. In the polling scene is coarse vulgarity of persons and incidents, which lifts the Eatanswill election into a charm of refinement, and in comparison with which the modern solemnity of quietly crossing a balloting paper in a well-appointed temporary office almost ceases to have any sort of momentous interest. But it would be travelling over well-trodden ground to attempt to give a description of these famous works. Mr. Austin Dobson's recent *Life of Hogarth* supplies almost all that may be wanted in this direction. In the ballad of "Beau Brocade," which sparkles with touches of appreciation of characteristics of the early eighteenth century, Mr. Dobson speaks of Dolly, a barmaid, who, after shooting the highwayman, was wed to a Yorkshire squire, and

"Went to Town at the King's desire;
But whether His Majesty saw her or not,
Hogarth jotted her down on the spot,
And something of Dolly one still may trace
In the fresh contours of the 'Milkmaid's' face;"

and perhaps, too, in the series of the 'Rake's Progress,' which is displayed on screens in the south drawing-room. Tom

Rakewell, the hero, first appears as having succeeded to his property. Then he holds a levee—not in the St. James's Palace sense of the word, but one at which milliners, wig-makers, tailors, hatters, "dealers in dark pictures," musicians—whose talents are exercised in the musical exposition of themes like the Rape of the Sabines, and others, all necessary to the young *nouveau riche*, are present. Then comes a scene of 'Orgies.' Rakewell is soon in difficulties, for the fourth picture of the series shows us his 'Arrest' in St. James's Street. But he temporarily recovers his position by marrying an old lady for money—some such ancient Urganda as Smollett may have had in his mind's eye for Miss Sparkle. With his poor old wife's money he gambles, thence proceeds to 'Prison,' and finishes his days in the 'Madhouse.' In 1745 the 'Rake's Progress' was sold by auction for £184 16s. In 1802 Sir John Soane bought the pictures out of the collection of Alderman Beckford for 570 guineas. If days of pure æstheticism come round, when subtlety of expression takes higher rank than virtue of subject, then perhaps Hogarth's paintings may suffer depreciation. He was, as Horace Walpole wrote, a composer of comedies. The scenes he depicts, Mr. Dobson says, show him to be "conscious how the grotesque elbows the terrible;" "the strange grating laugh of Mephisto is heard through the sorriest story." Hogarth professed himself to be a moralist. The "passions may be more forcibly expressed by a strong bold stroke than by the most delicate engraving. To expressing them as I felt them, I have paid attention; and as they were address to hard hearts, I have preferred leaving them hard."

From Hogarthian satires to architectural realism is an easy step in Sir John Soane's picture-room, for close at hand to the 'Election' paintings is a large canvas representing a view on the Grand Canal at Venice, looking towards the Salute in the left middle distance, with the Ducal Palace and Molo on the right. The foreground, waters of "opaque, smooth sea-green," rippled with a "monotony of concave touches of white," is busy with shipping and gondolas. Some say that this painting is one of Canaletti's finest works, but Mr. Ruskin says that Canaletti is "a little and a bad painter." There is much else to refer to. Foremost is the famous Egyptian sarcophagus, sculptured out of a single block of the "finest Oriental alabaster, of Seti I., which is translucent when a light is placed in the inside of it." Its dimensions are as follows:—Length at the top, 9 feet 4 inches; breadth in the widest part, 3 feet 8 inches; depth at the head, 2 feet 8 inches; at the foot, 2 feet 3 inches. It is minutely carved, within and without, with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height.

The early years of the present century focussed general attention upon the great Napoleon, and Sir John Soane has left evidences of his subjection to the then prevalent influence, in a pistol which had belonged to the Emperor, various likenesses of the Emperor, and a remarkable series of some one hundred and forty medals struck in France during the Consulate and reign of Napoleon. The artistic interest of the Museum, however, is naturally paramount with readers of the *Art Journal*, and whilst one cannot attempt to give any detailed account of a fine collection of Greek gems, rare Greek vases, a number of cinerary urns, and many specimens of Flemish and German painted glass, it may, perhaps, be right to close these remarks with a brief notice of one or two original works by Turner, which stand out in importance amongst the other drawings and paintings.

Turner sent his first contribution to the Royal Academy in 1792; that is, when he was seventeen years old. By far the greater number of his early works were in water colours. Mr. S. Redgrave considers that 'Hot Wells at Bristol' was an oil-colour picture, and this was shown in 1793; but the weight of evidence (according to Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Turner's latest biographer) goes in favour of his first oil painting having been a 'Study in Millbank,' exhibited in 1797. In the summer of 1797 Turner seems to have made a sketching tour in Yorkshire, where, amongst other places, he visited Kirkstall Abbey ruins. In 1798 we find in the Royal Academy catalogue an entry of the 'Ruins of the Refectory of Kirkstall Abbey.' It has been a question if the water-colour painting of this subject, which Sir John Soane purchased in 1798, is the picture of that year's Academy, or if an oil-colour twin of it exists which is the veritable work hung in the Academy. The water colour signed "W. Turner" is a finished painting, and not a sketch. It is larger and of greater importance than the drawing in the National Gallery, from which the plate of 'The Crypt in Kirkstall Abbey' for the "Liber Studiorum" was made fourteen years later. The inscription upon the plate of the Liber shows that the plate is from "the original drawing in the possession of John Soane, Esq., R.A., Professor of Architecture;" and this inscription does not leave room for thinking that the splendid water colour of 'Kirkstall Abbey' in the Soane Museum is not the original work as registered in the Academy catalogue of 1798. Mr. Ruskin, speaking of the plate of 'Kirkstall' in the Liber, says, "Sound preaching at last in Kirkstall Crypt concerning fate and life. Here, where the dark pool reflects the chancel pillars, and the cattle lie in an unhindered rest, the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies instead of priests' vestments, their white furry hair ruffled a little fitfully by the evening wind, deep scented from the meadow thyme. . . ." The water-colour painting, however, represents the crypt at Kirkstall rather in mid-day than eventide. Through the ruined doorway or window in the centre of the picture one has a prospect of sun-radiant corn-fields, whilst bright contenting sun rays falling on the cattle inside the cool crypt have no tinge of redness of sunset. Mr. Wornum writes that "Turner had three styles as a landscape painter; the first was highly elaborated, especially in his water-colour paintings." During the early years of what is known as his "first period," Turner painted his exhibition pictures frequently in water, and sometimes in oil colours. At length he appears to have adopted the latter materials for his finished works, and the former merely for his sketches. In the summer or autumn of 1802 Turner made his first journey abroad, passing *via* Calais through France into Savoy. The following year's Academy showed fruits of this journey. Again he exhibited finished pictures in oil and water colour; and of the latter that of 'St. Hugues' de-

nouncing vengeance upon the Shepherd of Courmayeur in the Val d'Aosta' is a large work, which Sir John Soane secured. This painting was probably removed from the walls of the Academy to Lincoln's Inn Fields in the very frame which now holds it. Larger in all senses than the 'Kirkstall Crypt,' it is unfortunately suffering from evil effects. The colours, in many delicate passages, have lost their original tone, whilst spots of decay are distinguishable in various parts. The main incident, so far as its *dramatis personæ* are concerned, passes into comparative insignificance when considered with the scene in which it is depicted to occur. A synchronism of three sorts of weather seems to enhance the majesty of mountain scenery. In the foreground we are conscious of the treacherous light, and almost of the gustiness of wind, which usually precede a storm; the storm rages in the middle distance, and far away is glorious sunlight. The right of the picture is solemn with mountainous heights, receding into the darkness and gloom of the raging storm. A flash of lightning silvers the leaden clouds, through which it bursts here and there, tracing as it were the profile of the rain-drenched heights to the north of the village of Courmayeur, and finally lashing its tail about the campanile of the parish church. At the back of the village rises an amphitheatre of mountains, whose higher and more distant peaks are bathed in brilliant sunshine. The chain of sunlit snowy tops is interrupted by heavy clouds passing over the pastures and wooded spurs of the southern hills of the valley. In the immediate foreground, at the entrance to a roadway leading through groves to the village, is St. Hugo (his back to the spectator) uttering his curse upon the shepherd who advances towards him. The flock of sheep is straggling; some have gone past St. Hugo, and have got to the pool of water at the foot of a lofty crucifix which stands in front of a clump of trees on the near left of the picture. On the right are an Alpine spring and stone trough, with two women drawing water. From the water-trough up to the village is a perspective of trees and white huts with large flat spreading roofs.

The third work by Turner in Sir John Soane's Museum is a sea-piece painted in oil colours, the first of the Van Tromp series. Exhibited in 1831, it belongs to the best time of Turner's "second period," and is called 'Van Tromp's Barge at the Entrance to the Texel, 1645.' The golden-coloured barge of the famous Dutch admiral is conspicuous in a gleam of sunlight. The wind has filled its large mainsail. To windward of it passes a dark three-master; to leeward, in front of it, is other shipping. A fresh breeze is blowing and feathering the broken sea. The second of the Van Tromp series, 'Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt,' was produced in 1832, and now hangs in the National Gallery. The third, 'Van Tromp returning after the Battle off the Dogger Bank,' appeared in 1843; and eleven years later there was a picture of 'Van Tromp going about to please his Masters—Ships at sea getting a good wetting.'

ALAN S. COLE.

* Is the St. Hugo here depicted the exemplary Bishop of Grenoble (eleventh century) who gave St. Bruno and six companions a deserted site in his diocese, where they founded the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse? It is said that St. Hugo paid a visit to the Carthusian monks when they were without food save a number of chickens, which being flesh might not be eaten by the monks. St. Hugo accordingly wrought a miracle, and changed the chickens into tortoises. But neither of this nor anything like it is there any mention in Butler's "Lives

of the Saints." It is difficult to discover an esoteric meaning of this miracle applicable to the maledictions of the saint upon the shepherd of Courmayeur. Has Turner taken St. Hugo's name in vain?

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



T Burlington House the arrangement of the galleries has undergone a change since last year, which is, undoubtedly, a considerable improvement. The gloomy passage to the north of the central hall, which was allowed for so long to form a blot upon the general brilliancy of the rooms, has, under Mr. Norman Shaw's direction, been transformed into a gallery with a top light so much better than the rest that it will next year probably be the most coveted position in the Academy. The sculptors, for whose benefit the room was originally constructed, have been relegated to the lecture-room, in which their work is, on the whole, better seen than it has ever been before. A north light is, no doubt, the best for a statue, as it is for a picture, but when the question to be considered is the arrangement of a large number of works in a single room, a top light is the only one by which results that shall be equally just to all can be secured. We should have liked, however, either to have seen pictures combined with the sculpture in the lecture-room, or, if that were impossible, something contrived in the way of warm-toned drapery to take away the cold and bare look which the walls have at present. The President, at the Academy banquet, stated that this alteration had materially diminished the wall space for the display of pictures, although it had been sought to make some amends by hanging works perilously near the last range of vision. As a remedy for having to reject so many works well worthy of being hung, he besought contributors in future to strike a juster balance between scale and matter, and he promised that the Academy would see if they could not add further rooms upon the small residuum of ground which still remained to them to the west of the present buildings. Before this is done, it certainly would be well to see whether the adhesion of the Government and the other learned societies could not be obtained, whereby the central courtyard could be roofed in, and at one and the same time a magnificent site for sculpture and the most delightful lounge in London be secured. This would not only restore the lecture-room to pictures, but allow of the central hall and the ante-room, which at present look miserably empty, being used for the same purpose. The alterations have necessitated the renumbering of the rooms, which now run from 1 to 11, the new one being No. 6.

The *personnel* of the Academy has also undergone considerable modification since the last anniversary. Two officers, Mr. Hart, the Librarian, and Mr. Street, the Professor of Architecture, have died; the former when full of years, the latter when little beyond the prime of life, and in the middle of his greatest work. These vacancies, and another caused by the retirement of Mr. Richard Redgrave, have been filled up by the election of Messrs. Barlow, Oulless, and Briton Riviere, all of whom afford in the present exhibition full justification for their preferment: their places amongst the Associates have been secured by Messrs. Aitchison and G. F. Bodley, architects, and Mr. Henry Woods, a hitherto little-known painter.

Of the gigantic total of 7,312 works sent in, the hangers of the year have been able to place 1,696, or 125 more than last

season, and the better part of the increase is in oil pictures, which number 970 against 895. There are 237 water-colour drawings, 155 pieces of sculpture, and 328 works of various kinds in the architectural room. The members and associates are represented by 203 works, although six of them—Messrs. Pickersgill, Calderon, Richmond, Nicol, Bodley, and E. B. Stephens—fail to contribute.

Nothing is more difficult than to form a just comparison between one Academy exhibition and another. The impression left upon the mind of the most careful critic, after an interval of nine months, is so different from that which he receives upon his first visit to the exhibition, that no good end is served by comparing them one with another; but, speaking generally, we may say that the present show strikes us as containing quite an average amount of that good sound work which, after all, is of more importance to Art progress than the presence of a few pictures which create a furore and set the world talking. Works of this latter class are conspicuously absent; there is not a picture in the rooms which is likely to attract any special crowd, but there are very many that will repay attention from those who seek them out. The hanging of many of the rooms is decidedly successful, and presents evidences of an extraordinary amount of care, but the placing in the central position on the line of certain inferior works of one of the committee has rightly called forth considerable indignation. Landscape art shows a continued advance, and must ere long be recognised in a greater measure by the Academic body. As matters stand at present, those who profess that art are so sparsely represented that, amongst the seven members of the Hanging Committee, there was no landscapist. The pictures which merit special attention are—

ROOM I.

No. 3. A portrait of 'Mrs. Charles Holland,' by Mr. T. B. WIRGMAN. So like the work of Mr. Oulless, of whom it is not unworthy, that it might readily be mistaken for his.

No. 5. 'Il y en a toujours un autre,' by Mr. MARCUS STONE. Purchased with the Chantrey Fund. A very tall and narrow picture. A lady seated upon a garden bench at the top of a flight of steps; over the back of the bench leans a young man who has just received an answer to a question, which may be divined by the title of the work. The story is completely and tenderly told, gesture and attitude helping it out.

No. 15. 'Low Tide: Coast of Normandy,' by Mr. ADRIAN STOKES. A French fishing village, with a beach strewn with seaweed, and a luminous blue sky. Decidedly good, by a young painter who is fortunate in having four other works in the exhibition, to make up for his rejection last year.

No. 17. 'Noontide's Hush, and Heat, and Shine.' One of the best works we have seen from the brush of Mr. FRANK WALTON. The colour is fresher than in most of his previous works, and although it is hardly so expressive of the heat of a July noon as he seems to have meant it to be, it must be pronounced a decided success.

No. 23. One of two portraits here present of "our other General" hangs next to Mr. Pettie's work. It is from the brush of Mr. OULESS, and shows us Sir Frederick Roberts in the interior of his Indian tent. He wears an undress uniform and a huge fur-lined yellow overcoat. He has just

risen from a table with maps upon it, and seems upon the point of some important decision. The likeness is good, but Mr. Ouless has hardly succeeded in making the head and features dominate over the rather gaudy accessories as completely as it should have done.

No. 24. 'The Magician's Doorway,' by Mr. BRITON RIVIERE. This is a curious subject. A magnificent marble portal, with highly wrought pillars of nondescript architecture, which seem, however, to suggest ancient Persia, is guarded by two chained leopards. On one door-post hangs a horn waiting for him who is adventurous enough to blow it, while in the dim recesses of the interior a lamp burns in the ante-room of the sorcerer himself. All this gives Mr. Riviere an opportunity to display his powers, both as an animal painter and as a master of tone, to great advantage. The picture is almost in monochrome, the warm and creamy hues of the marble columns, the yellow and brown of the leopards, and the dark rich greys of the corridor beyond the gate helping to make up a whole which could not be improved in harmony or unity of expression.

No. 29. 'Mrs. James Stern,' by Mr. J. E. MILLAIS. A lady of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, painted with perfect skill, with perfect sincerity, and with perfect content on the part of the artist to interpret the life of the age in which he lives. She stands, dressed in crimson velvet and lace, among surroundings in which real blush roses are skilfully echoed by those on a background of tapestry.

No. 30. 'The Duke of Monmouth's Interview with James II.' This is one of the most powerful pictures in the collection. After Monmouth had been defeated at Sedgemoor, found hiding in a ditch, and finally condemned to death, he besought an interview with James, at which he grovelled at the King's feet and begged for his life. It is this moment Mr. PETTIE has chosen, and he has fixed it on canvas with consummate skill. The scene is laid in an apartment at St. James's. The tall windows, veiled by transparent blue curtains, cast long reflections upon the polished floor, while the scanty furniture and the obscure light give a look of mystery to the apartment. James stands upright, dressed in black, which is relieved only by the ribbon of the Garter; his arms are folded, and he looks down with a contempt which is mingled with but the slightest shade of pity at Monmouth, who, utterly abandoned to his terror, is crawling along the floor to his kinsman's feet. The face of the condemned man is the personification of abject, long-continued fear. This is hardly a picture to live with, but it is a picture that will live.

No. 35. 'The Sources of the Thames,' a good example of Mr. VICAT COLE.

No. 36. 'A Village Maestro' is a clever little picture by Signor ANDREOTTI.

No. 41. 'Children of the Riviera' is a tenderly harmonious little composition by Mr. H. CAMERON.

No. 43. 'Dorothy Thorpe,' Mr. MILLAIS' best work. A pretty child kneeling upon a cushion on an oak floor is occupied, apparently, with the mixture of punch. Before her stands a silver bowl, in her hands she has a slice of lemon, and beside her sit two attentive spaniels. The colour harmony is made up of her light blue dress, the silver bowl and its warm reflections, and the deep rich browns of old oak panelling.

No. 49. 'Waiting,' by Mr. R. W. MACBETH. Identical in subject with an etching recently contributed by this artist to the Exhibition of Painter-Etchers. In colour and chiaroscuro it

is as fine as anything which Mr. Macbeth has done, but it is careless in drawing, though not so careless as the etching.

No. 62. A pleasant landscape, unnamed, by Mr. O. RICKATSON, an Academy student, which promises well for its author's future.

No. 63. 'The Burgomaster's Daughter,' the best of Mr. G. H. BOUGHTON'S contributions. The curious combination of metallic green with blackish greys and pale crimson flesh tints, into which Mr. Boughton's colour has recently degenerated, is here not conspicuous, and the quaint but rich skating costume of a Dutch girl of the better class in the seventeenth century is eminently pictorial.

No. 64. 'Avant la Fête du Papa' is a study of bric-à-brac and flowers, by M. MUNKACSY. Full of that piquant skill which is the highest aim of so many continental artists, but without any of the expressive power which M. Munkacsy's best work displays. We must here enter a protest against so considerable a space of the better positions being assigned to works of foreign origin, and from which but little benefit to English Art can be derived.

No. 71. 'Wedded,' by SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, represents conjugal love, and succeeds in suggesting the deepest of human passions in an extraordinary degree. A young man leans over the shoulder of his bride, and tenderly kisses the fingers of her left hand, while with his right he clasps hers as it lies upon her breast. Her head is thrown back upon his shoulder, and her features turn to his with as absorbing an expression of love as we have ever seen realised by Art. The deep blue of the sea and sky, which are seen in the background, give force to the colour, while they break the monotony of those violet and kindred hues of which the President is so fond.

No. 78. 'Dolce far Niente,' by Mr. C. E. PERUGINI. Hung in the neighbourhood of Sir Frederick's canvases, this picture provokes comparisons which, instead of damaging it, only help to call attention to its beauties. These are, briefly, a clearness of atmosphere and illumination which are not always to be found in decorative work, and an exquisite piece of design in the drapery of the taller figure.

No. 94. 'La Brodeuse,' a young woman, modern and French, at a tambour frame. One of Mr. H. FANTIN'S pieces of harmony.

GALLERY II.

No. 99. 'Blackdown, Surrey,' a good landscape, by Mr. CECIL LAWSON, with a well-painted, but rather spotty sky.

No. 102. 'A Pause in the Attack: Hougoumont, Waterloo,' one of Mr. E. CROFT'S two battle-pieces. Full of life and animation, but the expressions are a little exaggerated, and the colour is very cold and poor.

No. 118. 'Our River,' by Mr. W. L. WYLLIE. A very clever study of the various smokes and steams which go to make up the atmosphere of the Lower Thames in November. Some barges are being towed up the middle of the river, and a lurid sun peeps through a break in the vapour below.

No. 122. 'C. L. Norman, Esq.,' a portrait of a good-looking man in a brown velvet coat, by Mr. OULESS.

No. 127. 'Sir Henry Thompson,' a portrait, and an absolute likeness, of our famous surgeon, by Mr. MILLAIS.

No. 128. 'A Falling Barometer,' a fine study of black driving clouds over a fretting sea, by Mr. J. BRETT.

No. 130. 'The Bracken Gatherer,' a good picture, hung rather high, of a woman carrying home a load of bracken in an autumn evening, by Mr. ANDERSON HAGUE.

No. 131. 'Portrait of an Etcher,' by Mr. JACOMB-HOOD, also rather ill treated by the hangers.

No. 135. 'Feeding-time,' feeding chickens on a lawn surrounded by curious old buildings like a secularised convent. A good picture, by Mr. A. G. BELL.

No. 136. ' betrothed,' by Mr. R. W. MACBETH. A girl in white reading a letter at a window trailed over with clematis. The colour good both in quality and harmony, and wonderfully luminous and transparent; some odds and ends of Japanese furniture are painted with delicacy, but there is a great want of depth and solidity in the work.

No. 145. 'In Ross-shire,' a large landscape made up of mountains, lake, and a heathy foreground with Highland cattle, by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS. Very good in atmosphere and illumination, though a little purple in colour.

No. 150. 'Robert Few, Esq.,' one of the strongest of Mr. FRANK HOLL'S very strong portraits, weakness only being discernible in the hands.

No. 151. 'Waifs and Strays,' a good example of Mr. JOSEPH CLARK. A number of boys, street Arabs, assembled for tea and bread-and-butter in some chapel or school-house. The expressions of the children's faces are excellent, but the colour is not equal even to Mr. Clark's own level.

No. 154. 'A. R. Campbell-Johnston, Esq.,' a very good portrait, head and shoulders, by M. ACHILLE ZO. Although hung rather high and in a corner, this is one of the most strongly painted and thoroughly individualised heads in the exhibition. Its bad position may be due to its being an oval.

In Nos. 155 and 165 we see the early and more matured work of the sons of two of our Academicians. Mr. W. C. HORSLEY'S 'Unwilling Evidence' shows an amount of determination and painstaking which must result in ultimate success. Mr. FRANK CALDERON'S 'Feeding the Hungry,' as the work of a Slade scholar, over whose head only fifteen summers have passed, is amazingly promising.

No. 157. Another of Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN'S representations of 'Sindbad the Sailor.' Marvellously clever.

No. 163. 'At the Golden Gate,' the Peri at the gate of Paradise, by Mr. VAL. PRINSEP. A quasi-Oriental girl draped in a light crimson robe, leaning disconsolate against the golden doors which are still closed against her. A clever decorative work.

No. 176. 'Luncheon-time in a Venetian Sartoria,' by C. VAN HAANEN. In the workroom of a Venetian dressmaker, which is scattered over with the materials for many a gay costume, are some six or eight young women busy over their mid-day meal of coffee and rolls. In the expression of exuberant and careless life, and in the management of a vast quantity of unmanageable tints, this work is a masterpiece. As a pendant to it hangs

No. 182. 'Bargaining for an old Master,' by Mr. H. WOODS, the new Associate. This juxtaposition shows very clearly whence Mr. Woods has derived much of his inspiration, but it must be said at once that his picture has also great merits which are due to himself alone. The subject is a sharp-looking 'customer' bargaining with an old Venetian dealer for an ancient canvas, which lies stretched out upon the pavement between them. The two heads are clever studies of character, and the innumerable brilliant tints of the accessories, and of the draperies of the interested spectators, are managed with great skill.

No. 181. A portrait, by Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, of Mr. John Whichcord, late the President of the R.I.B.A. There is no

attempt whatever to get away from any of the hard facts of modern life which have to be dealt with, and yet the picture is an undoubted success from every point of view.

We note also in this room No. 170, 'The Squirrel,' Mr. A. E. EMSLIE; No. 186, 'Pulling off,' Mr. T. C. S. BENHAM; No. 188, 'January,' Mr. T. IRELAND; No. 190, 'Romeo and Juliet,' Mr. E. N. DOWNARD.

GALLERY No. III.

The general appearance of the great room is hardly so satisfactory as usual. One or two very bad pictures, which might have been put elsewhere, have conspicuous places on the line, and those that are good in themselves are not always happy in their mutual relations.

No. 200. 'The Golden Age,' by Mr. W. C. T. DOBSON, represents a child of seven or eight standing nude by the side of a pool of water, and drying herself after a bath. The flesh tints are very soft and true.

No. 202. 'The Old Bridge,' a good little picture by Mr. JAMES CHARLES.

No. 204. In 'Prince Arthur and Hubert' Mr. W. F. YEAMES has treated a hackneyed subject in a new way, and has produced a picture which is not unworthy to be a pendant to his 'Amy Robsart' in the Chantrey Collection. The scene is a pillared hall, like the chapel in the White Tower; Arthur grasps Hubert's arm and shoulder, and begs for his sight: they are both seated on a bench by a long table, a suggestive cord lies on the floor beside them, and a still more suggestive fire glows in the background.

No. 205. 'A Summer Afternoon,' cattle in a landscape beneath a well-drawn group of Scotch firs, by Mr. T. S. COOPER.

No. 212. 'Memphis,' by Mr. F. GOODALL. The site of the early capital of the Egyptian Pharaohs. A modern Arab is watering a pair of buffaloes in the pool in which one of the *colossi* of Rameses—the great Pharaoh Sesostri—lies prone upon its face. Two or three ibises and a cobra are in the foreground; the great palms which distinguish the region, and a few Mahommedan buildings, fill up the distance. The introduction of the cobra was, perhaps, an error in judgment, but as a whole the work is nobly conceived.

No. 213. 'Portrait of Jonathan Angus, Esq., Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne,' by Mr. H. T. WELLS. A truly formidable collection of civic properties, calculated to have no little effect upon Art progress in the North.

No. 219. 'Ossian's Grave,' by Mr. JOHN MACWHIRTER. The stone of Mora standing upright in a glen between the rocky hills. On the right a tall peak, round which the mists are circling. One of the most poetic of Mr. MacWhirter's landscapes, and more solid in execution than usual.

No. 222. 'Bad News,' by Mr. MARCUS STONE. A mounted retainer has brought some message of ill to a girl dressed in a gorgeous costume of red and yellow silk, and crimson velvet. The girl's face is touching, but the pathetic effect of the picture, as a whole, is destroyed by the gorgeous elaboration of her garments.

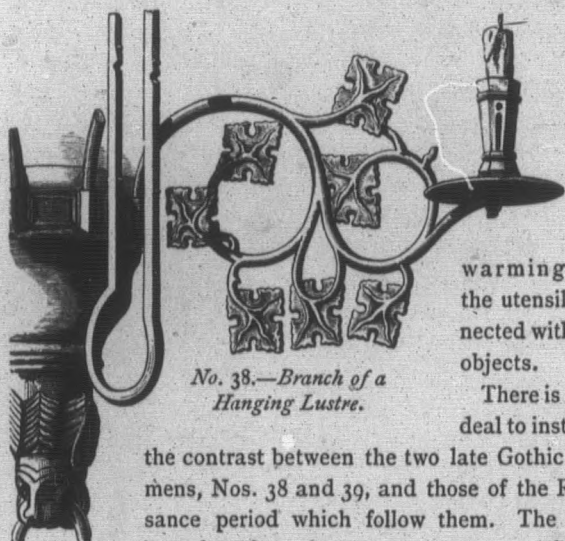
No. 223. A splendid bust of Sir F. Roberts, by Mr. F. HOLL. His dress is the buff uniform worn on the great march to Candahar.

No. 224. 'In the Tepidarium,' a Roman lady, nude, at the bath, by Mr. E. J. POYNTER. Practically identical with a figure in his diploma picture.

(To be continued.)

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

THE examples given in the present number, various as they are in style and date, have a certain connection, as being all concerned with the subject of lighting and



No. 38.—Branch of a Hanging Lustre.

warming, and the utensils connected with those objects.

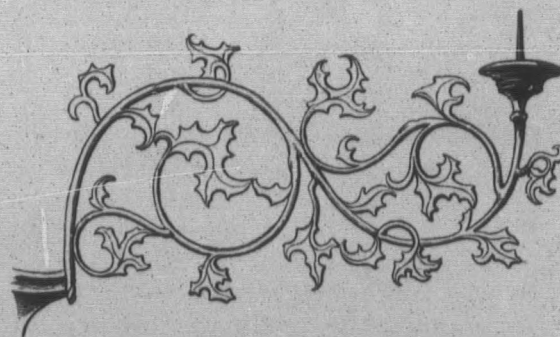
There is a good deal to instruct in

the contrast between the two late Gothic specimens, Nos. 38 and 39, and those of the Renaissance period which follow them. The Gothic branches from lustres, or corona, as they are sometimes called, are illustrations of the tendency to the use of natural forms in mediæval work of this kind, and at the same time of the true spirit of conventional treatment which was kept up by mediæval artists, even in cases in which they approached very close to the imitation of nature. In each case the idea of the design seems to be taken from that of the branch of a tree with leaves growing from it, the stem or shaft of the lustre representing approximately the stem of the tree, from which all the branches spring. But there is not the slightest attempt at imitating the natural irregularities and knots of a living tree-branch, as we see done sometimes, with the extremity of false taste, in "rustic seats" as they are called, of iron cast in imitation of boughs and twigs woven together. Such a treatment of metal is not "design" at all, but mere coarse imitation; and the moment it is discovered it disgusts the observer, not only as a puerile attempt at deception, but from the harsh contrast between the rigid nature and feel of the iron, and the fragile and supple substance which it pretends to imitate. Into such vulgarities of taste the mediæval designers never fell. In the examples before us they have reproduced the essential qualities of the branching of a tree, the radiation of the branches from a central stem, the growth of the leaves from either side of the branch. The lines of the main stem, however, are the lines of Art, not of nature—of wrought iron, not of wood. They are carefully designed in symmetrical curves, in flowing but clean and precise lines. There are, however, in No. 39, one or two touches of absolute realism in the junction of the smaller branches with the principal one, which would have been better omitted; they interfere with the conventional unity of the whole; and in both the examples it may be observed that a better effect would have been produced if all the minor branches had sprung from the main one in curves tangential to the curve of the main branch, instead of springing, as some of them do, almost at right angles, or in no definite curve. The essential

principle of nature is, however, so far observed in both designs, that all the minor branches spring in the same general direction, from the root towards the apex of the main branch, which is the invariable rule in natural growths, except in some of nature's eccentricities, such as some forms of cactus, which appear to grow anyhow. In both examples the leaves are treated in a manner perfectly suitable to metal work, their thin, beaten-out character representing the proper characteristics of metal. In the German example a greater variety of detail is observable in the treatment of the leaves, which, in fact, approach very nearly to the freedom of nature; and if the more prominent feature, the stalks, had been treated symmetrically, these variations in the leaves might have passed as suitable, considering how slight and unobtrusive they are. In No. 38, which is fifteenth-century work, taken from Temple Church, Bristol, the leaves are treated in a rather more solid and more markedly conventional manner, and the designer has therefore done wisely in avoiding all pretence of natural irregularity, and treating all his leaves in the same square and rigidly artificial form.

These points have been dwelt upon more than the importance of the illustrations might seem to warrant, because they afford convenient illustration of certain principles in regard to the relation of ornament to nature, which are in themselves very important, and are too often overlooked. The whole of the work in them is suited to the nature and character of the material employed, and in so far they present no point for criticism. But the degree of conventionalism of natural forms which has been assumed in some parts of the detail has not been carried out in other parts quite consistently, and hence they fail in perfection of design; and though the principal curves are good and true, the smaller curves do not spring consistently or agreeably from them. It is a rule, admitting of no exception in design, that a curve springing out of another curve should be a tangent to the main curve at the point of junction. It has been said that it is a rule in nature; this is not the case, but it is a rule in design, because design is employed in describing artificial and not natural lines, and must describe them in the manner most theoretically perfect, which nature rarely does.

We are in a completely different type of work when we turn to the next three examples; almost in another world of Art and



No. 39.—Branch of Corona, Church of St. Lawrence, Nuremberg (late Mediæval).

taste. These are all Italian examples of about a century later in time than the two mediæval specimens, but much more than a century in appearance and style. They belong, how-

* Continued from page 149.

ever, to the Art of a country in which the mediæval idea never took root, and in which the Renaissance had a long start of any other country. In one sense they are exceedingly inferior types of decorative metal design to the mediæval types we have been looking at, inasmuch as they have no constructive unity, and no principle of any sort. They are made up of details derived from, or modified from, different details of classic architecture, built up arbitrarily upon one another, with no constructive relation, and not even any principle of arrangement,

except that which is involved in a rough principle of the larger sections being at the bottom, and the smaller at the top. And we should be at a loss to understand how such curiously incongruous forms came to be thus arbitrarily piled on one another under pretence of design, did we not observe that figures, or parts of figures, are introduced on almost every available portion of the design. That is the true explanation of the style of Italian Renaissance goldsmith's work, as exhibited in such specimens as these. The great painters and sculptors of the earlier Renaissance had already rendered the study of the figure the prime end and aim of Art, and the workers in metal had to make the figure a prominent portion of their work if they would keep up with the taste of the day, and keep up the interest of connoisseurs in their work. Consequently, designs were contrived so as to be, in all their stages, so many pedestals, seats, or niches for figures, or parts of figures;



No. 40.—Bronze Candelabrum, Italian Renaissance.

and figures were contrived ending in scrolls and other devices, the better to connect them with the construction of the piece, so far as it could be said to have any construction. There is no doubt that the intellectual interest of figure subjects is higher than that of mere ornament; but in their enthusiasm for the figure the Renaissance artists too often forgot the important requirement of unity and coherence of design. They threw together a number of parts, content if each part separately were finely designed and modelled, but

troubling themselves little about the meaning expressed by the figures, or the relation of each part to the rest. Of the two companion specimens of tall candelabra given here, both executed in bronze, No. 40 is the best designed, although it has the defect of having no marked base-line, the scrolls of the mermaids' tails forming the base, which has an unsatisfactory and unstable appearance. But the supporting masses of the base figures connect themselves much better with the superstructure than in No. 41; they fall back towards it in a pyramidal line, and it rests principally upon their shoulders;

whereas the sphinxes which form the supports in the other case stand quite away from the superstructure, which is carried only by their wings, a very unsatisfactory and weak-looking device. It should be borne in mind that even when entirely artificial and conventional combinations of this kind are made in ornamental design, a certain apparent probability in the combinations should be aimed at, and that where this is attained a combination may be passed off as not inoffensive in taste, while with a less considerate arrangement the very same materials may appear vulgar or absurd. No. 41, it will be observed, has the merit of a well-marked base, and it would have been, on the whole, better and more satisfactory if the base mouldings had been made the actual base, instead of being mounted on a combination of consoles standing on griffins' feet at the



No. 41.—Bronze Candelabrum, Italian Renaissance.

angles, and cherubim in the interspaces. If, however, the pedestal were to be raised on feet, the angle feet should have been of better considered and more truly structural design, and the intermediate cherubs should have been omitted, not only because they are absurdly misplaced in point of design (a cherub being, at all events, worth something better than to be stood upon), but because, practically, the intermediate feet are a disadvantage, and the candelabrum would be a great deal steadier with only the three principal feet at the

three angles, a tripod being the firmest and the least liable to rocking or derangement of any possible arrangement of points of support. The supporting figures of No. 40 are bold and graceful in design; the little Cupids above them sit awkwardly on the pedestal, and look as if they would fall off, or as if, at least, they had nothing to do with the general design. The other figures fall in pretty well with the lines, and what must, by courtesy, be called the construction of the whole. In No. 41 the supporting sphinxes, which, as we have

observed, support nothing, are weak in themselves; the other figures are, on the whole, tolerably well placed, and fall in harmoniously with the lines of the architectural portion. It must be observed, however, that this style of ornamental composition is open to the objection, in these two examples as well as in many others, of producing an irregular and ragged outline, whereas detail should be subordinate to purity of line in the main form of the object; and that figures, or portions of figures, on several different scales ought not to be employed in the same design. The human figure is the most important and generally recognised standard of scale, and the scale of the figure, or of any portion of it which may be employed, gives the scale to the subordinate portions of the design, and in working with several different scales of the figure the designer is in-

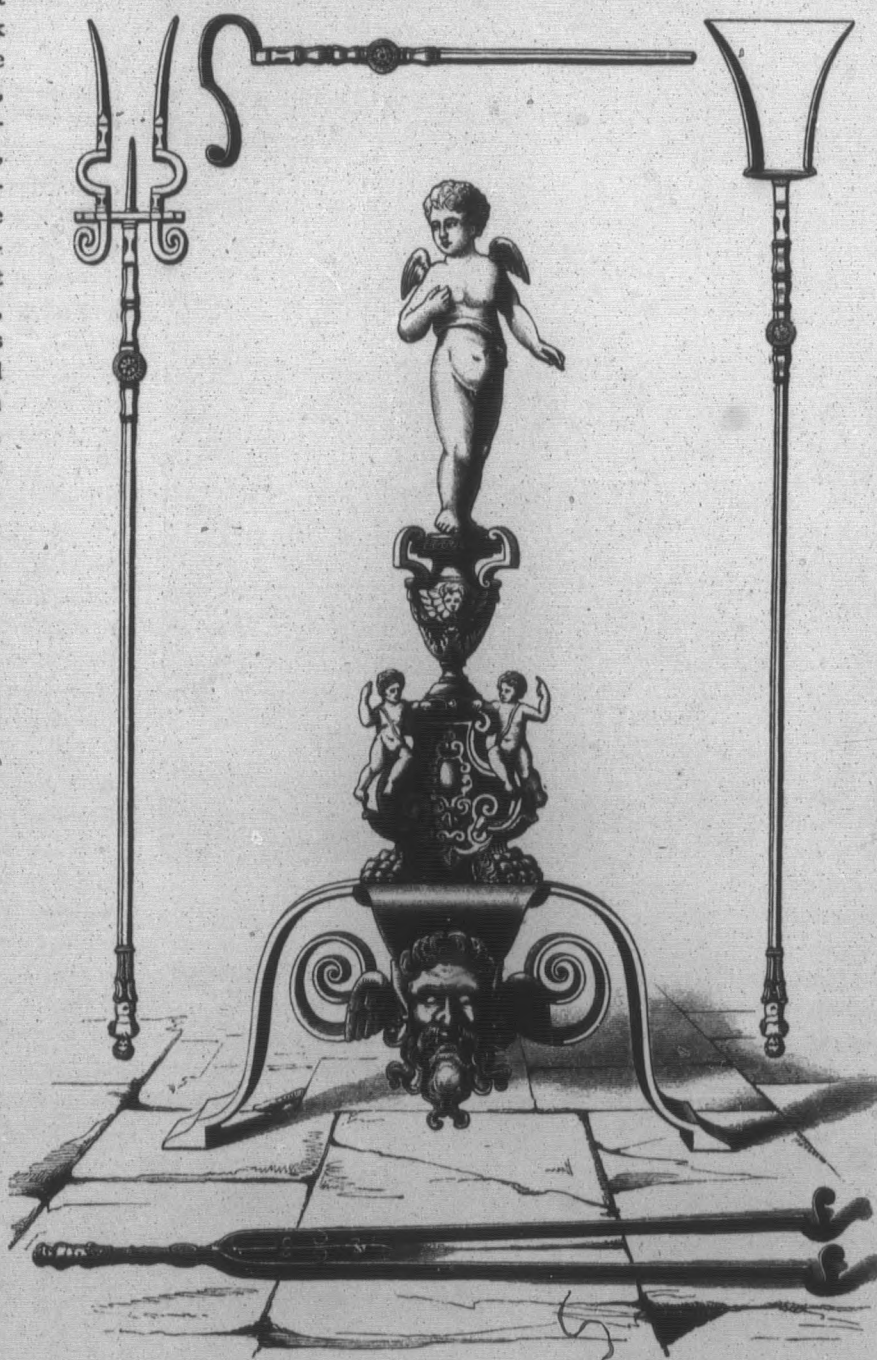
roducing several conflicting and contradictory scales into his work, which was one of the most frequent sins of the Renaissance designers. They introduce the figure in every scale and in almost every attitude, for its own sake, regardless of its relation to the other portions of the design.

The candlestick figured in No. 43, belonging to the same school of Italian Renaissance design, is free from several of the defects noticed in the two previous examples. The upper

portion is here also, it is true, on a different scale from the base; but the base is, allowing for the mannerisms of the style, well designed. The feet have a form proper to give a firm support, and they are constructively connected with the rest of the design; and the wings of the figures, which do not form an absolute support, but only an *appui* to the central stem, are conventionalised into a form which has sufficient appearance of strength and solidity for the part they play, that of connecting the angles with the centre; and the

general outline is more simple and harmonious in line than in the other two examples.

The fire-dog and fire-irons, No. 42, exhibit a mingling of some of the defects of Italian Renaissance design with some much better qualities in metal design than are shown in the candelabra we have been examining. They date from about the middle of the sixteenth century, and the design of the "fire-dog," or stand for setting the irons against, represents a general form which was prevalent for a considerable period in objects of this kind, that of a pedestal surmounted by a figure; the very same style of design, in fact, as that of the "andirons" in Imogen's chamber, described in *Cymbeline*, only that those were of silver, this one is bronze. The figure in this case is pretty in attitude and well modelled; the pedestal portion is in-



No. 42.—Fire-dog and Irons (Soulaiges Collection), Italian Renaissance.

congruous in design, presents figures of just the same character as the surmounting figure, but on much smaller scale, and rests badly upon the base, with which it seems to have no connection in style or design. The base is very good work, both in the distinctly metallic character of its thin scrolls and the satisfactory treatment of the feet, which are spread so as to give a firm base to the whole, and appear as designed for their practical purpose. The difference between this portion

of the work and the upper portion is so striking, that one is tempted to think they must have been the work of two separate makers, and that the feet have been designed as a base on which to carry the rest of the design. There is a companion example to this in the South Kensington Museum, in which the upper portion and the mask are identical with the design here engraved, but the feet are formed by the legs turned in a round scroll, on the outer circumference of which the whole rests; certainly not so good a design as that shown here. The fire-irons are elegant, but somewhat weak in appearance, and seem as if designed more for show than use, and the employment of terminal figures on them is not to be approved, as it is putting the figure to too mean a use to employ it merely as an object to grasp with the hand.

The last two objects in our list this month form a very pointed contrast both in regard to style and what may be called motive. They are cast plates, the one of steel, the other of iron, intended for the backing of fireplaces. The steel one, No. 44, of late Renaissance style, contains, in fact, nothing that can be rightly called a motive; it is a conglomeration of strap-work, of imitation knots and interlacing, with a satyr's head (we may call it) in the centre. The wrinkled face and beard are modelled with spirit and effect; it has no relation to the rest of the design, however, nor has the whole any relation to its peculiar position. The other design is a marked contrast. We have not its history, but we should take it to be German work done before the Renaissance had invaded Germany. The main part of the design is symbolical of fire. A demon's head at the bottom of the plate seems to blow up from its mouth a triple wreath of conventionally represented flames, amid which is seen

the fir-cone, representative of the combustible material of fire, which the fir and pine supply so largely. From amid these flames leap winged dragons with tongues of fire,

the whole evidently being intended to represent the energy and wrath of the fiery element. Thus, from the designer having in his mind a distinct idea in relation to the subject, and working it out, an interest and meaning are imparted to his design quite beyond the mere interest of good modelling and shaping, which is all that we can admire in the other fire-back. No. 44 might occupy any position equally; No. 45 would have no meaning except in the position for which it was made, in which position its meaning is both intelligible and spirited.

The reader should observe the contrast between the first two examples in this number and the remainder. The first two only, which are purely mediæval, are really and exclusively *metal* design; that is, design the form of which at once presupposes metal. All the succeeding designs, with the exception of the single feature of the feet of the Soulagès fire-dog, might have been equally well cut in marble or stone or wood, or No. 45 might have been cast in fireclay. All these, therefore, are only metal designs by accident, not essentially. They belong to a period when a style of design derived from sculpture and from sculptors was in the ascendant, and metal, or any other material, was required

to adopt the forms in which the reigning arts of the period expressed themselves, instead of those which would naturally have arisen out of an unbiassed treatment of the material in accordance with its special characteristics.

Another remarkable and significant contrast is to be noticed

between the style of the detail in the mediæval and the Renaissance designs in this number; not merely the distinction in appearance and character, which of course is obvious at a glance, but a distinction in principle. Both the mediæval and the Renaissance form here given aim at the pro-

duction of agreeable and harmonious curves in the lines of the design; but in the mediæval work these curves are produced by adaptations of natural forms, in the Renaissance



No. 43.—Candlestick, Italian Renaissance.



No. 44.—Steel Fire-back, late Renaissance.

work by adaptations of artificial forms and objects. In the mediæval candelabra the curving branches have, as we have shown, a meaning; they are the conventional representation of the stem in nature. In examples 43 and 44 the curves and scrolls represent nothing whatever which has any meaning or interest; in 43 they are forms twisted into a scroll for the sake of a scroll; in 44 they are imitations of interlaced strap-work, twined in and out of slits cut for them, and wound round into a knot at the end. This latter is the worse principle, or want of principle, of the two, since it has absolutely no interest or value of any kind, except that which arises from the mere cleverness of imitation in metal of something which is not metal. No. 43 is better, inasmuch as the scroll-work in it is not imitative of any meaner object, but is really introduced under the idea of producing an agreeable and harmonious sweep of line. It is, however, a failure in this respect, inasmuch as it is not very free or flowing in line, and is weak in its constructive effect. The

scroll-work at the base of No. 42 is quite different in this respect. It is drawn in fine full curves; it appears to be (and probably is) only the prolongation of the strips of iron forming the feet, turned round into spirals which serve to balance the whole to the eye, and fill up in an agreeable and natural manner the space that would otherwise be left open between the spreading feet. It has thus both practical and artistic meaning. The fault of a great deal of ornamental detail of the Renaissance date lies in either introducing, as in No. 44, mere imitations of mean and uninteresting objects, or in the introduction of detail which seems only so much filling up, without regard to real meaning or constructive unity. This criticism does not, of course, apply especially to metal more than to other classes of work, but it is not out of place to apply it in considering the examples before us. The proper value of such examples lies in affording opportunity for the consideration why this or that form is to be admired or condemned.



No. 45.—Iron Fire-back, German (?).

CHILDHOOD AND ART.*

THE great movement of the Renaissance made itself felt north of the Alps as well as in Italy. We considered this as it affected the Italian masters in our last paper. It will therefore be interesting, in pursuit of our special subject, to observe how it influenced the French, Flemings, Spaniards, and Germans.

France, owing to Italian marriages on the part of her kings, and the consequent presence of Cellini and other Italian artists in France, may be said to have adopted Italian Art at once; and the same applies to Spain, then under the wide-reaching rule of Charles V. The Limoges enamellers of the Renaissance, the painters, sculptors, architects, and tapestry weavers of France, were thoroughly Italian. They retain, indeed, certain lengthiness of limb in their sculpture, and many elaborations of detail in their architecture, in both of which French artists lack the breadth and dignity of the Italians. As regards children, however, the roundness, fulness, and vigour of their design were thoroughly Italian.

The Low Countries and Flanders owed allegiance to Charles V. of Spain, and Italian artists were employed by the

Crown and by the great feudatories to decorate churches and palaces, and to design tapestries, arms, and sumptuous furniture. The Flemings possessed a great fecundity of imagination in the whole field of decorative art. As they had been in the Middle Ages, so they continued to be, well trained and taught, and works of Art of every kind by sixteenth-century Flemish artists found their way all over Europe. We have already noticed a painting of children by Mabuse (p. 83), full of good design and delicacy of handling.

Passing on to Germany, we may observe that the Germans retained the traditions of the Middle Ages much longer than the Flemish or the French. No mediæval city had preserved its freedom, its municipal privileges, its guilds and traditions of art, more inviolate than Nuremberg down to the time of which we are treating. Two artists of the Renaissance time, natives of that city, deserve special notice—Peter Vischer and Albrecht Dürer. Peter Vischer was a sculptor, and employed his sons to work with him; he has left many monuments in bronze and freestone in Nuremberg. His earlier works have the rigidity and want of flow in composition and line so often seen in mediæval sculpture, but he travelled and studied in Italy, and this worked a great change in his

* Continued from page 100.

art. We have in the Kensington Museum a cast of the most remarkable of his works. This is the Shrine of S. Sebaldus, in the church of that saint in Nuremberg. It is covered with noble sculptured figures partly fitted to, and forming decorative parts of, the structure. Over and above these details Vischer has covered his main cornice with little boys playing musical instruments, sporting and tumbling over dogs—a playful recollection of honest every-day life. Nothing can exceed the animation of these little creatures, some three inches or so in height. If they have not the refined beauty of Italian children, they are sound and well proportioned, bearing witness to the genuine love of children in a powerful German mind, full of seriousness and devotion.

Albrecht Dürer differed widely in his drawing from his Italian contemporaries. There remains with him much of the austerity, somewhat of the harshness, of masters of an earlier period. In drawing the figure he seems to have a sort of cynical contempt for the full, rounded convexity of outline that has so great a charm under the hand of Raffaele or Leonardo, but in his children he is full of grace and joyous completeness. A Holy Family by him, which will be found engraved in any collection of his works, represents the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth, with a crowd of tiny angels swarming about the floor, busy as bees carrying off chips of wood and setting the place in order. It is unsurpassed for tenderness and charm by any similar composition by the Italians that could be named.

Next we may notice Hans Holbein, a German also, who was so long employed at the court of Henry VIII. that he almost counts as an English artist. The best examples of his children are the portraits in chalk and on panel of the infancy and youth of Edward VI. His finest and most elaborate picture of childhood is the Holy Family now in the Dresden Gallery.

With these notices we may take leave of the great period of the Renaissance.

Coming down to the seventeenth century, it must be admitted that an immense interval divides its productions from those of the sixteenth. Admirable schools had been set on foot by the great masters and their immediate pupils; and it seemed reasonable that the same, or even greater accomplishments, should be expected of their descendants. The artists of the seventeenth century were not wanting in scholarly training, but they were no longer the "all round," universal artists that had gone before. The fervour and imagination, the dignity

of conception and treatment, of an earlier time are everywhere wanting. The century produced great men, nevertheless, and great painters of children.

Rubens, a Flemish painter, is the chief figure of his time. He was born and educated before the old century had run out. His powers were prodigious: sacred subjects, history, portraiture, boar hunts, wild animals, landscapes, nothing came amiss to his dexterous brush. His men and women are far removed from the high-bred tenderness of Leonardo or Raffaele, and his heroes from those of Michael Angelo. His Flemish models are big limbed, full fleshed, ruddy, often coarse, but always full of life and action. But his children are healthy, tender, full of life and glee, always charming. A little group is here engraved, taken from the 'Peace and War' in the National Gallery: graceful, tender, smiling children.

His 'Chapeau de Paille,' in the same gallery, the portraits of himself, his wife, and child, well known from engravings, are full of attraction. His little angels, his genii, and Cupids, which he painted with inexhaustible freshness of invention in his decorative works, all show his tender appreciation of childish beauty.

One of the pupils of Rubens was Antonio Vandyck. He is well known in this country, where he settled, married, and died. The group in the engraving here given is from a picture in the royal collection of the family of Charles I. It represents Prince Charles (the second) with his sisters, the Princesses Henrietta Maria and Elizabeth. A smiling serenity animates this charming composition. The attitudes, the faces and hands, are thoroughly child-like in character, and full of grace throughout. Many of Vandyck's family portraits contain beautiful children. A number were exhibited in London in 1866

(photographed by the Arundel Society), containing admirable illustrations of our subject: George Villiers and his brother, the Bolingbroke family, the Sydney family, and many more. The great family portrait-picture at Wilton House contains deceased children represented as angels in the clouds. A choir of angels in Vandyck's 'Flight into Egypt' are beautiful little creatures. They may be studied in any collection of engravings from his works.

Gerard Honthorst and Susterman of Antwerp were Flemings; the latter was employed at the court of Cosmo II. in Florence. Both painted the portraits of children admirably. They possessed much of the dignity and richness of treatment of Vandyck. Examples of Honthorst's children can be seen in the collection of photographs already described.

Esteban Murillo, a Spanish artist of a rather later date in



Group from 'Peace and War,' by Rubens.

the century, is well known for the beauty of his children. His greatest success is the 'Immaculate Conception' of the Louvre, where a choir of beautiful little angels bear up the Madonna to heaven. A painting by him of the same subject was exhibited this year at Burlington House; the children, though perhaps less beautiful, are of the same make and likeness as those in the first-named picture. A charming Christ in the Holy Family of the National Gallery (No. 13) is a good illustration of this feature of his art. His little beggar boys are favourite compositions, and are to be seen in most galleries.

Velasquez, another Spaniard, was a portrait painter, and may be compared to Vandyck, though he is more severe and

simple. His portraits of the infant princes and princesses of the Spanish royal family, of the little Prince of the Asturias mounted on a small bay pony, and galloping towards the spectator, are genuine and thorough children: though solemn, they are so only with the graceful solemnity of little children oppressed by the state in which they are brought up. Most of these pictures are well known from copies and engravings, and have long enjoyed a well-deserved popularity.

It was during the seventeenth century that the Dutch artists rose to the front rank. They painted children, but generally as parts of groups and scenes of common life. Any general review of Dutch painters would lead us away from the present inquiry, and it must be enough to select



Charles, Henrietta Maria, and Elisabeth, Children of Charles I., by Vandyck.

the greatest of their artists, Rembrandt van Rhyn. The children and young girls he painted are often full of beauty. A girl in his great picture, 'The Night Watch,' at Amsterdam, passes across a crowd of guards and officers like a beautiful vision. A portrait of his own daughter was contributed to the Burlington House exhibition this winter. It represents a face full of animation and cleverness; fresh, joyous, and honest; if perhaps somewhat wanting in refinement, still a charming example of Dutch beauty. We shall look in vain, however, in his sacred compositions for that refinement of childhood which makes so many Italian pictures delightful.

Teniers, Jan Steen, and many other painters treated chil-

dren in their compositions—little, round, quaint peasant boys and girls—but they call for no special notice in these pages.

The works of another foreign artist, Sir Peter Lely, a native of Soest, in Westphalia, who painted almost entirely in England, should not be passed by without notice. Many of his portraits bear a strong likeness to those of Vandyck, but are colder in colour, and without the "distinction" which Vandyck gave to his subjects. Some charming portraits of children by Lely are preserved in this country. A portrait of Mary Stuart, afterwards queen, is among the Lely collection at Hampton Court. She is a child of nine or ten years, with a bow and arrows, represented as a fanciful Diana. Among his portraits of the young beauties of the court of

Charles and Catherine of Braganza, there are many pictures of great merit, tenderly and agreeably composed and handled, but not showing much elevation of mind in their general treatment.

It cannot be denied that, in passing from the old masters of the Renaissance down the succession of the seventeenth century, we trace a gradual decline of power. Schools survived, systems of good and workmanlike training kept the arts alive. Special subjects, such as light and shadow, landscapes, and sea-pieces, had their supporters and enthusiasts. Such subjects abound not only in powerful representations of intricacies and mysteries in the phenomena of nature, but at the hands of some painters give evidence of real poetical inspiration. But great scenes—subjects that interest all mankind alike—ceased to claim the services of artists. Many reasons could be given for this great change, but as a fact it cannot be disputed. Very simple themes, if they are of deep

significance, admit of endless freshness and variety of treatment. They appeal to the heart and to the affections of mankind, while mere historical compositions and portraiture claim the sympathies of a few only in comparison. This is especially seen in the gradual decline of the *imaginative representation* of childhood. It is treated tenderly in seventeenth-century portraiture, for in those cases artists have really studied their subjects directly from nature. The chief interest of portraits is for relatives and friends; but we, their posterity, feel an instinctive attraction for what are so evidently genuine likenesses. When we look at the portraits of a mannered, or a stiff and pompous society, the innocence and simplicity of the children seem to look out of the canvas to us fresh, smiling, and natural, unspoiled by the follies or the cruelties which disfigure so many characters in after life, in some instances the maturer years of those very personages whose childhood so warmly claims our sympathy.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

'ISABELLA.'

By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

'ISABELLA,' by John Everett Millais, R.A. Engraved by H. Bourne.—This remarkable picture was painted when the artist was in his twentieth year, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1849. It occupied the earliest place among the works which were most powerfully influenced by the painter's association with the pre-Raphaelite movement, the others being 'Ferdinand and Ariel' and 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' both painted in 1849, but exhibited at the Academy in the following year. The picture was, at that time, by general opinion declared to be eccentric and characterized by a rebellious disregard of the canons of Art, but it received the following criticism in the columns of this journal:—"The works that have been exhibited under this name have already drawn forth unqualified eulogy at our hands. This picture is not less worthy of praise than any of those that have preceded it, and these are few, for the author of the work is a young painter, but already rich in reputation. The picture differs in style from its predecessors, inasmuch as it is a pure aspiration in the feeling of the early Florentine school. The subject is from Keats's poem, that passage describing the feelings of the brothers on discovering the mutual love of Isabella and Lorenzo, who

'Could not long in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some melody;
They could not sit at meals, but felt how well
It soothed each to be the other by.'

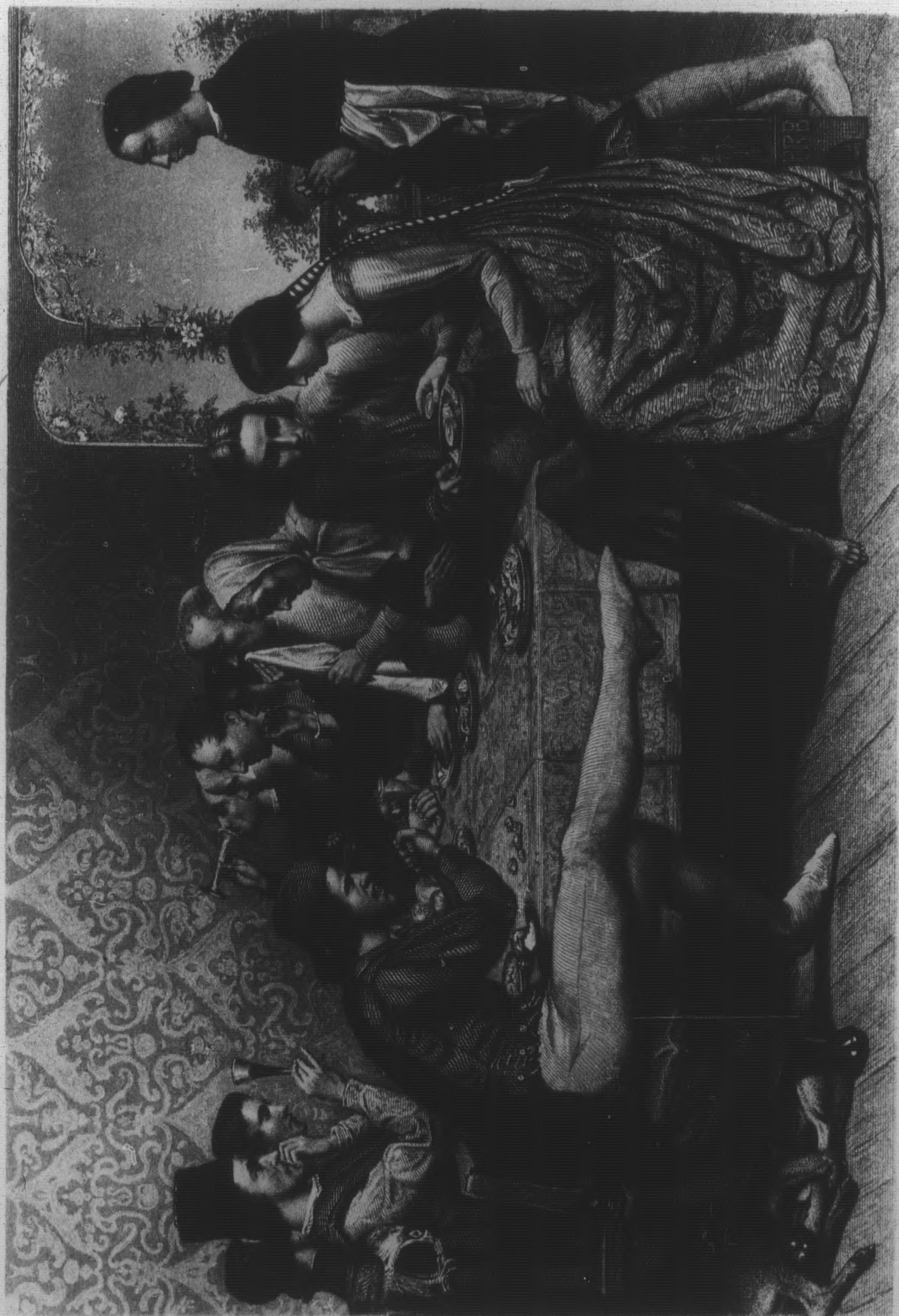
The composition, with all the simplicity of the old painters, presents two rows of persons seated at tables, all for the most part seen in profile, and there is no more shade than is demanded for the drawing, the relief being effected by opposi-

tion of colour. The figures are crowded, but this is characteristic of the period to which the work points. Upon the whole the picture is an example of rare excellence and learning; the artist arrives with apparent ease at a result which others, with old reputations, have been vainly labouring for half a lifetime to acquire. It cannot fail to establish the fame of the young painter."

Lorenzo, who has won the love of the Florentine maiden, has an intensity of expression which, while full of devotion, has also a sadness that seems to foreshadow the fate too near at hand, when, after the brief farewell at the lattice, "the two brothers and their murder'd man rode past fair Florence." The expression, indeed, reminds us that in the face of the Huguenot there is the same shadow of a violent death near at hand. The painting contains many suggestions of the coming tragedy; the falcon tears at the feather of a slain bird; the brother who torments his sister's hound with no gentle thrust of his foot, crushes a nut as he purposes to crush the too presumptuous servant; another brother regards the lovers with eyes of cruel watchfulness.

All the heads are painted with extraordinary minuteness; they have an individuality as distinct as it is characteristic: many of them indeed are portraits, amongst which may be mentioned the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti draining the glass, Mr. Fenn peeling the apple, the artist's father wiping his mouth, Mr. William Rossetti as Lorenzo, and Mr. Wright, the architect, as the serving-man.

The picture will ever be considered as the best illustration of the advent into English Art of a school whose motto was earnestness and truth.



PAINTED BY J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

ISABELLA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF CONSTANTINE A. IONIDES, ESQ.

ENGRAVED BY H. BOURNE.

ART NOTES.

NEW YORK—ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Every visitor to the Academy of Design must remark the increased number of figure pieces. Toward this end everything has been tending for the last ten years. The establishment of the life-class of the Academy of Design, which was accomplished with the greatest difficulty, and after much internal commotion, during the presidency of Wm. Page, was the first step. The causes which brought about the Art Students' League gave to the study of the figure an immense impetus; and what the league has left undone has been completed in foreign ateliers. It is undeniable that this has added greatly to the popular interest of the exhibitions. The enjoyment the average sightseer finds in representations of nature is of the perfunctory sort; but everyone is on familiar ground with his kind. The anecdote, which usually furnishes the motive for works of this kind, appeals immediately to a large class of people, who yet imagine that it is the end and aim of art, which each one feels a certain ability to sit in judgment on the drawing and color of creatures modelled after the pattern of the human race. Figure painting in America, however, has gone far beyond the limits reached by popular appreciation. Where it has failed, it has failed in higher aims than can be reached by mere technic or in the selection of a felicitous motive. The 'Elaine' of Mr. Hovenden, the most ambitious canvas of its kind in the exhibition, illustrates this. In choosing his motive Mr. Hovenden must have essayed reproducing in color the same emotions that the poet has awakened by his lines. If he has not hoped to do this, the selection of the subject is inexcusable. Elaine lies dead on a bier in the hall, surrounded by mourning courtiers, the mother gazing in silent grief on the dead girl, and the father standing by holding the letter. It is impossible to recall the exquisite tenderness and sorrow which the poet evokes, in gazing on Mr. Hovenden's theatrical representation of the scene. This fact is at once fatal. Analysis reveals much—that the group is well composed, that the costumes have been carefully studied, that the types are well chosen, that the light is admirably diffused. But this avails nothing. The 'Elaine' was not meant to be dismembered. As a whole it is a failure; and this is true notwithstanding the expression of calm hopeless grief in the queen's face, which is the highest point reached in the painting. If Mr. Hovenden could have sustained himself at this level, he might have produced a great work. On the contrary, the 'Elaine' will never quicken our heart-beat. The failure which is implied in this is beyond the reach of technic. The poet is not the man who makes verses, but he who can translate emotion into fitly chosen words. The same distinction holds with the artist who endeavors to express it in color. That this is greatly a matter of temperament, it is only necessary to observe how well Mr. Hovenden can express the homely prose of life in 'Chloe and Sam,' a painting which, however humble its motive, is thoroughly delightful.

In the 'Mozart' by Thos. Shields it is impossible to feel great interest, and almost as difficult to tell why. The approaching end of the composer is painfully near. No one can object to the realism of the figure; but while it should touch us with sorrow and regret, we are wholly indifferent. The composition is admirable. The portrait of Franklin among the musicians adds an element of interest. The workmanship is superb; the rendering of the textures, involving all sorts of stuffs from a buffalo-robe to Spanish lace, could not be better, which shows that wherever Mr. Shields may be lacking in his art it is not in that which can be accomplished by handicraft. Of the three largest works, 'The Green Room of a Boarding School' is most successful, inasmuch as it achieves best the artist's intention, at the same time the aim is by no means as high. Mr. Champney has studied the characteristics of school-girl life with some care, and expressed them with a good deal of humor. The canvas is filled with pretty girls in the act of tiring, and each group in turn is of interest. There is a suspicious softness in Mr. Champney's touch which is not so much amiss in the bread-and-butter atmosphere of the occupants of the green room, as in the larger figure 'Melissa.' Notwithstanding their size, Mr. Champney is not seen to as great an advantage in these works as in the smaller, 'She Seals her Fate,' which is exceedingly nice in color. The ungracious position in which the 'Popindrecht Milkmaid' of Mr. Alden Weir is hung, has not obscured its

merits. The milkmaid has served no other purpose than to give an opportunity for some fine still-life and a beautiful color scheme. It is this last which makes the picture, although attention must be called to the subtle modelling of the face. This is a characteristic of Mr. Weir's, but is by no means always successful, as in the portrait of a lady alluded to last month. The color is based on a variety of tones of blue, most skilfully differentiated both in tint and textures, and accented only by the yellows of the jugs. It is difficult to put in type the charm of color, but there is nothing in the exhibition which in this respect compares with it. Something of the kind, however, is seen in the 'Grand Canal' of Mr. C. Y. Turner, who brings his Dordrecht girls to the fore again. Here the color lies in the greens of the canal, seen in shadow, and enlivened by the sunlight through the openings. The milk-cans again play their part in the dull and shining yellows. As a figure painter Mr. Turner is again seen in a mother leading her little boy over the stile of a country grave-yard. The story is told in the sober mourning dress of the woman, which is of the picturesque cut of the last century. There is much in the simple dignity of the figure, and grace in its few lines. The landscape is appropriately reserved in color, and preserves a poetical relation to the figure. Mr. Turner, in a work in a different vein, 'Nooning,' a group of farm hands under the trees, displays almost decorative color. 'Suspense' by Edwin H. Blashfield, representing a group of people on a housetop watching the firing of Bunker Hill, is disappointing. There is a good deal of roof, yet neither of the two groups is forcible enough to balance it, while their useless rage is ineffective here as there. In 'Waterloo—Total Defeat' we have, in color, something of the same quality as 'His Ludship,' exhibited in the Salmagundi Club during the winter. Mr. Blashfield has gained a marked success in the painting of child-life, and he will always find lively appreciation whenever he chooses to display such canvases. 'Music' belongs to that class of subjects in which he appears to a better advantage in the 'Autumn' of the exhibition of American Artists. The comparison of Mr. Blashfield with himself, only bears the inference that in a certain vein he has shown what artistic work he is capable of. Mr. Vedder offers a characteristic rendering of an ideal subject. 'The Golden Web' needs only *The Century* covers to introduce it as Mr. Vedder's work. It is a curious mental vision, this of Mr. Vedder's, which sees its subjects in always the same light. There are other artists who have identified themselves with certain types, but none so completely as Mr. Vedder; and however we complain and resent this continual proffering of oval-faced, large-eyed women with mud-colored habiliments, hair and complexion, it says much for Mr. Vedder's art that he continues to interest us in them. We doubt if Mr. Volk will continue as successfully. He repeats, with a difference, his noteworthy painting of last year; but that is the expression of a sort of sentiment which will not bear the strain. Mr. J. H. Witt is also bending a bough liable to break. He, as in his water-color of the same subject, challenges admiration with his foreshortening, and the drapery of the lady in black; but his color will scarcely warrant too frequent repetition.

A most hopeful sign for the young brothers Moran, whose precocity gave fears to their warmest friends, is that they try their art in so many ways, and refuse to expend it on the same class of subjects. Thus far they have shown themselves strong in a number of directions, when the temptation to confine it in the line of their successes has certainly been great. Percy Moran appears at his best in 'The Woodcutter's Daughter.' There is a charm in the figure, and the winter landscape with snow is equal to that of Mr. Volk's last year. 'Feeding the Fowls,' by Leon Moran, is a beautiful piece of color to which all the details of the stable-yard contribute. The chickens, as individual pieces of work, have a vitality which shows the most careful study, but—and here the power of the young artist is seen—they do not insist on individual inspection, but fall in with the general scheme of the painting. There is an interesting knot of American subjects. Mr. S. J. Guy has done nothing more delightful than 'Woman's Work is Never Done,' an old woman sitting in a door-step sewing. Mr. J. G. Brown celebrates the urchin of the street in 'Clear the Track,' in his usual way. He also exhibits 'The Neighbors,' two old women exchanging gossip;

but is seen to a better advantage in 'Tuning Up,' which is as well done as was the figure of an old man begging, a few years ago, although this compels less tribute from the emotions than that work has made a reputation for doing. A. C. Howland's 'Selling the Calf' unites capital study of character with a thoroughly good landscape. It is a great pity with E. L. Henry's appreciation of eccentricities and individual traits of character, which never misses aim, he has not added some of the skill in setting and color which distinguishes Mr. Howland's work. 'Meeting's Out' in one way is so good, and in another so exasperatingly bad, that the quarrel is with the artist, rather than with the picture, who thus sets the judgment at war with itself. Edgar A. Ward's 'Feeling the Edge,' is evidently studied from one of the best type of stalwart young farmers of the West. There is no mistaking the physiognomy which, if lacking some of the picturesque traits of the peasant, has its own virtues. Mr. Ward's drawing as usual is fine, but the color is somewhat monotonous. 'The Milkmaid' of Frank D. Millet, who is out in the mistiest of mornings with a certain air of unsubstantiality about her, shows no kinship with the 'Reader of the Koran' in the corridor. In fact, Mr. Millet is the least mannered of the younger men, and appears this season with an air of unexpectedness whenever he exhibits. A new name, which has very cleverly announced itself, is that of C. F. Ulrich, in a small, unpretending painting of a girl busy with her wood engraving. No one has shown greater strength than Miss Rosina Emmet. Miss Emmet apparently disdains all passports into popular favor except through technic. But in choosing her subject, 'Waiting for the Doctor,' this is only an apparent disregard. Miss Emmet's work is so strong, that the attention is first called to the drawing, the fresh color, the sense of planes, and textures connected with a somewhat unpleasant subject. But the artist is not as destitute of imagination as she would lead us to think. The face of the mother is remarkably strong and interesting, and the trouble expressed in it, compared with the happy confidence of the child holding her hand, tells a pathetic little story of human life.

It is always interesting to observe, in these exhibitions, how much more ambitious is the work of the student abroad, or recently returned, than that of the students here; and also how soon he casts aside the ambitions and settles down into the routine, and paints the pictures that will sell. This usually resolves itself into a question of size. The foreign canvases are large, and the present Hanging Committee finds that they fit well into the spaces over the doorway. 'The Sand-Boats' of Clement N. Swift in the north room is not disadvantageously placed, and the 'Return from Crab Fishing,' by Frank N. Boggs, is seen coming up the steps of the corridor; but the possibility of their being seen does not seem to have been considered by the committee. Both are strong realistic works, somewhat dry, and equally reserved in color. The 'Imperia' of Miss Houston is not a happy conception, nor well composed. The figure seems uncomfortable; it has nevertheless served to show that Miss Houston is capable of doing well much more ambitious work than most of the women artists of this city attempt. C. R. Grant sends a large canvas, 'The Puritan Girl,' and a smaller work, 'The Normandy Girl.' The names furnish the distinction which the paintings do not make especially clear. That which is more apparent is that the artist has taken Jules Breton as a model, and is following creditably in his footsteps. A. B. Harrison and L. B. Harrison send from Paris, the former 'The Shipwrecked Man,' the latter 'A Waif of the Sea.' Whatever the connection of the two artists may be, whether fraternal or otherwise, they find a kinship in large tracts of monotonous sands, in which they place one or two figures, without making us to feel more than we should the sense of desolation and an empty canvas. R. M. Brooke, whose 'Pastoral Visit,' in the Corcoran Art Gallery, is such an excellent example of the humor and picturesqueness of Southern negro life, contributes 'A Dog Swap,' which is, however, scarcely as interesting and by no means such clever work as the Washington canvas. Thos. Eakins's 'Mending the Nets' has already been exhibited in Philadelphia. It shows, as has been remarked before, the closest study. Each figure is sharply individualized, and the interest of the work is in these separately. Taken as a whole, they do not fuse into the landscape nor satisfy in any way the requirements of a picture. Gilbert Gaul's, 'Charging the Battery,' is executed with such dash and spirit that it disarms criticism. A body of soldiers are charging up a defile in the moonlight in full run. The movement and the fine drawing are at once felt, and the color, resulting from the moonlight on the snow and

flashing from the shining belts and other accoutrements, is so attractive that one forgets to ask if it is true. But when an artist can make us to forget these things, or deludes our imaginations into accepting them, we pay insensibly a high tribute to his art.

Mr. E. Wood Perry sends the best thing he has done recently, in a lady which possibly may be a portrait, and which has but little resemblance to his highly finished and almost tiresomely elaborated interiors and their occupants. Unfortunately, Mr. Perry has interfered with what would have been most pleasing color, by putting in the lady's hand a blue fan.

There is little to be said concerning the marines. W. P. W. Dana exhibits his 'Battle between the Constitution and Guerriere,' with a fine moonlit-sea on which the vessels are lightly riding, the battle being a secondary matter. Arthur Quartley sends a large view 'Off Appledore,' in which the color is better than its liquid properties. Edwin Hayes sends a large, spirited work, 'Towing a disabled vessel off Yarmouth.' M. F. H. de Haas and J. C. Nicoll are both well represented, but call for no special mention. Miss Elizabeth Boott sends some admirable still-life, so far as actual realizations go; but none of the artists contributing are able to go beyond this, and make out of these things inanimate a picture such as we have so recently seen in the Vollon at the Wolfe sale. Miss Emma Van Arsdale found immediate appreciation in a tumbler of yellow roses, painted so easily, freely, and with such a living sense of their reality, that they inspired much of the feeling that the dewy roses would if freshly gathered. There is much less that is notable of this sort of work in the exhibition. Agnes D. Abbott contributed an honest little brown jug, filled with sweet peas, which had a homely, quiet charm; W. K. Snyder, some apples hanging on a branch; Miss Kate Greatorex, a box of oranges broadly treated; and Wm. Gedney Bunce, Venetian water-melons, a study in color.

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—The project of re-hanging the American Art Gallery with the paintings excluded for want of space, notwithstanding the difficulty, and in some cases the impossibility of collecting them again, has come to a most satisfactory conclusion. As far as the enjoyment of the paintings is considered, the size of the gallery is in its favor. The second hanging has produced an exhibition equal in interest to the first; and although it has nothing as fine as the two Fullers, it is a Society well off in good things, that could afford to deny space to Millet's 'Barrett,' as Cassius. Palmer's 'Venice,' Martin's landscape and Eakins's 'Crucifixion.' The latter is one of those works which it is well for an exhibition to be provided with, because it provokes discussion; although, in this case, one might wish it had been another subject. Mr. Eakins's studies in anatomy probably led him to undertake the work. It is not too much to claim, in deference to a large part of the public, that the artist who undertakes anything of the kind should endeavor to present it in a reverential light. Of the spirit properly belonging to works of this class Holman Hunt's 'Shadow of the Cross' is an example. Mr. Eakins, on the other hand, paints as a student of the human body. The drooping head of Jesus affords an excellent opportunity, for his skill in foreshortening, the emaciated and extended body gives location to every bone, and when the feet are reached and one remarks the idiosyncracies of the toe-nails, the ideal which every one holds is degraded, and we realize that, in an age tending so strongly toward realism, there are subjects which should be left untouched. The work which Mr. Frank Millet has exhibited this year has been in the highest degree creditable. His portrait of Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, is a strong, manly work. The face is in no degree idealized, Mr. Barrett happily affording in himself no bad ideal of the lean, hungry Cassius. He wears the toga, which Mr. Millet knows so well how to drape. The drawing is very strong, and the color, the varying warm grays, are in fine tone with the flesh tints. Walter Palmer brings to us a new Venice, and it would have been very unfortunate if the public had no opportunity of seeing it. The view taken is that of the Laguna, with Santa Maria della Salute in the background, including, less prominently, the Ducal palace and the gardens. Nothing could be more unlike the Venice which Mr. Bunce never wearies of presenting. While Mr. Palmer brings the reality of portraiture, he is no less than Mr. Bunce sensitive to poetical coloring. There is something fairy-like and exquisite in his blues and the opalescent tints of the architecture, when, as if to fix the scene as an actuality, he introduces a group of piles in the foreground with bits of sea-grass painted

as solidly as the piles which Mr. Blackman introduced into his more prosaic canvases. The Newport landscape of Homer Martin is giving too definite a name to a work which it is difficult to realize has a local habitation and a name. Mr. Martin is the master of most delicate and exquisite combinations of color. The pinks and greens which he blends, particularly in his skies, are a delight to the eyes; but when we attempt to fasten them down to times and places, the reason revolts, and we leave them again to the imagination, which accepts them among other beautiful things without questioning. The landscape with the sea, a view near Marlborough we believe, of A. H. Thayer, has in a sense this charm of color. It is agreeable to see how Mr. Thayer is feeling his way surely toward this end, whom we were led to believe was insensible to the beauty of color. The winter landscape of Bruce Crane, as we might expect, has mitigating qualities which were not to be found in the severe rigors which Mr. Twachtman so pitilessly presented, but is none the less truthful, though more pleasing. There are a number of small landscapes, both in this and in the other collection, that of Miss Brewster, of S. S. Tuckerman, C. E. Frank and R. W. Van Boskerck, which earned admittance by their freshness, vitality, or some other potent influence. Mrs. N. S. Jacobs-Smillie contributes to this second hanging a small sketch with clothes hanging among trees, in which she has brought out with great skill the force of sunlight among the deep tints of the trees in the background, making her little work in color almost decorative. Miss Rosina Emmet's 'Rockaway' view has the reality of a photograph, although nothing less photographic could be than her manner of presenting it. Her strong brushwork gives interest to an otherwise uninteresting scene. As for that, the man in the boat, the loungers around the wharf, are the most probable of facts, though about which no one cares. There is something more poetic in the 'Wisconsin Haying' of Mr. Robinson.

The portraits of the new exhibition include first that of John W. Alexander, a young artist, who had already given a taste of his quality in the portrait of Thurlow Weed in the exhibition of the Academy of Design. Nothing could be more strikingly different than the model whose semblance is in the American Art Gallery. Mr. Alexander presents the strong features and the evidence of an equally striking individuality, with unqualified force. The details of the dress enable him also to skilfully indicate, with an apparently hasty indifferent touch, the different textures, which add greatly to a certain picturesqueness in the subject. The portrait of Mr. Edward Eggleston by Miss Allegra Eggleston has the air of good but somewhat unvitalized portraiture. A little more strength and accentuation would take it out of the region of probabilities. Miss Dora Wheeler contributes a singularly unaffected portrait of a young girl. She is seated in profile, slightly bent forward, in an old-fashioned straight-backed chair. The composition is not more original than the color. The background is yellow, whose tones are modulated in the hair, the complexion, the chair, and into the warm whites of the dress. The portrait of Mr. Van Boskerck, by Chas. N. Flagg, is given with the most uncompromising frankness. The traits with which the personality is presented have so few variations in color, that the head requires the most careful modelling, and relies mainly on the drawing. Yet these differences are given with the most positive assertion, and with a firmness of touch that renders it one of the most successful and vital portraits of the exhibition. Mrs. Dewing, like Mr. Eakins, has abandoned the nineteenth century for a subject; but, unlike Mr. Eakins, has not given to it nineteenth century treatment. The result is not successful. In the skies and drapery there is some nice color, and in the upper part of the mother some good painting. The child is badly drawn, and the flesh tints dirty, while the sentiment with which it was possible to make partial amends for these, is unfortunately strained and affected. Mr. Rolshover, a new name, follows in the footsteps of Alfred Kappes, who in turn is successfully following Franz Hals. The contributions of Mr. Kappes to both exhibitions have been of interest. Nothing could be more painfully real than his beggar women, and at the same time he has brought out their picturesque qualities. Mr. Rolshover attempts color more successfully. The old lady, in his work, is painted as broadly and as surely as Mr. Kappes's charwomen. The real value of his work, however, is lost by being hung too low, a complaint which one is not called upon to make too often. Certainly no one would find the same fault with Mr. Frank Currier's landscapes, that strain the walls of the gallery. Mr. Currier's eccentricities fail to interest longer, not that they have no good qualities, but they lead to nothing. The clouds, the foliage,

and the different elements of his landscapes are blocked out, they exist in masses, and refuse to acknowledge relationship with each other. To reconcile them is more than the public should be required to do. Miss Louise McLaughlin sends for her first contribution a negro porter, asleep, leaning on a store box. Miss McLaughlin is evidently able to paint what she sees; she draws well; the relaxed muscles indicate heavy sleep; she holds a sturdy brush; but she has, apparently, little imagination, and a not very keen sense of picturesqueness or color, considering the line of her previous endeavors. John W. Alexander's painting of a negro boy, holding an immense wild turkey, has more genuine humor, and he displays here that same broad, suggestive brushwork to an even better advantage than in his portrait. W. J. Damat's artistic beggar is strongly painted, if done in a somewhat artificial light.

The still life of the exhibition is generally praiseworthy. A. H. Thacher, out of a few potatoes, and with a brown background, has some fine varying shades of that color, although the potatoes, as potatoes, suffer a little. Thos. Shields's still life is, of course, excellent. Miss Kate Greatorex's flowers and fruits require almost too great a distance, so broadly are they painted, to take away the suggestiveness of paint, but, given that distance, they are sufficiently real. The 'Peonies' of Miss Elizabeth Boott is beautiful, both in color and in composition. The deep red of the background is lightened by insensible gradations through the flowers to the light pink nearest the observer, resulting in the most pleasing blending of tints. Artistically, both exhibitions of this Society have been remarkably successful. That they have achieved popular success, it cannot be said. Of that, in time, there can scarcely be much doubt, and with it, that more substantial appreciation which, however devoted the Society may be to art, for the sake of art, it cannot afford to do without.

The Spring Loan Exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum opened May 2d, with its usual reception. Since the last exhibition there have been several valuable gifts to the Museum. One of them was the collection of short arms, pipes, lacquers, and other rare articles, presented by the late J. Whitney Phoenix, which are now arranged in cases in the main hall. The most prominent gift has been the statue, *Il Ladro*, by Salvatore Albano, and presented by him to the Museum. The subject is taken from the *Inferno* of Dante, and follows closely the poet's lines. The face, in its haunting misery, has almost too much nobility and dignity for the subject. The back is bent forward, and exhibits the sculptor's careful modelling. It has been placed in the centre of the statuary in the vestibule of the main hall, and, serpents and all, makes a pleasant antithesis to the cloying sweetness and repose which are features of the Museum statues. The Loan Exhibition retains Bastien-Lepage's 'Jeanne d'Arc,' Jules Breton's 'Evening,' and Cabanel's 'Pompeian Interior.' The new collection is not of marked interest, many of the works having been heretofore exhibited; but to persons unacquainted with them, will repay a visit. There is a temporary lull in the quarrel over the two Cyprian statues, which still remain on exhibition in the main hall. On invitation, Messrs. Launt Thompson, Charles Calverly, and other sculptors, and some well-known stone cutters, have inspected the statues, and assert them to be monolithic and unimpaired, except in certain admitted portions. M. di Cesnola, in a published statement, answers one of the most serious charges by stating that the statue, whose photograph was sent to Mr. Clarence Cook, as found at Salamis, was lost at sea, and is not the statue which he represents as coming from the disputed temple of Golgoi.

The death of the poet and painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, occurred during the ensuing month. Mr. Rossetti was born May 12th, 1828. His father was Gabriel Rossetti, a patriotic Italian poet, and Frances Polidori, the daughter of Alferi's secretary, and the sister of Byron's Dr. Polidori. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was long known as an illustrator. His studies were mainly influenced by the elder of that family of painters, Madox-Brown. His first oil painting exhibited was 'The Girlhood of the Virgin.' Since that time but one of his works, 'Dante's Dream,' has been shown (in Liverpool where it is owned) although his Oxford frescoes are known. The painter equally shunned the dealers, and his works rarely fell into their hands. As an artist, the poetical imagination of Rossetti did, in great measure, the duty of the draughtsman and colorist. The reticent position which he held toward the public did the rest. So potent this has been, that

there is little doubt that if a collection of his works were now exposed for sale, they would be immediately bought by influential buyers. It is not, however, probable that when the personality of the painter-poet has become obscured that his works will remain in favor, except by those who perceive and appreciate in them the poet endeavoring to find expression. His death was the sequel to long suffering from insomnia, which he sought to mitigate with narcotics. He was buried at Birchington-on-Sea, in the Isle of Thanet.

NEW YORK CITY.—The troubles of the Water-Color Society came up again during the month, in a special meeting, called through the agency of F. Hopkinson Smith, for the purpose of passing on the recently proposed members before the incoming of the newly-elected officers in the fall. The question was speedily decided against Mr. Smith, who was only able to poll a vote of three.—The Academy of Design has decided to hold a Fall Exhibition for the purpose of showing the result of the summer's work. The exhibition will open October 21st and close November 18th, and in all respects conform to the usages of the Spring Exhibition.—The Woman's Institute of Technical Design graduated in May its first class. A prize of \$15 was awarded to Miss Phoebe Curtis.—The Drawing Class of the New York Evening High School held an exhibition of its work. The Tiffany gold medal, for drawing from the antique, was awarded to John Faber; the Mitchell and Vance prize, a bronze statuette for historic ornament, to Wm. J. Kerner; the first Faber prize, drawing instruments for copy of the head, to Charles H. Lomax; the first mechanical prize, a box of colors, given by Knœdler & Co., to E. A. Robener; first architectural prize, a gold badge, to Otto W. Anderson.—Robert Cushing has modelled the bust of Cardinal McCloskey. He is represented in his cassock, wearing his cap and jewelled cross. It is considered very satisfactory, and will be put in marble for the Academy of Mount Saint Vincent.—The sales of works at the exhibition of the Academy of Design, thus far, amount to \$38,675. Paintings recently sold are, 'Humble Life,' J. H. Dolph, \$300; 'Windmill in Holland,' C. B. Coman, \$250; 'Long Island Shore,' Edward Moran, \$750; 'Two Good Friends,' W. H. Lippincott, \$850; 'September Morning,' W. H. Low, \$100; 'On the Trail,' P. Moran, \$125; 'The Orphans,' Kenneth Crawford, \$400; 'Catskill Mountain Laurel,' Geo. H. Hall, \$350; 'Gretchen,' Benoni Irwin, \$300; 'Blonde Boy,' H. C. Lane, \$75; 'Horizon of the Poor,' Thos. Leaming, \$200; 'Extremes Meet,' Walter Satterlee, \$500; 'A Hurricane at Sea,' Henry P. Smith, \$350; 'Travelling in Italy,' Wordsworth Thompson, \$330; 'Sunshine and Shadow,' J. Ward Stimson, \$300.—At the annual meeting of the Society of American Artists, on May 8th, the following officers were elected: President, Wyatt Eaton; Vice-President, Abbot H. Thayer; Secretary, Will H. Low; Treasurer, J. Carroll Beckwith; Board of Control, Augustus St. Gaudens, W. M. Chase, J. Alden Weir. The following new members were elected: Edwin H. Blashfield, Frank Fowler, Fred. H. Freer, R. M. Shurtleff, Rosina Emmet.—Since the re-opening of the Society of American Artists but two works have been sold, 'Still Life,' A. H. Thacher, \$75; 'Fruit,' Miss H. Winant, \$100.—The portrait sent by Frederick Dielman, on his election to the Academy of Design, was painted in turns by W. M. Chase and Frank Duveneck.

BALTIMORE.—The Art Loan Association opened an exhibition of paintings, water-colors, bric-a-brac, at the Academy of Music, May 1st, for the benefit of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, to continue a fortnight, and perhaps longer. The Association is a recent organization. Its officers are: President, James Carey Coale; Secretary, Lennox Birkhead; Treasurer, T. Harrison Garrett; Executive Committee, Mrs. John B. Morris, Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett, Mrs. Wm. H. Brune, Mrs. Henry S. Taylor, Mrs. S. Edgeworth Byrd, Messrs. Jno. W. McCoy, Isaac Brooks, Jr., Chas. D. Fisher, Dr. Geo. Reuling, Chas. S. Taylor; Chairman of Painting Committee, Edw. G. McDowell; Chairman of Bric-a-Brac Committee, Isaac Brooks, Jr.

BOSTON.—A Longfellow Association has been formed, which has for its object an appropriate memorial to the poet. James Russell Lowell has been elected President; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier, President-elect of Harvard, Dr. Chas. Deane, and Alexander Agassiz, vice-presidents. The Art Committee of the Association numbers Chas. Eliot Norton, H. Van Brunt, W. P. W. Longfellow, a nephew of the poet, Prof. Asa Gray, and Prof. John Trow-

bridge.—A small collection of paintings and works of art has been placed in the gallery of St. Botolph's Club. T. H. Bartlett exhibits the 'Head of Minerva,' in relief, intended for the reproduction in the new volume of Thos. B. Aldrich's works. J. Foxcroft Cole, L. S. Tuckerman, J. Appleton Brown, C. R. Grant, and others, are represented on the walls.—The exhibition of the Boston Art Club contains 273 numbers. Of these, 165 are water-colors, and there are six pieces of sculpture.—A Curtis fund has been raised by the sale of paintings for the widow of the late George Curtis.—At Leonard's has been an exhibition of 100 marines, by Otis L. Weber.—'La Premiere Arrivee,' by Jacquet, which has been brought into prominence through his quarrel with Dumas, has been brought to Boston by its owner, Oliver Ames. It represents a young girl, one of a party of richly-dressed ladies and cavaliers, racing in an old garden, who has just reached the goal, a small knoll, crowned by a summer-house.

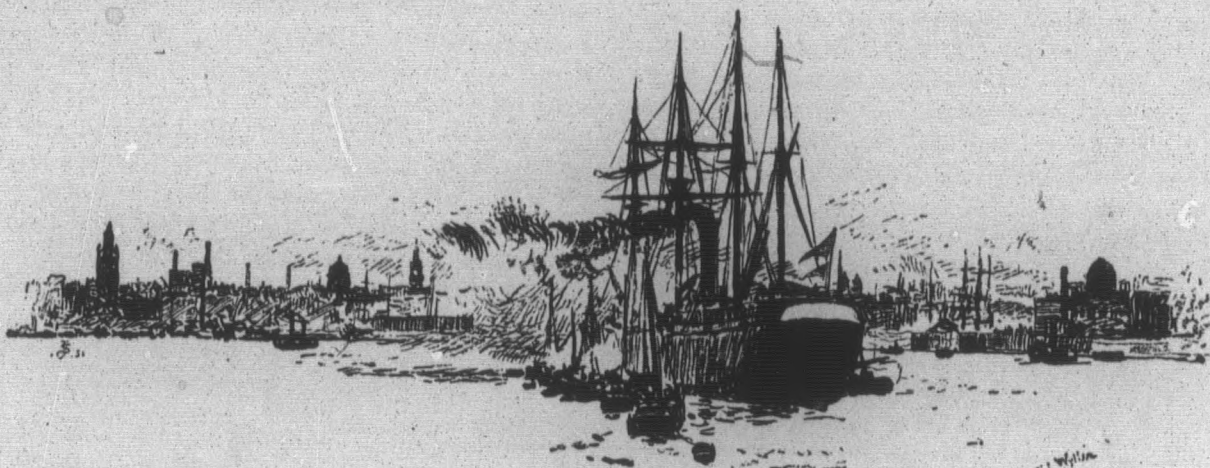
SAN FRANCISCO.—The San Francisco Society of Artists held an exhibition of local art in May, which attracted great attention. Among the chief paintings on exhibition were: 'The Return from the Hunt,' by Wm. Hahn, a group of hunters coming down from the mountains with their game; 'A View of Mt. Shasta,' by W. M. Keith; 'M'liss,' by H. Rouilliers; 'Charcoal Burner's Hut,' by R. D. Yelland, and 'An Adobe House,' 'The Last Glimpse of Yosemite Valley,' by C. D. Robinson; another Yosemite view, by W. Cleene-werk; 'California Sycamores,' by Mr. Straus; 'Humming Birds and Rabbits,' by J. S. Harrington; 'Peasant Girl,' by E. R. Butler; 'Peacock,' belonging to Mrs. Mark Hopkins, by Sam'l L. Brooks; 'A Studio Corner' by Th. Wores, 'Hotel de Cluny,' by Mr. Deakin; 'Still Life,' by A. Joullin; and works by Julian Rex, John A. Stanton, and Oscar Kneuth.—J. D. Strong has been making a view of the Yosemite, from Inspiration Point, for the Harper Bros.

MINOR NOTES.—The *Salon* jury of this year consists of Bonnat, Harpigniers, Lefebvre, Vollon, Laurens, Henner, Busson De Chanvannes, Robert Fleury, Courtant, Detaille, Lalanne, Rapin, Guillemet, Baudry, Lavielle, Pille Butin, Boulanger, Luminais, Cabanel, LeSueur, Duez, Cot, Ribot, Breton, Hanoteau, Van Marke, De Villefrois, Duran, Barrias, Bouguereau, Lansyer.—The Beggars, of Bastien-Lepage, has been one of the recent sights of London.—The International Exhibition of Fine Arts opened at Vienna, March 31, with 7500 members, M. Proust, the French Minister of Fine Arts, presided at the opening.—There is to be a new life of Millet, by Amyot.—The frescoes by Botticelli, from the Villa Lemmi, are to be taken to the Louvre.—A portrait of Alma Tadema is to be engraved by Collier.—An exhibition of Courbet's works has recently taken place at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. The finest things of the collection were, 'A Woman and Parrot,' 'The Fight of the Stags,' 'The Hunt,' 'An Atelier,' a nude study, and a portrait of Hector Berlioz.—On the exhibition of the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, in the scarlet robes of an Oxford doctor, at the private view of the Royal Academy, the wife of an Irish landlord was heard to exclaim, "At last we are avenged."—It is reported that a panel, purchased at Nice for £4, when cleaned, revealed beneath the original design in *tempera* of 'The Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci, and signed "Leonardas da Vinci, *pinxit*, 1489."—Mr. Waldo Story, son of W. W. Story, exhibits at the Grosvenor Gallery two bas reliefs, one of which, 'Paris and Helen,' is pronounced equal to Gibson's 'Hero and Leander.'—Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has recently had on exhibition in London her last, and, it is claimed, her greatest work, 'Lion at Home.' The lion is seated in a doglike attitude, with the lioness at his side. She has just fed her three cubs, one of whom is washing the other in a domestic and business-like way, while the third, a sad little lion, is looking out of the frame in a wistful way. The models for this interesting family are Nubian lions, imported especially for the purpose by Mlle. Bonheur, who had them taken to her own home, where she could have ample opportunities for study.—Mr. Millais contributes to the Royal Academy seven portraits, the best being that of Sir Henry Thompson. Sir Frederick Leighton sends a Phryne, and Mr. Geo. H. Boughton some Dutch sketches.—Munkacsy's 'Christ before Pilate' is now being exhibited at the Conduit Street Gallery, London.—A memorial is in preparation, to be presented to the Royal Academy, limiting the number of works to be sent in by "outsiders" to three each year. Recently one artist sent in as many as thirty.—The honour of knighthood has been conferred on Mr. William Fettes Douglas, President of the Royal Scottish Academy.



A MIDDLESEX LANE.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY FRED* SLOCOMBE.



Liverpool from the River Mersey.

OUR PORTS AND HARBOURS*—LIVERPOOL.



THE origin of the name Liverpool has been the subject of many controversies and much learned research, but unfortunately no satisfactory conclusion has ever been arrived at respecting it. The popular theory is that it was taken from the name of a bird, the Liver, which haunted an old stream called the Pool. Nothing concerning it can be found in ornithological works, but it is represented upon the corporation seal as long in the legs and neck.

No town in Europe has made such continuous and rapid progress as Liverpool. It now extends for many miles along the shore of the Mersey, and is the second port in the kingdom, although in 1672 it was so small and poor that the corporation took the lordship from Lord Molyneux, with all dues and customs, on a lease for one thousand years, at an annual rent of £30: these, in 1871, produced an annual revenue of more than £200,000. The advantages of its position as a port were, however, seen and appreciated long before this date, for King John, in consequence of a visit which he paid to Lancashire in 1206, by a charter made in the following year, "granted to all who shall take burgages at Liverpool, that they shall have all liberties and free customs in the town of Liverpool which any free borough on the sea hath in our land."

But it is with the river Mersey and the Port of Liverpool rather than the city that our article and its illustrations have principally to deal. The river, which at the end of the seventeenth century supplied all the market towns for twenty miles round with salmon trout, suddenly expands at Runcorn, some miles above the city, from a small stream to a noble estuary, one of the most beautiful features in the local scenery. It is closed in on the south by the ranges of the Cheshire Hills, and on the west by the green fields and woods of the Hundred of Wirral, beyond which the line of the Welsh mountains is easily seen. Between Liverpool and Birkenhead the stream narrows to a little under a mile, again gradually widening until it falls into the Irish Sea at New Brighton.

But the Mersey in its natural state would never have made the port that it is; for the strong currents consequent on tides rising sometimes thirty-two feet, the numerous shifting sand-banks in the Upper Mersey, and the exposed situation of the river, have always rendered it an undesirable and unsafe anchorage. And so far back as 1551 the inhabitants of the town—which had been mentioned in an Act of Parliament a few years previously as one of several which had fallen into decay—perceiving this, and recognising the importance of doing something to induce vessels to come there, appointed a water bailiff to prevent encroachments and obstructions in the port, and constructed some simple harbour works, which, however, were destroyed some ten years later, as we read in Sir J. A. Picton's "Memorials of Liverpool," by a tremendous hurricane, which swept away the jetty of the old haven. But nothing daunted, the mayor called the whole town together to the Hall on Sunday, "where they counselled all in one consent and assent" to make a new haven, which was commenced on the following Monday with a capital of 13s. 9d.!

Very shortly afterwards (in 1565) the shipping of the port was represented by fifteen vessels, having an aggregate burden of 268 tons. Some of these, no doubt, were more than coasters, and were employed in foreign commerce, for we read that in 1588 the master of a Liverpool vessel, a worthy merchant and mariner named Humphrey Brooke, fell in with the Spanish Armada, and was the first man to bring the tidings to England; indeed, he was able to furnish many particulars of the fleet and its equipments, mentioning that, amongst other provisions, they carried 100 tons of garlic and 20,000 porkers for victuals.

As a contrast to the shipping in 1565, it may be stated that in 1881 20,249 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 7,893,948 tons, paid in Liverpool dock, tonnage, and harbour rates amounting to £1,051,927.

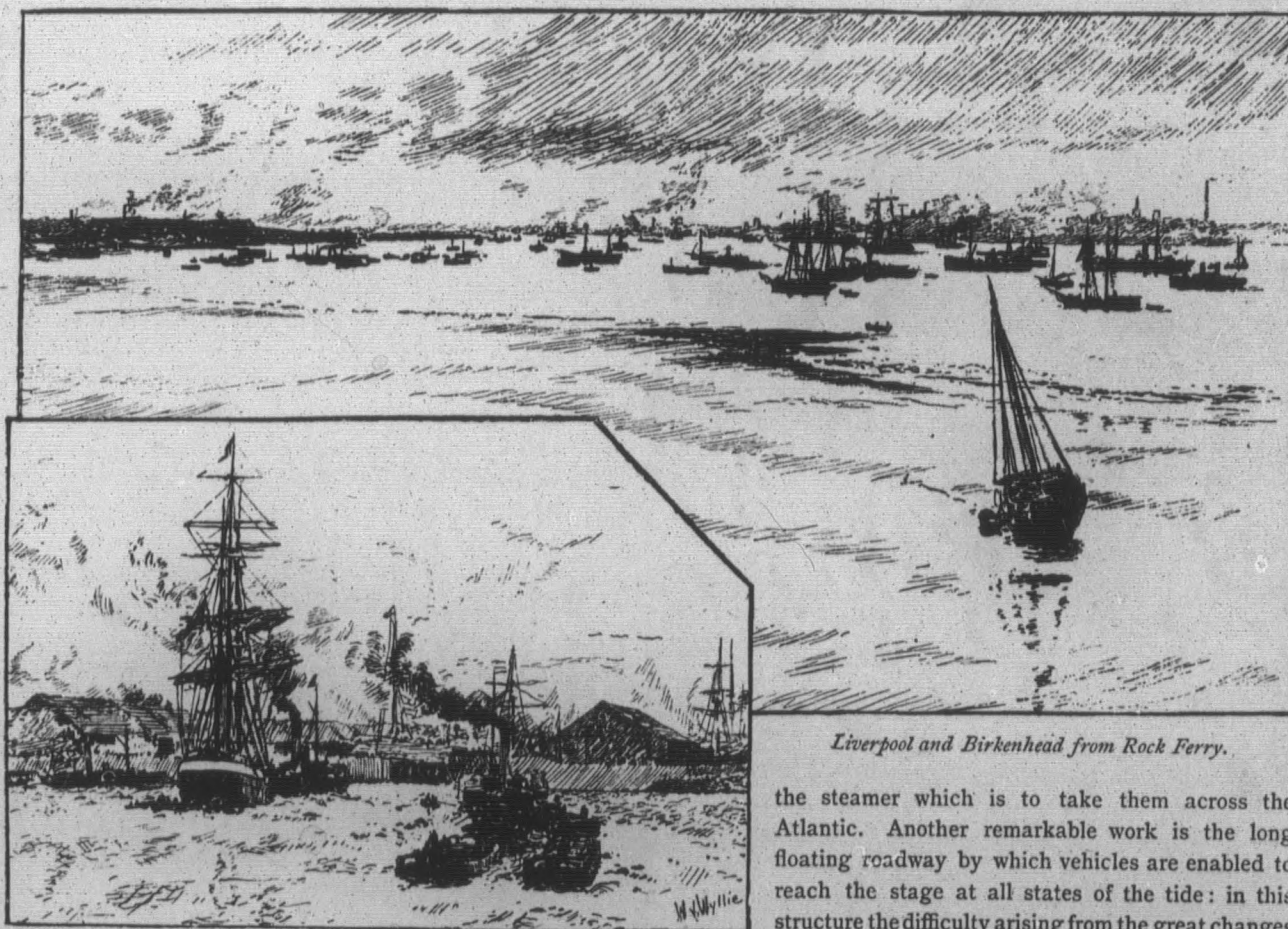
In 1708 the idea of a dock where vessels could remain afloat at all times of the tide was first started, and the following year saw the commencement of what long went by the name of the Old Dock (occupying nearly the site on which the Custom House now stands), with a water area of something over three acres. This was opened in 1715. By the end of the century

* Continued from page 76.

other docks had been made, and the total water area was increased to upwards of twenty-seven acres.

From these small beginnings has arisen the system of docks as it now exists, and without entering into unnecessary details it may be interesting to state that the total area of the docks at Liverpool and Birkenhead, which now form one vast estate, administered, for public purposes only, by a body of trustees, amounts to upwards of four hundred and eighty-four acres, with quays extending in length nearly thirty-three miles. In the more lately constructed of these docks many of the largest Atlantic Liners are able to lie at one time without inconvenience, and one of the most interesting sights of the port is to witness the river entrance to the New Docks, at the north end, on a stormy day; there the full force of the gales is felt,

and the skill and care with which the enormous steamers, trading to America and elsewhere, are taken through the entrances and brought alongside the quays, are little short of marvellous. An equally animated spectacle can be seen on a fine breezy day about the time of high water. Steamers and sailing vessels of all descriptions, the latter for the most part in tow of steam-tugs, which, if not remarkably picturesque, are well adapted to the work they have to do, are moving about, either entering or leaving the river, or being taken to one of the dock entrances; trawlers and flats with their red and brown sails add picturesqueness to the scene in all directions, as do the brightly painted barges, which now and again may be observed in strings of eight or ten, in course of being towed with difficulty against the heavy tide.



Liverpool and Birkenhead from Rock Ferry.

Dock Entrance at Birkenhead.

But perhaps the sight most interesting and novel to a stranger is the landing-stage, an immense wooden structure which, supported upon iron pontoons, rises and falls with the tide, and is connected with the dock walls by massive mooring chains and several iron bridges. It is here that the passengers by the many lines of foreign-going steamers land and embark, and here may constantly be seen crowds of emigrants from all parts of Northern Europe, starting to enter upon new lives in the great western world. Steady, strong, and reliable-looking, they may be met walking about the streets in large bodies, the men leading their wives and daughters by the hand, and all gazing about them with an evident sense of strangeness and wonder. They are well looked after and protected by the agents of the steamship lines in which their passages are taken. An interpreter meets them at the railway station, and leaves them only when he has seen them safely deposited in

the steamer which is to take them across the Atlantic. Another remarkable work is the long floating roadway by which vehicles are enabled to reach the stage at all states of the tide: in this structure the difficulty arising from the great changes of level produced by the rise and fall of the tide has been admirably overcome. Some idea of the skill of design and excellence of workmanship involved in this work may be found by watching its snake-like movements under the influence of the heavy swell frequently existing in the river at high water.

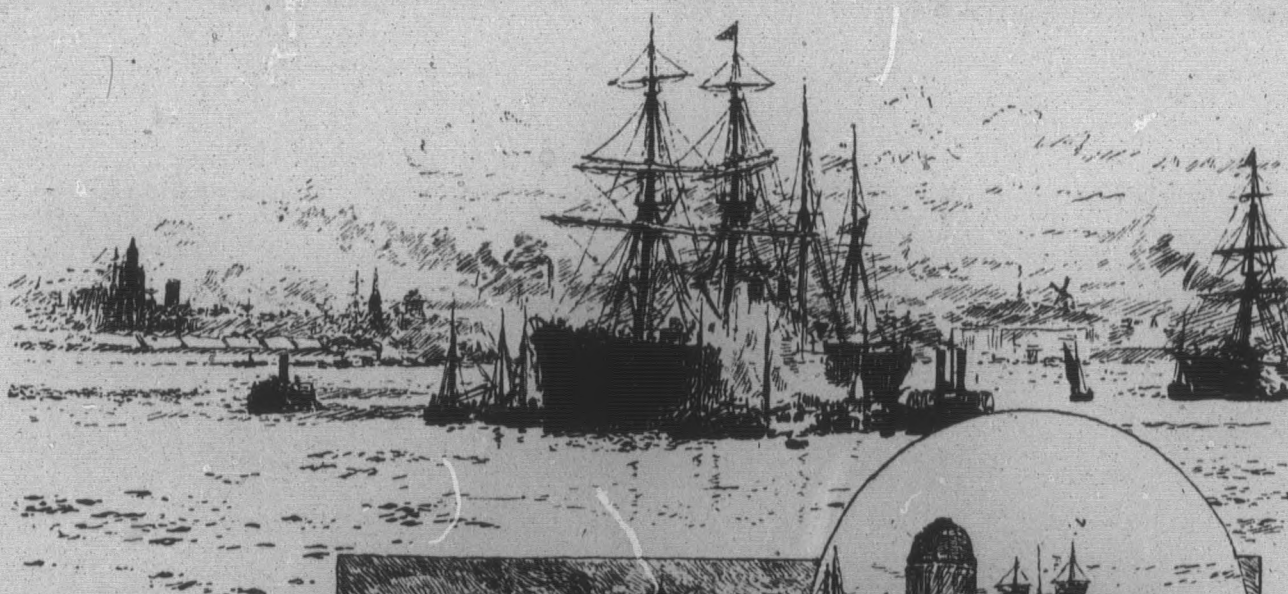
At another part of the stage are the berths of the various ferry-boats which ply across the Mersey constantly throughout the day, and at longer intervals throughout the night also, keeping up communication at many points with the Cheshire shore. In fine weather the crossing is pleasant enough, but in the winter when storms are prevalent, or more than all when a thick fog hangs over the river, it is no uncommon matter to take half an hour over a passage ordinarily accomplished in five or six minutes. The stage is a favourite promenade in fine weather, and on Sundays and holidays is generally crowded with visitors. The plate illustration gives an excellent idea of what the place is like under less favourable auspices—

on a dark cloudy evening, with a strong breeze and driving rain from the westward. In 1874 a disastrous accident happened to the structure. Originally there were two separate stages, but it was determined to make a continuous one nearly half a mile in length; this was accomplished on the 24th of July, but three days later, owing to the carelessness of a gas-fitter who was working underneath the deck, the new stage caught fire, and the woodwork having been soaked in creosote to preserve it, it was almost entirely destroyed. The damage was estimated at about £250,000. However, with the same energy as was shown two centuries previously in the case of the jetty, a new and improved stage, that which now exists, was at once commenced, and completed with all possible dispatch.

One of the illustrations on the next page, taken from the

river looking towards Birkenhead, shows a very picturesque tower, used in connection with the hydraulic works there. It is an adaptation from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Seen against the rich glow of a sunset sky, with the many masts and yards of ships lying in the adjacent dock, it forms a picture not easily forgotten by those who may be crossing the river at the time. Soon such a crossing will be merely a matter of inclination, for a tunnel underneath the river is in actual progress, and will, unless some unforeseen alteration in the nature of the strata is encountered, be probably completed within the next two or three years.

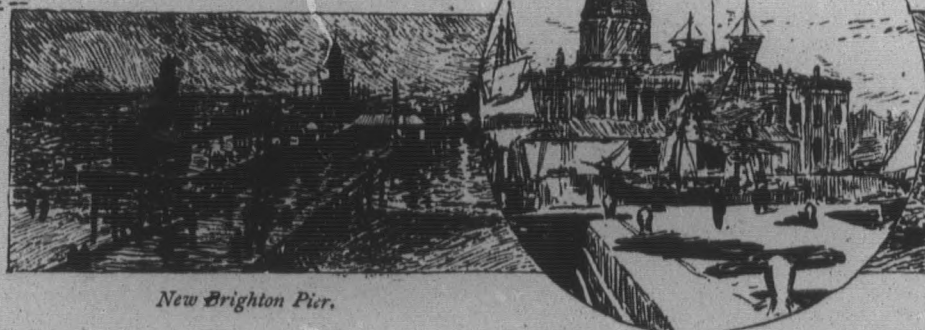
The illustration at the head of this article gives a good idea of the general appearance of the city of Liverpool as seen from the river. Although it can hardly be called imposing, there are many towers and spires, with picturesquely irregular



Atlantic Liners at Liverpool.

buildings, which break the long straight lines of granite quays, the solidity and permanence of which are always a matter of wondering comment to foreigners visiting Liverpool for the first time. On the extreme left, but at a distance which renders details invisible, stands the fine tower of the church of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of mariners; it possesses a beautiful peal of bells, and is situated most appropriately close to and looking over the Mersey. Next in order to the right is the dome of the Town Hall, a fine building at the north end of Castle Street, so called because the old castle (shown in the illustration on the next page), which has altogether disappeared, stood at the south end of it. Then comes the handsome modern clock-tower of the Municipal Offices, where all the administrative business of the city is carried on; and finally, on the right, is the dome of the Custom House, of which an illustration is given above. This building occupies the site of the Old Dock, which was filled up in 1826.

There are few traces of the old town now to be found; improvements have been devised and carried out to a very large extent. Many public buildings have sprung up, amongst which St. George's Hall—one of the finest examples in the

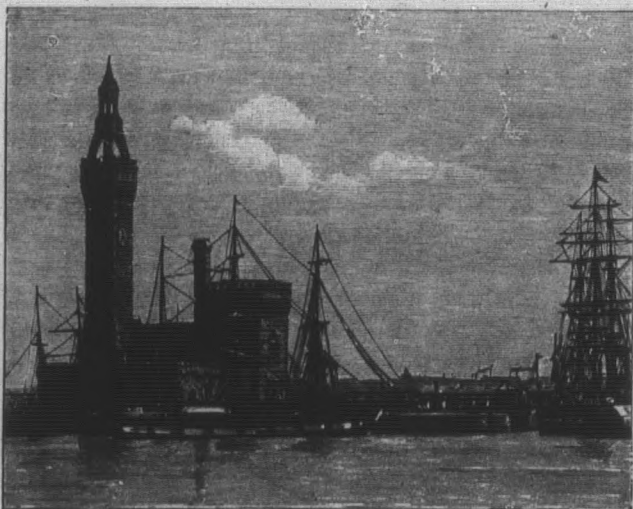


Custom House, Liverpool.

world of the modern Corinthian style—with its fine organ; the Walker Art Gallery, already containing the nucleus of an interesting collection of pictures; the Brown Library, with its extensive Museum; and the Picton Reading Room, are the most worthy of notice. These, grouped as they are round a space of which St. George's Hall is the centre, form, with the North-Western Hotel—a handsome erection of recent date—a noble pile of buildings of which Liverpool is justly proud.

In the matter of churches Liverpool is badly off, so far as any pretensions to architectural beauty are concerned. Though it is the see of a bishopric, it as yet possesses no cathedral, the building used for that purpose being St. Peter's Church, which has nothing to recommend it except its size; this will doubtless in due time be supplanted by an edifice fit for the great city in which it is to stand. That money is forthcoming when required for worthy purposes is abundantly proved by the fact that

within the last five years the necessary funds have been raised for the endowment of the bishopric, and also for the establish-



The Hydraulic Tower, Birkenhead.

ment of a new University College with various chairs of Literature, Science, and Art; the latter great work having been most liberally aided by the corporation placing at the disposal

of the University Council a building which, in point of size and situation, is admirably adapted for the carrying on of the work.

No account of Liverpool would be complete without the mention of what, although it is not a matter to be proud of, undoubtedly contributed to the present wealth of the city, namely, the slave trade, which was carried on with great vigour in the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1771 no less than 105 ships sailed from the Mersey for Africa, carrying thence to the West Indies 28,200 negroes; and even so late as 1765 there appeared in *Williamson's Liverpool Advertiser* an advertisement setting forth that there was for sale "At George's Coffee House . . . a very fine negro girl, about eight years of age, very healthy. Any person willing to purchase . . . may apply to Capt. Robert Syers . . . near the Exchange, where she may be seen." From this stain Liverpool has long been free, and it may be hoped that in other respects her inhabitants are no longer open to the charges so freely made against them in 1667 by one Edward Moore, son of the regicide John Moore, who, in a work called the "Moore Rental," thus describes his fellow-townsmen:—"I know this by experience, that they are the most perfidious knaves to their landlords in all England, therefore I charge you in the name of God never to trust them . . . for there is no such thing as truth or honesty in



REFERENCE
1. St. Nicholas Church, rebuilt 1360.
2. Beacon, at Everton, built 1680.
3. Tower, fortified 1408.

VIEW OF LIVERPOOL IN 1680.

4. Town Hall, built 1678.
5. Custom House.
6. Castle, built 1678.

such mercenary fellows but what tends to their own ends. In a word, trust them not, lest you may find by sad experience what I have here forewarned you of, which God in mercy divert, for such a nest of rogues were never educated in one town of that bigness." The bitterness of his remarks may, to some extent, be explained by the fact that he had twice stood as a candidate for the representation of the town in Parliament, and also for the office of mayor, and had been each time rejected.

Liverpool is connected with many celebrated names. The Earls of Derby and Sefton have long been staunch friends to the town, near which they dwell, and by the rapid growth of which they have been enormously enriched. Francis Bacon was returned as one of the borough members in 1588, and

continued to serve till 1592, though, curiously enough, there is no record of the circumstances under which he was induced to seek the suffrages of a place with which it does not appear that he had any connection whatever. William Roscoe, the distinguished scholar, poet, and philanthropist, was born in Liverpool in 1753. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone is also a native.

The town, which in 1881 became a "city," is still rapidly increasing. As the port forming the connection between America and the manufacturing districts of England, it fully justifies its motto, "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

The plate and first three illustrations to this article are taken from drawings made by Mr. W. L. Wyllie.

T. F. SQUAREY.



FROM A DRAWING BY W. L. WYLLIE.

THE LANDING STAGE - LIVERPOOL.

NEW YORK PATTERSON & NELSON.

THE LOVE OF LANDSCAPE.



LBET the rigours of the English climate, as well as the exclusiveness of our domestic habits, forbid our passing our lives as much out of doors as continental people do, it is nevertheless indisputable that no nation excels us in an intuitive love of landscape, or of all that is im-

plied in our enjoyment of open-air occupations.

It is not necessary to insist on our supremacy in field sports, or on those qualities which make us the first of maritime nations, to prove the truth of this statement. We have only to look at the immense and ever-increasing popularity of the landscape painter's art, as it at present exists, and we shall see in that conclusive evidence of the esteem with which we regard everything which has to do with country life, or the beauties of natural scenery.

Within the past fifty years probably more landscapes have been painted in oil and water colour in England—relatively to the total number of pictures executed—than have ever been produced in a like period of time in this or any other country; whilst the universal patronage bestowed upon the artists has drawn, and is drawing, to their ranks hosts of students who, in other days, would have devoted their energies to what were then held to be more lucrative and respectable pursuits. Nor do we find that this tendency to adopt the profession of the *paysagiste* is confined to the younger painters of the day, or to those who have never appeared before the public in any other character. We need only look at the way in which many of our most distinguished figure painters are in the habit of contributing one or more landscapes to our annual exhibitions, to see what a growing inclination there is to strike out into this attractive branch of Art. From Millais, with his 'Chill October,' and the numerous more or less admirable specimens of pure landscape from his brush which have succeeded that remarkable picture, downwards, a dozen instances might be quoted all illustrative of the fact.

Without, however, egotistically asserting, upon these grounds alone, that we are the best landscape painters as a body with which the world has ever been blessed, it is nevertheless pretty certain that, as a class, we are at this moment more numerous, and possess a higher average of ability, than could be found elsewhere. I am speaking in general terms, of course, and on the most comprehensive scale, and thus speaking, it can be safely declared that *en masse* the English landscape painters of the present day can hold their ground with those of any people, living or dead. Their art, *per se*, never stood in the world's history higher than it does now. The encouragement which has brought about this state of things is, as I suggested at starting, greatly due to the Englishman's love of the open, and his admiration for pictures which represent it skilfully and pleasantly; but it is, at the same time, worth while briefly considering whether there is not also another and very potent reason for the popularity

and excellence of landscape painting in this country. Is it not partly due to the fact that we are, as a whole, better landscape painters than figure painters? Is there not in our delineations of natural scenery more universal superiority in all respects than is to be found in our historical or genre pictures? I fancy the verdict would be in the affirmative if the question were left in the hands of a jury composed of the most competent continental authorities; they would say, "You have a distinct and recognisable school of landscape painting both in oil and water colour—especially in the latter—which you have not in figure painting."

If such should be their true finding—and it could scarcely be otherwise—it is worth while again briefly to consider why this is the case; why do we not hold our own equally with the great masters of the past when dealing with pictorial subjects in which the human form divine is the principal feature?

In a very able article, published some time since in a contemporary, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., says, "With the language of beauty in full resonance around him, Art was not difficult to the painter and sculptor of old as it is with us. No anatomical study will do for the modern artist what habitual acquaintance with the human form did for Phidias. No Venetian painted a horse with the truth and certainty of Horace Vernet, who knew the animal by heart, rode him, groomed him, and had him constantly in his studio. Every artist must paint what he sees, rather every artist must paint what is around him, and can produce no great work unless he impress the character of his age upon his productions, not necessarily taking his subjects from it (better if he can), but taking the impress of its life."

Further on Mr. Watts says, speaking of Phidias, "No materials were to be invented or borrowed: he had them all at hand, expressing himself in a natural language derived from familiarity with natural objects. Beauty is the language of Art; and with this at command, thoughts, as they arise, take visible forms, perhaps almost without an effort. . . . In many respects the present age is far more advanced than preceding times, incomparably more full of knowledge; but the language of great Art is dead: for general, noble beauty pervades life no more. . . . Nothing beautiful is seen around him (the artist) *excepting always sky, and trees, and sea.*"

Now if Mr. Watts's conclusion be correct, and it be true that the language of great Art be really dead, and that nowadays "general, noble beauty pervades life no more," . . . "*excepting always sky, and trees, and sea,*" which are, thank heaven, unalterable, we surely come at the rudimentary reason for the high place which landscape painting has taken amongst us. We are "native here, and to the manner born;" we are familiar with the language of landscape—which in England, at any rate, is a very beautiful language; we can write it fluently, expressing our thoughts in it automatically, and "almost without an effort." No scenery or atmospheric effects lend themselves more readily to the development and perpetuation of a landscape painter's feelings, sentiments, and ideas than do those which are to be found in the British Isles, under which circumstance it seems but a fitting adjustment of things that there should be a great

school of landscape painting in England. Moreover—and this is the gist of the matter—it is to the country that the artist must go in the nineteenth century ere he can find that general all-pervading beauty in the surroundings of his daily life without which he cannot become a complete master of the tongue in which he speaks to us. Unless he be imbued with the essential element of beauty, which can only be extracted from the materials amongst which he dwells, he cannot hope to obtain supremacy in his craft. It is to the country he must go if he would give his abilities their best chance; it is to the country he must go if he would make the education of his heart and brain perfect and complete.

Banished from the cities by the pre-eminent value given to utility, beauty has been driven back to her cradle and primitive abode, and consequently it is there alone that the artist can find her. She exists only, comparatively speaking, in natural objects—the sky, the hills, the trees; and even here she is so little respected by the utilitarian, money-grubbing spirit of the age, that few people scruple to fell noble timber, or wreck the picturesque details of fine scenery, where they are likely to interfere with the accumulation of monetary profit. Our houses, our utensils, our common arrangements for existence, our machinery, our dress, entirely fail to offer the painter subject matter out of which he can produce aught that is eminently beautiful or ennobling. Involuntarily the impress of these things is upon him, and when he strives to express in colour or form his thoughts, however strikingly original, poetic, or grand, he can only do so, if he would do so gracefully and beautifully, by borrowing the language of the past; he cannot do so with the materials around him, or in those words which constitute his accustomed daily form of speech.

It is urged, properly, that a painter should paint the time in which he lives: it is the only one which he can reproduce with accuracy and strict fidelity—he is the graphic historian, and when he represents the motive power, the mainsprings of human actions, whether real or imagined, and which are the same all the world over—when, in short, he “holds the mirror up to nature,” he, like the actor, should “show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.” If the artist conscientiously does his duty in this respect nowadays, it is not too much to say that the means which he is compelled to use can hardly be beautiful or elevating; he can scarcely extract grace, colour, or poetry from modern costume, male or female—the chimney-pot hat, the frock-coat and trousers, will not help him to express dignity of demeanour or grace of action, whilst the accessories, in the shape of hansom cabs, locomotive engines, St. John’s Wood villas, or Manchester manufactories, do not assist him to fill up his backgrounds with the purest of æsthetic forms. Should he, conscious of these barriers to the expression of his ideas in lovely guise, have recourse to a period when the *mise en scène* would be more favourable, and “when general noble beauty” pervaded life universally, he immediately begins to use, so to speak, phrases and idioms with which he is not familiar, and which, at best, he can only get at second hand, and this is as much as to say his utterance cannot be as fluent and perfect as if it were made in his every-day parts of speech.

But let him go forth to the mountains, fields, moors, lakes, and rivers, to the billowing downs, woods, and seas—let him give up his aspirations to deal with the thoughts and actions of man, and confine himself to the portrayal of the simple facts and sentiment of so-called inanimate nature, and then he can

happily still find the wherewith to speak in a language which, as I have said, is all his own, and which in itself is inexpressibly beautiful and eloquent. What wonder if, with these patent facts before us, the English school of landscape painting should at present surpass and take higher rank than does that of the figure-painter in the opinion of the best judges? What wonder if this superiority has created, or at any rate fostered and developed, the present widely extended love of landscape common among Englishmen?

Fortunate, too, it will be for mankind if the same will not have to be said in the future (if it must not indeed already be said to some extent) of the continental schools of Art; for it cannot be held that even the best of these produce figure painters who can vie with the great masters of yore, whereas their modern landscape painters compare very favourably with those of any time. Thus it looks as if the advance of civilisation, modern progress, whatever we may choose to call this destructive demon, were destined in the end entirely to trample out that beauty of language by means of which the figure painter attains his highest flights. His stock in trade, all over the world, seems to be gradually disappearing, in proof whereof we need only glance at the way broadcloth and felt are superseding national costume everywhere. In England this modern progress began somewhat earlier than it did on the continent, and therefore it is, probably, that we are by just so much behind some continental schools of figure painting, and, perhaps, by just so much before them in landscape. Losing that beauty of language with which a figure painter has to speak sooner than our neighbours, we were sooner driven to learn the language of landscape. When they are reduced to the same level, landscape will be as much loved on the continent as it is in England, because the balance of excellence will be in its favour there, as it has come to be here.

Speculation, however, need not be indulged in very widely in this direction—we must take things as they are, regrettable though they may be, and if inevitable, not the less regrettable. The world will go on, and if it be destined that there shall never again be a renewal of those halcyon days of Art, we must make the best of it; and the best is far from bad, for this love of landscape is a very precious instinct in human beings, well worth all the cultivation which can be bestowed upon it through the artist’s aid. Often we are led to admire the original, and to discern its merits through the fidelity and skill of an imitation, and should pictures of beautiful scenery lead us, through our admiration for them, to love beautiful scenery itself, we are on a very healthy mental highway. If the very loftiest thoughts and noblest aspirations are only attainable in Art by representations of the human face and form, and can on canvas only be expressed and induced by counterfeit presentments of human acts and sentiments, there is, nevertheless, sufficient of the good and beautiful to be extracted from an appreciative and loving contemplation of nature to lift the province of the landscape painter into one of the highest importance. Everything which will tend to spread an intellectual knowledge of the subtler beauties existing around us among the fields or mountains becomes invaluable as a factor in the process of educating, perfecting, and elevating the mind of man. He who by brush and pencil leads us on step by step to the fullest comprehension of all that is revealed in the simplest, no less than in the sublimest, landscape, is a teacher who must needs be ranked in that “choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence.”

And truly by his work in every touch does the landscape painter live again, live on indeed continuously, in his own individuality, as well as in the minds made better by his presence, for in his transcript of the scene we see the work of his hand, fresh and vivid as at the moment when the subject, passing through his eye and brain, was fixed on his canvas; and, if his labour has been faithful, he has perpetuated for us a reflex of what may have faded, or what would have passed away before our eyes unobserved. By the aid of his brush we have it always before us. There is no fear of that rain-cloud melting, or of that gleam of sunlight vanishing from off the hillside, ere we can divine the glories it exhibits. We have time to examine at our leisure the surprising revelations which it makes; for the artist, by untiring watchings for repetitions of the effect, has been enabled to capture the minutest facts, which the keenest eye of the casual looker-on, however reverent and admiring his spirit, has only been permitted to view for a moment or two together, at longer or shorter intervals. The deliberate contemplation of the truths and grandeur of nature which is afforded by these means, besides instructing, inspires, and gives the diviner attributes of man a chance and plea for their expression—the soul is stirred by the harmonious resonance of the language in which we are addressed.

As a familiar instance: could we have hoped, even with all his profound knowledge and sincere love of landscape, that Mr. Ruskin would ever have poured his adoration forth in those superb and masterly floods of magnificent English, had Turner, and the lesser giants of the British school, whom the Professor delights so justly to honour, not caught and perpetuated with their pencils the wondrous and supreme elemental effects which have made their names famous for all time?

Great and noble, therefore, should be the function of the *paysagiste* as a teacher and a humaniser. Without him, we should not know, and consequently should not care, so much about nature as we do at this present period in our history, even when we take but superficial inattentive glimpses at her. Assuredly our forefathers, as a body, were very far behind us in this respect, and the instances of reverent appreciation and delight in the mere outward aspect of a landscape were infinitely limited even fifty years back, compared with what they are now.

Again, the expression of the sentiment of nature, or the description of her in poetry and prose (upon which our predecessors mainly had to rely for their inspirations, before pictures of landscape were as common as they have since become), could not, beneficent as the influence of the poet must ever be, do for the appreciative what the graphic art does. The undying verse of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and others, in exaltation of the charms of landscape, never, at the best, could appeal so directly to the multitude as will a faithful transcript of them by brush and colour. It could not so encourage and foster the love of landscape as our painters do, and we cannot as fully appreciate the

"... pleasure in the pathless woods,
... the rapture on the lonely shore,
... society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

It is not possible, I say, by merely reading Byron's lines, as fully to experience and appreciate the sentiment they express as by the contemplation of some grand landscape veraciously depicting the "pathless wood" or the "lonely shore."

The painters have taught us much of what we ought to look

for as we wander through our country lanes, or amidst the grandeur of the mountains. Even the least thoughtful on these subjects among us now see a thousand things to delight in and admire in their walks abroad, which, but for the mass of landscape works now such a common feature in our civilisation, would have failed to attract anything more than a passing attention. It is quite customary to hear positively inartistic people say, as they come upon some striking scene, or some quiet rural "bit" among our fields and farmsteads, "Why, that is like a picture by David Cox, or Constable, or Vicat Cole;" or maybe, "The cliffs and sea yonder remind me of Brett's paintings;" or, again, "I have seen a sketch by my friend So-and-so just like this place—he must have taken his view from somewhere hereabouts;" thus plainly showing that it is the transcript in the first case which has caught their eye, and then turned it upon the reality. Hence it must be very evident that the one process reacts upon the other, and that, by degrees, he who is led to contemplate nature through the eyes and mind of some one else, at second hand as it were, gradually getting to know something about her and her more palpable truths, begins to take her for his standard, and to test, by comparison with her, imitations of her. And so the love of landscape grows and grows, with, it cannot be doubted, a vast advantage to the community at large. To quote the great and eloquent writer upon Art above referred to, we may say with him, "Man's use and function is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, *useful* to us: pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us."

This it is, this setting before us of "the glory of God," which makes the landscape painter "in the pure and first sense of the word *useful* to us"—helping us as he does to be the witness of it. He makes it oftentimes our daily, hourly companion, even though we may be in "populous cities pent," and far removed from waving trees, silvery streams, golden corn-fields, or breezy shores. He brings into our room rays of sunlight and colour, to which, without him, we might be strangers for months together. He opens, as it were, a window on yonder sombre wall, and bidding us look forth, shows us by the wave of his magic brush a glimpse of "the glory of God," letting daylight, air, and life fall upon us with the beneficence almost of the reality, aiding us and preparing us intelligently to appreciate the value of these things when we stand beneath the canopy of heaven itself. Herein surely lies the secret why a school of landscape painting is likely to take precedence, as a great school, of that of figure painting in England at the present time. We are, as I have said, through many causes, steeped in the beauties of natural scenery—a very potent one being that these beauties are now so commonly brought within the reach of the very humblest. By those facilities of locomotion which modern civilisation and progress afford, a day in the country is common to all. By means of the holiday van or excursion train, rural scenes, from the simplest to the grandest, are accessible to millions; and notwithstanding that the multitude at present may take little heed of what they are carried away to see, yet this familiarising of their minds with nature, grafted as it is upon an instinctive love of the open air, must, and does, imperceptibly penetrate them gradually with some regard for the face of the great mother, leading them by degrees, as I have said, to recognise in

certain combinations of natural objects a likeness to pictures they have seen, or to discover in pictures portraits of places and scenes of beauty which they have visited. Whichever way it is, however, with this language of beauty in full resonance around us we cannot fail to become scholars, or at any rate to comprehend in a greater or less degree its meaning and purpose. That there are so many more than there were in past times who speak it fluently is evidence of this. Not only are the ranks of the professional painters crowded, but we may turn with satisfaction to the amateur element for further proof of the way the language of landscape beauty is getting to be appreciated; for however poor the attempts of the humblest, idlest, most amateurish tyro in Art, the promptings to his efforts spring from a worthy wish to know something about its language, whilst it has become proverbial that not a few of the best of our water-colour painters began their career as amateurs. The question of whether they all succeed or not, or justify by the ability they display the course of life they have adopted, is away from the point; their conduct only further testifies to the growing affection with which nature is regarded.

Morally, at any rate, their influence is for good, as their exertions are also evidence of the way the love of landscape

is penetrating the community. A comparison alone of the relative number of amateurs who sketch ably from nature in this year of grace, with that of forty or fifty years back, may fairly be taken as a sign of the times. Where we then had, at the most, perhaps a score or two in the British Isles, we have now simply thousands.

Habitual acquaintance with the human form did for Phidias what our habitual acquaintance with earth, sea, and sky, and the best examples of the pictorial representations thereof, does not only for our landscape artists and amateurs, but for those who judge their work—for those who, not aspiring to any executive power, not even possessing any in the slightest degree, nevertheless become honestly constituted critics by reason of their education and proclivities, their taste and appreciative culture.

Here again, therefore, this constant resonance of the language of beauty which is around us, this habitual acquaintance with landscape, leads to the testing of all the painter's efforts by the standard of nature herself; and thus, as our familiarity with the beauty of the language increases, as it must, so do we demand more skill, truth, and fidelity from him who speaks in it to us—the painter.

W. W. FENN.

ADOLPH MENZEL.*

IN a previous paper I endeavoured to show how the art of Menzel stands self-created and self-sustained. I will now indicate how far it possesses historic pedigree, and to what extent it gains or loses by comparison with the contemporary Art of England or of the continent. Menzel may be said to trace historic descent from Dürer and Holbein. For more than three centuries, indeed, Germany had been building up naturalism and realism, had been framing a school which, by individual character, furnished a salutary protest against Italian ideals and Academic generalities. And this sinewy and muscular school of Northern Germany, in accord with usual experience, rose simultaneously with the political power, intellectual activity, and commercial wealth of the nation.

Berlin, the focus of political action, naturally became the centre of Art production. Armies were formed, and so arsenals had to be built. The house of Hohenzollern rose to the first rank among the powers of Europe; hence commands for spacious palaces, triumphal arches, and commemorative statues. In 1664 was born Andreas Schlüter, architect, sculptor, and Director of the Academy—a prolific artist, who impressed vehement power on stone and marble; specially do the heads, or masks, in the royal arsenal, Berlin, representing the human face in the agonies of death, exemplify the stalwart character, not to say the vehement passion, imprinted on the naturalistic school of Prussia. Another memorable artist, equally the product of the situation and of the period, is Daniel Chodowiecki, born 1726, and also Director of the Berlin Academy. Limits of space forbid me to recount how, as draughtsman, illustrator, creator, Chodowiecki and Menzel fell into parallel, and often into identical lines: each in turn became the Hogarth of Germany. Neither

must be forgotten in this chain of descent the naturalistic sculptor, Rauch, known by the most skilled and complex equestrian group in modern times, the Monument to the Great Frederick, the chief ornament of Unter den Linden. Art renewed her strength by coming once again in contact with mother earth. Menzel remains the survivor of men who mark the reawakening of the people; the nationality of Germany owed less to the sword than to Art, literature, and the general impulsion given to the human intellect. Hence Menzel, as a representative of a wide and deep national movement, begets an enthusiasm akin to the fire of patriotism.

A peep into an artist's studio, or den, is known to reveal much of his mind and mode of work. Menzel, save as to stature, made for a hero, rushes in impetuously; his finely arched brain has been fitly compared to an ample cupola; his head has capacity to compass a world; his keen glance penetrates all, and what the eye sees the mind there and then grasps. Never has been found closer relation between a man and his art. Around are ranged on walls and cabinets volumes, illustrated works, engravings, photographs, as sympathetic daily companions. I observed handsome illustrated books on John van Eyck and Albert Dürer—masters who, for character and touch, had served as examples. And next found place in handsome quarto two equally representative men in literature, Dante and Cervantes. The intellectual horizon was further enlarged by illustrated volumes on the exquisite classic terra cottas from Tanagra—apparently wide as the poles asunder from the sphere of the German Hogarth. But the conversation chanced to turn on Classic Art: I had in my hand the *Art Journal* containing an illustrated paper on that Teuton classicist, Frederick Preller. Menzel, with furor, seized on a reproduction from a drawing in the manner consecrated to Greek vases.

* Continued from page 140.

"This artist," he exclaimed, "did a vast deal of mediocre work; it is an utter mistake that Greek costume makes Greek Art; it is possible to endow actual figures in modern dress with the best essentials of Greek Art." This impulsive utterance strikes a key-note; the marbles of Phidias are real, and the pungent Prussian, in a well-known drawing from antique master works, has given further exposition to the doctrine that the ideal resides in the real. Again turning to the studio walls, I could fancy I was reading an autobiography. Michael Angelo's 'Moses' I was not surprised to find among the favourites: in this famous figure meet startling contrasts between classicism and modernism, between the grand and the grotesque, between character and caricature—traits which hostile critics have traced in Menzel. However, a fair balance seems struck by the prominence given to magnificent portraits by Holbein and Velasquez. Strangely enough, no living artist finds a place except Meissonier. Thus latitudes and longitudes in historic Art may be calculated: Menzel's sphere apparently lies somewhere between Holbein, Dürer, Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Meissonier. When in Germany last autumn, talking to a friend, I said, for sake of provocation, "The Berlin School is 'The Berlin School is nought; you have no Raphael, no Michael Angelo!'" The retort was, "We have something better—we possess Adolph Menzel!"

I have stated in the previous paper, briefly and in the general, the contents of the studio portfolios, and have also endeavoured to indicate treatments and modes of execution. Some little more may now with advantage be added. Menzel, like other great figure painters, deviates into landscape, but, as might be expected, his approaches on nature are eccentric; yet while his path is devious and zig-zag, his ultimate pounce on his prey has the grip of the tiger. And like the feline monarchs of field and forest he fastens on nature stealthily and by surprise; and just as in his figures he seizes adroitly on some moment of transition, fixing an attitude ere it passes into final action or repose, so in his nature studies he transfixes the transient incidents of the hour, the passing of a cloud, the falling of a shower, the dash of the torrent, the sweeping movement of the wind over trees and grass. And so large and decisive is the manner, that accident becomes stamped with inevitable necessity, and circumstances which might be fortuitous are so

clenched and keyed into the compact whole as to appear pre-ordained. The rapid transcripts are the best: highly elaborate drawings such as 'The View down the Valley of Gastein,' exhibited by our Royal Water-Colour Society, are comparatively heavy and inert. As indicative of modes of study may be mentioned among the portfolios two sketches of one and the same wild Alpine torrent, the first made on a fine day, the second in the foulest of weather. The contrast is simply appalling, and each is doubtless equally faithful. Such examples prove the dramatist: nature is viewed as a great stage or as a grand scheme, wherein, however, humanity moves the chief actor; one life animates all; whether be depicted an

old man or an old tree, it is gnarled in limb, timeworn in cuticle, beaten in brow, yet brave to stand or to stoop under stress of weather or storm of circumstance. Most figure landscape painters—Nicholas Poussin and Salvator Rosa for instance—impressed upon landscape personality, and soul-moving poets have in like manner made rocks quake, trees bend, and torrents roar under human passion. Menzel, notwithstanding a certain callous coolness, is on occasion fired by like divine furor.

What has been said may lead to the understanding how the habit of seizing on nature at moments when she is doing something significant or strange, how the custom of viewing outward phenomena from a personal side, how the practice of identifying the operations of nature with the life of man, serve to bring figures and landscapes into unison of sentiment and oneness of composition. The quest after truth is by Menzel always conducted after the same fashion; just as in the Alpine torrent, sketched, as we have seen, under double aspects, so in the studies of the figure,

attitudes, actions, and expressions are noted in divers moods, and from varied points of view. On a single sheet of paper I have seen half-a-dozen versions of the same character; for example, in the arduous composition, the 'Coronation at Königsberg,' the artist thought it worth while to draw a certain old lady under three aspects: one in profile, grey; another full faced, in water colour; the third a seated figure in chalk; thus the whole personality was rehearsed exhaustively, and the individuality thrown into such high relief that the spectator might almost walk round it. For the same picture I also find that an old general, plumes in his hat, was made to manœuvre over three sheets; another head obtains



Bismarck: Fac-simile of a Pencil Sketch by A. Menzel.

five versions; and then I come upon a central face set round as by episode with delicately minute pencillings of mouth, eyes, and hands. This amazing accumulation of material—vastly in excess of the immediate need—reminds me of scientific inquiries, wherein the overwhelming evidence obtains large generic truths and fixes landmarks in creation. Thus in part may be accounted for the overflowing fulness of these pictorial records, digests, and epitomes; the each contains the all, the individual embodies the species, and yet the theme is not expanded to weariness or prolixity. Nothing is thrust in for mere show—brevity is not more the soul of wit than here the pith of Art; the diction is concise, yet weighted with thought, and as soon as all is set down worth the saying, the pencil is thrown aside and the sketch is never worked on

more. Never have I known more vitality or purpose in a touch; that indescribable quality in handling, comparable to accent, cadence, tone in speaking, that precision which defines, that sweeping slur which suggests, make a mere stroke of the pencil communicative and potential. Somewhat of this dexterous felicity is retained in the reproduction of a pencil head kindly lent by the artist to illustrate this paper. I write with an original drawing lying on the table before me, a close transcript in pencil of an old man's head; no drawing or etching, ancient or modern, surpasses this study in character or quality, in play of hand, movement in line, or in clean keenness of a touch which seems to probe the life. I may add that the incredible prices gladly given for these swift products of an hour prove my praise not inordinate.



"The Broken Pitcher:" *The Worse for his Adventure.* (Fac-simile of the original Drawing.)

An exhaustive account of the collected works of Menzel would very far exceed my limits; a printed list on the table might alone occupy more space than is at disposal. The number of original inventions, either designs for wood or drawings direct on the lithographic stone, defy calculation. Then we have to reckon "The History of the Prussian House of Brandenburg," 12 sheets and title; "The History of Frederick the Great," with 400 illustrations (four were used in my prior paper); "The Works of Frederick," four volumes, with 200 illustrations; and "The Army" of the same grand monarch, three volumes, "Cavalry, Infantry, and Artillery," with 443 illustrations. The last publication affords a fair example of the artist's thorough way of going to work: no historian

bestows more research in massing materials. The uniforms, arms, and military accoutrements of the Prussian army were diligently collected, and the artist tells us how he placed the dresses of dead heroes on living men. Libraries were also searched for books on costume, and royal collections and private cabinets ransacked for relics. The drawings were made by the artist himself direct upon stone, and the coloured tintings on the paper added under his personal supervision. Many kings have owed debts of gratitude to illustrious artists, but none is deeper in obligation than Frederick to Menzel. Besides these historic labours—not forgetting illustrations to the life of Martin Luther—must be counted a multitude of miscellanies, such as the early series, "The Artist's World Wan-

derings," also lithographs from animals, likewise landscapes with and without figures. The immense popularity of these productions naturally stimulated to more; the pencil never paused in impromptus, and so came crowding general genre pieces, multitudinous and varied as fancy can conceive. In the way of facile and profuse improvisation on paper I know no parallel; as instances, here may be noted in brief wholly exceptional compositions tempting to description, but in multitude defying even enumeration. The Berlin public has for more than half a century been electrified at short intervals by brilliant programmes or pictorial announcements of military festivals, Art fêtes, Kunstvereins, theatrical performances, concerts, and rifle matches; in short, genius has not disdained to stoop even to visiting, new year, and dinner cards. The most fugitive of these effusions are saved from common oblivion by some

living germ of thought, or by racy, savoury manner. Always, indeed, must be held in remembrance studiously sustained melodramas, such as that in honour of the sculptor Schadow, and another commemorative of the return of troops to Berlin in 1866, on the close of the war with Austria. History and romance, fact and fiction, intermingle in varied quantities and with many incongruities; indeed, a baroque style is not out of keeping with such *capricci*. The total mass of work presents, as we have said, startling pictorial phenomena; the range includes all between the building of an empire and the breaking of a pitcher.

Menzel's position, if not as a poet, at least as an interpreter of poetry, and as a pictorial dramatist, setting comedy in the framework of tragedy, is determined by his renowned illustrations to Kleist's standard play, *Der zerbrochene Krug*, "The



"The Broken Pitcher:" More Haste less Speed.

Broken Pitcher," from which we here publish three examples. The story runs as follows:—An old judge forms an illicit love for the young daughter of a good widow woman living in a German village. The venerable suitor one night steals into the house, but, being surprised, has to make a precipitate escape through the window. Thereby hangs the tale, for in his fearful haste he unhappily not only breaks the jug, a precious heirloom, but wounds his leg and loses his wig! The first drawing exhibits the wigless hero in the act of binding up his scarred shin. At this crucial moment the news comes that the Government Superior is about to make the round of official visitation and inspection. The dismayed judge gives orders to his domestics for all needful preparations: the second engraving depicts the household confusion. The catastrophe thickens into the plot

when the mother of the girl brings the case before the Court: the superior dignitary has arrived and is present, and the wigless lover is placed in the awkward dilemma of figuring both as judge and culprit. Our third selection presents an episode in this strangely perplexed situation. Menzel here, as always, goes direct to the point; he hits hard, and never misses the mark. The thirty or more illustrations form a pictorial drama no less immortal than Kleist's national comedy.

The oil pictures of Menzel are of a number and magnitude much in excess of the narrow limits of this article. I have examined most of them from the earliest to the latest: some of the best known are 'The Round Table of Frederick the Great' (1850), 'The Flute Concert of Frederick' (1852), 'The Crowning of Wilhelm at Königsberg' (1865), 'The Ball Supper,' and 'The

Iron Foundry, or *The Modern Cyclops*' (1875). The earliest oils show imperfect knowledge of the resources of the material: the latest, though absolute in command, are still mannered, and display, as all other products, the artist's idiosyncrasies. The devil himself might have inspired *'The Modern Cyclops'* as displayed in the royal smelting furnace of Silesia: the Infernal Regions have not more fire or smoke: here is realism with a vengeance.

The rank taken by Menzel in historic Art is determined by his prodigious picture, *'The Coronation of William of Prussia at Königsberg.'* The preliminary studies have even more value and significance than the completed picture. The National Gallery, as the guardian of the nation's genius, conserves the original sketch, together with innumerable drawings.

Menzel stands conspicuous in the comic, sarcastic, and

grotesque Art of modern days. Within our century throughout Europe has come such a reaction against scholastic solemnity that it might seem as if Hogarth had everywhere ousted Raphael. In Spain Goya disported his illicit passion as Don Juan; in France, Gavarni and Gustave Doré sowed wild oats, and threw a thorn and a sting in haunts where the Sirens were singing; while in propriety-abiding England, Doyle, Cruikshank, and Leech swore prayers and jested at the expense of folly. In Germany during this period all eyes have been turned to Menzel. A German joke has a raciness peculiarly its own; it is not sparkling like the French, it is pithy and caustic as the Anglo-Saxon of Chaucer. Menzel may offend taste, yet he never violates morals; if not always refined, he is never coarse or lewd; neither is he ill-natured; while stinging as a wasp he smiles kindly. His pencil is



"The Broken Pitcher: A Critical Situation."

impartial and fearless; using ridicule as a legitimate instrument, he strikes terror in high places, and sporting round life with wit and pleasantry, he adds to the sum of human happiness.

To compare Menzel to Shakespeare were too trite and too far also from truth, and yet to the works of the artist may without violence be applied a famous criticism by Dr. Johnson on England's greatest dramatist. Shakespeare is excused for the irregular intermixture of comedy with tragedy; his dramas, like the compositions of the Prussian painter, are true to life because they exhibit "the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination, and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another, in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine and the mourner

burying his friend, in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another, and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design." Certainly Menzel, in "the power of exciting both laughter and sorrow by one composition," and in a certain "chaos of mingled purposes and casualties," has points of contact with Shakespeare. Like all national or world-moving artists, he is representative of his age; he lives to see the day when a strong reaction has come against the preceding schools of High Art, and he is known to hold in absolute hatred the grand cartoons of Cornelius for the Campo Santo. The present time reverses the immediate past, and thus Menzel and Knaus, for better or for worse, lead Northern Germany into stern realism and pungent naturalism.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

"OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US."



VERY day during the next three months the railway station of Amiens will witness a hungry crowd of British travellers discharging themselves from the tidal and mail trains, in a terrible hurry to get as much eating and drinking as possible compassed into the period known as "vingt minutes d'arrêt." It always has been the exception for any appreci-

able portion of the scampering crowd to stay, or contemplate making any stay, in order to see the wonderful cathedral which forms the glory of that halting-place. For such as may be fortunate enough to do so, Mr. Ruskin has recently issued a pocket guide to the celebrated fane under the above heading, and with the sub-title of "The Bible of Amiens." He has further accompanied it by a splendid series of photographs, numbering twenty-one, of the quatre-foils, and the front and sides of the central pedestal, of the west front of the cathedral. None of these (than which it is impossible to obtain anything more instructive and interesting as expositions of the manner of central thirteenth-century sculpture) have hitherto been engraved or photographed in any form accessible to the public.*

As in the case of 'The Shepherd's Tower, Florence' (see page 47 of this volume of the *Art Journal*), Mr. Ruskin has allowed us to engrave certain of these photographs, and further to interpret the same by the following excerpts from the before-mentioned guide:—

"It is the admitted privilege of a custode who loves his cathedral to depreciate, in its comparison, all the other cathedrals of his country that resemble, and all the edifices on the globe that differ from it. But I love too many cathedrals—though I have never had the happiness of becoming the custode of even one—to permit myself the easy and faithful exercise of the privilege in question; and I must vindicate my candour, and my judgment, in the outset, by confessing that the cathedral of Amiens has nothing to boast of in the way of towers—that its central *flèche* is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter—that the total structure is in dignity inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decorative splendour to Rheims, and in loveliness of figure-sculpture to Bourges. It has nothing like the artful painting and moulding of the arcades of Salisbury—nothing of the might of Durham; no Dædalian inlaying like Florence, no glow of mythic fantasy like Verona. And yet, in all, and more than these ways, outshone or overpowered, the cathedral of Amiens deserves the name given to it by M. Viollet le Duc—'The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture.'"

"I have never been able to make up my mind which was really the best way of approaching the cathedral for the first time. If you have plenty of leisure, and the day is fine, and you are not afraid of an hour's walk, the really right thing to do is to walk down the main street of the old town, and

across the river, and quite out to the chalk hill out of which the city is half quarried—half walled—and walk to the top of that, and look down into the citadel's dry 'ditch,' or, more truly, dry valley of death, which is about as deep as a glen in Derbyshire (or, more precisely, the upper part of the 'Happy Valley' at Oxford, above Lower Hincksey), and thence across to the cathedral and ascending slopes of the city; so, you will understand the real height and relation of tower and town: then, returning, find your way to the Mount Zion of it by any narrow cross streets and chance bridges you can—the more winding and dirty the streets the better; and whether you come first on west front or apse, you will think them worth all the trouble you have had to reach them.

"But if the day be dismal, as it may sometimes be, even in France, of late years—or if you cannot or will not walk, which may also chance, for all our athletics and lawn-tennis—or if you must really go to Paris this afternoon, and only mean to see all you can in an hour or two—then, supposing that, notwithstanding these weaknesses, you are still a nice sort of person, for whom it is of some consequence which way you come at a pretty thing, or begin to look at it—I think the best way is to walk from the Hôtel de France or the Place de Perigord, up the Street of Three Pebbles, towards the railway station—stopping a little as you go, so as to get into a cheerful temper, and buying some bonbons or tarts for the children in one of the charming pâtisseries' shops on the left. Just past them, ask for the theatre; and just past that, you will find, also on the left, three open arches, through which you can turn, passing the Palais de Justice, and go straight up to the south transept, which has really something about it to please everybody. It is simple and severe at the bottom, and daintily traceried and pinnacled at the top, and yet seems all of a piece (though it isn't): and everybody must like the taper and transparent fretwork of the *flèche* above, which seems to bend to the west wind, though it doesn't—at least the bending is a long habit, gradually yielded into, with gaining grace and submissiveness, during the last three hundred years. And, coming quite up to the porch, everybody must like the pretty French Madonna in the middle of it, with her head a little aside, and her nimbus switched a little aside too, like a becoming bonnet. A Madonna in decadence she is, though; for all, or rather by reason of all, her prettiness, and her gay soubrette's smile; and she has no business there, neither; for this is St. Honoré's porch, not hers; and grim and grey St. Honoré used to stand there to receive you—he is banished now to the north porch, where nobody ever goes in. This was done long ago, in the fourteenth century days, when the people first began to find Christianity too serious, and devised a merrier faith for France, and would have bright glancing soubrette Madonnas everywhere—letting their own dark-eyed Joan of Arc be burnt for a witch. And thenceforward things went their merry way, straight on, 'ça allait, ça ira,' to the merriest days of the guillotine.

"But they could still carve, in the fourteenth century, and the Madonna and her hawthorn-blossom lintel are worth your looking at—much more the field above, of sculpture as delicate and more calm, which tells St. Honoré's own story, little talked of now in his Parisian faubourg.

* The series may be obtained from Mr. Ward, 2, Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey; and the guide from Mr. Geo. Allen, Orpington.

"I will not keep you just now to tell St. Honoré's story—(only too glad to leave you a little curious about it if it were possible)—for certainly you will be impatient to go into the church; and cannot enter it to better advantage than by this door. For all cathedrals of any mark have nearly the



No. 1.—Figure of David: Pedestal to Central Figure of Central Porch, West Front, Amiens Cathedral.

same effect when you enter at the west door; but I know no other which shows so much of its nobleness from the south interior transept; the opposite rose being of exquisite fineness in tracery, and lovely in lustre; and the shafts of the transept aisles forming wonderful groups with those of the choir and

nave: also, the apse shows its height better, as it opens to you when you advance from the transept into the mid-nave, than when it is seen at once from the west end of the nave; where it is just possible for an irreverent person rather to think the nave narrow, than the apse high. Therefore, if you let me guide you, go in at this south transept door (and put a sou into every beggar's box who asks it there—it is none of your business whether they should be there or not, nor whether they deserve to have the sou—be sure only that you yourself deserve to have it to give; and give it prettily, and not as if it burnt your fingers). Then, being once inside, take what first sensation and general glimpse of it pleases you—promising the custode to come back to see it properly (only then mind you keep the promise); and in this first quarter of an hour, seeing only what fancy bids you—but at least, as I said, the apse from mid-nave, and all the traverses of the building, from its centre. Then you will know, when you go outside again, what the architect was working for, and what his buttresses and traceries mean. For the outside of a French cathedral, except for its sculpture, is always to be thought of as the wrong side of the stuff, in which you find how the threads go that produce the inside or right-side pattern. And if you have no wonder in you for that choir and its encompassing circlet of light, when you look up into it from the cross-centre, you need not travel farther in search of cathedrals, for the waiting-room of any station is a better place for you; but, if it amaze you and delight you at first, then, the more you know of it, the more it will amaze. For it is not possible for imagination and mathematics together, to do anything nobler or stronger than that procession of window, with material of glass and stone—nor anything which shall look loftier, with so temperate and prudent measure of actual loftiness."

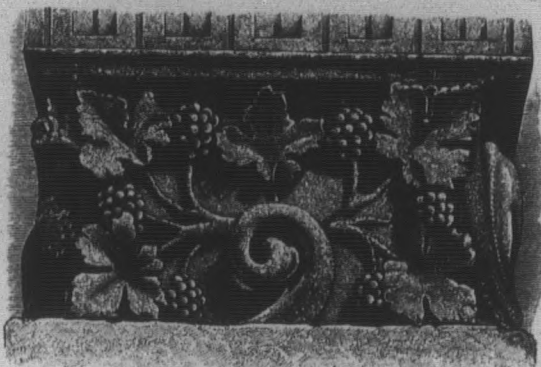
After a glowing eulogy of those who could erect such a work as this, the traveller is conducted out at one of the western doors, "and so sees gradually rising above him the immensity of the three porches, and of the thoughts engraved in them.

"What disgrace or change has come upon them, I will not tell you to-day—except only the 'immeasurable' loss of the great old foundation-steps, open, sweeping broad from side to side for all who came; unwallled, undivided, sunned all along by the westering day, lighted only by the moon and the stars at night; falling steep and many down the hillside—ceasing one by one, at last wide and few towards the level—and worn by pilgrim feet, for six hundred years. So I once saw them, and twice,—such things can now be never seen more.

"Nor even of the west front itself, above, is much of the old masonry left: but in the porches, nearly all,—except the actual outside facing, with its rose moulding, of which only a few flowers have been spared here and there. But the sculpture has been carefully and honourably kept and restored to its place—pedestals or niches restored here and there with clay; or some, which you see white and crude, re-carved entirely; nevertheless the impression you may receive from the whole is still what the builder meant."

The order of its theology is then told us. Space will not allow of our dwelling at length on such portions of this as we have not illustrated. Suffice it to say that the central figure of the whole, on the central porch, is "Christ Immanuel—God with us." Beneath, and acting as a pedestal, is David (see illustration No. 1).

"We will begin our examination of the Temple front, with this its goodly pedestal stone. The statue of David is only



No. 2.—Vine Tendril: Front of Central Pedestal, above figure of David, Amiens Cathedral.

two-thirds life size, occupying the niche in front of the pedestal. He holds his sceptre in his right hand, the scroll in his left. King and Prophet, type of all Divinely right doing, and right claiming, and right proclaiming, kingdom, for ever.

"The pedestal of which this statue forms the fronting or western sculpture, is square, and on the two sides of it are two flowers in vases, on its north side the lily, and on its south the rose (see illustration No. 1). And the entire monolith is one of the noblest pieces of Christian sculpture in the world.

"Above this pedestal comes a minor one, bearing in front of it a tendril of vine (see illustration No. 2) which completes the floral symbolism of the whole. The plant which I have called a lily is not the Fleur-de-Lys, nor the Madonna's, but an ideal one with bells like the crown Imperial (Shakespeare's type of 'lilies of all kinds'), representing the *mode of growth* of the lily of the valley, which could not be sculptured so large in its literal form without appearing monstrous, and is exactly expressed in this tablet—as it fulfils, together with the rose and vine, its companions, the triple saying of Christ, 'I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley.' 'I am the true Vine.'

"On the side of the upper stone are supporters of a different character. Supporters,—not captives nor victims; the Basilisk and Adder. Representing the most active evil principles of the earth, as in their utmost malignity; still, Pedestals of Christ, and even in their deadly life, accomplishing His final will.

"Both creatures are represented accurately in the mediæval traditional form, the basilisk half dragon, half cock; the deaf adder (see illustration No. 1) laying one ear against the ground and stopping the other with her tail.

"The first represents the infidelity of Pride. The basilisk—king serpent or highest serpent—saying that he *is* God, and *will be* God.

"The second, the infidelity of Death. The adder (nieder or nether snake) saying that he *is* mud, and *will be* mud."

On either side of this dividing pillar, to the right hand and to the left of Christ, occupying the entire walls of the central porch, are the apostles and the four greater prophets. The twelve minor prophets stand side by side in the front, three on each of its great piers. Under the feet of each are quatre-

foil medallions, representing the virtues which each taught, or his life manifested.

Those under the prophets represent an historical fact, or a scene spoken of by them as a real vision; and they have in general been executed by the ablest hands at the architect's command.

The two selected for illustration here (No. 3) represent Jonah escaped from the sea, and under the gourd, a small "grasshopper-like beast" gnawing the gourd stem.

Into the question concerning the Art of these bas-reliefs Mr. Ruskin does not, in his pamphlet, attempt to enter. They were never intended to serve as more than signs, or guides to thought. But if his reader follows this guidance quietly, he may create for himself better pictures in his heart, and, at all events, recognise certain general truths as their united message. Mr. Ruskin concludes with an eloquent description of what these truths are:—

"The Life, and Gospel, and Power of Christianity, are all written in the mighty works of its true believers: in Normandy and Sicily, on river islets of France and in the river glens of England, on the rocks of Orvieto, and by the sands of Arno. But of all, the simplest, completest, and most authoritative in its lessons to the active mind of North Europe, is this on the foundation stones of Amiens.

"Believe it or not, reader, as you will: understand only how thoroughly it *was* once believed; and that all beautiful things were made, and all brave deeds done in the strength of it—until what we may call 'this present time,' in which it



No. 3.—Quatrefoil on Central Porch, Amiens Cathedral.

is gravely asked whether Religion has any effect on Morals, by persons who have essentially no idea whatever of the meaning of either Religion or Morality."

ALEXANDER NASMYTH.



N bringing together the following sentences, it is desired to make public property of some records of an artist whose name and works are well known to many, but whose personality has been hitherto almost unknown. What has here been collected has appeared in the biographies of others casually, almost as it were by accident, and has

been supplemented by inquiries among those still living who knew the man, and also by memories of conversations with those long since, or more recently, departed.

ALEXANDER NASMYTH, "the father of the Scottish school of landscape painting," was born in the Grass-market of Edinburgh in 1758. His father, by profession a builder, observing his son's taste for Art, placed him as a pupil under Alexander Runciman, an artist of considerable celebrity in his own day, and afterwards sent him to London as an apprentice to Allan Ramsay, portrait painter to George III. Nasmyth, when he became Ramsay's pupil, was in his seventeenth year, tall for his age, and had such a handsome face and striking appearance, that Philip Reinagle, at that time Ramsay's principal assistant, at their first meeting asked him to sit for his portrait. After spending some years under Ramsay's tuition, copying pictures and laying in backgrounds, Nasmyth, by his master's advice, visited Italy. He lived in Rome several years studying the works of the great Italian painters, and making a very varied collection of sketches of Italian scenery. By 1786 Nasmyth had returned home, and was settled in Edinburgh as a portrait painter. In that year he married Barbara Foulis, daughter of Sir William Foulis, of Woodhall, Colinton. In painting portraits his favourite method was to group the various members of a family in what were then called *conversation pieces*, the figures being about twelve inches high. Good examples of his work in that branch of the Art may be seen in Minto House, the seat of Lord Minto, and at Dalmeny Park, the residence of the Earl of Rosebery; but his best-known portrait is the head of Robert Burns, the only picture for which the poet gave sittings. "When Creech, the Edinburgh bookseller," was about to publish his edition of Burns's poems (Robert Chambers's account of the transaction is here given), "It was thought that a portrait of the Bard would be a welcome ornament to the book, and Creech selected Nasmyth as the artist most likely to produce a suitable work. Accordingly the publisher invited the painter to breakfast along with the poet. Nasmyth and Burns became at once friends, and the latter was soon in due attendance at the artist's painting-room, in Wardrop's Court. Nasmyth worked *con amore*, and having attained a certain point at which the likeness was thought good, he stopped. The picture was never finished, and was put by Creech into the hands of an engraver named Beugo, also a friend of Burns, to be reproduced on copper in the style of engraving known as *stipple*." Beugo was but an indifferent artist, and the painter was never satisfied with his work; indeed, always

spoke of it with dissatisfaction. Of Walker's mezzotint from the same picture the painter had a very different opinion. "I cannot give you," said he to Walker, on first seeing an impression of his mezzotint, "a more convincing proof of my entire satisfaction with your print than to tell you, that your engraving actually reminds me more distinctly of Burns than does my own picture." The faults the engravers have generally fallen into, but which Walker has avoided, has been narrowing the face and neck and contracting the shoulders in order to give it more refinement. The defect of the original picture lies in the colour being too light and too pink, not sufficiently suggesting the dark, swarthy complexion of the poet. Another account, the tradition in the Nasmyth family, however, says that it was at the express desire of Jane Armour that Burns sat for the picture, and that the painter and the poet first met and formed their friendship under the roof of Mr. Patric Miller, of Dalswinton, an old and staunch friend of Nasmyth's, and who, it is said, had some years before advanced him £300 to enable him to visit Italy. The probability of this last account is strengthened by the circumstance that the picture, when the engraver had finished with it, went directly to Jane Armour, whose son, the late Colonel William Burns, bequeathed it to the Scottish National Gallery, where it now hangs. The painter made two duplicates of the picture, one of which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London, the other being the property of E. Cathcart, Esq., of Auchendrane.

In 1827 Nasmyth painted another portrait of Burns, a small full-length, from memory, in order that he might leave his record in that way of the general personal appearance of the poet, as well as his usual style of dress. Robert Chambers claims the credit of originally suggesting that work, an engraving from which was first published in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*. By the year 1793 Nasmyth had given up portrait for landscape painting. At that period political feeling ran high. The painter was a very independent thinker on all subjects, and made no attempt to conceal or disguise his opinions, some of which ran counter to those of many of his aristocratic patrons. The artist's connection with certain Liberal meetings and associations brought upon him expostulations from some of his employers. To rid himself at once of all such sources of embarrassment he gave up portrait painting, and, as he himself expressed it, "took to painting the beautiful face of nature instead of their faces." His own natural bias towards landscape may have influenced him more than he was aware of. About that time Nasmyth showed the possession of another talent, and one of some monetary value in those days. Lancelot Brown, the landscape gardener, commonly known as "Capability Brown," from his frequent use of the phrase, *this spot has great capabilities*, had recently died, and Nasmyth began to be consulted, both by public bodies and private persons, as to the improvement of their properties. In this capacity he made many architectural designs, such as those for the little classic temple of Hygeia at St. Bernard's Well, Edinburgh, also the original design for the Dean Bridge over the Water of Leith, many years afterwards carried out with some alterations by James Jardine, C.E. Nasmyth had a strong taste for mechanical contrivances, and spent most of his leisure time in his workroom; he invented the bow and string bridge now in general use for roofing great spaces, and also largely assisted Sir



PAINTED BY J. F. PORTAELS.

ENGRAVED BY W. M. LIZARS.

BOHEMIAN GIPSIES.

NEW YORK: PATTERSON & NEILSON.

James Hall, then President of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, in his work "On the Origin of Gothic Architecture."

His taste for mechanics was his amusement; the serious work of his life was painting, and that not confined to easel pictures alone; he was also a skilful scene painter. David Roberts, R.A., in his Autobiography, writes as follows:—"In 1819 I commenced my career as principal scene painter in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. This theatre was immense in its size and appointments, in magnitude exceeding Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The stock scenery had been painted by Alexander Nasmyth, and consisted of a series of pictures far surpassing anything of the kind I had ever seen. These included chambers, palaces, streets, landscapes and forest scenery, &c. One, I remember particularly, was the outside of a Norman castle, and another of a cottage charmingly painted, and of which I have a sketch. But the act scene, which was a view on the Clyde looking towards the Highland mountains, with Dumbarton Castle in the middle distance, was such a combination of magnificent scenery so wonderfully painted that it excited universal admiration. These productions I studied incessantly, and on them my style, if I have any, was originally founded." Talking of styles, Roberts adds, "I may here mention an anecdote related to me by Stanfield. Stanny had shown his sketch-book to the veteran Nasmyth, and told him that he wished to form a style of his own. 'Young man,' exclaimed the experienced artist, 'there's but one style an artist should endeavour to attain, and that is the style of nature; the nearer you get to nature the better.'" Some of Stanfield's early pictures, still remaining in Edinburgh, give evidence of a direct imitation of Nasmyth's manner.

Clarkson Stanfield's father was originally prompter, and afterwards an actor, in the Glasgow Theatre when Nasmyth was painting there. Hence the friendship that ultimately existed between Stanfield and Nasmyth. In 1820 Nasmyth executed for the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, the scenery for *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. From this period of his life Nasmyth was regarded as one at the head of his profession in Scotland. He was chairman at the dinner given to do honour to Sir Henry Raeburn, when that artist had been knighted by George IV., in 1822. Sir David Wilkie, writing to him from Seville in 1828, says, "I have heard with extreme satisfaction that the Directors of the Edinburgh Institution have complimented the Fine Arts of Scotland, and I am

sure gratified every Scottish artist, by conferring an annuity upon you, to whom we all look up as our head; allow me, dear sir, as an old friend, to wish you all joy and happiness upon this, I may say, national mark of respect for your high talents and accomplishments."

Nasmyth wrought to the end with almost undiminished vigour: in his eightieth year, his eye retained its brightness, and his hand had lost little of its cunning. His last picture exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy was the 'Bridge of Augustus,' his fancy curiously reverting to studies he had made in Italy some sixty years before. His last work of all was a small picture, 'Going Home;' it represented an aged labourer crossing a rustic bridge on his way towards a lonely cottage, a sombre evening sky hanging over the distant hills. It was the artist's own silent requiem; he died a few weeks afterwards, in April, 1840, aged eighty-two.

Alexander Nasmyth was an active man both in mind and body; he was above the average height, of a rather spare figure, with a clear florid complexion; his hair, black in his youth, was snow white in his old age. His eldest son, Patric, so called after Patric Millar, of Dalswinton, was the famous landscape painter, known as the "English Hobbema." His youngest son, James, is the well-known eminent engineer and inventor of the steam hammer. Several of his daughters attained to considerable reputation as artists. Of Nasmyth's peculiar manner of working little is now to be learnt; he drew in his subject matter carefully with blacklead pencil, and then put in the masses of shadow with burnt sienna; he mixed up tints for his skies, and used largely a colour he called peach-stone grey, made from calcined peach stones. His pictures are sometimes found a good deal cracked; however, they have retained their colour and brilliancy well. When a picture attributed to Alexander Nasmyth appears dull and heavy in colour it may be set down as a copy; indeed, few artists of recent days have been more copied. Nasmyth made sketches in pencil from nature, and sometimes studies in oil to work from, but he never painted a picture altogether on the spot. From having spent so much of his time in teaching the mechanical processes of his art, he became latterly somewhat of a mannerist; but his best works possess so much artistic feeling, and so many varied excellences, that a good specimen of Alexander Nasmyth is a valuable addition to any collection of pictures.

ALEXANDER FRASER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'BOHEMIAN GIPSIES,' by J. F. Portaels, engraved by W. M. Lizars.—The painter of this characteristic picture, Jean François Portaels, of Brussels, was born at Vilvorde, and received his artistic training in the studios of Navez and Paul Delaroche, proceeding thence to Italy, where he developed—from classic sources—the instruction of his distinguished masters. Among his earliest successful pictures were the 'Suicide of Judas' and 'A Funeral in the Desert of Suez,' both exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1855. M. Portaels is a sculptor as well as a painter, and has gained marked distinction in the sister art.

'A MIDDLESEX LANE,' drawn and etched by F. Slocombe.
1882.

—Notwithstanding the pastoral character of the artist's subject, this 'Middlesex Lane' is actually situated close to the metropolis, namely, between Willesden and Harrow. There is great effectiveness in the lighting, and a general soft hazy autumn colouring in the etching which is very pleasing. The tree forms are rendered with a strong hand, securing relief without blackness; and the banks, with their thick clothing of fading vegetation, are drawn with freedom and knowledge.

'THE LANDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL,' a fac-simile of a drawing by W. L. Wyllie, is referred to in the article on Liverpool, on page 193.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*



OUR last article we carried our notice of this year's exhibition through the first two rooms and part of the large gallery. The appearance of the latter is not so good as usual, a large number of comparatively poor pictures being hung there. To resume our analysis:—

No. 227. 'Spring on the South Downs,' by Mr. A. F. GRACE. An harmonious com-

position of rolling downs, distant wooded country, showery sky with rainbow, and in the foreground a number of ewes with lambs.

No. 234. 'For Pity and Love are akin.' A large-eyed young woman in white brocaded silk dress and yellow scarf, by Mr. FRANK MILES.

No. 235. 'Housekeeping in the Honeymoon.' A bride and groom of the first years of the century out shopping together; a clever, but rather chalky little picture, by Mr. ORCHARDSON.

No. 237. 'A Guard of the Royal Harem,' a well-painted janissary, by Mr. KNIGHTON WARREN.

No. 242. 'The Lord Say brought before Jack Cade,' a famous event in the history of London, painted by Mr. MARKS. The Kentish rebel, who wished to be called the Lord Mortimer, is dressed up in armour and feathers, to which he is evidently but little accustomed, and is abusing his prisoner for having given up Normandy to the Dauphin of France. The colour and drawing are good, but, as in most of this painter's work, the characterization of the heads is the chief point of interest.

No. 250. 'Autumn,' a pleasant landscape, by Mr. J. E. GRACE.

No. 251. 'Rev. W. H. Thompson, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge,' by Mr. HERKOMER. In black robes, which show up his sallow face and silvery white hair with great force. Deservedly well hung.

No. 252. 'The Palmer,' by Mr. JOHN PETTIE. A large picture of an old palmer telling the story of his life to a mediæval knight and lady in the rude hall of some feudal tower. There is in it little positive colour, but great harmony and unity of effect are obtained by the skilful use of golden green, yellow, and brown.

No. 259. 'The Life of the Year is gone,' a very tenderly painted landscape by Mr. HERBERT DALZIEL, in which the neutral tones of December are treated with skill.

No. 260, a portrait of the late Captain A. M. Sim, by Mr. FRANK HOLL. This picture was painted when the sitter wanted but a year or two of being a century old. In its complete rendering of the aged face, and thin, but still upright frame, it is a masterpiece.

No. 261. 'Friends at Yewden,' by Mr. H. T. WELLS. A collection of portraits of Academicians and Associates in the Thames-side garden of a well-known Art collector.

No. 262. 'Sir David Chalmers,' by Mr. J. H. LORIMER. A clever portrait of a colonial judge. The robes of scarlet and drab, a terrible combination, are very well managed.

No. 269. A fine portrait head of Vice-Chancellor Sir James Bacon, by Mr. FRANK HOLL.

No. 270. 'The Wild Swans' carrying Ella through the air, by Mr. J. SCOTT; from Andersen's "Fairy Tales." Very well painted.

No. 272. 'Clytemnestra,' by Mr. JOHN COLLIER. This large picture represents the Grecian queen as she emerges from the bath-room of Agamemnon, the blood-dripping axe in her hand with which she has done him to death. In all qualities of execution, except, perhaps, in harmony of colour, it is excellent. But Mr. Collier has not been happy in the choice of his model, who is obviously acting the character with some difficulty.

No. 274. 'After Rain,' the best of three examples of Mr. PETER GRAHAM.

No. 290. 'A Love Story,' by Mr. FRANK DICKSEE. An arched canvas; mediæval Italian lovers upon a marble seat in the moonlight. Moonlight pictures are generally unsatisfactory, and in some ways this is no exception to the rule, but the drawing is so good, and the execution so thorough and careful, that it deserves to be named among the remarkable pictures of the year.

No. 294. 'The Letter-Writer.' The best picture we have seen for a long time from the brush of Mr. J. B. BURGESS. A Spanish letter-writer under some old ecclesiastical doorway, writing to the dictation of a pretty girl, who seems bewildered by contradictory advice from the gossips about her. The composition is particularly good.

No. 301. 'The Thin Red Line, October 25, 1854,' by Mr. ROBERT GIBB. The 78th Highlanders receiving the Russian cavalry in line at the Battle of Balaclava. A good picture in all but colour, which is very poor.

No. 302. 'Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?' The mother of Sisera waiting among her maidens for the return of her son. A large picture, by Mr. E. LONG, remarkable for its absence of dramatic feeling, but also for fine painting.

No. 303. 'Caller Herrin,' by Mr. HOOK. A couple of stout Scottish fisher-girls helping to land herrings from a boat. They are, perhaps, too like each other, being practically identical, both in figure and costume; but otherwise this is one of the best pictures recently painted by Mr. Hook.

No. 304. 'November,' by J. HERBERT SNELL, a reminiscence of 'Chill October.'

No. 306. 'A Crown of Fire: Sunset Effect at Lake Ogwen,' by W. G. SHRUBSOLE. A telling landscape, the "effect" being that of the reddish sun-rays upon peaks of bare rock.

No. 307. 'Phryne at Eleusis,' by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON. The scene here depicted is that related by Athenæus, where, at a festival at Eleusis, Phryne, the most celebrated of the Hetairai, loosening her hair, descended into the sea before all the Greeks. Praxiteles, who has been called the "sentimental adorer" of these courtesans, was so moved by her beauty, that from her he moulded the Venus of Cnidos, and from the same model Apelles drew his Venus Anadyomene. Mr. Walter Perry, in his recent work on Greek and Roman sculpture, adds that an incident such as our President has placed on canvas "would have been impossible at the earlier and nobler period of Greek Art, and that it clearly shows to what an extent the worship of mere beauty had

* Continued from page 180.

lowered the tone of the national morality." We cannot but feel that Sir Frederick Leighton, in encouraging in this prominent manner the delineation of the nude on the walls of our exhibition, is rendering a very questionable service to English Art. We are quite willing to allow that the 'Phryne' is no mere portrait model, but an ideal figure, and an example of

"What mind can make where nature's self would fail."

Still the example of great men (especially in the Fine Arts) is always followed, and next year we may expect the delineation of the nude to form a prominent feature at the Royal Academy. We cannot, therefore, welcome with cordiality a work which can effect but little good, and may be productive of so much harm to our weaker brethren, by opening the door to the admission of a class of Art which renders the Salon at Paris so repellent to wholesome-minded people, and from which our exhibitions have hitherto been markedly free.

No. 308. 'Devon Harvest Cart: the Last Handful Home,' by Mr. HOOK. Hardly so good as No. 303, but yet a fine work.

No. 309. 'A Sunny Slope.' A good landscape with a brilliantly painted sea, by Mr. STUART LLOYD.

No. 320. 'A Winter Afternoon in the South of France,' by Mr. ADRIAN STOKES. A diligence starting from a Provençal village: a brilliant little picture.

No. 322. 'Painter and Critic,' a pleasant study of Dutch life, by Mr. HODGSON.

ROOM No. IV.

No. 346. 'Something Interesting,' a good little canvas dealing with children and story-books, by Miss MARY L. GOW.

No. 347. A fine landscape, unnamed otherwise than by a Shakespearian quotation, by Mr. BRYAN HOOK, the son of the Royal Academician. It received the Turner medal at the last distribution of prizes at the Academy.

No. 353. 'H.R.H. the Princess Marie,' daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, by Mr. MILLAIS. Remarkable for the truth of the carnations and the ease and unconsciousness of the attitude. The harmony of the two greens and a pink seems, however, doubtful.

No. 376. 'Sea and Land Waves,' by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS. A clever landscape, in which Mr. Davis, who is seen to great advantage in the present exhibition, has attempted, not entirely without success, to paint the passage of gentle breezes over waving fields of corn and grass.

No. 377. 'Mrs. J. P. B. Robertson.' An unnecessarily huge canvas, upon which Mr. ORCHARDSON has painted a lady in black velvet sitting among the comfortable properties of her own drawing-room. Warm in tone and full of fine colour, but the tint and texture of all Mr. Orchardson's faces are rather too like that of the backgrounds upon which they are placed.

No. 384. 'Sweetness and Light,' by Mr. FRED. B. BARWELL. A curious effect of sunlight upon a river and a high bank of overhanging woods.

No. 385. 'A Highland Auction,' by Mr. MACWHIRTER. The household properties of a Highland crofter being sold by "public roup." Very good in colour and atmosphere, but rather slight in substance.

No. 391. 'The Yacht *La Sirène*,' by JAN VAN BEERS. We suppose this picture was hung on the line because of its fame in the Belgian Law Courts. It certainly can serve no good purpose to English Art by so distinguishing it.

No. 398. 'His Excellency the Hon. J. R. Lowell,' the American minister, in a D.C.L. gown, by Mrs. MERRITT.

No. 407. 'Dreamers,' by Mr. ALBERT MOORE. Three girls on a sofa, robed in white, and surrounded by tints of creamy white, gold, and golden green.

No. 412. 'Sunlight and Shade,' an orchard with sheep, by Mr. MARK FISHER, who is, we fear, losing some of the fine colour and power of illumination which distinguished him a year or two ago.

No. 413. 'Inverlochy Castle and Ben Nevis,' by Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE, a frightful example of misdirected vigour.

No. 417. 'Sale of the Boat,' by Mr. P. R. MORRIS, a fisherman's boat being put up for sale after his death. In the foreground of the picture sit his wife and children. Mr. Morris can do much better than this.

ROOM No. V.

No. 427. 'The Mew Stone,' the best of Mr. OAKES'S contributions.

No. 445. 'The Sea-Gulls' Toilet.' A brilliant study of blue transparent sea under a summer sky, grass-grown cliffs, and a shingly beach, upon which some sea-gulls are preening themselves, by Mr. COLIN HUNTER.

No. 447. 'Roman Drovers and Cattle,' a good picture by Mr. C. H. POINGDESTRE.

No. 465. 'Low Tide,' a clever study of a beach at low water and a number of fishermen's houses bordering it, by Mr. COLIN HUNTER.

No. 466. 'The Right Hon. Sir Arthur Hobhouse,' by Mr. FRANK HOLL. One of the strongest and quite the most picturesque of Mr. Holl's portraits in the present show. Sir Arthur Hobhouse wears a greenish grey cloak, of which the painter has made good use.

No. 468. 'The King drinks,' a lion drinking by moonlight, Mr. BRITON RIVIERE'S diploma picture.

No. 474. 'Antigone,' a fine female head and bust by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

No. 476. 'Homeless and Homewards' is a very able, though melancholy, picture by Mr. JOHN R. REID. A family of itinerant musicians—a miserable old man with a clarionet, a fine-looking young woman with a guitar, and a child with a tambourine—are waiting for the ferry-boat under the leafless trees which border a wintry river. Some laughing children on their way from school afford a contrast to this melancholy group; the whole is painted with great thoroughness and expressive ability.

No. 482. 'The Doll's Dressmaker,' by Mrs. PERUGINI (Kate Dickens). A continuation of this talented artist's series of illustrations to her father's works.

No. 484. 'Nearly Bedtime,' a very truthful effect of lamp and fire light, by Miss BLANCHE JENKINS.

No. 498. 'The Harvest Field,' by Mr. A. E. EMSLIE. A large picture of harvesting, with many figures, in which harmonious colour, thoroughly good drawing and modelling, and sincere feeling are all to be found.

No. 499. 'Floreat Etona,' by Mrs. BUTLER. The death of an Eton boy, an officer in the Rifle Brigade, who fell at Laing's Neck. In colour this is rather crude and *criant*, but it is full of vigorous design.

No. 505. 'Mrs. Budgett,' by Mr. MILLAIS. Simple in composition and excellent in colour, but a little woolly in texture.

No. 506. 'The Grey of the Morning.' "The ripples whispered to the mussels in the grey of the morning, and the lily-white clouds got up early and peeped over the wall." A

superb example of Mr. BRETT'S work. The artist appears to have aimed at absolute illusion in the painting of some grey mussel-covered rocks in the foreground. The "wall" is one of those banks of vapour which so often lie over the sea in the early hours of the day, and the round tops of a few cumuli just rise above it.

No. 510. A very straightforward, but yet not unpicturesque portrait of Mr. G. Osborne Morgan, M.P., in court dress, by Mr. EDGAR HANLEY.

No. 517. 'The Forest on Fire, Woolmer,' by Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE. A great deal better than 413, but still very poor in colour.

No. 521. 'The Moat House, Ightham,' by Mr. SANT. A portrait of one of the most picturesque old houses in Kent.

No. 522. 'There is no God but God,' by WALTER C. HORSLEY. The deck of a Red Sea steamer, with Mahomedans at their devotions and European travellers looking on. Many of the single figures are painted with vigour and with considerable power of colour, but the picture as a whole lacks unity, and sadly wants pulling together.

No. 525. A portrait by Mr. J. D. WATSON of a gentleman in a costume of the seventeenth century, in which white satin is well and broadly painted, and skilfully harmonized with other hues and textures.

No. 526. 'A Venetian Fan Seller,' by Mr. H. WOODS. A courtyard with several girls surrounding a pedlar with a tray of fans. Far inferior to Mr. Woods's other contribution.

ROOM NO. VI.

This is the new room which, as we noticed in our first article, has been obtained by the conversion of the old sculpture gallery from its former uses. It is lighted on a rather different principle from the rest of the rooms. The whole ceiling forms one semicircular sweep, two-thirds of it being glass. By this means the pictures which are hung very high upon the walls are much better seen than in those rooms where the arrangement of the roof is less simple. It is also without a dado, so that a considerable number of little pictures have been arranged below the line, where they may sometimes be seen by those who have any reason to seek them out.

No. 531. 'A Daughter of Charity,' a little girl in mob-cap, blue ribbons, and mittens, by Mr. G. D. LESLIE. The carnation is very good.

No. 533. 'Margaret of Anjou and the Robber of Hexham,' by Mr. W. C. SYMONS. The old tradition of the flight of Margaret after the Battle of Hexham, and of her throwing herself upon the protection of one of those border outlaws who in those days oscillated between England and Scotland, has been skilfully treated by Mr. Symons, whose picture is very much better than anything else we have seen from his brush. The only fault we have to find with it is the absence of all traces of long and hasty flight in the figure and dress of the Queen and her son, or of the rough life of the woods in those of the outlaw.

No. 551. 'Sweethearts and Wives,' by Mr. S. E. WALLER. The end of a border raid. A company of moss-troopers driving in the cattle they have "lifted" to the courtyard of their castle, where their wives and sweethearts welcome them with open arms. The foremost group of an old man supporting a young one who has been badly wounded is well conceived. The horses are, of course, well painted.

No. 553. 'Daniel Thwaites Esq.,' by Mr. MILLAIS. An uncompromising portrait of a modern Englishman.

No. 557. 'Winter and Rough Weather,' a piece of sea painted as only Mr. HENRY MOORE can paint it.

No. 558. 'The Death of Siward the Strong, Earl of Northumberland,' by Mr. VAL. PRINSEP. A large and pretentious picture. The old Earl has been carried out of his castle gate to die in the open air, the battle-axe is falling from his right hand into that of a kneeling page, his white helmeted head is bowed, and his eyes are closing, while sons, daughters, and retainers look on with varying expressions. The head of the Earl himself is well conceived, but the picture lacks expressive colour and chiaroscuro.

No. 567. 'Maiwand: Saving the Guns,' by Mr. R. C. WOODVILLE. An excellent picture, full of vigour and life as well as of merits of a more technical kind, but it is also a sad picture when we remember that the backs of all those galloping artillerymen are turned to the enemy. It is but three or four years since Mr. Woodville first came to the front with his picture of Frederick the Great before Leuthen, and his progress has been so continuous since then that we may expect great things from his hands.

No. 578. 'The Slain Enemy,' by Mr. HEYWOOD HARDY. A small boy listening to his father's tale of how the wolf, whose head lies on the ground at their feet, had died. The hounds, which form an accessory, are, of course, well painted, but this is one of numberless pictures which would have been far more satisfactory had it been half the size.

No. 582. 'The Geese of the Capitol,' by Mr. HENRI MOTTE. The Gauls are attempting to scale the walls of the Roman Capitol by climbing over each other's shoulders. The geese, in a cage overhanging the wall, raise their hubbub as the topmost Gaul reaches the parapet. A happy idea poorly realised.

No. 588. 'Madlle. E. C. C.,' by Mr. H. FANTIN. A Roumanian lady in white muslin and silk. Her dark features are painted with great truth and delicacy, but the picture would have been improved by more thought given to the composition.

No. 592. 'In the Dock, Boulogne,' by Mr. WALTER W. MAY. A tender little landscape by a painter who is not often seen in this medium.

No. 594. 'The Poet's Dream' is a wonderful picture, by Mr. JOHN FAED, of a young man asleep in a landscape, while the sky above is filled with all kinds of ghostly forms. It looks like a free rendering of "Jacob's ladder."

No. 597. 'The Marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught,' by Mr. SYDNEY P. HALL. Not much worse than such things are wont to be, but very ugly in shape.

No. 602. 'The Foundling,' by Mr. MARCUS STONE. A young lady in black, with a little red and green about her, and a white kitten in her hands. The colour composition is good.

No. 609. 'The Banquet: one of a series of six, illustrating the history of a soldier of the sixteenth century,' by Mr. J. D. LINTON. This is the third picture of the series which has been exhibited. It is an open-air scene, while the other two were interiors, and its colour harmonies are in a much higher key than theirs. Across the background stretches a very well-designed classic screen of white marble, with gilded bronze ornaments. In front of this a long table stretches from end to end of the canvas, at which about sixteen or eighteen guests are seated, and at the right of the picture some musicians provide the music for a female dancer, who pirouettes in the foreground. The colour generally is clearer and lighter, and freer from black tones, than has sometimes been the case with Mr. Linton. The drawing and the modelling of the heads are good.

(To be continued.)

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

THERE are few among the minor adjuncts of furnishing about which more was displayed in mediæval times than the appurtenances of doors—the hinges, the handles, and the latches. To a lesser extent, in the Renaissance period, considerable attention was bestowed on the fanciful treatment of knockers, and sometimes of key-plates; but the treatment, in regard to the knockers at all events, was less practical and workmanlike than in the mediæval period. In the modern period we had, until the recent revival of decorative art, come down to the lowest commonplace in these matters of door furniture. An attempt is now being made again to render these accessories artistic in character, though at present the tendency is to do this in the simplest manner, by avoiding anything beyond the practical requirements of the handles and knockers, by shaping them suitably and conveniently, rather than by the indulgence in fanciful design and elaborate workmanship.

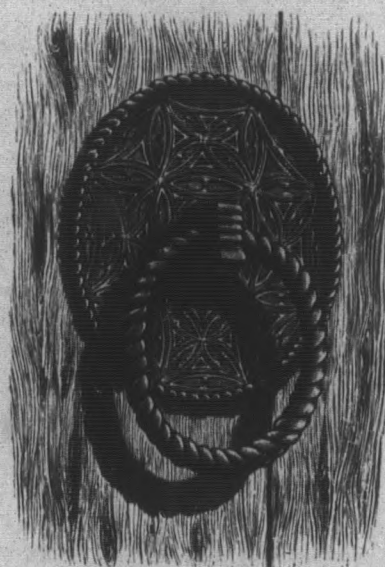
Metal almost inevitably comes largely into the construction

Of these No. 46, the first of our illustrations, is an excellent specimen of the effectiveness, combined with practical suit-



No. 46.—Door Handle.

of door furniture, since no other material has the requisite strength and tenacity. In the modern days of "mortise locks" we do find metal for the latch-handles discarded in favour of wood, porcelain, and other materials; and we remember seeing a very fine panelled room in the Adelphi, occupied by a learned society, utterly vulgarised by the substitution of cut-glass door-knobs for the old sensible, oval-shaped brass knobs which were usual at the period when that corner of London was got into its present shape. But before the modern refinements of lock and latch making, door handles and latches were things subject to a considerable strain, and were strongly made accordingly. The examples of door-handles given here appear to be all handles for pulling the door to—closing rings, not handles for opening latches.



No. 47.—Door Handle (probably Flemish).

ability, which generally characterizes mediæval metal work. It is desirable that the ring should be of a form strong in appearance and convenient to grasp with the hand, and that it should have a good and solid hold on the door to which it is fixed. In accordance with these conditions, it will be seen that the handle is entirely unornamented, except in regard to the shape given to it, and the spiral twist in the metal on the outer ring, a mode of ornamenting which in no way interferes with its practical suitability for its purpose. The form of the ring is exactly what is best suited for its position; expanding where it is to be grasped by the hand, its shanks narrowing together where they approach the door, for the better



No. 48.—Door Handle (English).

convenience of attachment. The ornamental plate round the attachment is also thoroughly metallic in design, and besides

* Continued from page 185.

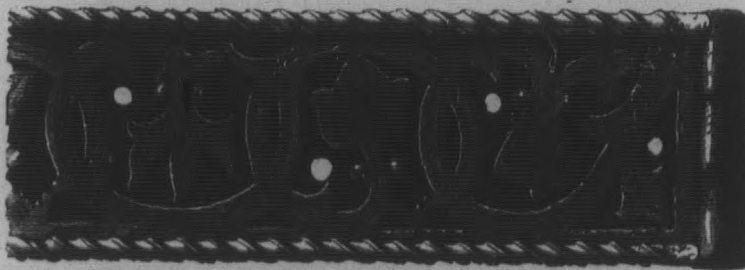
serving to give importance to the handle and connect it with the door surface, it is probably employed—and if not it ought to be so—to strengthen and render firmer the attachment, by spreading it over a larger portion of the door surface. It seems a little doubtful how far this and similar ornamental



No. 49.—Door Handle.

door-plates, in connection with mediæval door-handles, were in part constructional or were purely ornamental; some of them may have been only ornamental, but looking at the general spirit of mediæval work, we are disposed to think that this was not very often the case, and that in most instances the ornament round the handle was made use of to extend and spread the strain of the handle. It should, and did act, in fact, as a kind of "washer," keeping the ironwork firmly in its place on the door, and preventing shaking and wearing of the wood.

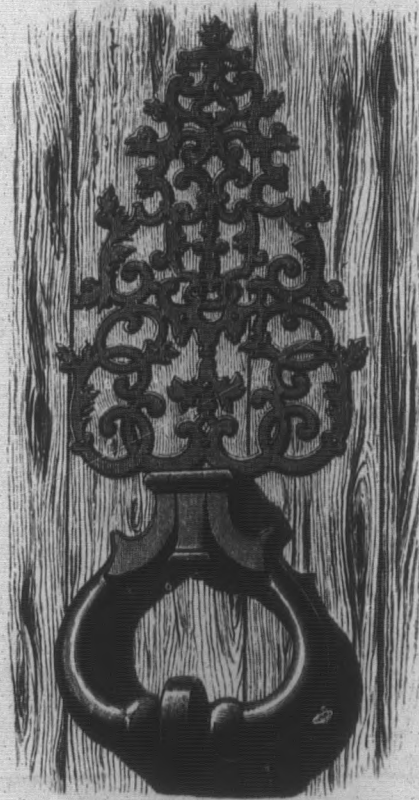
No. 47, which is said to be Flemish work, is a less artistically designed handle, but the geometrical ornament of the circular plate is very effective, and the whole has a remarkably neat appearance. It may be observed, by the way, in regard both to this and the preceding example, that one practical use of the iron plate attached to the door is to keep the ring clear of the woodwork, so that it is more easily grasped for use, and does not strike upon and wear the wood when let fall. The shadow in each of these illustrations shows that the ring is hanging quite clear of the door. In No. 48 this is not the case, and the design of the ring is somewhat defective, in that it too much resembles a knocker, and appears as if the thickened portions in the centre were intended for that purpose. The design generally is not nearly equal to the two preceding ones; the little grotesque head in which the ring is fixed is too small for the scale of the ring, and the door-plate is poorly designed, with a ragged naturalistic rim, looking like a branch with buds upon it bent round. So plain and massive a ring required a seating in the same



No. 51.—Hinge (German).

plain and massive style: the ring, in fact, looks as if it did not belong to the rest of the work, but had been

added by another hand. No. 49 is a peculiar design, looking rather more like modern than old ironwork. It is cer-



No. 50.—Door Handle (and Knocker ?), German.

tainly late in date, and is evidently cast-iron work, and shows on the handle a form of ornament in slightly sunk furrows, which has been much used again recently as an appropriate method of ornamenting cast-iron surfaces. The whole design is in keeping, but the handle is a bad shape for a handle, inconvenient and uncomfortable to grasp, and the square projection on it has no sense at all, unless it be a mere repetition of a similar projection on the inner side, intended as a rest for the ring on the rim of the door-plate. It seems probable that this was intended for use indiscriminately as a handle and as a knocker, which possibly may have been the case with the last-named specimen also, but not with the first two, which are simply rings. It is obvious that the same ring cannot appear equally suitable in both capacities, or be equally so practically. There seems little doubt that the next one, No. 50, was intended for both purposes; it is called a handle, and could be used so, but the large knob in the middle is only a source of discomfort to the

hand when we regard it as a handle, whereas it is necessary and suitable for a knocker. It should, as a knocker, have a metal bed to strike on, but this provision is omitted in many old knockers, and seems to have been added later in consequence of the

wear to the wood occasioned by the striking of the knocker, as well as, perhaps, to render the sound of the knock

sharper and more penetrating—qualities which it certainly has now, as many of us whose doors are largely besieged



No. 52.—Boss on Door, serving as Handle and Knocker (Mediæval).

know to our cost. In No. 50 the ring is well and boldly designed, and the flat ornamental work on the door above it is also well adapted for obtaining a wide and firm hold on the woodwork of the door; but its connection with the ring and its seating is not satisfactorily shown in the engraving, and this makes all the difference. If this flat ornamental work is connected with, or forged together with, the ring and seating of the handle, then it is an honest and solid piece of work, an ornamental treatment of construction; but if the flat ornament is merely added over the ring for the sake of ornament, then it is only so much "gimcrack." The same point is illustrated by the large spreading and foliated hinges



No. 53.—Knocker (Mediæval).

of wrought iron which were so much used in mediæval work, of which we have not an example among our illustrations; but their appearance is quite familiar to most people since the Gothic revival, and the establishment of Gothic imitation iron-work everywhere. In almost all genuine mediæval work these scrolls which spread over the surface of the door were a portion of the hinge upon which the door actually turned, and

they were not introduced merely for ornament; they had a practical value in giving the hinge a larger hold on the weight of the door, and supporting it more firmly, rendering it less liable to give and to hang crooked on its hinges; and as doors were then commonly made not in stiles and panels, but in boarding nailed and pinned on to one side of the framing, the spreading hinges had another value also, in assisting to hold the whole framework of the door together. The Gothic wrought-iron hinge formed, in fact, an admirable example of the decorative treatment of construction. In the modern revival of Gothic it has been constantly imitated, not as a real hinge, but as a piece of ornamental ironwork riveted on to the door quite separate

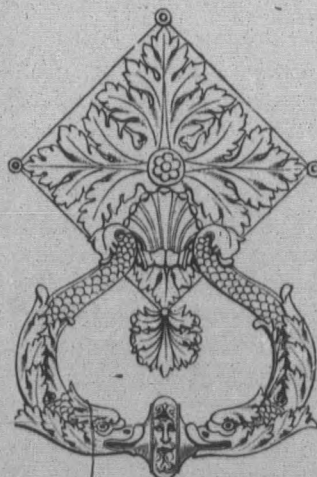
from the real hinge; so habitually has this been done that joiners speak of these apparent hinges as "the shams," with no satirical intent, but as the recognised name for them.

The specimen of a German hinge given here, No. 51, is of a much tamer type of design than the spreading and foliated hinges we have been speaking of; it is a straight bar with a raised roll at the edge, and in which forms based on foliage are used merely as a surface decoration; but it has the same merit as the other ornamental Gothic hinges we have referred to—it is a real constructive hinge, as will be seen from the drawing, not a mere toy. The character of the foliage design is bold and free, though not very refined; the additional expression and style given to it by the thin lines engraved on the surface of the stems and leaves should be especially noticed, however: although this seems a small detail very slightly executed, it makes all the difference in the effect of the design, which would look comparatively dead without it.

The quaint specimen given in No. 52 is a bit of mediæval fancy, combining, we believe, handle and knocker in one. It is formed of two heads, one of them inverted, and placed back to back with the other, the whole hinged so as to be grasped as a handle or used as a knocker, the feet apparently striking on the door-plate. The face and the feet are modelled with great spirit, but the design would have been more satisfactory if it had consisted of one head only, joined to the hinge by a more natural continuation: the junction of the two heads is too unnatural a combination. It is essential to good grotesque that, although an exaggeration of nature, it should be formed in some accordance with natural anatomical principles. In that respect this example, though a very clever one, is open to criticism.



No. 54.—Knocker (Rue d'Anjou au Marais, Paris).



No. 55.—Knocker (Rue Nicolai, Paris).

The next illustration is a very clever and interesting one, a door-knocker, No. 53, probably German, but we have no precise information as to its *locale*. It is a good example of grotesque fancy, for the indulgence of which such an object



No. 56.—Knocker (French Renaissance).

as a door-knocker seems a very appropriate opportunity. It is also a good specimen of metal design, both the body and wings being in distinctly metallic form, and the grotesque idea embodied being effective, and, at the same time, practically convenient and suitable for use as a knocker, and preserving the appearance of strength and solidity. In this case it will be seen that a metal boss is provided, under the body of the dragon, for the knocker to act upon, but at the same time the feet of the dragon, which form, constructively, part of the wings, and are riveted on with them, appear to stamp upon the wood surface when the knocker is used. This is a piquant idea, and carries out the general fancy embodied in the design, but practically it is better for a knocker to have one point of contact only for knocking. The metal ring fixed round the attachment of the knocker should have been connected with the metal base of the knocker; as it is, it has no meaning.

We shall find nothing among our specimens of knockers and handles of the Renaissance school so piquant, and at the same time practically suitable and expressive, as this. The knockers and door furniture of the Renaissance period contain fancies, but without any kind of relation to the special function of door furniture, being merely the repetition of the usual Renaissance ornaments—nymphs, mermaids, tritons, and dolphins. A special form of design seems in some times and places to have been adopted by habit for door-knockers, and repeated very often with little variation. The Art Library of the South Kensington Museum contains a book of illustrations

of Venetian knockers of the seventeenth century, "Raccolta di Battitori da Venezia," in which the same types constantly re-appear, and which simply show the determination of the Renaissance ornamentists, on which we have before remarked, to get in the figure wherever they can.

Of the three Renaissance knockers of which we give illustrations, No. 54 is the best design for its object, the most purpose-like as a knocker, and the most solidly fitted; and apparent solidity is always desirable in work of this kind, which is liable to a good deal of hard usage. No. 55, however, is a very pretty and not inappropriate design, and it will be seen that the ornamental plate behind it is visibly put to the practical use which is the only excuse for it, being nailed or screwed down on to the door at the four angles. No. 56 is defective in the way Renaissance work is so often defective, by the want of any coherence in the several parts of the design, and

still more by the absence of any evident joining between the horses' heads and the base of the knocker; so that just where there should be the most strength there is the appearance of absolute weakness and want of continuity. The best workmanship (and the workmanship seems to be very good in this case) could hardly redeem such defects as these.

The lock-plate, No. 57, is open to the negative criticism that there is nothing specially metallic in the design, nor the slightest reference to its use or situation; it is simply a repetition of common elements in Renaissance ornament, applied to a metal lock-plate. No ornamental design can reach high excellence or deserve commendation which does not show that it is designed with direct reference to the material of which it is made and the purpose to which it is to be applied.



No. 57.—Lock Plate (Château d'Écouen).

THE SALON.

FROM AN ENGLISHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

A REVIEW of the vast annual exhibition of French Art is no light task to any one. If it is to be a proper and impartial one, it means, first, a careful study of close upon six thousand works distributed as follows, and comparing them with those of our Royal Academy:—

	Salon.	Royal Academy.
Paintings ...	2,722	976
Drawings, &c. ...	1,328	238
Sculpture ...	886	155
Architecture ...	154	134
Engravings ...	522	193
	5,612	1,696

Further, it requires an intimate knowledge not only of previous Salons, but the lives and works of many hundred

artists, from which the critic is altogether dissociated during the greater part of the year. It almost goes without saying that there are very few, if any, on this side the Channel who can lay claim either to a memory sufficiently retentive for, or a knowledge equal to, the task. For ourselves, we frankly admit that a week's close attendance at the exhibition, and a very fair remembrance of previous Salons and knowledge of foreign artists, were not sufficient to do justice to the task, and we therefore readily handed over the critical notice of the works to our French *collaborateur*,* and merely ourselves furnish a few remarks on the collection generally from the point of view mentioned above.

* The article will appear next month.

Undoubtedly a pardonable feeling of pride arises in the mind of a foreigner, and specially of one speaking the English tongue, on seeing the prominence which is this year bestowed on works by artists who have no claim to a French origin save in the matter of their education. When it is remembered that the hanging committee consists of a body, ninety in number, selected by, and representing, every shade of opinion, from that of the most devoted Academician to that of the most ardent impressionist, this unanimity gives an appreciable worth to the distinction. On this account, too, whatever may be the verdict as to the rank which this Salon will take in the scale of merit, the exhibition is one which calls for special notice on our part.

The inevitable first question addressed by Englishmen to one another on meeting in the Salon, or on returning thence, is, How does it compare with the Royal Academy? Every exhibition of the one appears to differ from every exhibition of the other in these respects. First as regards uniformity. In the Salon there is no cohesion of styles: it is true that this year a noticeable feature is the many, and often clever, imitations of the style of Bastien-Lepage; but, spite of the system of schools, there is not that marked following after popular masters which distinguishes our genre, portrait, and landscape painters. Then, again, the system of hanging the works in alphabetical order imparts a continual freshness to an exhibition which is altogether wanting in the Academy. At Paris the fortunate owner of names beginning with the letters R to V, I, H, and L, happen this year to be in the large room on entering; whilst one who can prefix to his name the

aristocratic "De" finds himself perforce in the remotest chamber. This, and the fact that each artist can only be represented by two pictures, which are hung as near together as the exigencies of size will allow, makes the show astonishingly different from one where, before entering, it is certain that in room the first there will be, as its most prominent features, a genre picture by Academician "A.," flanked by portraits by "B.," R.A., and "C.," R.A., with landscapes by "D.," R.A., and "E.," R.A. Yet again: individual artists abroad appear to range over a much wider field of subject than their confrères on this side of the water. We go to the Academy as assured that so and so will have painted a sheep and cattle picture, or a landscape, or a character scene, all under

aspects identical with his work of the year before, as we are that, when we call for our umbrella on leaving, we shall see a threepenny piece and some coppers lying apparently unnoticed by the caretakers on the counter in front of them. But at the Salon, though we often recognise the style of an artist's painting, we seldom remark upon the similarity of his subject. There are other features which are altogether in favour of the Academy. The rule restricting the number, but not the size of the works sent in to the Salon, is apparently working most disastrously in the direction of the creation of enormous canvases, which seldom can find a permanent home, and must curtail the purchases of those who buy them, simply from sheer inability to find house

room for many such.

The eccentricities in framing, which have long been an astonishment to Englishmen, are this year more marked than ever; in fact, in many instances more trouble and pains appear to have been taken over the setting than in the cutting of the jewel. For instance, M. Van Beers thinks it a necessity that the blues in his picture of 'Embarqués' should have an echo in the violets of his frame, and accordingly environs it with a foot of plush of that colour; a well-known actress, painting a picture of considerable talent, with the subject in two compartments, 'The Poor and the Rich Man's Christmas,' decks her panel with real mistletoe, holly, and fir branches, cunningly fixed to the framework, and gilt; whilst an American, not to be outdone, has selected a bordering of old tapestry, which is really effective. Mr. Sargent, in a picture which we shall shortly speak of, has cunningly contrived his frame so that its lower edge has all the appearance



Cosette, from the Picture by G. Guay.

of a set of foot-lights. These are but single instances of bizarrerie, which go to prove that frame-making is at present by no means the monotonous or mechanical business which it is over here.

Space will not permit of an extended notice of the many works, both French and foreign, which deserve it; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves almost entirely to the pictures of those English and American artists which, as we before stated, occupy this year so prominent a position.

Chief amongst these is the 'El Jaleo,' or, 'Dance of the Gitanos,' by Mr. John S. Sargent, a young artist born at Florence of American parents, and a pupil of Carolus Duran. Mr. Sargent, having gained in successive years a third and second

medal, now finds himself the most talked-about painter in Paris, with every opportunity of having his head turned by the adulation he has received. The pictures which have gained him this reputation may shortly be described as reflexes of Spain and its great master, Velasquez: not, let it be understood, a slavish following of his methods, but pictures painted by a talented artist whilst saturated with admiration for, and a study of, the man and the country—the student producing original work, but of necessity impregnated with the best qualities of his master. In the larger picture a dancer occupies the foreground, her body thrown back into an almost impossible position. The dance in which she is engaged has nothing in common with what usually passes for such. There is no excited movement, but a slow, measured, voluptuous, languorous action, principally of the arms and body; the dancer, as a French critic has it, “est en proie à l’hystérie du *jaleo*, le vertige l’emporte, la danse c’est l’âme de sa vie.” Ranged against a white wall, on which their shadows are violently thrown by the strong lamplight which illumines the scene, are a row of black-robed musicians, whose attitudes are curiously suggestive of negromin-strels. The strength of the picture lies in the originality of the subject, and in its powerful and masculine rendering. Mr. Sargent’s other picture is a portrait of a young American lady in a dress of antique pattern, puffed at the hips, but adapted to the modern fashion. The contrast between the sombre blacks and the fresh hue of the lady’s complexion gives such a ripe richness to the whole that we prophesy that there

will be a rush of commissions from the fair sex when Mr. Sargent takes up his abode, as he proposes, in London. We hope early in next year to give an etching from Mr. Sargent’s hand of the ‘*El Jaleo*.’

The landscapes of Mr. Stott, of Oldham, have attracted a considerable amount of attention this year, and deservedly so. A pupil of Gérôme, he has cut himself away entirely from his master’s method of work, and mapped out views on Art which he promulgates with considerable force, and which, whilst including most of the tenets of the impressionist school, have much individualism. In his most important picture, ‘*La Baignade*,’ we are confronted with a calm expanse of water, which is, for the most part, darkened by the reflection of the tall trees which fringe its farther side. The level roofs of white houses, whose gardens drop down to the water’s edge, add an intentional monotony to the scene. Midway between either bank a boat, with three nude boys (capitally modelled for one who does not profess to be a figure painter), forms a principal object, but does not detract from the quiet-

ness of the surroundings. The water in the foreground reflects a vivid blue from the sky, and bears on its surface a couple of white water-lilies. In the other picture, ‘*Le Passeur*,’ the hour is later. Two girls wait on the river’s bank for the ferry-boat which, just starting from the farther side, is to transport them to the village, the brown roofs of which stand up sharp against the evening sky. Here, again, the desired impression, repose, has been admirably caught, with the sacrifice, it is true, of many details which would vex the soul of the majority of English landscape painters.

Mr. L. W. Hawkins, an Englishman, and a follower of Mr. Stott, though a pupil of Bouguereau, J. Lefebvre, and Boulanger, has also an important place on the line for his two pictures. In ‘*La Paysanne et les Oies*’ a peasant girl in an orchard watches the loves of two geese which occupy the foreground. The picture is spoilt by the determination of the artist that every adjunct to the scene shall attest to its simplicity. Half-a-dozen tall reeds in the ditch, instead of half a hundred, are a prominent example of this affectation. Mr. L. B. Harrison’s ‘*Novembre*,’ which hangs hard by, has

none of this. The impression to be conveyed here is that which would strike any one walking through a hazel wood where the brown leaves strew the ground and the day is frosty, namely, the pronounced sound which the rustle of the feet makes in the stillness—a motive for a picture which would hardly be dreamed of in England. Mr. Harrison’s other picture, ‘*The Return from the First Communion*,’ white-robed girls sauntering in the sunshine



Souvenir d'Alsace, from the Picture by E. F. Schutzenberger.

through the fresh meadows, is delightfully simple and honest. The ‘*Châteaux en Espagne*’ of another American—a brother, we believe, of the last named—whilst weaker in the colouring, has a higher charm, owing to its idyllic character. A boy, having exhausted all the resources at hand, in building a turreted castle out of stones, shells, grasses, and sea-birds’ feathers, has stretched himself on his back on the sand-hills, and gazing upwards, indulges in

“ Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:
And castles in the clouds that pass
For ever flushing round a summer sky.”

Mr. Walter Ullmann, a Londoner resident in Paris, has also received the distinction of having had his ‘*Un Jour d’Automne*’ placed on the line. Whilst adhering to the tenets of the foregoing band of artists, Mr. Ullmann is possessed of perceptions of his own, and his pictures exhibit a marked superiority in respect of the drawing of the figures, to which, in the present instance, his landscape holds a secondary place.

Mr. Ridgway Knight's work is altogether in another category to that which we have hitherto reviewed. His picture entitled 'Un Deuil' represents the quiet of the village street disturbed by the presence of death, as evidenced by the small gathering of idlers which encircles a girl who, overcome with grief, sits on the threshold over which the enemy has passed. The painting, as becomes a pupil of Meissonier, is matter of fact enough to please the most severe Academician; but we need no catalogue to initiate us into the whole story of grief, desolation, and woe, for it is told in a most touching way in every detail of the picture.

The pictures of Mr. F. A. Bridgman, who obtained a third-class medal in 1877, and a second-class at the Great Exhibition of 1878, show continued advance; his 'Dame Roumaine' must be placed high in the list of portraits of the year.

Mr. Whistler always obtains for his pictures a graceful reception at the Salon. This year he exhibits a portrait of Mrs. Meux (entitled in the official catalogue 'M. Harry-Men'), which is altogether more satisfactory than the artist's 'Harmony in Flesh Colour and Pink' of the same lady now exhibiting at the Grosvenor Gallery. The French artists, who delight in experiments, are much interested in the rough canvas and the thin coating of paint which Mr. Whistler affects.

The school of French battle painters is not complete without the name of Mr. J. A. Walker, an Englishman whose birthplace was Calcutta. In his picture of 'Le Guide' his ability not only to harmoniously mass his soldiery and paint their accoutrements, but to infuse into each an individuality and character, is very marked.

The Medal of Honour for this year has been conferred, by almost universal acclamation, on M. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes for his 'Pro Patria Ludus.' The style of painting affected and persevered in by this artist has long been a puzzle to, nay, we might almost say, a subject for derisive ridicule by the majority. Only last year, after specially directing attention to the merits of his 'Pauvre Pêcheur,' we were fain to state that if it had been presented to any hanging committee in England it would, without a second consideration, have been marked with the fatal cross. But on the wave of admiration which is now passing over France for decorative ornamental work M. Puvis de Chavannes has been borne in triumph, and the representations of enervated humanity which he portrays with the faultiest of draughtsmanship are extolled to the skies for their epic simplicity, their profound sincerity, and their subordination, as a whole, to the requirements of decorative art.

Our illustrations are taken, one from a picture by G. Guay, of Cosette, that poor little maid of all work, whose life of toil Victor Hugo thus describes in "Les Misérables:"—"Cosette montait, descendait, lavait, brossait, frottait, balayait, courait, trimait, haletait, remuait des choses lourdes," etc. The artist has selected the touching incident where, there being no water within a mile of the house of her mistress, the child had to carry it thither in an enormous bucket. The 'Souvenir d'Alsace,' by E. F. Schutzenberger, represents one of those scenes of French peasant life, so fitting for the painter's brush, which may be witnessed by the score even in a few hours' ride by train, but which never attracted attention until Millet's poetic renderings of them suddenly came into vogue.

EVANGELINE.*



only fair to the printers of the present time to say that they rival their predecessors.

BOOKS are a great luxury, and fine editions have seldom been more in favour than at present, as testified by the enormous prices every day obtained for old, rare, and valuable specimens of the printer's art. It is an undisputed and indisputable fact, that the ancient masters of the craft reached a very high standard of perfection; but without in the least detracting from their merit, it is

We have a proof of the ability of modern printers in an *édition de luxe* of Longfellow's "Evangeline," recently published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co. The editors have been fortunate in the choice of the artist to whom the arduous and delicate task of illustrating this work has been intrusted, and they have reason to congratulate themselves on the result, for every one of the twenty-three designs by Mr. Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., is in itself a perfect picture. It is pleasing to see how well the artist has understood and interpreted the poet's meaning, and with what skill and true artistic feeling he has given a visible yet poetic and graceful form to the various ideal personages of this tale of Acadie. Whilst strictly following the requirements of the poem, Mr. Dicksee has succeeded in giving to his designs, always subordinate to the story, a personal touch which enhances the effect of the whole series as a work of art—a by no means inconsiderable achievement.

Admirably conceived, the illustrations are among the happiest efforts of the artist, and are worthy of his high reputation. Of the twenty-three designs, fifteen have been reproduced by the process known as photogravure, the only objection to which is that, by affording hitherto unparalleled facilities for reproducing designs, it tends to take the place of those fine line engravings which are every day becoming

* "Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with twenty-three illustrations by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

more scarce, and the art of which threatens soon to become a thing of the past. As it is, these photogravures do full justice

to Mr. Dicksee's drawings, which are reproduced with the usual accuracy in every detail, and a careful rendering of



"Mounted upon his horse with Spanish saddle and stirrups."

light and shade, not to be obtained by any other mechanical means. We believe that the commission for the work originated from the success which Mr. Dicksee's picture of 'Eyangeline' met with at the Royal Academy in 1879, and of which a reproduction is given in the volume.

There has been much care bestowed on the typographic part of the publication, and the illustrations throughout have been satisfactorily rendered. We are kindly permitted by the publishers to use three of the wood engravings, which give a favourable idea of the general character of the work. The



"Foremost, bearing the bell, Eyangeline's beautiful heifer."

volume being printed on good paper with large margin is altogether a desirable one, though no doubt the size is an

impediment to those who desire to enjoy at their ease either a perusal of the letterpress or a study of the illustrations.

ART NOTES.

CINCINNATI—THE WEST ART MUSEUM.—This most notable art project is, thus far, only in temporary quarters in part of the Exposition building adjoining the Music Hall, where it has gathered the nucleus of its future collection. The building proper is to be erected in Eden Park, beautifully situated on the hills overlooking the city, and will make, in itself, another of those fortunate possessions, such as the Tyler Davidson Fountain, and the Music Hall, in which, through the unusual public spirit of its citizens, Cincinnati is so rich. The Art Museum is due to the generosity of Mr. Charles West, an old citizen, who has contributed \$150,000 for the Museum building, and \$150,000 for the maintenance of the Museum. For the structure, an additional \$150,000 has been contributed by the citizens, and the work is to go immediately forward. The trustees, to whom are confided the building and the general scope of the Museum, are: Joseph Longworth, President; Gen. A. T. Goshorn, Director; Judge George Hoadly, Mr. John Carlisle, Mr. Julius Dexter, Mr. Samuel Tatem, Mr. Elliott Pendleton, Gen. A. E. Hickenlooper, Mr. Ingalls, Mr. Ellison, Mr. Galbreath. The architect, Mr. J. W. McLaughlin, has, thus far, submitted only the preliminary drawings, and the plans of the new building are not definitely fixed. About one-fifth of the building will be at first erected, and the remainder completed as soon as practicable.

The general intentions as to the scope and purposes of the Museum, are based upon the South Kensington Museum, London; but the details are not worked out, and, as in all undertakings of its magnitude, it will, of necessity, be rather a growth than an immediate fulfillment of definite plans. An effort has been made to transfer to the Museum the classes of the McMicken School of Design, which, hampered by want of funds and disadvantageously located, has yet accomplished so much that is admirable; and this will probably be done, unless the legal restrictions of the McMicken bequest prove too binding. All the tendency of art in Cincinnati is toward decoration, and, having gained such headway in wood-carving and pottery, it is not strange that the promoters of the Museum should take South Kensington as a model. But, remembering how rarely things thus fall in together, and how slight is the connection between the Metropolitan Art Museum and the decorative movements in New York City, and even with the schools in connection with the Museum, Cincinnati is additionally fortunate if such mutual dependence can be effected.

The nucleus of the Museum is, thus far, small. From Judge Hoadly it has received Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' and from Mr. Joseph Longworth a collection of Lessing's studies. The latter comprehend eighty numbers and eighteen portraits. In no city in this country is Dusseldorf art held in the high esteem that it finds in Cincinnati. In looking over an old catalogue of loan paintings, at one of the Expositions, it was impossible not to remark the large proportion of Dusseldorf works; and in no other city, probably, can be found such fine Achenbachs and such numbers of Herzogs. With this predilection for German art, and the art of Dusseldorf, the Lessing studies become a valuable acquisition. Considering the romantic and literary qualities of Lessing's brush, which constantly suggest the art of Walter Scott, although without the humor of Scott, these studies in black and white convey as adequate an idea of the best traits of Lessing's work as if in color. Color adds but little to the literary interest of a work of art, and it is this which is the chief attraction in Lessing's paintings. Whether we behold him as a romanticist, as in the Lenore, or as an earnest partisan, as in his commemoration of the victories of Huss or in Luther's triumphs over the Church, there is always a certain nobility of style and loftiness of sentiment, which, if in these later days is somewhat stilted, has in it lessons which may be worthily studied, when art is so strongly setting toward a realism which holds but little in reverence. This moral influence, so to speak, of the Lessing studies, will be their chief importance, in an educational sense. The art of Munich and Paris now engages the enthusiasm of the modern student, and the dash and spirit of the methods which they find in the ateliers of these two art centres, render them insensible to the academic instruction of the Dusseldorf school.

These studies are unusually finished in character, and
1882.

repay careful observation. There are several interesting portraits of Luther for Lessing's principal works—'The Dispute between Luther and Eck,' and for 'Luther burning the Pope's Bull,' in which the head, as it is well known, was painted from the portrait made by Lucas Cranach. The most interesting of the drawings is 'The Flight from Hartz Castle,' the study for the painting of that name, which expresses so prominently the romantic aspect of the landscape and which the figures serve to heighten. Other studies in which will be found a popular interest is 'Lenore' illustrating Burger's ballad, 'Ezzelin in Prison'; 'Arrest of Pope Paschal,' and a study for Pope Paschal, which is full of vitality; 'Death of Frederic II'; 'Crusaders,' this a study in oil; 'Luther burning the Pope's Bull'; 'Cloister Court in the Snow,' the first sketch for the painting of that name; 'Cloister Court with procession of Nuns'; 'Luther and Cojetan,' also a sketch in oil. The wild landscape of the Hartz region is portrayed many times, and, considering the sombre, poetic character of Lessing's genius, it is not remarkable that it appealed strongly to him. Several unfinished works, 'Sunshine through Fog,' another view of the Hartz Valley and a more genial landscape, belong to the collection. One of the most striking works, also one of the last, is a portrait in oils of a sun-browned officer, much more vigorous in execution than the white and black portraits, and which show that Lessing became amenable to later influences. The eighteen black and white portraits are of moment rather by reason of their subjects than by their treatment, which is decidedly academic. These include the portraits of Carl Hubner, Ferdinand Hiller, C. Schlesinger, Berthold Auerbach and a portrait of Worthington Whittridge, dated 1853.

The 'Liber Studiorum' is framed in groups of five, and will always be of interest to the art student and to the amateur. The Museum as yet is in possession of no paintings, except a large canvas by Benjamin West, an exceedingly melancholy representation of Ophelia in her maddest moments brought before the King and Queen, and melancholy artistically as in subject. A number of articles belonging to the Women's Art Museum, an organization which will doubtless be merged in the West Art Museum, occupy one room. These are chiefly examples of pottery, and if the collection is completed in accordance with what appears to be the design, it will prove not only valuable but unique. This intent appears to be a collection of American pottery and begins with some remains of the mound builders' pottery taken from Madisonville, Ohio. The next in date is pottery from New Mexico, one piece of which, of flower-like character, shows dawning perception of beauty of form. Three pieces of Tucker china is labelled the second successful attempt to make porcelain in the United States, and is dated 1816. The gaps are necessarily great and it is presumed that these will be filled as occasion offers. The beginning and progress of Cincinnati work there is no reason should not be satisfactorily shown, and this is accordingly the most complete. Here is Miss McLaughlin's first successful piece of underglaze dated 1877; Mrs. Nichols's early attempt at overglaze in 1875; a landscape by Mrs. Merriam dated 1876; and Miss McLaughlin's large Ali Baba Vase, at least three feet high, whose safe escape from the kiln alone would earn it a place in the Museum, considering the want of experience in firing at the time it was produced. Here are also several examples of the experiments in clays at the Rockwood pottery, whose importance will increase as the work goes on.

DECORATIVE ART.—The interest in decorative art in this country received its chief impetus from the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. However, it was at the Centennial Exposition that the display of carved wood from Cincinnati attracted general attention, and it became evident that at least one branch of decorative art in this country had made considerable headway. Since that time, Cincinnati has established a supremacy in decorative pottery; and both of these branches of decorative art are pursued with a zeal and enthusiasm that find no parallel elsewhere. A feature worthy of remark in the decorative movement of Cincinnati is the interest taken in it by women of leisure, and which is not to be confounded with the passion of an hour, such as usually characterizes the advent of women of this class in

art. Decorative art in Cincinnati is very largely in the hands of women, many of whom, from being intelligent amateurs, are now found in the ranks of those who have adopted this branch of art as a profession. The first efforts made in carved wood are due to William and Henry Fry, father and son, who have been wood-carvers in Cincinnati for the last thirty years. William Fry is an Englishman, and studied his art in England, where he was, at one time, employed on the new Houses of Parliament. The most widely-known examples of their work in this country are the dining-table and buffet ordered for the White House by Mrs. Hayes; but there are few of the handsome houses to be found in Cincinnati which are not rich in the possession of their art. Under them a number of pupils, a large proportion being women, have studied wood-carving, and some of the most beautiful panels in the large organ of the Music Hall have been their work. Miss Laura Fry, a daughter of Mr. Henry Fry, is now not only an accomplished worker, but a prominent teacher of wood-carving.

The popularity of wood-carving is chiefly due to Mr. Benn Pitman, who has made it the most prominent branch of art in the McMicken School of Design, in which he is its teacher. Mr. Pitman, as a teacher, possesses the happy faculty of leading his pupils to share with him his enthusiasm for art, and, in a way, he has been the centre of a coterie which has, in one direction and another, done a great deal of serious, worthy work. No less important influence Mr. Pitman has exerted in the selection of new motives for decorative work in wood-carving. These he has taken from the surrounding flora. For capitals, he has made extensive use of the wild parsnip and the succory, and with a success which makes them no mean rival of the acanthus leaf. The buckeye has proven, in his hands, as beautiful a motive as the oak, laurel, or Gothic ivy. In other specimens of his work the hemp, the marsh mallow, the golden rod, and the hundred nameless growths of the hills and woods about Cincinnati, are found in forms of surprising beauty and interest. This return to nature, and its inexhaustible resources, is one of the most encouraging features of decorative art in Cincinnati, and is the earnest of its future.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, as has been remarked, is a department in what is known as the Cincinnati University, and arises from the McMicken bequest. The school has flourished, rather in spite of the conditions under which it exists. Mr. T. C. Noble, who for some years had charge of its fine art department, was both earnest and capable. The classes comprehend drawing from the antique and the draped model, no study from the living model, such as is offered in the Academy of Design and Art Students' League, being possible. The consequence of such limited advantages has sent abroad Cincinnati art students, and while men devoted to the fine arts can be counted on the fingers in Cincinnati, an unusually large proportion have made themselves widely known elsewhere. There need only be mentioned Francis Duveneck, Robert Blum, J. A. Twachtman, Henry Mosler, among the younger artists. L. B. Farny, a Cincinnati artist, has received inducements on the staff of *The Century*, which take him elsewhere, and the promising young artist, George Hopkins, will soon take up his studio in New York or Boston. The school of wood-carving, under Mr. Pitman, has already been spoken of as of unusual promise, although the night classes, established for men, have not been attended to. Other arts of design are pursued under the superintendent, Mr. W. H. Humphreys, and there is a prosperous class in modelling, in charge of Mr. Louis S. Rebisso. Of its future prospects, the following, from a Cincinnati paper, gives a significant hint:

"It is not a secret that Mr. Longworth has stated recently to lovers of real culture that art should not lack for means to find its proper development in this city in due time and in a proper way, and the sum of \$100,000 has been named as ready for properly endowing an institution, or a branch of an institution, where the circumstances were ripe for the munificent gift to be formally made. In view of this promised aid the development of our art school, the labors of its pupils, and the result thereof in these annual exhibitions, are all of the most profound interest to the people of Cincinnati."

DECORATIVE POTTERY.—From the experiments of Miss M. Louise McLaughlin, whose excellent hand-books are now widely known, decorative pottery has become one of the prominent art industries of Cincinnati. The most prominent organization is the Pottery Club, of which Miss McLaughlin is president, Miss Clara A. Newton, Secretary, Miss Alice B. Holabird, Treasurer, and whose members are Miss Fannie

M. Banks, Miss Florence Carlisle, Mrs. George Dominick, Mrs. Walter Field, Miss Clara B. Fletcher, Miss Laura H. Fry, Mrs. A. H. Hinkle Mrs. Charles A. Kebler, Mrs. M. V. Keenan, Mrs. A. H. McGuffey, Mrs. E. G. Leonard, Miss Julia H. Rice. The work undertaken includes imitations of Limoges, Longwy, Bennet underglazed work, Doulton ware, modelling in relief, incised and carved decoration, *pâte surpâte* and overglaze. A recent exhibition has been given by the Pottery Club of its work comprehending all these varieties. No other opportunity could be given for seeing how marked the advance has been, and for comparison with foreign work of its kind. The Limoges exhibited is certainly very creditable; but there are secrets of handling which the Cincinnati artists have not yet acquired, the want of which gives much of the work an amateurish aspect. This, however, will doubtless be overcome by time and experience. The Longwy ware is a still later attempt, and so far proportionately successful. It is pleasanter, however, to contemplate that work in which the success of the Club is beyond doubt. Miss Laura Fry exhibited some fine terra-cotta jugs with incised decoration, graceful in design and exquisite in execution. Miss Fry's imitations of Doulton ware were also most successful. The decoration consisted of designs in bands, with incised outlines picked out in blue, the ground making a relief by broken incised lines similarly colored. Such work, simple in form and in decoration, makes prominent the fine qualities of drawing, and a certain unity in the conception equally necessary to artistic work. The feature of Mrs. George Dominick's work is its beautiful modelling. A pilgrim vase had a wreath of pansies modelled on and colored, and another vase, a bunch of tulips, both of which, in preserving the graceful abandon of natural growths, would not hazard anything in competition with the best foreign work. Miss McLaughlin gave various evidences of her skill in successful portrait plaques on the biscuit, in which both the drawing and coloring were very successful, and in a couple of fine vases, after Japanese motives. These were on cream bodies, and presumably one of those mixtures of natural clays which have been one of the most fortunate results of the experiments in pottery at Cincinnati. There was a finish and elegance about these vases which distinguished them from most work of the kind. It is only wide experience or keen artistic feeling which perceives that beautiful balance belonging to Japanese work, which is so removed from exaggeration, but which in less competent hands so easily becomes exaggeration. Miss Clara Fletcher has been experimenting in Chelsea tiles with fine encouragement, getting beautiful color in dark grayish greens. Miss Fletcher shows exceptional skill in modelling. On each of the tiles shown were figures in relief; but the best example of her work was a child's head in terra cotta, which not only carried unmistakable evidence of portraiture, but which happily rendered the softness and other qualities of child-like flesh.

In the Bennet ware shown, there was some handsome color in dull reds by Miss Holabird, and Mrs. Dominick had succeeded in getting a notable dark brilliant blue. The least satisfactory quality in Cincinnati work is its color, the artists scarcely keeping abreast with the development of new color schemes. To this assertion, however, must be excepted the work of Mrs. Keenan, who has a marked feeling for color, which she exhibits in various ways. A large, low, open-mouthed vase shown by her at the exhibition was distinguished for the lustre and beauty of its color. The decoration was apparently applied to a cream body and ran through varying reddish yellowstones, with zigzag lines of gold for its highest lights. Nothing else like it was seen, and it would have lost nothing if placed in comparison with oriental work, which it greatly resembles. In overglaze work Mrs. E. G. Leonard is one of the most accomplished workers, exhibiting a fine touch and a sweetness in handling that is almost cloying. Miss Newton, who is quite versatile, is also very skilful in overglaze work seen in some cups and saucers.

Among those interested in pottery and not belonging to the Pottery Club, Mrs. Wm. Dodd must be mentioned for her graceful work in *pâte surpâte*, and Mrs. C. A. Plimpton for her experiments in Ohio clays. As has been remarked, these experiments in Ohio clays, singly and in combination, have been most valuable. Most prominent in this respect has been the work of the Rockwood Pottery established through the efforts of Mrs. George Ward Nichols. Especially beautiful are the cream-bodied and the gray wares, combinations of natural clays which need nothing further to make them subjects for decoration, since an effort has been made to mold them in good and graceful forms. So thoroughly and solidly established is the movement in artistic pottery in Cincinnati,

that the city may reasonably take pride in that which has already been produced, and look forward to an unusual career in this country for an art which has hitherto been unwarrantably neglected.

A marble statue of Mr. Reuben Springer, the donor of the Cincinnati Music Hall, by Longworth Powers, was put in place just before the opening of the May Music Festival in the vestibule of the Music Hall. The statue represents Mr. Springer in a frock-coat unbuttoned. With his right arm he rests on a pedestal, the hand falling over the edge. The left arm hangs at his side holding a roll. Mr. Powers has made no attempt to deal picturesquely with such unpicturesque materials. Unpromising as frock-coat and trousers are for the sculptor's art, it seems that they could have been dealt with less boldly. Nothing could be more absolutely inartistic than this statue, whose rigidity and ugliness of costume is modified by no mitigating drapery. This, however, is not its gravest fault. The portraiture it is impossible for a stranger to decide upon. Mr. Springer is represented in it as a thoughtful, scholarly, meditative man, contemplating benignly the crowds that may be passing before him. It is possible, however, to feel the absence of vitality, the lack of anatomy in the figure, and to note the failure to discriminate between textures, and to observe the rendering of the accidents of flesh, linen, and cloth as one and the same substance. The statue is executed in pure Carrara marble, and is placed on a pedestal three feet high, of dark-veined marble.

NEW YORK CITY.—The annual reception of the Art Schools of the Cooper Union took place the evening of May 24th. Several changes have been effected in the schools. A valuable addition has been made to the casts, among them the recently-found Hermes, and several instances of modern work, as the 'La Fileuse' of Salmson. There have been also framed a number of reproductions of paintings and drawings of the old masters. The graduates of the school are: Miss Alida Bevier, Miss Estelle Chambers, Miss Annie M. Falk, Miss Clara Huston, Miss L. U. Mason, Miss Abby Montfort, Miss Emma S. Neil, Miss Philetta Rockwell, Miss Florence Timpson, Miss Mary L. D. Watson. The prizes were distributed as follows: For portrait drawing, first prize, \$30 in gold, Miss Bevier; second, \$20 in gold, Miss Rockwell; third, silver medal, Miss Watson; fourth, bronze medal, Miss Chambers. For elementary drawing: First prize, \$10 in gold, Miss Clara Purdon; second, silver medal, Miss Kate Conkling; third, bronze medal, Miss A. Mona Gill. For normal drawing: First prize, \$50 in gold, Miss Alice P. Doughty; second, silver medal, Miss Mary A. Crittenden; second silver medal, Miss Fanny Alexander; third, bronze medal, Miss Adrienne M. Knoepfel. For drawing from the antique: First year, first prize, \$10 in gold, Miss Margaret Holmes; second, silver medal, Miss Nettie Dubois; third, bronze medal, Miss Helen P. Johnston. Second year: First prize, bronze medal, Miss Hattie Welch. In the engraving school: First year, \$15 in gold, Miss Anna M. Gilliland; second year, \$10 in gold, Miss Georgia A. Greene; third year, \$5 in gold, Miss Josephene Ebermayer. Silver medal for object drawing, Miss Emma S. Haslett. The Mitchell and Vance prizes, for ornamental drawing, were presented to Herman Grossstuck and Henry Bossé. The Wilson G. Hunt prizes of \$15 in gold were given, for form drawing, to Henry Dubois; for cast drawing, to John Menelis; for architectural drawing, to August Bermeyer.—The annual distribution of prizes at the National Academy of Design took place, as usual, during the month, with the accustomed preliminary exercises. The following are the awards: Life School, first prize, Suydam silver medal, John Raught; second, Suydam bronze medal, Max Cohn; honorably mentioned: August Kreutzberg and Edward C. Corbin. Antique School: First prize, Elliott silver medal, for full-length figure, Bayard H. Taylor; honorably mentioned: Mrs. Agnes Schull-Gram, B. T. Newman, John Raught; second prize, Elliott bronze medal, for head, F. J. Upjohn; honorably mentioned: Miss Eleanor Howard-Smith, Miss Jane Harrison, Miss F. A. Bomford; of the night-class, W. Chippendale and Charles J. Saenger.—Mr. William M. Chase has finished his portrait of William M. Evarts, which is intended for the State Department at Washington. It is regarded, so far, as Mr. Chase's most successful portrait.—The portrait of ex-President Hayes, also by Mr. Chase, has been hung in the Memorial Hall, Harvard. Mr. Hayes is represented as engaged in conversation. He is standing, his right hand extended, the left hanging at his side; on a red chair lies his coat, hat, and a roll of paper.—The annual summer hegira of artists has taken place.—

William Sartain will open a summer class at Nonquitt and go to Paris in the fall.—Gilbert Gaul is in Tennessee, making studies for an important war picture.—Edwin H. Blashfield is hunting revolutionary material in Rhode Island.—James M. Hart is painting a large canvas, 'Loitering at Noon,' which is to be set as a panel in a Boston house.—Charles Williamson is hunting character studies on the New England coast.—R. Swain Gifford and Frank D. Millet have gone abroad.—Percival de Luce is painting the portrait of the Rev. Robert Collyer.—The portrait of ex-Governor Morgan, by G. P. A. Healy, which was on exhibition at the Academy of Design last spring, is to be presented to the State by several gentlemen, and hung in the Capitol at Albany.—S. P. Avery has purchased out of this year's *Salon*, 'The Toast under the Arbor,' by Kaemmerer; 'Jardin d'Acclimation,' by Goubie; 'Capture of the Holland Fleet by the Hussars of the Republic,' by Delort; 'Zephyr,' by Aubert; and 'Evening in a village of Finisterre.'—The Society of American Artists is to be incorporated.—Augustus St. Gaudens is modelling four colossal figures of female angels singing, intended for the mausoleum of ex-Governor E. D. Morgan, to be erected at Hartford, Conn.—W. M. Chase has etched a portrait of Longfellow, soon to be published.—S. W. Van Schaick, a pupil of Gérôme, who has been some years abroad, has returned home and taken a studio in this city.—A new society of pastelists is contemplated by the younger painters.—The statue of Governor Buckingham, intended for the Capitol at Hartford, has been awarded to Olin L. Warner. The sketch which gained the award represents the Governor seated, leaning back in the chair which he was accustomed to use. His arms rest on the arm of the chair, the right holding a manuscript roll. His head is slightly turned to the left, and the face expresses determination. Books are under the chair. The statue will be of heroic size, cast in light bronze, surmounting a pedestal of dark-colored marble three feet high. On the face of the pedestal will be the coat-of-arms of the State, cast in bronze, and the inscriptions will be placed in Roman lettering on the sides. The statue is to be finished in two years, and will be placed in a room surrounded by the war flags of the State which were presented to the regiments by the Governor.—An unusual number of painters have gone abroad for the summer. W. M. Chase, Frederick Vinton, Robert Blum and J. Carroll Beckwith have gone to Spain where they will be joined by F. Hopkinson Smith. Arthur Quartley has gone to Holland intending to go East as far as the Black Sea; F. H. Lungren will study Parisian street scenes. E. A. Abbey has returned to England with Alfred Parsons. George W. Edwards will pursue marine painting on the other side during the summer.—Seymour J. Haden comes over to lecture on etching in this city in the fall, and Hubert Herkomer is expected for the purpose of telling us something of wood engraving.—The portrait of Peter Cooper by W. M. Chase, has attracted attention in this year's *Salon*. Other paintings by Americans are 'After Mass,' by W. Dannat, a group of Spanish peasants listening to the old curé reading the newspaper; two scenes in Morocco, by E. L. Weeks; 'A Sailor's Story,' by Henry Bacon; a moonlight scene at Etretat by W. P. W. Dana; 'Les Acordailles,' a Breton interior by Henry Mosler, bought by Schaus & Co.; 'The Earl of Uxbridge,' by Edward May; 'Fishing Smacks at Dieppe,' by Frank N. Boggs; 'The Knife-Grinder,' by Walter Gay; 'Daphnis and Chloe,' by Elizabeth Gardner, bought by Knödel & Co.; 'The Arab Goldsmith,' by C. P. Pearce; the portrait of a young lady, by John Sargent, and a Spanish interior with a dancing figure, which has excited interesting comment; another Fontainebleau scene by G. Roger Donaho, and 'Planting Rape,' a Millet *genre* by Frederick Bridgman.—Jules Lefebvre's 'Attiring the Bride,' a large work, six feet by eight, owned by Wm. H. Vanderbilt, was delayed for the *Salon*. The subject is a Greek girl with her two hand-maidens dressing for the altar.—Knödel & Co., have bought the two Bouguereaus in this year's *Salon*; 'Twilight,' an ideal female figure half draped; and 'Brother and Sister,' a work including one of the popular Bouguereau babies.—The purchases by Schaus & Co., out of the *Salon* include 'A Barber's Shop,' by Casanova, and 'The Day after the Victory' by Benjamin Constant, a brilliant work, rendering the interior of the Alhambra, with Muley Hakim, surrounded by rich loot, contemplating a group of female captives.—D. R. Knight, J. Alden Weir and Marius Simons have each received "honorable mention" for their works exhibited in the *Salon* of '82, and W. B. Closson has received a third medal for his engraving on wood.—The portrait of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, by Daniel Huntington has been presented to the

House of Representatives by some Boston gentlemen. The portrait is three-fourths length, life-size, and represents Mr. Winthrop as an orator, with one hand resting on a table, the other holding a manuscript from which he is speaking.—A marble tablet with a medallion head of Mr. E. J. Whitlock, late president of the Board of Education, Brooklyn, has been placed in the Board room. It is the gift of the public school teachers.—158 works of New York artists have been sent to the Buffalo exhibition of fine arts, which is now opened.—To the first Portland exhibition of fine arts 205 works in oils, water-colors, and etchings were sent by New York artists.—Edward Sanguinetti is preparing views of six of the principal race courses in the United States, to be produced in colors by the Goupil process.—Louis St. Gaudens, the brother of Augustus St. Gaudens, is doing portrait busts.

THE SALON OF 1882.—The following is a list of the medals which have been awarded:

Painting.—Medal of Honor (voted for by all the exhibitors)—Puvis de Chavannes. First Medals—Decided by the jury that none should be awarded. Second Medals—MM. E. L. Adan, Brissot de Warville, C. E. Delort, A. Demont, A. Eldelfelt, V. P. Huguet, Lapostollet, Lobrichon, Moutte, Moyse, Quost and P. Soyer. Third Medals—MM. Arenda, E. Baudouin, Armand, Beauvais, J. Béraud, A. Berton, V. Binet, Brielman, G. Callot, Capdevielle, Clairin, Dardoize, Dargent, Delahaye, Desbrosses, Doyen, Dutschold, A. Edouard, A. Gautier, Albert Girard, Hayon, Lagarde, Leroy, Nozal, Rochegrosse, H. Saintin, Stott, and Mlle. Vegman.

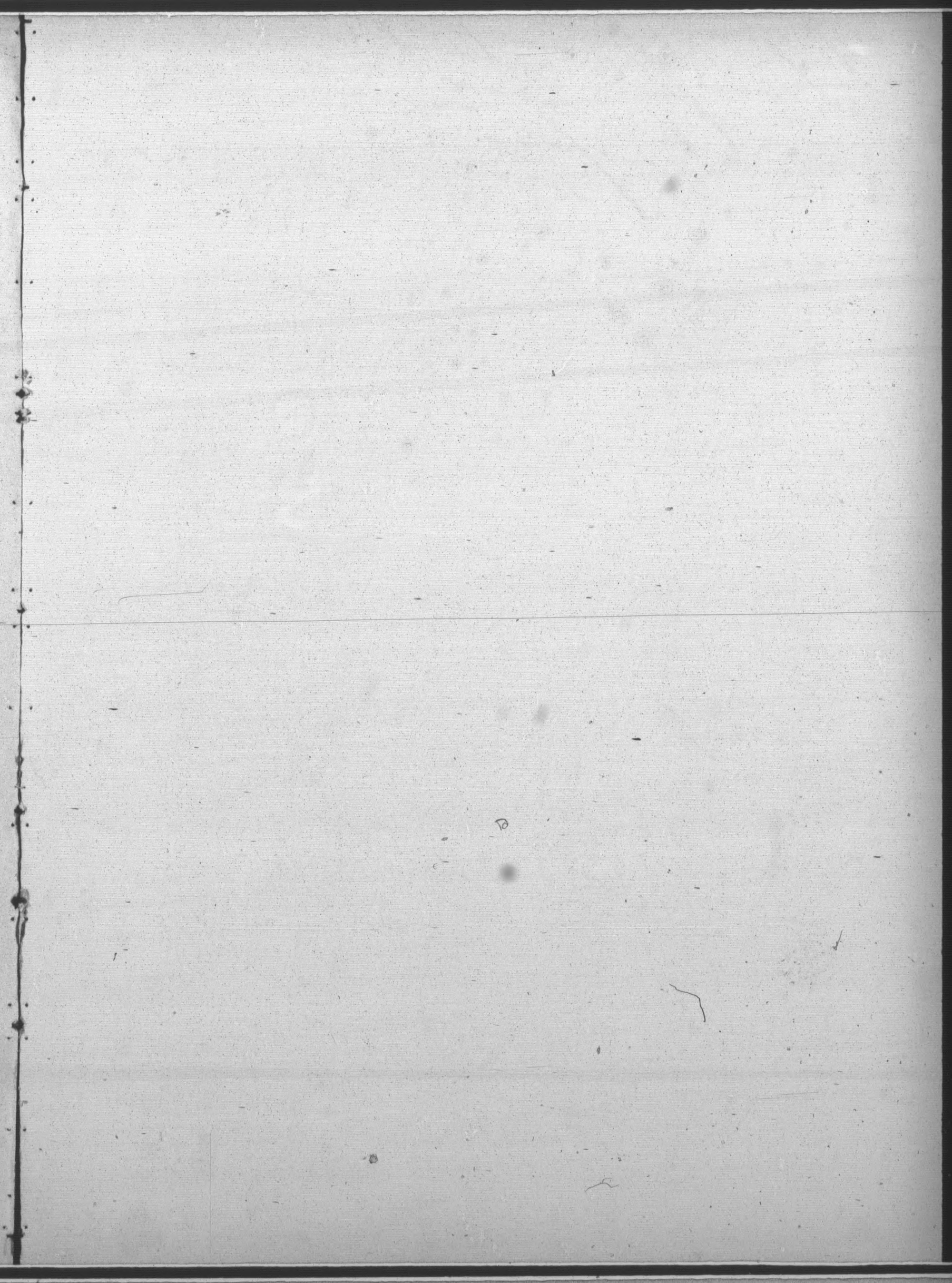
Sculpture.—First Medals—MM. J. B. Hugues, H. Lemaire, Longpied, A. Paris. Second Medals—MM. Allouard, Croisy, Daillion, Escoula, François, Massoule and Rouleau. Third Medals—MM. Le Comte d'Astanières, Bastet, Bottée, Bou-tellie, Chemin, V. Cornu, Devenet, Fagel, Fossé, Le Cointe, Pezieux and Rolard.

Engraving.—Medal of Honor—M. Waltner. First Medals—MM. Boilvin and J. Jacquet. Second Medals—MM. G. Bel-lenger, Leenhoff and Rousseau. Third Medals—MM. C. E. Bellenger, Bernand, Closson, Guerard, Haig, Lenain, Lucas, Maurand and Maurou.

Architecture.—Medal of Honor—M. Paulin. No first medals awarded. Second Medals—MM. Arnaud, Calinaud, J. C. David, Defrasse, Déverin, Jaffeux and Julien. Third Medals—MM. Albrizio, Cardelli, Delecourt, Dulserre, Genuys, Gontes, Jourdain, Lafillée and Morel-Revoil.

MINOR NOTES.—Some valuable paintings, belonging to the King of the Belgians, have been cut from their frames and stolen by thieves. They were by Madan, Robie, and Van Regen-Moetal.—Seymour Haden, the President of the Society of Painter-Etchers, in a letter to Dr. J. N. Palmer, of this country, with reference to the enthusiasm now existing among artists for etching says, "Care must be taken to avoid running etching into engraving, which, in case of certain recent etched work, there is considerable danger of doing. A taste once created in the wrong direction will not be easily laid, and the whole scheme for the restoration of painter's etching, as distinct from mechanical engraving, will be defeated. I have still the project of coming over in the autumn to demonstrate the difference between the two things. Etchings are also made on too large a scale—a scale in which quality is almost sure to be lost."—The *Army and Navy Journal* is authority for the assertion that Mr. James E. Taylor has recently completed, in water-colors, 'Frank Blair's Corps crossing the Big Black River, Mississippi.' On the night of May 27th, 1863, Generals Grant and Sherman are seen sitting on a log by a bonfire, watching the army on its march to Vicksburg. The work is 28 by 24, and is an order from General Sherman, intended for his office, and as a companion to 'The Review of the Army of the Potomac in Washington at the close of the War,' which hangs there.—The official catalogue of this year's *Salon* is rose-pink. The illustrated catalogue contains nearly four hundred reproductions of drawings of works shown by the artists. These are printed in four kinds of ink—black, red, purple, and brown; the red and brown are most effective.—A statue of Garibaldi is already under contemplation. The city of Genoa has subscribed 20,000 francs; Verona, 10,000 francs; and the Municipality of Rome has voted 80,000 francs, for a monument, to be erected on Janiculum Hill.—The Executive Committee of the Memorial Committee of the Grand Army of the Republic is seeking aid for the erection of an equestrian statue to Gen. Garfield, in Washington, which has been undertaken by the Army of the Cumberland.—Some tempera paintings have been recently discovered at Westminster, in that part of the Abbey known as the *Cellarium*. They

are painted on the solid stone walls. The design is in white, outlined with black, and with inner black outlines and hatched shading. The character of the decoration is Hol-beinesque, and consists of shields and quarterings of Eng-land and France, with flowing scrolls and arabesques.—A meeting was recently held at Princeton, presided over by Dr. McCosh, to consider the propriety of founding an art school in connection with the Princeton Seminary.—Mr. F. B. Maguire has been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. G. W. Riggs, as trustee of the Corcoran Art Gallery.—The statues of Titian and da Vinci, which are included among the seven statues commissioned to Mr. Ezekiel, of Virginia, in Rome, for the niches in the Corcoran Art Gallery, are expected soon to be put in their places.—American artists are beginning to suffer from forgeries of their works, such as in this country have usually been practised on foreign artists. M. F. H. de Haas, A. T. Bricher, and Albert Bierstadt, have each been victimized, to a certain extent. The usual method of deception is by slightly mis-spelling the name, but in the case of Mr. de Haas the name was spelled correctly and the signature imitated.—M. Lauth, director of the manufactory at Sevres, claims to have discovered a porcelain which, when decorated, will not change the colors in firing.—The panorama of the Battle of Champigny, by MM. Detaille and de Neuville, has been recently on exhibition in the Rue de Berri, Paris. That part looking in the direction of Paris, bringing into view Mont Valerien, the dome of the Pantheon, and several forts, with the wood of la Lande, and General Ducrot giving orders to have the artillery forwarded, with a combat between the *tirailleurs* and the Pommeranians, is by Detaille. The other side, by de Neuville, contains the principal action. Here is the village of Champigny, in which the heat of the fight is taking place. The houses are on fire, and each window is belching shot and flame. The panorama has been received with great success. Its tone is that gray which we have learned to expect in the battle pieces of both these artists, and the details are treated with startling realism.—At the *Salon des Quinze*, or the exhibition of the works of fifteen artists, illustrating the art of ten different countries, recently held in Paris, there were 115 numbers hung. England was represented by Millais, in portraits of two ladies and 'The Youth of Sir Walter Raleigh,' and by Alma Tadema, who contributed seven works, among them a Roman Bath, 'In the Tepidarium,' 'Saturnalia,' and a portrait of Mr. George Henschel. Germany sent six works by Knaus, among them 'The Cock of the Village,' 'The Day after the Fair,' and 'The Burial Procession through the Forest,' and one work 'The Procession,' by Adolph Menzel. Madrazo, the representative of Spain, sent three portraits, one of them the 'Duchess of Alba.' Alfred Stevens represented his native country Belgium, with eighteen paintings, including 'L'Orpheline,' owned by the King of the Belgians. Israels exhibited eight works in the interests of Holland. Russia was represented by Bogohnboff and Ivan Pokitonow, the first exhibiting eleven landscapes, one a Turkish steamer on the Danube, belonging to the Czar. The latter, a new name, sent seven works, small figures in landscape. Alfred Wahlberg was Sweden's representative with twelve canvases, chiefly coast scenes. Charlemont, an Austrian, represented his country with five single-figure subjects, and de Nittis was the Italian painter, sending the portrait of a lady and four other works. America had no artist present. France was most largely represented. Jules Dupré exhibited eleven marines. Gérôme contributed seven works, including the 'Door of the Mosque of El Assawegn,' and a 'Woman at the Bath.' Paul Baudry sent 'La Vague' and four portraits, one of Edmond About.—The Princess Louise is said to be engaged on a large canvas, 'Hagar in the Wilderness,' for the next Academy exhibition.—Prof. Huxley presided at the Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner, making a happy after-dinner speech. Prof. Huxley's daughter, Mrs. Collier, was a successful exhibitor at the Royal Academy this year.—There are 3556 male artists and 708 women artists represented at the *Salon*. Of these, 697 are foreigners, representing thirty-seven different nationalities. Of the 708 women, 440 are young girl painters and 36 sculptors.—The French Ministry of Fine Arts appropriated 118,545 francs for the purchase of four paintings by Courbet.—The Antwerp exhibition will open August 13th and close on the 1st of October.—Ivan Pranshnikoff, formerly of New York, is illustrating a series of articles on Russia in *L'Illustration*.—Next year occurs the one hundredth anniversary of the first Paris *Salon*. It has been decided that in its honor there shall be a retrospective exhibition of the best works of French painters and sculptors, who have died within that time.





PAINTED BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

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HERODIAS.

NEW YORK PATTERSON & NELSON.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.*

ANDREA MANTEGNA. (No. 3.) 1431—1506.

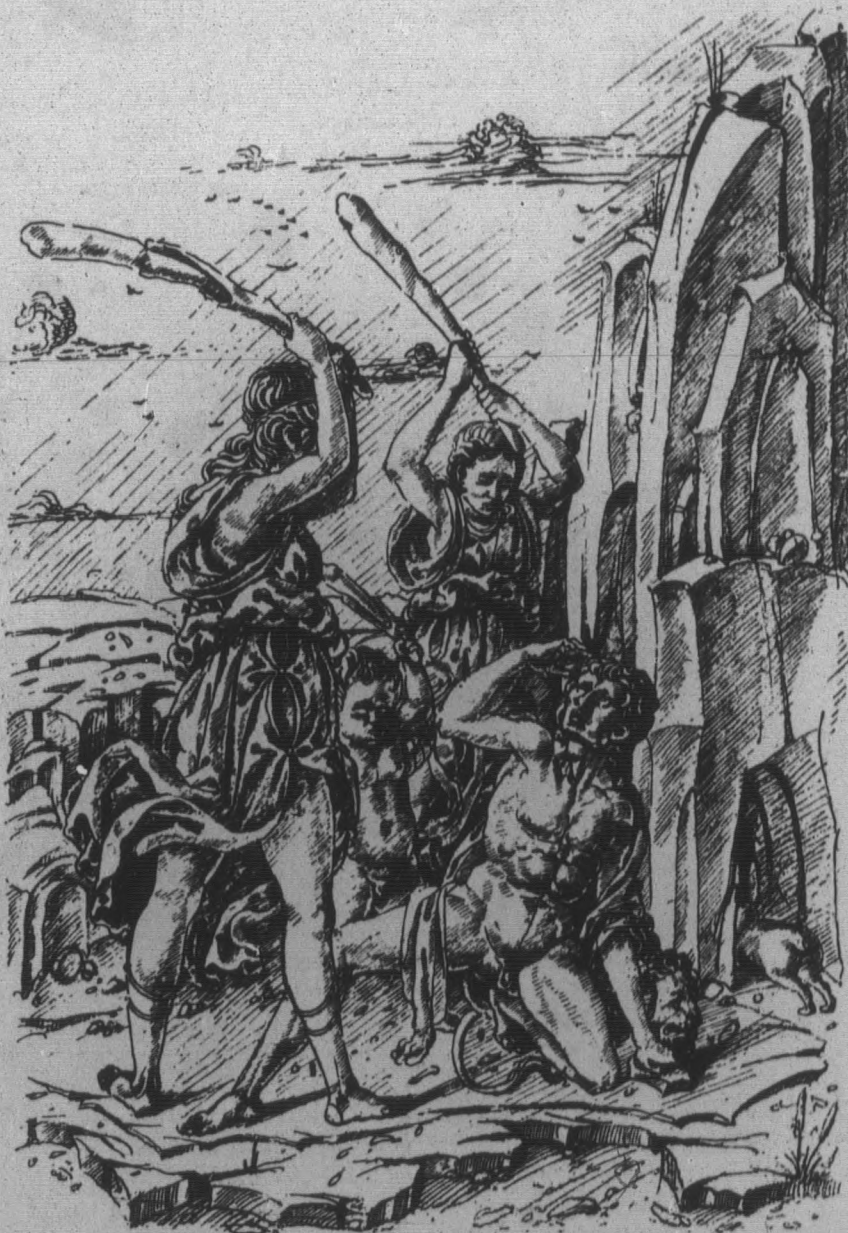
UNDOUBTEDLY at no period, saving that during which the painter worked, has Andrea Mantegna had so large a number of admirers as at the present day—a fact which, if it does not prove that we live in an artistic age, at least shows there is a public capable of taking an interest in Art not merely popular and trivial. For of all the masters of style Mantegna is the severest, as in matters of scholarship and research he is certainly the most uncompromising. Hence Zanetti, after characterizing his works, remarks, "Elles sont plus propres à être appréciées de préférence par les véritables connaisseurs, plutôt que goûtées par les simples amateurs." It must not be imagined, however, that Mantegna's art is merely scholastic. In the conception of a tragic subject and in intensity of expression he is second to none; at the same time, taking the opposite end of the scale of emotion, nothing can be more tender than his delineation of maternal love or the wayward playfulness of infancy; and in this singular combination consists the peculiar fascination of his work. The conditions were these: a nature of extraordinary imaginative power, with a faculty of great dramatic expression,

endowed with a profound feeling for colour, yet resolutely realistic in the presentation of form, seeking to set forth its conceptions in the garb of a remote past; and not only using the classic costume, but striving to attain the classic spirit.

It is scarcely necessary to say, the task Mantegna set himself was impossible of accomplishment. Yet the outcome of his attempt was so strange and attractive, we are stirred by scenes of such tragic grandeur, or soothed by glimpses of such calm beauty, that none of the great masters holds his admirers in surer or more steadfast allegiance. If criticism is compelled to affirm that a classical or any other revival is in the nature of things destitute of inherent vitality, at least of Mantegna it must be said that of all artists starting from the point of view of a past Art, he has achieved the highest success.

Looked at in another light, there need be no qualification in the verdict passed on Mantegna's art. Taken as the exponent of the aims and sentiments of his times,

it was without flaw. In his art, as in a mirror, we see reflected the passion for classical studies, the love of arts and letters, the delight in arms, stately processions, and quaintly devised allegories, for which Padua, Verona, and Mantua were



The Death of Orpheus. From a Design by Andrea Mantegna.

* Continued from page 156.

celebrated. And also we see the fervent religious aspiration, the spirit that scorned the shows of the world, that welcomed privation and stripes and martyrdom; in short, of that mediæval Christianity which was not yet dead in the mountains and rural districts of Italy. Mantegna, it will be remembered, was the son of a herdsman, and the quivering Sebastian pierced by arrows, of the Belvedere Gallery, or the St. James beaten to death, of the Eremitani, may have been incidents he himself had witnessed in the wars that now and again swept over the fields of North Italy.

It is precisely this representative character which so strongly marks the works of Mantegna, and is the main reason of the increasing interest he excites; for his technical skill can naturally only be duly appreciated by those practising his calling.

Thanks to the genius and research of several writers of exceptional power, our knowledge of Italy of the Renaissance is singularly clear and distinct; and in no direction has research been more amply rewarded than in that of artistic biography. Starting from the first free and facile sketch of Vasari, we are enabled here to correct an outline, there fill in an empty space, in some cases even freely using the sponge to entirely remodel the design. As regards Mantegna the work required is mostly that of filling in, although in one or two instances there are in Vasari very serious errors of fact, as in the date of his death and his condition at the end of his life. Instead of living on in the "beautiful house he had built and adorned," he was obliged to sell it and live in lodgings. And in place of "being honourably maintained by princes to the end of his days," the said princes haggled with him about the price of his antique marbles, which shortly before his death he was compelled to part with to furnish the wherewithal for necessities. It was very characteristic of the artist that the last objects he retained were his cherished antiques; and when he gave up his Faustina his heart broke, and he died. However, though there can be no excuse for the neglect of Mantegna by the Marquis Francesco, it is probable the fortunes of the house of Gonzaga were not at this time very prosperous; the treasury of an Italian Condottiere, like those

of adventurous gentlemen of all times, was occasionally at a rather low ebb. Certainly Francesco's father Federico, and his grandfather Lodovico, who first induced Mantegna to settle at Mantua, treated him with liberality and consideration, though we now, at this distance of time, see that the more munificent donor was the peasant's son; and also that if he had not been enticed to Mantua he would have been happier, both in his life and works. Even from the point of view of their art, his brothers-in-law, Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, found freer scope for their abilities by settling in manufacturing, shop-keeping Venice, than he in courtly Mantua. Andrea entered the service of the Gonzagas in the

year 1460. He had then produced at Padua the great series of the Eremitani frescoes, which, as has been justly observed, was to North Italian painting what the Brancacci Chapel was to that of Florence. He had also painted in tempera the St. Zeno Madonna of Verona, the Crucifixion of the Louvre being a portion of its predella. Representative of his Mantuan work may be cited the frescoes in the Castello, and the 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar,' now at Hampton Court; and for easel painting, the 'Madonna of Victory' of the Louvre. The whole of these are veritable masterpieces. The transition from the earlier to the later is nowise strained. The sequence is perfectly easy and natural. The production of the later may be said to involve the qualities displayed in the earlier works.



A Sacrifice. From a Drawing by Andrea Mantegna.

There is no deterioration of power, although it is true the realisation in the Victory is not carried so far as in the St. Zeno Madonna. Yet, while admitting all the splendid power of invention and composition, and the learning and research in the Julius Cæsar series, it is impossible to resist the feeling that something which was in the art of Mantegna's earlier period is not in the later, and that the potentialities of the former might have more deeply influenced posterity than the realisation of the latter. Few artists of Andrea's gifts have been more fortunate in the influences which shaped their earlier career. He was born at a time when artistic production received an extraordinary impetus. If of the Squarcione system of instruction we perhaps hardly

know sufficient to speak with certainty, at least it was calculated to cultivate qualities of accuracy and precision. There can be no doubt of the influence exercised on Mantegna when he was learning his calling by the works of Donatello, Paolo Uccelli, Lippi, and Jacopo Bellini. These were his real masters. Especially was he impressed by the daring design and dramatic force of Donatello, as is evident if we examine the bronzes of that master in the Santo at Padua.

Mantegna's taste for classic Art must have been fostered by contact with the scholars and professors attracted to Padua by its famous University. Felice Feliciano, who dedicated his "Epigrammata" to Mantegna, describes how in company they visited the classic remains in and around Verona and Padua. In his friendly enthusiasm he calls Andrea "principe, unico lume e cometa dei pittori." The poet Battista Spagnuolo, while ranking him with Parrhasius and Apelles, exclaims,



Judith. From a Drawing by Andrea Mantegna.

"Tu decus Italiae nostrae, tu gloria saeculi." Matteo Bosso, addressing him in one of his letters, says, "Qui primam gloriam nostro aevo est assecutus." And it must be remembered that such laudation from scholars meant much more in those days than the same would in ours; therefore it will be seen how strong was the incitement to Mantegna to impart a classic element into his art. Drawing his inspiration from

this high source, he produced a series of works in fresco, tempera, and pure water colour, or by means of the burin and the pen, which for lofty imagination and clear conception certainly place him in the same rank with the artists of the classic age. He did not absolutely assimilate the form, but what he fashioned had the genuine ring of antiquity—it had the antique grandeur and directness of design pre-

eminently characterizing the art on the practice of which he had moulded his own style.

Mantegna, possessing in such a high degree the faculty of design, his drawings are naturally both numerous and of exceptional interest. They were so much sought after during his lifetime that he executed many as the final completion of a design, and not as studies for pictures. It was in response to this demand for his designs that he mastered the art of engraving. For his drawings are the reverse of sketches, each having rather the elaboration of a highly finished water-colour drawing. Such is the Judith here given. This drawing, now in the Uffizi, was formerly in the possession of Vasari, and is thus referred to in his life of Mantegna: "Among the drawings in my book is one in chiaro-scuro, on a half sheet (royal folio), by the hand of Mantegna: the subject, a Judith placing the head of Holofernes in a wallet held by a black slave. The manner of the chiaro-scuro there adopted is no longer used, the artist having left the white paper to serve for the lights; and this is done with so much delicacy that the separate hairs and other minutiae are as clearly distinguishable as they would have been if ever so carefully executed with the pencil, insomuch that one might, in a certain sense, rather call this a painting than a drawing." It is interesting to note that in leaving the paper for light Mantegna anticipated the special practice of modern English water colour. 'A Sacrifice,' on page 226, is from a drawing in the Verona Gallery. It is a design conceived in the genuine classic spirit, and has all the spontaneity of an antique bas-relief. 'The Death of Orpheus,' on page 225, is a fac-simile of one of the designs in a book of drawings attributed to Mantegna. It must, however, be observed that such attribution does not receive general acceptance from students of Mantegna. Still the drawings are so masterly, and so well represent one phase of Andrea's art, that there is every probability the book was produced in his studio.*

The full-page illustration is from a drawing in the collection of the British Museum, and is entitled 'Calumny.' The subject is taken from a description by Lucian of a picture painted by Apelles. It was probably first suggested to the fifteenth-century painters by Leon Battista Alberti. He calls atten-

tion to it in his "Libro della Pittura," in a passage which may be thus briefly rendered:—"In this picture the unwise judge was represented with long ears; on either side of him stood Ignorance and Suspicion. Calumny, represented by a woman of seducing aspect, held a lighted torch in one hand, and with the other dragged forward Innocence. She is accompanied by Envy, Perfidy, Fraud, and Error. Last of all stood Repentance, turning to look at Truth triumphantly advancing." Vasari relates that Leon Battista was invited to Mantua by the Marchese Lodovico, and that he designed the church of St. Andrea in that city; hence it is highly probable the two artists may have met at the court of the Gonzagas.

To people living under a despotism the subject would be specially interesting, therefore we find it often serving for themes for the artists of Mantegna's times. Besides his own, there is a fine drawing of the same motive by Raphael in the collection of the Louvre. Botticelli has painted it in tempera in the panel of the Uffizi; Dr. Thausing gives an engraving of Albert Dürer's version in his life of the painter; others also by less distinguished artists might be quoted. We have not space to refer to Mantegna's engravings; they are now necessarily very scarce, but it may be useful to mention that faithful reproductions have lately been issued by M. Amand-Durand. For the above-mentioned reason we can only indicate the pictures of Mantegna to be found in England. Neither of the works in the National Gallery can be said to represent him at his best, and the 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar' at Hampton Court is a wreck, of which only the composition remains.* The recently discovered 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' exhibited this year at Burlington House, deserves all the enthusiasm it evoked. The 'Pietà,' which was in the same exhibition last year, though in matter of execution fairly open to doubt, yet had qualities of imagination which could only be assigned to Mantegna. Lord Ashburnham's 'Agony in the Garden' is a forcible example of his earlier period. Lord Elcho possesses a Madonna and Child which, if not by Mantegna, in all probability came from his studio, and the Hamilton panels will be fresh in the memory of our readers.

HENRY WALLIS.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF HENRY VIII.

KING HARRY, the bluff and "merrie" monarch—King Henry VIII., the savage, licentious, ruffianly king of the latter half of a reign of nearly forty years' duration, are separated one from the other by a chasm, the edges of which are but very indistinctly defined. The shades of the transition from a life, if not of piety such as that which marked the earlier years of a Solomon, at least of manliness, diligence, frankness, and light-hearted gaiety, to an existence in which there was scarcely any struggle to resist the claims of passion, are marked by lines too subtle for analysis. It is only by keeping our eyes fixed on the broad result that we are enabled

to discern how much has been the extent of the change, and how fatal its character.

Were it permitted us to trace, even if but faintly, in the history of his patronage of Art, and in the character of that Art itself, a reflection of the change that thus gradually overspread the horizon of the monarch's life, how interesting would such an investigation prove! But we fear that this is scarcely within the limits of the possible. We are thrown back on an age remote, and, to some extent, obscure. While the sense of the nation is still lying uneducated to any general

* We are indebted to Mr. J. Comyns Carr for permission to copy this drawing; it is one of the illustrations in an admirable catalogue of the winter exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery (1877-78). One cannot help observing how much the study of Art would have been facilitated if all similar exhibitions had been accompanied by catalogues of equal value.

* The present writer, in co-operation with Mr. J. Dixon, of the Temple, superintended the reproduction of the 'Triumph' series in permanent photography. The edition is exhausted. Within the past few weeks M. Braun has again photographed them, and they will shortly be published. After all, the most valuable reproduction, excluding, of course, Mantegna's own engravings, is the series of chiaro-oscuro woodcuts by Andrea Andreani, but it is now scarce.



CALUMNY

FROM A DRAWING BY ANDREA MANTEGNA IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

interest in Art, there are none to record those details without a knowledge of which we can but construct baseless theories. Yet in the present instance we may at least find some cause for congratulation in the reflection that the royal collection, as it grew into being, found room for works commemorative of events that marked the earlier history of the time, and for others that bore tacit witness to the changes that had occurred in the state of feeling on ecclesiastical matters before the reign had closed.

But for more than that we must not look. It is not as if the King himself had been an artist; at most he would not have gone beyond originating a scheme or suggesting a subject. And so far as the effect of the current of events during his reign would have been calculated to make itself felt in the handiworks of those employed about him, we have to remember that in his time England still relied mainly on the foreigner, whose sympathies would be but faintly stirred by matters that were of all-absorbing interest to those amongst whom he was sojourning. How much English architecture had owed to foreign talent long before this is everywhere admitted. Had the cognate art of painting developed itself and culminated at an equally early period, still the precise nature of our debt would have remained much more difficult to ascertain, owing to the far more perishable nature of its productions. The intercommunication between the monastic establishments of England and the continent had lain at the root of this importation of skilled artificers. We do not now allude to the decoration (a work more proper to the monastery) of missals, breviaries, and chronicles, but in connection with the rising art of painting there will at once occur to the mind the thought of the numerous frescoes, the traces of which may still be found in our cathedrals and parish churches. If we go back to the reign of Henry III. we shall find it comparatively rich in links of connection with such examples of early art. We shall find old documents presenting us with hints of a painter royal, a Florentine who had, as it would seem, anticipated the fancy for seeking a home and employment in other lands, which manifested itself so frequently in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and who might have been seen at work for the King on the decorations of a hall at Guildford. The same period will tell us of the decoration of the room beneath the chapel at Clarendon with the history of Antioch; of a crucifix with St. Mary and St. John, painted near the royal seat in St. Stephen's Chapel; and of a chamber at Westminster ornamented with a border, "well-painted with the images of Our Lord and angels with incense pots." These references indicate something of the growth of a feeling for culture amongst us: always presumably under the guidance or initiatory suggestion of a foreign element. The years roll on, and we see reared beneath the lofty arches of Canterbury Cathedral the tomb of the Black Prince, its canopy painted with the representation of the Holy Trinity. Here, again, we are forced to the conclusion that if we are looking upon the drafting of a foreign hand, it cannot be the only one that is finding similar employment on our shores. It is a greater step to advance to the reign immediately preceding that of Henry VIII., and see such a master as Jean Mabuse at work upon panels that he fills with glowing colours and majestic figures, in whose countenances the nobility of sweetness is scarcely yet permitted to soften the severity of the austere. As we come into immediate contact with the earlier half of the sixteenth century, we find no lack of foreign names amongst those who have taken service in the English

monarch's court. Notably is this the case amongst musicians: of painters we hear of a Penni, a Horebout, a Toto, a Cornelys, and a Jerome di Trevisi. What they possessed of individual talent, it is true, we must for the most part leave as undetermined and indeterminable problems. The attribution to any one of them of any still existing work must be most uncertain; but it is not so with the great painter of Augsburg, the father of portrait painting in England, if not in Europe, Hans Holbein. The story of his life and of his numerous works must be left to tell itself in detail elsewhere, but any sketch of the period of the reign of Henry VIII. as an Art period must remain admittedly incomplete, in the foreground of which ample space is not left for the figure of so extraordinary a genius.

It is no part of our present purpose to dwell with any minuteness on the historical events of King Henry's reign. Even with the great Cardinal himself we have but little to do unless we regard as a certainty the statement that it was through his agency at Rome that the King endeavoured to treat with Raphael, and to persuade him to seek our shores. We pass on to a period when Wolsey has fallen from his lofty eminence; when Holbein has paid his first visit to this country, has left it, and has again returned amongst us to start afresh under perhaps less advantageous circumstances than when he first wended his way hither to find shelter under the roof of Sir Thomas More. The ancient palace at Westminster having, since the great conflagration there some years ago, been no longer tenable, the old royal residence at Greenwich has been recently exchanged for the more convenient site presently to be known indifferently either as Whitehall or Westminster, but now known as York Place, and here we find Henry installed as the "Supreme Head of the Church." Proud of the new palace which he has enlarged and embellished, he is yet, after the manner of Eastern sultans, busy in the construction of others, the one at St. James's, the other at Hampton Court.

Benedict di Bartolomeo da Rovezzano, a Florentine sculptor, is receiving from Cromwell, on the King's account, remuneration in the shape of "Twenty Marks in Crowns of the Sun." Anthony Tote, an Italian painter, known also as Toto del' Nunciata, and whose name has not been deemed unworthy of a place in the pages of Lanzi, has also just received his "contract" price for paintings executed for the "Kynges Lybarye" and the "Kynges Closet." He wears his livery coat, though he has not yet been naturalised. His smaller works in the former chamber, from which we might have learnt "howe Adam dylfde in the grownde," and how he was "droven owght of paradyce," have been produced at the moderate charge of twenty-eight shillings and sixpence each; but five pounds apiece has been a more adequate remuneration for the four larger paintings made for the decoration of the closet. However, it is not mainly for these incidental notices of two artists in the pay of royalty that we have here momentarily arrested our steps; it is because we catch at last a glimpse of the royal collection as it is transferred from one palace to the other. Just at the close of the year prior to the one on which we have entered, there were duly "moved up from Grenewich, Two Bote loads of Pictures." It is only a momentary glance that we get, for they are again immured within palace walls.

Nor are we to have the pleasure, in the case of this monarch, of seeing him from time to time watching the production of some particular work of Art, or of accompanying him as he

orders it placed in gallery, withdrawing-room, or study. It is only when the long reign has come to a close that we are permitted to look upon the treasures that have been gradually accumulating within the royal residences. In this way we can visit the sumptuous mansion at Hampton Court, and renew our acquaintance with the palace at Whitehall.

Alas that we must view them without an interpreter! There is no royal keeper here, well stored with the tale of the origin and history of each of the valued possessions under his charge, to answer our questions and to give life to the silent canvases. It is true we have a list in our hand, but it is one that has been drawn up with no more consideration than was needful to insure correctness in the numbers, and to give certainty to the identifications. The specimens on the walls have been treated, in fact, exactly like so much "furniture." Certain works we should not, it is true, fail to recognise without our catalogue, for there are here many portraits, notably those of the deceased king himself—

"Whom not to know argues ourselves unknown,"

and, with these, others of contemporary crowned heads and personages of high degree. About the identification of many of these we could scarcely err, having regard to the style and nationality of the attire; and, again, on several the custom which led Holbein to write within the body of the work (for instance, in his Christina, Princess of Sweden) the title of the personage he had been painting, has been duly observed. But when scriptural scenes on circular or oblong panel, on diptych or on triptych, succeed one another in bewildering numbers, we do indeed feel our weakness. Patenier or Memling, Van der Weyden or Van Eyck, the Master of Cologne or Albert Dürer himself—which of all these was the author of this "Table with twoe folding leaves," the central panel of which shows us the 'Offerings of the Three Kings,' while the wings are decorated with a 'Virgin and Child' and a 'Nativity?' Which the author of 'The hangeman holdinge Saincte John's headde in his hande and a woman holdinge a dishe to receyve it?' To whose careful hand are we indebted for the harmonious colouring and transparent delicacy that mark this diptych of 'Our ladye holdinge our Lorde in her armes with cherries in her hande?' In vain shall we now look for an answer except in those special cases where the treasures have survived the accidents of time, till they have come to be classified and arranged anew under the fostering hand of Charles I.

But notwithstanding this great drawback we may inspect the collection with a closer scrutiny. 'A Table with a picture' denotes a painting on panel, whilst such a work on canvas is designated as 'A Stained Cloth;' clothe, tike (or tick), being the representative of our present canvas. Thus 'A Table with the picture of Saincte Mychaell and Saincte George beinge in harnes holdinge a streamer;' 'A Stayned Clothe of Phæbus ridinge in his carte in the Ayre,' with thistorye of hym;' 'Thistorye of Judithe strikinge of Olifernus headde, paynted upon tike;' and 'A greate Table with the picture of the Duchyes of Myllayne, beinge her whole stature.' This last work is, in all reasonable probability, one that still remains to us, and, thanks to the kindness of the Duke of Norfolk, is for a time accessible in the National Gallery. It is from the brush of Holbein, and represents the widow duchess who was within so little of coming to share King Henry's throne.

As we look round, two things strike us at once; first, the

distinct predominance of religious subjects; and next, the frequent intermixture with these paintings—many of which, were they preserved to us now, would rank among the choicest productions of early Art—of pieces of framed embroidery. The occurrence of the latter in such a connection deserves particular attention, because it is a factor of considerable value in enabling us to form a correct estimate of the point to which feeling for Art had attained, or perhaps we should rather say of the limits within which it was confined. King Henry seems to have been a lover of colour, an ardent votary of the gorgeous and the magnificent. We cannot think he had any deep appreciation of the more subtle and profound qualities that raise the painter's art to heaven. He may not, perhaps, have been utterly insensible to the claims of beauty of form and elegance of design, but his perception of qualities of that nature was subordinate to the feeling that revels in pageantry. Brilliancy of colouring in his own apparel and in that of his suite, the blaze of golden ornaments and the gleam of flashing jewels, seem to have had a strange charm for him. The "hattes," the coats, the sleeves of the royal dresses are stiff with cloth of gold or pearl-embroidered, and of the most dazzling hues; and, so far as colour is concerned, the same may be said of half the articles that lie about the chambers, or form their needful furniture. The "masques," the "tourneys" and "jousts," all appeal to the same one sense, as does also that greater example of magnificent pomp which, displayed upon the Field of Guisnes, has left a legacy in the honour, or reproach, of which two nations possess an equal share. And thus we think that there is more than probability that Henry's encouragement of painters and of painting, such as it was, had its origin in a desire, if not to eclipse, at least not to be outshone by, his stately neighbour who, at the court of France, was extending a welcome to a Primaticcio, a Gellini, and a Leonardo. An appeal to the pleasure that Henry is reported to have taken in the acquisition of portraits does not materially affect the question. They are Art specimens of a kind that has a charm even for the least educated.

Among the likenesses that hang upon the walls, many of which probably, some of which certainly, came from the hand of Holbein, we may here see those of the Archduke of Austria, the Queen of Denmark, the Duke of Saxony, Ferdinand of Spain, the Emperor Charles V., the King of France, the Regent of Flanders, the Duke of Burgundy, and, coming nearer home, without mention of the many royal English portraits, that of "Jacobbe Kynge of Skottes."

The sacred subjects are chiefly taken, as we see at once, from the New Testament. Among them the Madonna and Child is by far the most frequent. The Magdalene, too, is often represented; and we have also the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Unmerciful Servant. The embroidered pieces are naturally almost invariably religious in their motive. Outside the scheme of religious pictures, if we except the sieges of towns, neither here nor in all the ranges of palaces and residences shall we find anything but a scanty sprinkling—some six or eight in all—of works of an historical nature composed of a variety of figures. The two paintings of the taking of Pavia,* and the representation of the 'Siege and Wynnynge of Bolloingne,' are of particular interest, as to them an approximate date can be assigned. An English artist, John Crust, was paid for the latter work in 1515. In 'A Table of the naked Truth, with the works of y^e Bishoppe of

* Walpole pronounced the one at Wilton to be Albert Dürer's work.

Roome sette forth in it,' and in 'A Table with the picture of Kynge Henrye theight standinge upon a Myter with three crownes havinge a serpent with seven headdes commynge out of it, and havinge a Sworde in his hande wherein is written "Verbum Dei,"' we have a striking testimony to the revolution in feeling on ecclesiastical matters that the later years of the long reign have witnessed.

But we must not dwell longer over tables, embroideries, and stayned clothes, or over the plattes and mappes that are also hanging here. We must leave unexamined the enamels and carvings in alabaster. So must we the ivory diptych of the Nativity and the Entombment, "all of sondrye wooddes ioyned together," the "wallnuttree" panel of King Midas and Misery, "raised with liquide golde and silver," the sacred scenes wrought in mother-of-pearl in "roundells" and in "squares," and the drawings on parchment of various "Manor Places." Only, as we turn away, we must spare one moment for a glance at the large Holbein wall paintings in the Privy Chamber, and see if we can trace in the lineaments of his royal parents and grand-parents features of resemblance to the Prince who, at such a tender age, has become lord of the broad realms, and owner of the richly furnished palaces.

Had we leisure to wander through "Studye," through "Chaier Room," and through "Jewell Houses," we should find much that would be interesting, and not a little that would be artistic: golden-crosses, reliquaries, and tabernacles, coffers of metal and velvet, with the royal initials worked all over them; "Comb cases" of all sorts of fancy forms; and quaint receptacles for even such unmentionable articles as "Tothe Pykes." But still such further "purview" would be

at best but a by-way for reverting to a point already reached. We might examine all that still remains unseen, and yet not abate one jot of our conclusion that possession has not implied any real and genuine sympathy with the feelings of the craftsman, or any high appreciation of the art that has inspired his dexterous labours.

It is sufficiently remarkable that the two periods to which our eyes are directed, as to those at which Fine Art began to find protection and encouragement at the hands of the occupant of the throne of England, should be synchronous with the two strongly marked historical eras that form such important landmarks in our civil and religious liberty. But it would be idle to endeavour to prove the existence of any closer connection than that of mere coincidence. Charles I. may indeed have expended on his favourite pastime sums larger than were justifiable out of a failing treasury; but Henry VIII., owing to the parsimonious care of his father, had from the first been the possessor of large wealth, and the lavish profusion of his manner of life can scarcely be said to have at all recoiled upon the nation. In that direction there is nothing in the nature of cause and effect common to the two cases. What we do see in both instances is that as neither contact with examples of high Art, nor association with one or more of its most highly gifted masters, nor even (in the case of the Stuart) the natural gift of a fine taste and its subsequent cultivation, availed to raise them out of and beyond themselves, so neither can they avail to dissociate the name of either the one or the other from the memory of the grave faults of character which dimmed the lustre of the prime, and cast so deep a shade over the close, of their respective careers.

EDWIN STOWE.

M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

AMONG contemporary painters who have inherited the reverence which the illustrious Eugène Delacroix, Marilhat, Fromentin, and Henri Regnault entertained for glowing Eastern sunlight we must include M. Benjamin Constant. Although but thirty-seven years of age, his name already deserves to rank next to the masters in whose steps he seeks to follow. Each spring the pictures he exhibits in the Salon add both to his success and his fame, and the public increasingly appreciate works which depict the burning heat of African landscape. He has established his reputation as the illustrator of Morocco, and has familiarised us with the manners, dress, and picturesque scenery in its less-known districts.

M. Benjamin Constant was born June 10th, 1845, and belongs to an ancient and noble family. He was brought up at Toulouse, in Southern France, and there acquired something of the passionate vivacity, as well as the accent, of the South. After receiving a classical education, he evinced a desire to become a painter. Far from thwarting, his father encouraged him in this career, and after various school successes the young man came to Paris to pursue his studies at the École des Beaux Arts, where he obtained several prizes, but did not gain that highest distinction, the much-coveted Prix de Rome. In 1869 he made his début in the Salon with a picture representing 'Hamlet,' which was bought by the

State, and sent to the museum at Tarbes. In 1870 he exhibited an allegorical picture, 'Too Late,' of which the subject was a poet dying just as he arrives at fame and fortune.

On the Franco-German war breaking out, M. Benjamin Constant enlisted as a soldier, and did his duty bravely.

In 1871 he left Paris to visit in succession Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, and Granada; then he took up his residence in Morocco, where he was attached to the embassy sent by France to the Sultan Mahommed. Thanks to the facilities which this privileged position afforded him, he was able to traverse the country in all directions, making observations at his leisure, and accumulating sketch upon sketch, study upon study. A letter he wrote from Tangiers to one of his friends expresses the admiration and enthusiasm which the scenes before him called forth. He says, "I have been in Madrid, and seen Velasquez; in Seville, where I found Murillo, and saw the Alcazar, and the cathedral, and many other wonders; and in Granada, with its women and its flowers, but, above all, its Alhambra. This is indeed a gem of Arabian Art, a palace unequalled for taste and magnificence. There you find the memory of that great painter, Henri Regnault, and the handiwork of Fortuny, still preserved. I shall always remember this wonderful artist, sculptor, and extraordinary composer. His example, I confess, was very valuable to me at the time when I was forming my style. I tried to follow him. I did

my best to get rid of everything mean and of the trammels of my early training. I gave myself up entirely to a nobler life, studying the sun, life, and the picturesque—quite the opposite of what I had hitherto learnt. At length, wishing to go as far as possible on my journey to the East, I set out one fine morning for Tangiers. On my arrival I only intended to stay a month, and I have been here two years. Tangiers! This was on my road to Damascus, and from that day forward I dreamed of nothing but being a thorough Orientalist, and following in the path of Marilhat, Delacroix, and Henri Regnault."

Returning to Paris, M. Benjamin Constant now courted no other ideal than this marvellous sunlight, whose glory had filled his whole soul. He soon afterwards married one of the daughters of M. Emmanuel Arago, the French ambassador to Switzerland, but the comforts of family life and parental joys did not prevent his working assiduously. He arranged for himself, in the Rue André del Sarto, on the heights of Montmartre, a studio furnished in Oriental fashion, where he can, forgetful of reality, believe himself once more in his beloved Tangiers, amongst sumptuous costumes embroidered in gold, caftans, turbans and oriflammes of various colours, fantastic arabesque carpets, and weapons inlaid with precious stones. If he wishes to compose a picture, he has but to open his portfolio; he has but to cast his eyes over the thousand sketches he has taken from nature, and soon under his spirited touch the scenes he has witnessed are conjured up with surprising fidelity.

With these aids this young artist has produced pictures much noticed and admired in the Salons of the last few years. 'The Square of Tangiers' (1872), 'The Women of the Harem' (1875), and 'The Entry of Mahomet II. into Constantinople' (1876), established his reputation, and brought him into public notice. Since then his talent has increased his renown, and it is only needful to call to mind the following pictures, which are now in the State museums or in the galleries of the most celebrated collectors:—'The Moorish Harem,' (1878), 'Women on the Terrace,' 'The Emir's Favourite' (1879), 'The Last Rebels' (1880), 'A Kalif's Pastime,' and the picture of 'Herodias' (1881), of which M. Leopold Flameng has etched the masterly interpretation, which we are glad to be able to present to our readers.

Who is this woman, in demi-toilet, seated on a handsome couch in her own room, her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand, with fixed eyes that indicate she is lost in thought? The beauty of her features is very striking, although the roundness of her cheek has neither the freshness nor the vigour of early youth. Her forehead denotes the proud dignity of a queen accustomed to homage, although one detects from her air of anxiety that her power is in danger of being undermined. Is she beginning to doubt the perpetuity of her charms? Has she seen rising on the horizon of her triumphant fortune the little cloud-messenger of fate, which comes in the autumn of life to warn us that the roses are gathered, and that the rest of the path we have to tread is

strewn only with thorns? As the figure is leaning forward, absorbed in deep meditation, her silken veil has fallen lower than her neck, and reflections from it light up her face with the brilliant purple of the setting sun: she is motionless as a statue.

This woman is Herodias—daughter of Aristobulus, King of Judea, and of Bernice, and grand-daughter of Herod the Great—who, after having married her uncle, did not scruple to become the consort of Antipas, his brother, in spite of the scandal caused by such a union, and in defiance of the indignation of the Jews.

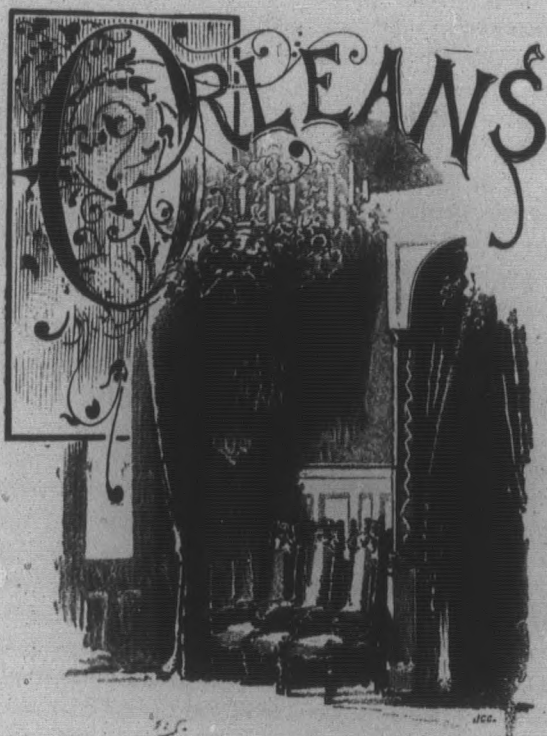
M. Benjamin Constant seems to have chosen the same subject as one of the great French modern romance writers, Gustave Flaubert, who has employed it in an admirable tale of old times. In this picture Herodias appears to have arrived at that period of her life when she has lost her influence over Antipas. He refuses to grant her request for the death of John the Baptist, his prisoner, by whom she believes herself insulted. The forerunner of Christ has really reproached Herodias for her manner of life, her inordinate love of finery, her earrings, her purple robes, her bracelets and anklets, and the little golden crescents which trembled on her bosom; he denounced her silver mirrors, her ostrich-feather fans, the pictures on her nails, and all the artifices of her luxuriousness; the high-heeled shoes which increased her height, her diamonds and her perfumes. Herodias wished to punish the prophet for saying these things of her in public; she is thirsting for vengeance; she is meditating the death of John the Baptist.

Such are the dark thoughts which agitate Herodias, and M. Benjamin Constant is satisfied with showing us the queen in the midst of her bloody reverie; he does not tell us its result. But history gives us the sequel: we learn that Herodias had, by her first husband, a daughter Salome, whom she had caused to be brought up in retirement, and who was as beautiful as her mother had been in her girlhood. Antipas had never seen her. Herodias introduced her suddenly during a feast. Antipas was charmed by her, and granted the girl what he had refused to the mother—the head of John the Baptist.

From this one picture of Herodias a just estimate of M. Benjamin Constant's talent may be formed. In it the artist displays many of his best qualities, particularly a singular originality of expression concentrated in the head of this Oriental woman. But there is no scope here for what constitutes one of the painter's chief merits—skill in large compositions, knowledge of action, the versatility of his pencil in depicting groups, and his special power of reproducing tumultuous scenes, faithful rendering of Moorish architecture, and the various types of African races. 'Herodias' is but an interesting fragment of this young master's work; still it is enough to make one appreciate the individuality of his drawing and the elaborately skilful richness of his colouring.

VICTOR CHAMPIER.

ORLEANS.



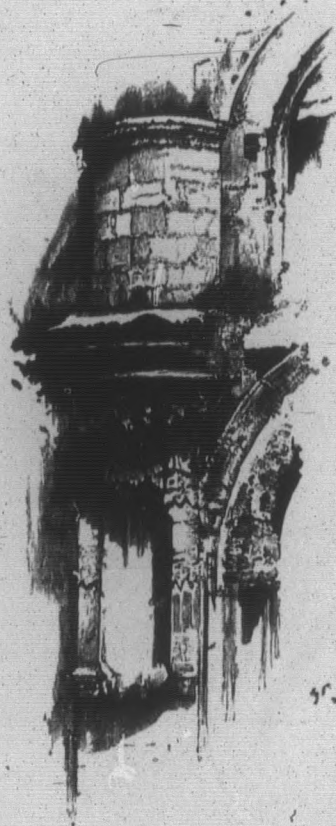
In the Salle des Réceptions, Hôtel de Ville, Orleans.

ORLEANS lies in a dreary, monotonous plain, across which the two towers of the cathedral can be seen for many miles. The town is built on the banks of the Loire, a confidence often ill repaid, for floods on that river are dangerous and frequent. It is a disappointing place: so much has happened within its walls, so many interesting people have dwelt within them, and so few traces of these great people or their deeds remain. The walls themselves, "the saucy walls of that contemptuous city," are gone. They are pulled down, the moats filled up, the towers and gates are destroyed, and for the most part, I grieve to say, within the memory of man. I should have thought that any bit of wall, any house, any fragment of any kind which was ever connected with the life and triumphs of their noble deliverer, "the Maid," would have been guarded and treasured by the men of Orleans as long as one stone of it would stand upon another; but nothing that played any part in her story is left; indeed, no memorial of her is to be found except some pictures and a good deal of indifferent sculpture, and not very good stained glass. The only traces of the siege are sundry cannon-balls, which from time to time are dug up when the ground is excavated for any new building. Of course the people of Orleans themselves, past and present, are not entirely responsible for this. Their town lies in too exposed a situation—well-nigh in the centre of France, and on the banks of its greatest river—not to be almost continually the theatre of a struggle between contending parties; and it is a fact that fighting of one kind or another went on at Orleans for nearly fifteen centuries. We English, if we read the history of the place, will constantly find ourselves referred to as the people who are to be blamed for the destruction of this or that old church or house. It was not always

of malice aforethought that we compassed the destruction of churches or towers, but that the people of Orleans themselves, finding our armies approaching, were forced to blow up, burn, or pull down any building which, from its exposed situation, might easily have been seized by our troops and used as a point of vantage. It seems at first sight strange to us to find our countrymen in Orleans taking rank with the Huns, Normans, Huguenots, and, worse than all, with the most rabid Jacobins, as destroying forces; yet such is, to some extent, the fact. Here is an extract from an old writer which gives us a glimpse of what happened in 1358:—"Et le mercredi vingt neuvième jour d'iceluy mois de décembre furent bruslées et abattues plusieurs églises et maisons qui estoient encore demeurées auprès d'Orleans, comme Saint Euverte, la Chapelle Saint-Aignan, Saint Vincent aux Vignes, &c. &c., afin que les Anglais ne se puissent là loger, rétraire, et fortifier contre la citée." Saint Aignan was demolished a second time at the second siege by the English in 1428-29. The Huguenots were much worse than the English. First they carried off the treasure of Sainte Croix (the cathedral), and then they came back and destroyed the building itself. Prince Condé did his utmost to save it, but on the night of Tuesday, March 24th, 1568, Theodore Beza, student of the University of Orleans, and his fellow-believers undermined and blew it up.

The present cathedral owes its existence to Henry IV., who came here with his wife, Marie de Médicis, in 1601, and either because he wished to conciliate the people, or because he really was very sorry that the Leaguers had destroyed the great church of the town, he offered to lay the first stone of a new one, and to find the money for building it. It was begun at once, but the work progressed slowly, and it was not completed until 1829. This is the last historic Gothic cathedral built since the Middle Ages, and it is in many respects very fine, though it wants originality and the beauty given by strength of religious purpose in the builders. The west front has the usual three great portals with three rose windows above them, flanked by two towers. In Sainte Croix they are of equal height, nearly 300 feet. It is very fine inside, but I am told that it is so built as to deceive the spectator into believing it both larger and loftier than it really is. Another outrage committed by the Huguenots was to dig up the heart of Francis II. (husband of Mary Stuart), which was buried in an urn under the pavement of the sanctuary in Sainte Croix, burn it, and scatter its ashes to the winds. He had come to Orleans to the trial of the Protestants, and died there in 1560, so the next time the Protestants had the upper hand in the town they revenged themselves, thus on their oppressor. They did a much more cruel thing to the townspeople when they burnt the statue of Notre-Dame des Miracles, which had for centuries been an object of especial veneration. During the wars with the Normans in 879 this statue had been carried out of the church where it stood, and placed on the city walls by its faithful worshippers, in the hope of its giving help. A skilful archer of Orleans screened himself behind it, and under its shelter discharged arrow after arrow at the Normans, all of which went straight to their mark. At last he was perceived by one of the enemies' soldiers, who at once aimed at him. The arrow was well

aimed, but just as it was about to pierce the heart of the archer, the statue bent forward and received in her own breast the arrow intended for him. After this, Notre-Dame



Portion of the ancient Church of Saint Jacques, Orleans.

des Miracles and the church which contained it were held in more veneration than ever, and when in 1429 the English were driven out of Orleans it was one of the first places to which the people, with Joan at their head, marched in procession to offer up their thanks. In 1562 three Huguenot soldiers got possession of the statue, and after heaping insults on it, used it as fuel for a fire which they had lighted at the crossway of La Porte Renard. No sooner were the Orleanois delivered from the Huguenots than they at once set about providing themselves with another statue, and this time the material which they used was stone, and not wood as before. This new statue is now in the church of St. Paul, to

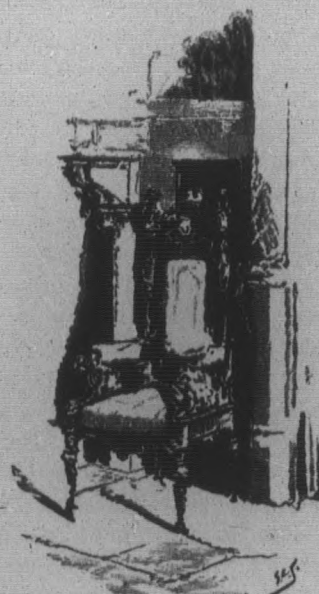
which Notre-Dame des Miracles is joined. It is of a curious brown colour, about which local opinion is much divided. Some say that the sculptor wished to represent Sainte Marie l'Égyptienne, others that this swarthy statue owes its colour to the fact that it had to lie in a deep well for safety during the dangerous days of the Revolution. The colour was probably intentional. Representations of the Holy Virgin of this kind have always been the greatest favourites, as witness that at Chartres, which receives more homage and gifts and larger tapers than any other. The artist was probably thinking of the words, "Nigra sum, sed formosa." Whatever the Huguenots had left of gold, silver, statuary, or fine carving was taken or destroyed by the Jacobins in 1793. The Huguenots mutilated the cross which Charles VII., aided by subscriptions from the women of France, raised in 1450 to the memory of Joan of Arc. As soon as possible the people of Orleans made good the injury. The cross of Joan of Arc, as it was commonly called, originally represented Christ on the cross, with the Holy Virgin embracing his feet, and Joan on the right side, with hair unbound and the sacred banner in her hand. On the left was Charles VII. himself, armed with a lance, but with his helmet, surmounted by the royal crown, lying at his feet. In 1793 this cross and all the figures were melted down into a cannon, on which was inscribed the name of Joan of Arc. It would be curious to know what became of it. In 1803 a subscription was set on foot to replace the cross which had been turned into material of war. The promoters raised 50,000 francs, and applied to the First Consul for a subscrip-

tion. On the 10th Pluviose, year 11, he urbanely replied "that the idea of restoring this monument was extremely agreeable to him, and that the illustrious Joan was a standing proof that there was no miracle too great for French genius to perform when national independence was in question;" and having uttered this noble sentiment, he sent a subscription of 5,000 francs. The new statue is unfortunately in the bad taste of the period. It represents a fierce theatrical Amazon, and not the brave but gentle shepherdess.

It would be in vain to attempt to speak of a tithe of the havoc of 1793. Numbers of churches were demolished, others sold and applied to purposes of trade. Whenever it was possible to inflict an especially painful blow on the religious susceptibilities of the people, it was done. It may be remarked that the fact of having been born in a place never softened the hearts of any of these revolutionists towards it. Robespierre was born at Arras, yet never raised a finger to save either buildings or people. The cathedral was pulled down, the churches were desecrated, and the guillotine was worked so incessantly that in one street, known ever after as Rue sans Têtes, every single person was put to death. It was the same at Orleans. Bourdon was born there, yet the only difference this made in the lists of victims was that they were compiled much more searchingly, owing to the fact of his superior knowledge. During the Revolution the Grand Séminaire became a prison for priests and "suspects," the Maison des Minimes the seat of the Cour Nationale. The cathedral was turned into the Temple de l'Éternel, and a Phrygian bonnet was carved amongst the foliage on the pediment of the door. The ancient church of St. Paul became the Temple de la Jeunesse.

Saint Paterne was, in the *année terrible*, at first made into a granary; then the Jacobins seem to have thought it worthy of a better fate, and turned it into the Temple de la Vieillesse. Saint Jacques, a fine old church originally built by Louis VII.

on his way back from the shrine of St. James of Compostella, met with no such consideration at their hands. It was sold for what it would bring, converted into a warehouse, and only rescued from total destruction a few years ago. It has an extremely beautiful flamboyant doorway, and is rich in garlands of thistles, festoons of flowers, and long trailing lines of leaves, in the midst of which grotesque animals and children disport themselves, and amongst them lovely yellow wall-flowers have made their home and grow in happy security, intermingling their blossoms with those of the sculptor of other days. The holes made by the arque-



In the Salle des Réceptions, Hôtel de Ville, Orleans.

busades of the Huguenots may still be seen on the walls—walls which have been ruthlessly pillaged for stone whenever a little bit of building was going on in the neighbourhood.

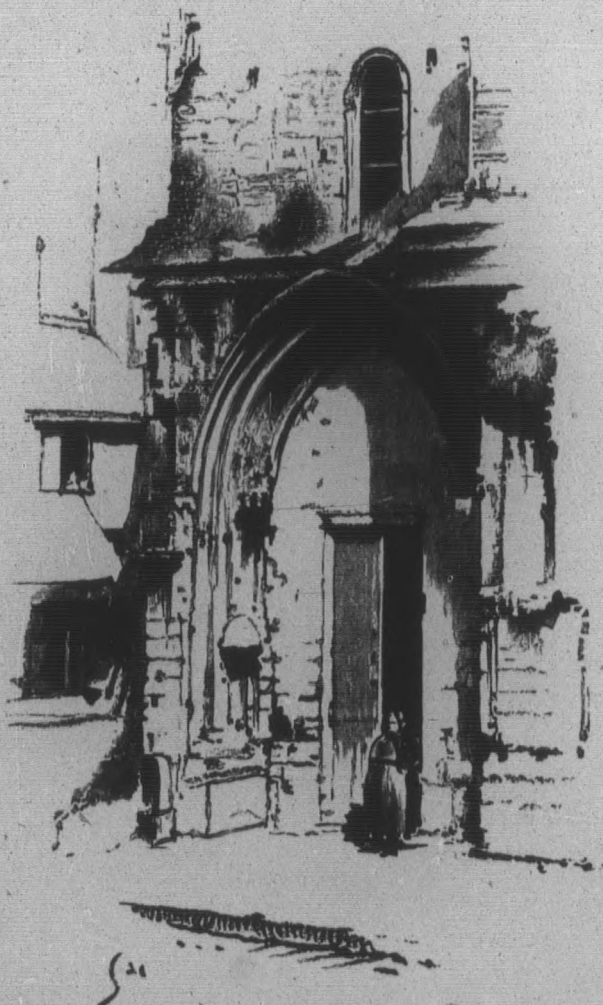
To return to the evil days of 1793. Saint Marceau became

the Temple of Agriculture, and the splendid orange-trees belonging to the Duc de Penthièvre were placed in it. The episcopal garden was converted into a pleasure garden, where such of the inhabitants as had any heart to dance could enjoy a ball for thirty sous. The names of many of the churches in Orleans are somewhat puzzling at first sight; for instance, Saint Pierre-le-Puellier, or Sanctus Petrus Puellarum, the baptistery for girls; and still more strange is Saint Pierre-Ensentelee, or Saint Pierre et Sainte Lee. Sainte Lee was a pious widow, in whose honour a small chapel was built. When it became ruinous Saint Pierre was built in its place, but the former name not forgotten. In this church at one time was celebrated at mid-day what was called *La Messe des Paresseux*, i.e. persons who could not get themselves ready for church before twelve o'clock.

Nearly all these churches have fine fragments of older buildings in some part of them, but have suffered terribly at the hands of the destroyer. The Jacobins made away with everything which by any effort of the imagination could be accused of reminding those who saw it of a condition of servitude. Mr. Stothard, son of the artist of that name, and himself a distinguished man, went abroad in 1818, soon after peace made it possible to do so, to see how much of the work of our forefathers had survived the havoc of war and revolution, and this is how he wrote home:—"Orleans, Blois, and Tours, the names of such places as these would lead you to expect something curious, but I found little. In the interior of both cathedrals and churches I found little but bare walls. Antiquity in France has received such a blow as she can never recover. The best idea I can give you is to say that had I gone over the same space of ground in England as I have done in France I should have filled a folio, whereas in the latter I have not found more than would furnish me with a dozen drawings."

Orleans is now an essentially dull, languid-looking town. The main streets are broad, and full of glare and dust, and there is a marked absence of traffic or signs of industry. The side streets are all but deserted, and left to the grass, which grows at its own sweet will. And yet many of these streets are full of the most charming fragments of old houses of all periods—some wooden, some brick. They are tantalising to the last degree, for they have names which stir up our historical enthusiasm; but so little is left of them, and they are so often misnamed, that they hardly repay a visit. The house of Jehan du Lys, escuier, once known as the humble Jehan d'Arc, brother of the shepherdess Joan, is, of course, gone; so is that of Isabel de Romée, her mother. The house of Coligny is a mere fragment—that of Louis XI. little more. Of the former nothing remains but two doorways, with delicate arabesques of flowers and birds. The house, or palace, of Louis XI. is not what it was in his day. It has been altered, and the spot once inhabited so frequently by him, by Louis XII., Margaret of Austria, Francis I., Charles V., and last, not least, by MM. de Lescures and de la Rochejaquelein, would not now be recognised by them. Probably none of these great personages enjoyed themselves so much here as Louis XI. There was much to make Orleans attractive to him. It was crowded with churches, and he could run from saint to saint, confessing to one what he was hiding from the other, and blinding the eyes of heaven to his misdeeds, as he thought, by enriching his "bon Messire Saint Jacques," or his good patroness and gentle mistress, Notre-Dame d'Orléans, by some splendid gift. This palace was in the convent of Saint Aignan, of which

Louis XI. was a canon, and beneath it were vast subterranean caves with arched roofs. A secret passage led from these vaulted caverns to the underground church of Saint Aignan, and from thence to the church itself. Perhaps this suspicious king felt himself more secure because of this secret means of escape. If so, it is odd to think how opinion has changed, even on such a point as this. In these days the very last thing a monarch who had any reason to fear assassination would wish to have would be a large expanse of vaulted chambers, ready made beneath his palace. Saint Aignan also, as before said, has its subterranean chambers, in the shape of a huge crypt, built by Robert the Pious in the eleventh century. This is as vast as the church itself, and the crypt again has a cavern beneath it dating from the ninth century. This is supposed to have



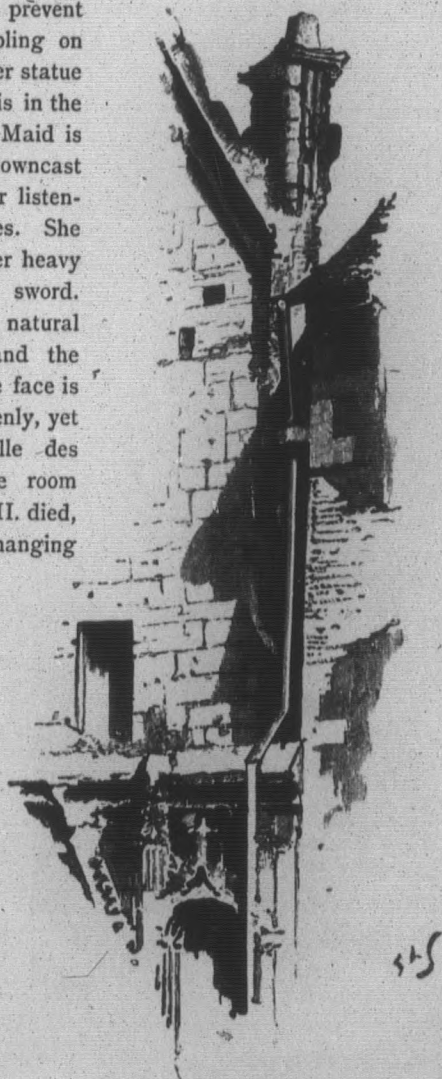
Doorway of the ancient Church of Saint Jacques, Orleans.

been originally a place of interment, but it was afterwards found extremely convenient as a hiding-place for relics and other treasures when the Normans invaded the country. Saint Aignan is the oldest church in the town—at least, parts of it are older than any other, for it has suffered many changes. It was twice pulled down at the approach of the English. It was wrecked by the Huguenots, received several visits from the Jacobins, and lastly, was skilfully restored in 1862.

The Hôtel de Ville, or Hôtel Grosloz, as it was originally called, is a Renaissance building, with fine old rooms, which are most appropriately decorated with the armorial bearings of the "échevins" of the town, beginning at the fourteenth century. It contains a large collection of pictures, statues, and bas-reliefs of Joan of Arc, amongst which is one which

is especially appreciated by the Orleanois, because it is the work and the gift of an Englishman—"homage délicat et pieux," as they say, "du peintre Anglais, Lewis Wingfield." It represents Joan at the church of Saint Jacques. She was probably conducted thither by the artist, because it is so extremely picturesque. In the Grande Salle des Réceptions is an equestrian statue in bronze by Princess Marie of Orleans, which is much better than most which have been done. Joan has overthrown an assailant, who is lying powerless at her feet, and she is anxiously endeavouring to prevent her horse trampling on him. A still better statue by the Princess is in the courtyard. The Maid is standing with downcast eyes, praying, or listening to her voices. She is leaning on her heavy cross-handled sword. The attitude is natural and graceful, and the expression of the face is sweet and maidenly, yet lofty. The Salle des Mariages is the room where Francis II. died, and a picture hanging on the walls depicts the scene. In 1850, or thereabouts, the whole building, which had fallen into disrepair, was restored. A tablet of marble in the courtyard quaintly records the fact. It begins thus: "Cet hôtel, bâti en l'an 1530, des deniers de Jacques Gros-

lot, seigneur de l'Isle, chancelier d'Alençon, bailli d'Orléans, qui en fit sa demeure. Habité après lui par Jérôme Groslot, son fils, bailli d'Orléans; F. de Balzac, seigneur d'Entragues; Cl. de la Châtre, maréchal de France; F. d'Orléans Longueville, comte de Saint Pol, gouverneur d'Orléans. Logis accoutumé des rois François II., Charles IX., Henri III., Henri IV., des reines Catherine de Médicis, Marie Stuart, Louise de Lorraine et Marie de Médicis. Résidence de Louis, prince de Condé, maître de la ville pour le parti



*Portion of the ruined Church of Saint Jacques,
Orleans.*

protestant en l'an 1562." The inscription goes on to say that it became the Hôtel de Ville in 1790, and was restored "sur le vote, et par les soins," of a great many influential officials in 1850. I only quote this to show what a resort of great people this town was, and it has been the same from the earliest times. The Seigneur d'Entragues was the gentleman who married Marie Touchet, the anagram of whose name is, "Je charme tout." She was so beautiful that she charmed Charles IX., who composed a very pretty song in her praise, the name of which, "Toucher, Aimer," was also a kind of anagram on hers.

Napoleon I. visited Orleans, but did not stay at the Hôtel de Ville. On the 2nd of April, 1808, he descended at the Bishop's Palace at eight o'clock in the evening, supped, and retired to bed. His supper consisted of two wings of a fowl, a small bundle of asparagus, and two large pears; at four in the morning he re-entered his carriage, and went to Bayonne. A day or two after Joséphine, who was doubly connected with the town by the Beauharnais and La Pagerie families, followed him, and then came the ill-used King and Queen of Spain, and not very long afterwards the broken-spirited Pius VII., when released from Fontainebleau. Altogether the stream of royal folks never ceased to flow towards Orleans; every one has visited it in turn, from King Clovis and Charlemagne down to the indefatigable Emperor of Brazil, who perfectly delighted the Orleans people by being present at the Fête de Jeanne d'Arc on the 8th of May, 1877, and walking bareheaded, like any other gentleman, among the Town Council in the procession through the town, having no doubt been up at five in the morning, and seen nearly all the churches in the town, numerous as they are, before the ceremonies of the day began.

In the Rue de Tabour, or Tambour, so called because the bellman lived in it—only in France the bellman uses a drum instead of a bell—is a house said to have belonged to Agnes Sorel, la Belle des Belles. It is an extremely beautiful and interesting house, though it does not seem to have been Agnes Sorel's. It is most picturesque in every part of it, within and without, with sculptured doorways, windows, chimney-pieces, and a very handsome staircase. One or two memorials of the great war with England still remain. The Tower of Notre-Dame de Recouvrance is built on the site of an old English fortress called Bastille-Windsor; and in the Rue Puits-Landeau, a corruption of Puits-London, was a well which gave its name to the street. The fact that the well bore this name does not mean that our occupation of the street was of a peaceable character, but the reverse. In 1423, after a severe combat at Porte Renard, the Orleanists, who had been driven into the Rue du Cheval Rouge, regained the upper hand, and flung a great number of Englishmen into a well in the street in which they were fighting. Another and much more interesting trace of other days may be seen by any one who stumbles on a period of excessive drought for his visit to Orleans. That of 1870 brought once more to light the substructions of the very bridge where Joan of Arc fought so bravely, and won so great a victory.

MARGARET HUNT.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*



NOTHER instance of bad hanging is afforded by the picture at which we next arrive in our review. It is a large land and sea scape by Mr. EDWIN ELLIS, No. 610, 'Waiting for the Boats,' and its position is peculiarly unfortunate, because it seems to have been painted with a care and sobriety which are not always to be found in that artist's work.

No. 617. 'Miss Frances Sterling,' a pleasant portrait by Mr. MARCUS STONE, but rather green in the flesh tints.

No. 628. 'The Favourite, 1566,' a clever picture by Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, would have been quite as clever had it been half the size. The "favourite," who is evidently the Earl of Leicester, seems to be coming out from an audience, and around the doorway through which he is about to pass stand some half-a-dozen lords in waiting, whose varying expressions of dislike and jealousy are capitally rendered.

No. 648. 'On the Road,' an effective picture of oxen being driven along a road at sunset, by Mr. ROBERT MEYERHEIM.

No. 649. 'Prince Edward VI. (*sic*) and his Whipping Boy,' by WALTER S. STACEY. The young prince interceding for Fitzpatrick, who is about to be birched for some fault of his royal companion. The expressions of the boys' faces are very good.

ROOM NO. VII.

No. 660. 'Ajanta Caves, A.D. 600,' by Mr. J. GRIFFITHS. A clever restoration of a past phase of Indian history.

No. 661. 'Dummy Whist: Portraits of the Marchioness of Westminster and Mr. and Lady Theodora Guest,' by FRED. G. COTMAN. The hangers have given a conspicuous place upon the line to this work, which contains almost every fault that a picture can have, with but one redeeming virtue: its execution is thoroughly careful and painstaking.

No. 670. 'Charles Russell, Esq., Q.C., M.P.,' by Mr. C. E. HALLÉ. A good likeness, more solidly painted than most of Mr. Hallé's work.

No. 671. 'Home again,' by Mr. ERNEST A. WATERLOW. Wayfarers waiting for a coach upon a country road. This, although hung upon the line, is hardly so powerful an example of Mr. Waterlow's art as a "skied" picture of which we shall have to speak farther on.

No. 678. 'The New Fugue,' a rather commonplace portrait of a young lady at the key-board of an organ, by Mr. EDWIN LONG. Mr. Long is at present deficient in the trenchant power of characterization which produces good portraits without the help of picturesque accessories, whilst he adds nothing in the way of colour or chiaroscuro to make up for their absence.

No. 679. 'A Misty Day, Venice,' by Miss HILDA MONTALBA. Cleverly painted, but far too large for the subject.

No. 682. 'Homeward,' a Welsh landscape by Mr. HER-

KOMER. Good in colour and well composed, but wanting in atmosphere and texture.

No. 683. A portrait of the Lord Chancellor, by Mr. JOHN COLLIER. The head vigorously modelled, but the velvet coat not completely successful.

No. 688. 'The Convalescent.' One of Mr. N. CHEVALIER'S characteristic illustrations of Chinese life, remarkable for the harmonious treatment of the yellows, the capital modelling of the crania of the two principal figures, and a poetic feeling which the artist has instilled into what at first sight appears a commonplace scene.

No. 693. A pleasant portrait of Mrs. Arthur Hopkins, by Mr. ARTHUR HOPKINS.

No. 701. 'A Dancer,' by Mr. ARTHUR HILL. One of the few studies of the nude in the collection. It is distinguished by care in execution rather than by any great power in grappling with the difficulties of flesh carnations.

No. 705. 'Mrs. Phil. Morris and Daughter,' by Mr. PHIL. R. MORRIS. A portrait, in which clever manipulation of the varying textures of silk, satin, plush, silver, and gold is the most conspicuous merit. The flesh painting is of that transparent silvery quality which we find in Mr. Morris's best works, and the composition is natural and pleasing.

No. 706. 'A Window Garden,' by Mr. ARTHUR STOCKS. A workman's family at a window decorated with pots of geraniums. Thoroughly well painted, but rather prosaic in conception.

No. 711. 'Merry as the Day is long,' by Mr. FRED. MORGAN. The best picture which we have ever seen from Mr. Morgan's easel. Three children playing in a farmyard, and climbing about a pair of huge timber wheels, are contrasted with the tired form of an old labourer to whom they are gleefully shouting. The shadows are rather blue, and there is a want of force in the composition of light and shade, but the colour is harmonious and warm, and the leading lines are thoroughly expressive and agreeable.

No. 722. 'Three Counties, from Whetham Hill, Petersfield,' is a panoramic view, by Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE, which would be an attractive picture in black and white. As it is, the blackish purple, which is the prevalent colour, destroys both its truth and beauty.

No. 729. 'B. W. Wynne, Esq.,' by Mr. HERKOMER. The head well modelled and full of expression, but the rest of the figure very commonplace.

No. 730. 'At the Farm of Mont St. Jean, Waterloo,' by Mr. ERNEST CROFTS. This is a very business-like battle picture. The foreground is occupied by wounded men and troops in reserve, while farther into the canvas sits "the Duke" upon his famous chestnut, under that equally famous tree, which has long since disappeared under the knives of the relic hunters. Mr. Crofts' powers as a colourist seem to have deserted him in this picture.

No. 736. 'Maidenhood,' a young lady in a simple grey robe. Perhaps the pleasantest of Mr. SANT'S contributions.

No. 737. 'In the Evening there shall be Light,' a coarsely painted picture by Mr. LEADER.

No. 738. 'Sheep Washing, East Sussex.' A very delicately painted and skilfully composed landscape by Mr. ERNEST A. WATERLOW. Its colour is a little too grey, and that fusion

* Concluded from page 212.

of tints and modelling which takes place under a vertical June sun is, perhaps, carried slightly too far; but, on the whole, it is a true and well-felt piece of work, which should have found a place upon the line.

No. 747. 'As Hungry as a Hunter,' by Miss EDITH HAYLAR, would have been a very good little interior if the gentleman in "pink" had been omitted.

No. 752. 'The First Kiss,' by BLANCHE JENKINS. A happy idea well carried out. Two children, boy and girl, exchanging a shy kiss under a piece of mistletoe.

ROOM No. VIII.

No. 766. 'The Feast of Flora,' by Mr. J. R. WEGUELIN. A girl placing flowers upon an Egyptian basaltic statue, which stands at the foot of some steps leading to a Roman temple. Her transparent orange drapery looks like an afterthought, and is out of harmony with the greyer hues of the rest of the composition.

No. 773. 'Music o'er the Water' is in some respects the most successful work yet exhibited by Mr. HAMILTON MACALUM. It is not so brilliant as the 'Water Frolic,' neither is its atmosphere so true as that of 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' but the painting of what we may call the foreground—the deck of a small coasting vessel which is cut across by the frame—and the figures upon it, is very true to the sentiment with which the picture deals. It was, perhaps, an oversight to place at least two of the figures in such positions that the helm could not be starboarded without knocking them overboard; but that has little to do with the æsthetic merits of the work.

No. 778. 'The Fisherman and the Genius,' by Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN, is a happy conception. Of its execution little can be seen in the position which has been assigned to it.

No. 779. 'The Happy Valley,' by F. WALTON. A very careful and elegant transcript of Down scenery upon an over-large canvas.

No. 784. 'Friday,' by Mr. W. DENDY SADLER. A good picture, which would have done much to make its author famous had it received better treatment from the hangers. Nine or ten monks are seated at a long table covered with the Lenten fare of fish and fruits, while humbler members of the order act as waiters, and come and go in the background. Several of the minor details, such as the excessively modern appearance of the table and its furniture, might be severely criticized; but on the whole the picture is to be praised for its genuine humour, and for the careful solidity of its execution.

No. 785. Miss MARGARET HICKSON'S landscape, 'A Shady Lane,' to which the Constable prize of this year was awarded. The subject proposed did not, perhaps, allow of any great originality in the general conception, but in all technical qualities Miss Hickson's work is very good indeed. The vigour of its light and shade and the richness of its impasto are especially noteworthy.

No. 786. 'A Jacobite Proclamation,' by Mr. A. C. GOW. A replica, with some slight modifications, of a water-colour drawing exhibited some years ago. There is a monotony in the tones of this picture which was absent from the work in the slighter material; but Mr. Gow's excellent draughtsmanship and harmonious colour atone for many shortcomings in other directions.

No. 787. 'Archibald Forbes, War Correspondent.' This is, on the whole, the best of the numerous portraits which Mr. HERKOMER has this year exhibited. The strongly marked

features are painted with extraordinary vigour and no little insight, while the figure expresses the man of action in every line. The hands, over which Mr. Herkomer too often blunders, are prudently hidden.

No. 793. 'The Wounded Stag,' by Mr. C. E. JOHNSON. The real subject is a fine old oak growing in precarious fashion above some rocky boulders. A straightforward piece of work, to which imagination had little to say.

No. 801. 'Trouble,' by Miss ALICE HAVERS. A cottage family in time of sickness and want: rather scattered and incoherent in composition, but good in colour and design.

No. 814. Mr. SANT had a capital model in Mr. T. W. Boord's handsome boy. He has admirably painted him, too, in a quaint russet garb of an entirely suitable character, but which may be rather misleading in years to come.

No. 825. In 'Asleep' Mrs. ALMA-TADEMA shows continued advance. The manner in which the blue silk dress and the parchment missal are painted shows that she is now with certainty entering upon more important subjects than those to which she has hitherto most wisely confined herself.

No. 839. 'A Rainy Day, Venice.' A good study of atmosphere by Mr. MACWHIRTER.

No. 840. 'The Defence of London in 1643,' a large picture by Mr. EYRE CROWE. The general composition is animated and bustling; but when we have said that, we have said all that we can in its praise. There is nothing which, by any stretch of courtesy, can be called colour; the drawing is careless and the modelling childish.

No. 852. 'The Queen of the Revels,' by Signor F. VINEA. A clever picture of the Italian school, in which dexterous handling and skilful combination of a vast number of strong local tints are the most conspicuous merits from a technical point of view.

No. 860. 'Light Reflections,' by WALTER TYNDALE. Firelight, lamplight, and pleasant thoughts. A clever little study.

No. 861. 'Labourers,' by Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN. Also a good study.

ROOM No. XI.

No. 1432. 'Una,' by Mr. BRITON RIVIERE. Spenser's heroine is pacing the woods with her lion "at heel" like a big dog. The lion is all that could be desired, but Una seems too tall, and the animal is obviously walking much faster than the girl. The colour of the whole is good, but the texture of the forest trees which form the background is rather flimsy.

No. 1434. 'High Life,' by M. JEAN BÉRAUD. A clever picture of a Parisian salon, but entirely without incident.

Nos. 1440 and 1441. 'Portraits,' by Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN. Two male and female heads, painted with a simple sincerity which recalls the pencil drawings of Holbein.

No. 1449. 'Sonning: about Mid-day,' by Mr. A. W. HUNT. A water-colour picture painted in oil colour. The delicacy which is so completely at Mr. Hunt's command in the lighter material has here escaped him, without the characteristic vigour of oil being caught to fill its place.

No. 1456. 'Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I.' Perhaps the most straightforward and unæsthetic of Mr. FRANK HOLL'S contributions, but yet a masterly rendering of his sitter's personality.

No. 1457. 'Broken Weather in the Highlands,' by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS. The weather is what, for the Highlands, we should call "set fair." It is long since Mr. Davis has been seen to so much advantage as this year.

No. 1465. 'Charles Darwin,' painted for the Linnæan Society by Mr. JOHN COLLIER. It may be doubted whether the somewhat diffident look which the artist has given to his sitter was characteristic of the great searcher for the "missing link." The head is, however, finely modelled, and the colour of the whole harmonious, as it usually is when Mr. Collier keeps clear of the brighter hues upon his palette.

No. 1470. 'Sir Charles John Herries, K.C.B.,' by Mr. FRANK HOLL. An excellent portrait, in which some bright-coloured accessories are used with great skill.

No. 1475. 'A Coming Tragedian,' by Mrs. JOHN COLLIER. A girl posturing before a tall mirror in an attic. Very cleverly modelled, but hung too high for detailed examination.

No. 1497. 'Autumn in New England,' by Mr. ALFRED PARSONS. Brilliant in colour, but rather wanting in substance.

No. 1498. 'Prof. Monier Williams,' C.I.E., D.C.L., by Mr. W. W. OULESS. Mr. Oules has, of course, painted the Boden Professor of Sanskrit in his scarlet and crimson D.C.L. robes, but he has not grappled frankly with their true colour.

No. 1506. 'The Port of London,' by Mr. W. L. WYLLIE. We have already described and criticized one picture by Mr. Wyllie, and the same remarks will do for both. There are not many works in the collection which equal them in rendering an original subject in a masterly fashion.

No. 1514. 'His Eminence Cardinal Newman,' by Mr. MILLAIS. Mr. Millais's belief in the prowess of modern Art, and in its ability to hold its own against the old masters, is well known; and, indeed, we should find it difficult to name any achievement of the Venetians themselves which could with certainty be preferred to this portrait of an English cardinal. Colour could not be forced up to a point more brilliant than that which it has here reached, and yet both its harmony and its truth to fact are perfect. The modelling of the aged head and hands, the suggestion of the figure within its gorgeous robe, the tints and textures of hair and flesh, are complete and masterly.

No. 1520. 'Waiting for the Homeward Bound,' by Mr. COLIN HUNTER. A striking picture, hung in trying proximity to Mr. Millais's *chef-d'œuvre*, from which, however, it does not greatly suffer. Two tugs are waiting off Ailsa Craig for steamers bound to Glasgow. Sky and sea are full of the purple tints of evening, and the great rock raises its grey sides in the middle of the picture.

No. 1524. 'Mary,' by Mr. H. RAEBURN MACBETH. A portrait study, hung rather high, but remarkable for the warmth and harmony of its colour.

WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

No. 894. 'Scotch Herring Trawlers.' A clever piece of light and atmosphere by Miss KATE MACAULAY.

No. 906. 'Valley of the Lledr,' by Mr. ARTHUR CROFT. An ambitious, but not altogether successful, attempt to rival the solidity and depth of oil painting.

No. 956. 'Birds and Fuel,' by MARTIN SNAPE. A true but laborious piece of foreground, reminding us, in all but colour, of the foreground studies of Mr. Ruskin.

No. 984. 'Castellamare,' by Signor GALOFRE, would be very good indeed but for its rather artificial colour. The perspective of the sky particularly good.

No. 1023. 'The Pilgrim's Prayer,' a clever Saracenic interior by Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE, which is rather spoilt by the poor carnations of the only figure it contains.

ROOM No. X.

No. 1133. The design for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's, for which Mr. POYNTER and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON are jointly responsible. We regret to see that the catalogue makes no mention of the late Mr. Stevens, to whom much that is good in the general design is due. Sir Frederick Leighton's medallion is finely conceived, but Mr. Poynter has allowed the architectural framework to become too important in his part of the work.

Nos. 1279, 1284, and 1289. Mezzotints by Mr. BARLOW after three pictures by Mr. Millais, 'The Bride of Lammermuir,' 'John Bright,' and 'Alfred Tennyson.' The head in the last named is, perhaps, the finest passage in the three plates.

No. 1291. An etching, by Mr. C. P. SLOCOMBE, of Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of Sir Henry Rawlinson. This etching challenges comparison with the work of Mr. Waltner, to which, however, it is decidedly inferior in richness and "colour."

No. 1300. 'Le Connoisseur,' a line engraving after Meissonier, by M. A. BLANCHARD. Very delicate, but rather monotonous in its textures.

No. 1304. 'The Lady of the Woods.' Mr. MacWhirter's well-known picture reproduced in pure line by Mr. JOHN SADDLER, an engraver who formerly worked under Turner. This proof is unfinished, but the beauty of the work is none the less appreciable.

No. 1335. 'The Rev. E. H. Cradock, Principal of Brasenose.' A satisfactory rendering, by Mr. RICHARD JOSEY, of the finest of Mr. Frank Holl's recent portraits.

SCULPTURE.

No. 1550. A bust of Lord Beaconsfield by Signor M. RAGGI. The profile much better, as to likeness, than the front face.

No. 1566. The plaster sketch of Mr. BOEHM's 'Lord Lawrence.' This statue is much better fitted for the narrow space in which it here stands than to be seen across the wide roadway of Waterloo Place. Here the features can be scanned at the same time as the figure, and the expression of the whole work can be understood by their help. There the spectator at a distance sees only the undignified, general lines of the attitude.

No. 1567. An excellent and sympathetic bust, in terra-cotta, of the late Dean Stanley, by Mr. W. R. INGRAM.

No. 1620. 'A Mother's Love,' by Mr. FREDERICK CALLCOTT. A nobly conceived and ably modelled group.

No. 1626. 'Lord Beaconsfield,' by Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT. An animated little statuette in bronze.

No. 1644. 'Artemis,' a group in marble of Diana and her dog, by the same sculptor. Mr. Thornycroft has here expended extraordinary care upon the composition of line and contour, and has been rewarded by another decided success.

No. 1672. A repetition in marble of Mr. BOEHM's fine seated statue of Carlyle. The bronze is to be placed on the embankment at Chelsea.

No. 1676. 'The Sailor's Wife,' by Professor LEGROS. The technical ability shown in this bronze group is beyond question, but its sentiment is somewhat false and artificial. A thickly and warmly clothed peasant woman seems to be demanding our pity for the absolute nudity of her child.

No. 1681. 'Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor,' a vigorous and expressive equestrian group by Mr. H. RICHARD PINKER.

ST. GEORGE'S MUSEUM, SHEFFIELD.



Q not many persons in search of an eligible site for a museum, or place of education for students of Art and nature, would the smoky, busy town of Sheffield have suggested itself; and to still fewer, Sheffield being once selected, would it have occurred to establish the museum on the top of a suburban hill, in the neighbourhood only of workmen's cottages, and at a considerable distance from any part of the town in which persons sufficiently cultivated to appreciate intelligently its contents might be supposed to reside. Yet, disadvantageous as such a choice of site may appear, it is not, in the case of Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Walkley, without certain counterbalancing advantages; and chief of these is the beautiful locality, the Rivelin valley winding away to the left, with distant hills beyond, over which the sun sets; while more to the right, as one looks from the Museum window, come far-off Yewdale and the thickly wooded slopes of Wharnccliffe. The one shadow in this bright picture is cast by human hands, and becomes year by year deeper and more extended. The clear waters of the Rivelin are already fouled by refuse from the mills which stud its banks, and along the hillsides is already spreading a devouring blight of tasteless dwelling-houses, invariably built on the model of a square stone box with a slate lid. But this evil is as yet of small proportions, and to the visitor ascending from the smoky town the fair scenery and pure air of the hills bring refreshment and renewed life, and enable him to enter with keener zest into the delight of the treasures collected for him within the Museum itself.

St. George's Museum at present consists of one small room in a small stone cottage, situated in the middle of about an acre of garden ground. The room is, indeed, far too small either for the convenience of students or for the adequate exhibition of the examples which it already contains; and if, as I understand, the number of students does not show an increase, but rather the reverse, on that of preceding years, this must be partly accounted for by the want of sufficient accommodation. Partly, for there is another and a far more important reason for the lack of sustained interest in the Museum shown by those in whose midst it stands. This reason is to be found in the very nature of the Museum, which is, as Mr. Ruskin admits, a place of education for advanced students, not of elementary instruction for beginners. But among the class of people living in the vicinity, composed almost entirely of workers in the Sheffield forges, with a sprinkling of small shop-keepers, how many advanced students of Fine Art and geology—examples of which subjects form the bulk of the collection—are likely to be found? However naturally intelligent, it is quite evident that they will need the most elementary instruction in these subjects before they can be fitted to make profitable use of the objects assembled for their advanced study. With regard, however, to the objection of want of space, I am informed that this is already on the way to be remedied. Plans for the enlargement of the building have been prepared, and it is to be hoped that the moneyed men of Sheffield will heartily co-operate with Mr. Ruskin in so excellent an undertaking.

To many persons the most valuable of the contents of St. George's Museum will be the collection of minerals and precious stones. This is said to be the choicest in the kingdom, and it is easy to believe such to be the fact, judging from the superb examples, which range from the common flint pebble to the most precious jewels and metals, all carefully selected, some absolutely unique. A portion only of the minerals is exhibited, under glass, to the public, the greater part being kept in drawers for the use of students. A handbook to the latter portion has been written by Mr. Ruskin.

Around the walls of the little room are hung pictures, original and copied. The most important is a painting—of which we give an outline—of the Virgin and Child, by Andrea Verrocchio, goldsmith, painter, and sculptor, but best known as the master of Leonardo da Vinci. A particular interest is attached to this picture, as being the only work of the master in England, whither it was brought from Italy by Mr. Ruskin. But apart from this, its intrinsic value as a work of Art is undoubtedly great. The Virgin, clothed in a crimson dress, with a mantle of dark green falling about her, kneels with her hands crossed in the attitude of prayer. She is not, however, praying, but only looking down on the Child with eyes full of tenderness, and a half-smile on her lips. He lies before her, finger in mouth, and with that far-away expression in his wide blue eyes that is seen in very young children. The background is occupied with architectural ruins, among the crevices of which weeds are growing. A distant landscape appears through the arch on the left. This picture, and two highly interesting sheets of pen drawings by Andrea Mantegna, comprise all the original works by early Italian masters at present in the Museum, but there is a number of excellent water-colour copies by Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Charles F. Murray. These are chiefly from the paintings of Carpaccio, four being from the series representing the Legend of St. Ursula, in the Venice Academy. One only of these four is a copy of the entire picture, 'St. Ursula's Dream,' copied by Mr. Ruskin. The three others, by Mr. Murray, represent portions of the following pictures:—'The King's Consent,' 'The Pope's Benediction,' and 'The Martyrdom.' Besides these, the Museum possesses sketches by Mr. Murray of several other paintings by Carpaccio, and two studies by Mr. Ruskin from the same master's great symbolical picture, 'St. George and the Dragon,' in the chapel of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni, Venice. Next to the Ursula series hangs a copy, by Mr. Murray, of a Madonna and Child by Filippo Lippi, at Florence. Beautiful as this picture is, Mr. Murray's unfinished sketch of 'Children with the Guardian Angels' is, to my mind, a still lovelier example of Lippi's work.

The visitor will not fail to notice two water-colour drawings by Mr. Ruskin hanging on the walls. The larger of these represents a panoramic view of a portion of the Alps. The grand lines of the mountain summits are given broadly and effectively, yet with all the delicacy which students of "Modern Painters" associate with Mr. Ruskin's mountain studies. The other is a drawing of the Chapel of St. Mary of the Thorn at Pisa, executed with the poetic feeling which gives an unrivalled charm to his architectural drawings. The chapel is now destroyed; a cruel and inexcusable

piece of barbarism, when we remember Mr. Ruskin's testimony to its condition in 1840, "As perfect as when it was built." Two more drawings on the walls yet remain to be noticed. One is a careful and valuable water colour, by Mr. Bunney, of the north-west angle of St. Mark's, Venice. The other is a modern water-colour drawing by Mr. W. Small. It is entitled 'The Wreck,' and represents a group of fishermen and their wives on the seashore, watching with anxious eyes the fate of a vessel, while the fury of the waves prohibits any attempt at assistance.

Turning now to the cases, we find some exquisite examples of early English illumination in two MS. Bibles of early thirteenth-century work. The larger one is in a perfect state of preservation. Each page forms a lovely piece of decorative penmanship, the initial letters rich with gold and colours, uninjured by time or accident. The lines are drawn by a hand exquisitely firm and delicate. The faces, however, are utterly devoid of character, of imagination, and, except in the rudest and most childish way, of expression. In the smaller Bible the ornamental lines are far less firm and beautiful in curvature, but the text is, if possible, still better written, and the illuminations are, on the whole, finer, richer, and more subdued in colour; faces a degree less ludicrous; and folds of drapery more artistically treated. We come next to a Bible which offers in every respect a complete contrast to these. This is an old German Bible of the days of the Reformation, "Getrukt zu Zürich," as the title-page informs us, "bey Christoffel Frohschouer, in Jar als man zalt MDXL." It is illustrated with numerous woodcuts, somewhat roughly executed, but full of vigour and imaginative power. Many are copied from originals by Holbein, namely, in the Old Testament, fifty from his celebrated "Historiarum Veteris Testamenti Icones;" and in the New, the entire series of illustrations to the Apocalypse. Even those cuts which are not from Holbein's designs are often marked by something of the same vigour and inventiveness, however inferior in degree, betokening in the artist an earnestness in attempting to grasp the real meaning of his subject, which, if not always leading to a successful result, marks nevertheless a striking change in men's minds since the days when those monkish scribes sat patiently combining, for merely decorative purposes, their exquisite harmonies of line and colour.

The fine copy of Holbein's "Dance of Death," earliest edition, Lyons, 1538, is, artistically, perhaps the most valuable possession of the Museum. I will not, however, enter into a detailed account of a work so well known, but will pass to the examples of the other great German master of the age of Reformation, Albert Dürer. These comprise three of the larger engravings, and five or six of the smaller. The former consist of the 'Erasmus,' the 'Knight and Death,' and the 'Melancholia.' Among the smaller Dürer engravings are the two which represent the patron saint of the Museum, St. George, on foot and on horseback, victorious over the dragon.

Modern English engraving is here represented by Bewick's "Birds" and a few plates of Turner's "Liber Studiorum." Of the latter the finest are 'Raglan Castle,' 'Solway Moss,' and the 'Clyde,' all first states; the others are inferior impressions. The only other examples of Turner's work at present in the Museum are a beautiful original pencil drawing of Conway Castle, and a copy, by Mr. Wm. Ward, of a water-colour drawing in the possession of Mr. Ruskin. Of Blake it possesses as yet no examples. The copy of Bewick's

1882.

"Birds" calls for special notice, not alone by reason of its own intrinsic value as the greatest work of the greatest English master of wood engraving, but also because to many of the cuts are appended critical and elucidatory notes by Mr. Ruskin in his own handwriting. This annotated copy is of the first edition (1797-1804), and there is also in the Museum a copy of the 1809 edition, marked by M. Ruskin "for common use."

An important feature of St. George's Museum is the collection of drawings, casts, and photographs illustrating the architecture of St. Mark's, Venice. I have already mentioned Mr. Bunney's fine drawing of the north-west angle. A drawing, by the same artist, of the entire west front is to be added to the collection. Drawings in water colour of the old mosaics have been made with remarkable success by Mr.



The Virgin and Child. Outline Sketch of the picture by Andrea Verrocchio.

Rooke: some of these are already in the Museum, and a number of photographs of various portions of the building are exhibited in sliding frames. Of even greater interest is the series of casts taken for Mr. Ruskin from the sculptures of St. Mark's, and at present packed away for lack of space. The casts, of which there are a considerable number, and that not only from St. Mark's, but also from the Ducal Palace and from the Cathedrals of Amiens and Rouen, will form an especially attractive feature of the enlarged Museum. Some of them are of extreme beauty, notably some figures of angels in low relief from St. Mark's, exquisite alike in delicacy of workmanship and beauty of expression.

Among the other objects of interest I will mention only one.

recent acquisition, a water-colour sketch by Mr. Burne Jones, of which the subject is Love, ruler of earth and sea. Love is depicted as a winged figure, bearing a bow and arrows, and clad in drapery descending in straight folds to the ankles. Earth blossoms about his feet, and before him flow, in gentle undulations, the waves of ocean. His face possesses the pensive beauty familiar to us in Mr. Burne Jones's works.

I must not conclude without a brief glance at the small but select library of the Museum. Among the old books are a fine black-letter copy of Chaucer, and works on Heraldry, one being a copy of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone's favourite author, Guillim. There are also some rare works on Birds and Fishes, including a remarkable book on the Fresh-water Fish of Great Britain, with illustrations drawn and coloured by hand. The writings of Bacon, Pope, Johnson, Carlyle, and a set of Mr. Ruskin's own works, are also among the contents.

I have said enough, I believe, to show that the little room at Walkley contains already a peculiarly interesting and instructive collection, and that, when completed, it will prove a

rich mine of wealth to the earnest seeker after knowledge, an ever-fresh oasis of Art and culture amidst the barrenness and gloom of an English manufacturing district.

WM. C. WARD.

POSTSCRIPT.—On the 3rd of June, and since this article was written, Mr. Ruskin published his views regarding a large model Museum to take the place of the building described above. Special attention is to be given to painting, and valuable pictures and drawings, and copies of great works, will be added as the funds permit. A library and reading-room are to be among the features.

Mr. Ruskin has appealed to the public for assistance in obtaining suitable objects for the Museum. He expects Sheffield to build the Museum, and in answer to the question often asked, why he selected Sheffield for its site, he says, because Sheffield is in Yorkshire, and Yorkshire yet, in the main temper of its inhabitants, is Old English, and capable, therefore, yet of the ideas of honesty and piety by which Old England lived.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

THE majority of the specimens which are engraved in our present number consist of ecclesiastical plate, a class of subjects among which it is needless to say there are included an immense number of the finest specimens of goldsmiths' work which have ever been produced, many of which are still in existence, though a very far greater number have doubtless perished, English work of this kind especially having been sacrificed to the bigotry or cupidity of the Puritans.

The specimen which we place first is an example of a kind of vessel called *navicula*, *navire*, or *nef* in French, so called from having been always made—for some symbolical reasons, no doubt—in the form of a boat or ship (*navis*). The use of the *navicula* was to keep incense in (sometimes called in English an "incense-boat"); but occasionally also a vessel of this shape was used as a reliquary. When put to this use it was made nearly always in a form of design which seems to have some connection with the name; for instance, it represented the ship which carried the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne. Such a *nef*, or *navicula*, was presented to the treasury of Rheims



No. 58.—*Navicula*: Limoges Enamel (Hôtel Cluny).

Cathedral on the occasion of the coronation of Henri III. of France. In the inventory of the treasures of Rheims, made in

1669, it is described as a "navire" of "cornelian" (?) mounted on a silver-gilt and enamelled base, bearing eleven figures,



No. 59.—*Chrysmatory*: English (?)

six of gold and five of silver, all enamelled, and which represented the "eleven thousand:" the rigging of the ship was

* Continued from page 215.

of gold. Our present example (No. 58) is one of those which merely retains the general boat form, ornamented with Limoges enamel; it is from the Hôtel Cluny collection, and is evi-



No. 60.—Chalice: late Mediæval—"King John's Cup" (Worcester College).

dently of very late work, approaching the termination of the mediæval period. Its general outline is very elegant, and the decoration is well applied.

The chrismatory, a fine specimen of which is figured next (No. 59), was a vessel for containing the three holy oils used by the Roman Catholic Church in baptism and extreme unction; its elegant triplet shape is therefore a practically suitable expression of its use. This is an admirable piece of design in almost every way; the flat base on which it stands, and the large knob for holding it, are each well suited for their purpose; the ornament is concentrated just where it gives importance and richness to the sacred receptacle (in judging of the design of such utensils we must consider them from the point of view of those who designed them); the pierced work containing, and partly concealing, the actual flask, as in a silver shrine, is of beautiful flowing design, bound together, and strengthened at the same time, by the intermediate horizontal bands which divide the foliated ornament into three sections. The centre finish, or miniature cupola, is the only defect in the design; it is rather awkward in shape, and the cross is badly set on, and looks as if added as an after-thought, which is possibly the case. In every other respect this is a beautiful example of rich and suitable silver work, probably of early fourteenth-century date.

The chalice, of which three examples are given here, is a much more important class of object than either of those already mentioned. There is perhaps no one utensil, sacred or secular, on which so much of the best art of the goldsmith and silversmith has been expended as the chalice; and if we come from this ecclesiastical species of cup to the genus cup taken at large, the amount of work that has been bestowed on

drinking vessels of this description in silver and gold is something enormous. Oddly as it sounds to us now, there seems at one time to have been even an idea of practical economy connected with the use of drinking cups of silver. So universal was the use of cups of this material in the sixteenth century, that in Elizabeth's reign we know that every student in the Temple, Gray's, and Lincoln's Inn was provided with one. This may partly have resulted from the fact that at that time, if silver was dear, earthenware and glass were not nearly so cheap as now. It is related that official objection was once expressed to the governing body of a college as to the unsuitability and extravagance of this extensive use of silver vessels among the students, and it was suggested that earthenware or glass would be much more suitable to the mode of life and the status of students. The college authorities replied that they were ready to make the objector a present of all their plate, provided that he would undertake to supply them with all the glass and earthenware they should have a demand for, since it was very likely he would find the expense, from constant breaking, exceed the value of the silver.

It was no doubt from a different kind of motive from this that the use of meaner materials in the manufacture of chalices was discontinued, and even disallowed, at an early period in Church history. The use of the precious metals for chalices has, in fact, been so long universal that we never entertain the idea of this class of object in any metal but gold or silver. The use of glass, wood, or copper for chalices was interdicted by a council at Rheims in the early years of the ninth century, proving that these materials had previously been in use for the purpose; and glass was, in fact, occasionally used until the eleventh century. The increased sanctity attached to the cup in the twelfth century, the period when its administration was denied to the laity and confined to the priesthood, led to a more strict regulation in regard to its materials, and a special canon framed at this period enacted that the bowl



No. 61.—Chalice: Renaissance (by Paul Flint, of Nuremberg).

at least of the chalice should be of the precious metals. This ritualistic movement also affected the size of the chalice; for in earlier times the chalices in which the wine was adminis-

tered to the congregation were of great size, and there was much ostentation in the display of these large vessels, which were often hung up conspicuously in a church which possessed a good store of them, as a sign of its wealth and importance. But with the withdrawal of the cup from the laity the necessity for their large size was at an end, and the chalice besides was regarded as too sacred an implement to be conspicuously displayed after the old fashion; so that from this period the chalice assumed those moderate dimensions which it has since retained.

The history of the shape and design of the chalice is not



No. 62.—Chalice: late Renaissance (*Virgile Solis*).

without interest. The earliest examples which have survived, either in actual material or in drawings, were evidently derived from classic models, and represented a form of elegantly shaped two-handled cup such as is familiar to us in Greek and Roman design. In short, at first it was an ordinary two-handled drinking vessel. But as the idea of the drinking vessel became less prominent, as the communion became less of a supper and more of a symbolical rite of tasting the consecrated wine, the chalice assumed a form of its own, which in its main features was fixed about the eleventh century, though the refinement of its design was not matured until later. The constituents of the chalice at this period

were a hemispherical bowl, a widespreading base, and a stalk with a large knob on it half-way between the base and the bowl, for better convenience and security in grasping. This knob, or "knop," as it was sometimes called, is a distinguishing feature in the chalice form of cup, and afterwards was often very beautifully and richly decorated. The chalice retained this form till near the fourteenth century, the continued persistence in the conservation of one type of design being doubtless due to an idea that the form had been fixed by ecclesiastical rule and precedent, and was therefore to be adhered to. In the chalices from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century the main features in the design were the same; but the bowl, instead of being hemispherical, assumed a longer inverted conoid form, and the base or foot was much more elaborated, becoming, instead of round, hexagonal or octagonal, and worked into cusp forms analogous to those seen in the outlines of Gothic window tracery. The form of the chalice at this best period of its development is of the most perfectly artistic and expressive design, and shows, in fact, qualities as refined as those of Greek Art. The base, wrought into a form at once ornamental and eminently calculated to insure stability, and spreading with beautiful sweeping lines from beneath the knob of the stem; the knob, with its glittering ornaments of jewellery or enamel; and the bowl, enriched and chased generally at the base, but perfectly plain above where it touches the lips, and shaped in the finest and most delicate outline, altogether go to make one of the most perfect instances of fine design—exactly expressing the purpose and use of the object to which it was applied—which is to be seen in the whole history of Art workmanship.

Of this best form of the chalice of the mediæval period we have no example among these illustrations, but its form is fortunately so well known from numerous ancient examples, as well as from the more or less successful reproductions which have been made since the modern ecclesiastical revival gave rise to this class of imitative work, that the omission is the less important. The first example given of chalices, that called "King John's Cup" (No. 60), and belonging to Worcester College (though unquestionably, from its style, of considerably later date than the reign of John), is a specimen of the most florid late Gothic style, in which the fine shape of the bowl, characteristic of the best period, has given place to a graceful, but much weaker curve, and the whole of the bowl is ornamented, instead of the upper part being left plain as before. The ornament round the rim forms part of the cover, though this is not quite apparent from the drawing; if it were not so, it would be a serious misapplication of ornament, so as to produce discomfort and interfere with the practical use of the cup. The example illustrates the other special points in the typical chalice form, the knob and the spreading base, but the ornament of the knob, chased materialistic foliage, is not good, and the foot, though exceedingly elegant in its finish, has not that appearance of weight and stability which was given by the old form of base resting solid on the table, instead of standing upon its points as in this case. The best qualities of mediæval chalice are better shown a great deal in the next example (No. 61), though it is classic design based on a Gothic form. Here we see the spreading and solid base (though the lines are not so fine as in the best Gothic work); the knob in its true form, or nearly so; and the cup with that delicately spreading outline and the large space of plain metal at the rim which were the characteristics of the best mediæval

chalices. The detail, though not of the highest character, is well designed, and is superior in almost every way to the richer and more showy mediæval example which we have just noticed. It is the work of Paul Flint, or Flind, sometimes called Paul of Nuremberg, who was prominent among the goldsmith artists of that city in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Church plate, however, at this period, began to lose much of its severity and purity of form, and to partake of the florid taste in ornament which accompanied the Renaissance. The comparatively pure taste of the last example (No. 62) is therefore, in fact, exceptional, and the type of Church plate of the full Renaissance period is better shown in our next example, a chalice designed by Virgile Solis, one of the most brilliant and celebrated of the German Art workers of the Renaissance.

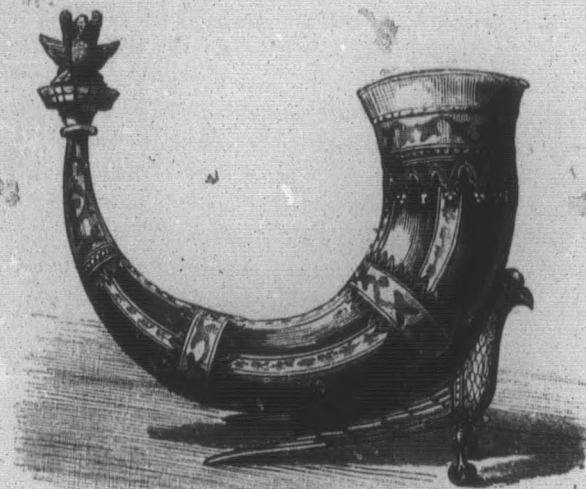


No. 63.—Pewter Tankard: Sixteenth Century (by François Briot).

In this it will be seen that though the widespreading base is retained, the other portions, the knop and the bowl, have completely abandoned all reminiscence of the shapes into which mediæval practice had wrought them, and adopted purely classic shapes; and the stem has become, as it did in many other instances at this time, the opportunity for that introduction of the figure which, as we have before remarked, was always the object with the Renaissance artists. The design of the bowl in this object is very fine and bold in effect, as far as outline and modelling are concerned, though the appearance of rather formless incrustation on the surface of the bowl is not good; the base is weak, and wanting in weight and mass in comparison with the rest; and the

1882.

naturalistic tree trunk forming the stem, around which the figures of Adam and Eve are grouped, is a piece of very bad



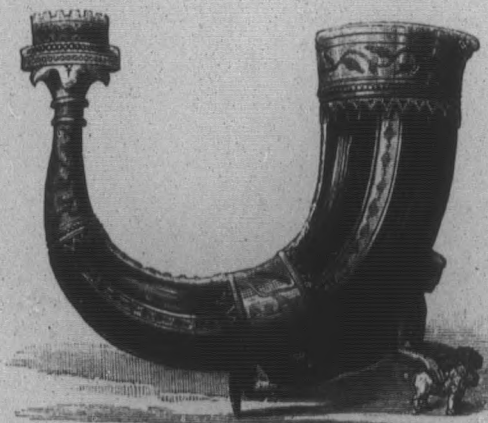
No. 64.—Mounted Horn: Pitti Palace.

taste, totally at variance with the true principles of ornamental design.

The next example (No. 63) takes us to quite a different material. It is a tankard of pewter, or a material closely resembling it, and then called "latten." The word occurs in a well-known passage in Shakspeare, amidst the threats of Pistol against Master Slender—

"I combat challenge of this latten bilbo;"

i.e. this pewter sword—a sword easily bent. This material came a good deal into use from the beginning of the fifteenth century, partly owing to the increasing cost of silver and gold, partly (in France) to sumptuary laws, which at this time placed a check on the increased amassing of articles in the precious metals; partly also to the wish on the part of the bourgeoisie to have on their tables articles which, at least in general design and material, were equal to those on the tables of the aristocracy, though not of so rich material. In this feeling there was a tacit recognition, at least, of the fact that the value of truly artistic design lies more in the work than in the material, and that good Art can confer value and dignity on mean material, though of course costliness and beauty in the material do confer an additional charm.



No. 65.—Mounted Horn: Pitti Palace.

Another reason, perhaps, why there are sometimes found very beautiful and rich designs in pewter is that this more ductile

and cheap material was sometimes used, in the case of important works, for a first model to test the appearance of the design before finishing it in gold or silver; and some of the models thus made were very probably preserved for the sake of their intrinsic beauty after serving their practical purpose as proofs. Cellini, in fact, actually recommended this use of pewter as a testing material. In France a great deal of beautiful work was done in pewter in the sixteenth century, among the best works being those of François Briot, to whose hand is due the beautiful tankard here engraved, and which is now in the British Museum. There is little, if any, room for criticism in regard to this admirable work, in which the artist has availed himself of the ductile nature

of the material to play with the whole surface with rich repoussé ornament, and has produced a work in which a commonplace material is raised almost to the value of a precious metal by the beautiful design into which it is fashioned.

The two silver-mounted horns, with ornament in enamel (Nos. 64 and 65), are both from the Pitti Palace. They exhibit a very pretty and effective use of silver as a mounting, and there is a piquant fancy in the manner in which their stands are designed. That formed by the bird is the best; the other one is defective, in that the human figure and the animals are on different scales, and the fancy is somewhat too far-fetched, whereas the conventional bird comes in very happily for the use to which it is put.

THE HAMILTON COLLECTION.

THE dispersion of a grand collection of works of Art like that of Hamilton Palace is an event which naturally causes regret, but there are no circumstances in the present case to make us regard it as a national misfortune. There is no reason to fear, for instance, that it will be transferred *en masse* to another country, as the Orleans Gallery was transferred from France to England; nor is the danger

great that any very precious objects will fall into careless or obscure hands. The days in which masterpieces were disfigured, destroyed, or buried out of sight by sheer ignorance and neglect are, we hope, over, at all events for the present. Whatever becomes of the treasures of Hamilton Palace, it is some comfort to think that the history of the most remarkable objects, whether pictures, furniture, or china, is not likely to end at Messrs. Christie's rooms. But at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, when the greater part of this collection was formed by the tenth Duke of Hamilton, the taste for Art was not so widely diffused, and the perpetual wars, both before and after, retarded its cultivation. In all the principal towns and cities on the continent the markets were

ranked amongst the great patrons of Art, or compared with the Medici, the Strozzi, or even such humbler men as Mr. Rogers or Dr. Monro, who not only preserved ancient treasures from destruction, but stimulated the production of new ones; but they did good service to Art, nevertheless, in affording asylums for precious things during times of tumult and ignorance. Through his wife, the

daughter of Mr. William Beckford, the author of "Vathek," the builder of unfortunate Fonthill, famous for his wealth, his taste, and his luxurious habits, the Duke of Hamilton also added not only the Beckford library to his possessions, but many valuable pictures and beautiful things.

In giving some account of this remarkable collection, it will be most convenient, for present purposes and for future reference, to follow to some extent the order of the sale, and to give the numbers in the catalogue. This contains no less than 2,213 lots, divided into five portions. The sale of each of the first four portions occupied three days, that of the fifth and last, five days. We propose in this article to deal with the principal objects sold in the first six days' sale.



No. 1.—A Writing Table, formerly in the possession of Marie Antoinette.

full of fine things to be purchased for sums which would seem ridiculous nowadays, and Alexander, the tenth Duke of Hamilton, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and once ambassador at St. Petersburg, was one of those men of taste and wealth who travelled and bought. He, like Sir Horace Walpole, Mr. Beckford, and other connoisseurs, cannot be

Dutch and Flemish Pictures.—Rubens's great picture of 'Daniel in the Den of Lions' (Lot 80, £5,145, Denison*), once belonging to Charles I., is of such world-wide fame, and so well known from engravings, that it demands the first

* The sums given are the prices obtained at the sale, the purchaser's name being attached.

place. It is also so superb in design, and so rich, yet sober, in colour, that it would be impossible to deny the importance of the work. An additional claim for attention is found in that historic letter from Rubens to Sir Dudley Carleton, in which he states that it is entirely by his own hand, and that the lions were studied from nature. Nevertheless it is not in all respects a capital work by the master. The figure of Daniel is clumsy, and the lions, though nobly grouped and full of savagery, are not wholly accurate or natural.

Since the sale a question has been raised as to whether this is the original picture. Another Daniel, said to be of equal, if not superior quality, is said to exist in a church in the Isle of Wight. The collection contained several other fine works by Rubens. Some doubt has been expressed regarding the portrait of his first wife, 'Elizabeth Brandt' (Lot 37, £1,837 10s., Whitehead), though it is a brilliant example of luminous flesh tones. A design in grisaille for a salver, representing the birth of Venus (Lot 44, £1,680, Denison), shows the freedom and lightness of his touch to perfection, and all his fertile grace of composition, while the whole vigour of his imagination has been occupied in conceiving the 'Loves of the Centaurs' (Lot 48, £2,100, Stewart), which is as fresh and delightful in colour as if it had been painted for the sale.

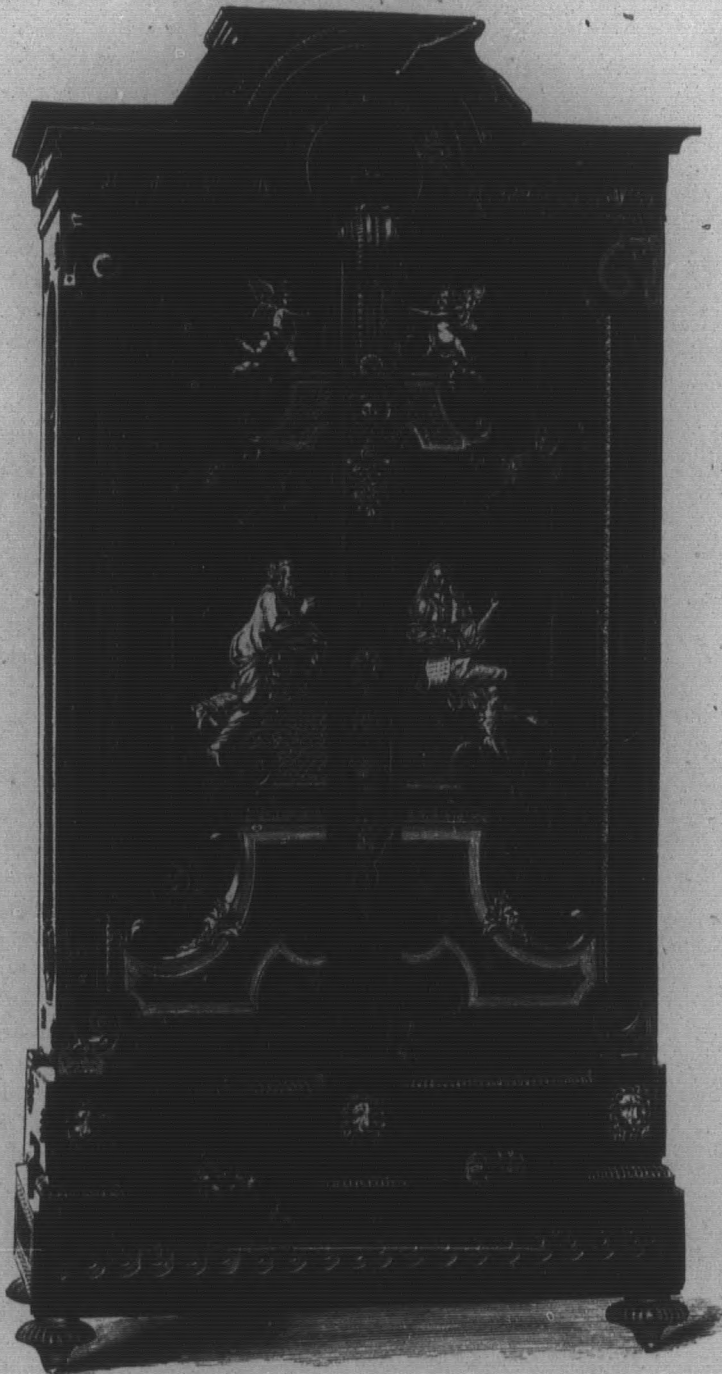
Of Van Dyck the collection contained several fine examples. The finest is a portrait of 'Henrietta Lotharinga, Princess of Phalsburg' (Lot 18, £2,100, Rosebery), signed and dated 1634, formerly in the collection of Charles I., and afterwards in the Orleans Gallery. A less grand but noble picture represents the 'Duchess of Richmond and her Son,' the latter in the character of Cupid (Lot 31, £2,047 10s., Denison). Exquisite also in its pearly colour and refinement of characterization is a profile of 'Queen Henrietta Maria' (Lot 75). A sea-piece by W. Van de Velde (Lot 35, £1,365, Denison), a water-mill by Hobbema (Lot 49, £4,252 10s., Sedelmeyer),

an 'Interior of a Cabinet,' by A. Ostade, are examples of quite exceptional merit; and other pictures which deserve record are a small portrait of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, by H. Holbein (Lot 8, £514 10s., White), a large portrait of Edward VI. wrongly ascribed to the same artist (Lot 43, £798, White), a 'St. Jerome in a Cavern' (Lot 26, £493 10s., National Gallery), attributed to H. de Bles (called Civitta), without much reason, a grand Van Huysum (Lot 30, £1,228 10s., Agnew), an 'Adoration of the Magi,' beautiful in colour and execution, ascribed to Mabuse (Lot 76, £525), and a very good specimen of that rare pupil of Franz Hals, A. Blauwer (Lot 45, £609, Ionides). As the National Gallery contains no example of this artist, and this was a very characteristic specimen of his fine touch and beautifully broken light, we are sorry that it was not secured for the nation.

Italian Pictures.—

'The Assumption of the Virgin,' by Botticelli (Lot 417), painted for the church of San Pietro Maggiore at Florence, on the commission of Matteo Palmieri, was the most important of the Italian pictures, both on account of its undoubted and interesting history and the extreme rarity of such large compositions by this master. Its size is 147½ inches by 82 inches. The picture is faded, but otherwise in good preservation, and executed with great care. It was exhibited at Burlington House in 1873, and was secured for the National Gallery for the sum of £4,777 10s. after a spirited competition with the agents of the French Government. A smaller picture, also attributed to Botticelli, and well worthy of him,

is the 'Adoration of the Magi' (Lot 397, £1,627 10s., National Gallery), remarkable for the unimpaired beauty of its colour and the fine finish of the figures, some of which are very graceful, and all spirited in design and full of character. A grand portrait of 'A Venetian General in half-armour and trunk hose' (Lot 411, £530, Davis), attributed to Giorgione, and one of the very few works which have any



No. 2.—Louis XIV. Armoire, by Boulle, from the design of Le Brun. Formerly in the Louvre.

pretension to such an attribution, was remarkable even among the many very fine portraits of the Italian school which were sold at the same time; and of these should be recorded 'An Admiral in armour,' by Tintoretto (Lot 410, £1,155, Colnaghi), and 'Leonora di Toledo, wife of Cosmo de' Medici, and her Son,' by Bronzino (Lot 399, £1,837 10s., Vokins). For rarity and beauty of sentiment nothing can excel two exquisite heads by Fra Angelico of 'The Virgin' and 'The Announcing Angel' (Lot 356, £1,312 10s.). A little Cima, from Fonthill (Lot 395, £651, Agnew), bought from the collection of the Nuncio di



No. 3.—A Silver-gilt Standing Cup and Cover.

Verona in Venice in 1770, is of the choicest quality. Of the gorgeous colouring of the Venetian school 'The Story of Myrrha,' ascribed to Giorgione (Lot 383), is an unusually fine example; it was purchased for the National Gallery for £1,417 10s., as were two panels by Mantegna (Lot 398) in monochrome for £1,785. Of singular interest, as showing the influence of Michel Angelo, was a 'Madonna and Child' by Marcello Venusti (Lot 380, £430, Agnew). In the latter painter's 'Christ driving out the Money Changers' (Lot 402, £1,428, Mainwaring) we have Michel Angelo's own design. This beautiful work was in the Borghese Gallery, and after-

wards in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence. A very charming little Francia (Lot 382, £262 10s.), a Perugino (Lot 404, £504, Radley), a portrait of much character by A. de Messina (Lot 343, £131 5s.), a lovely little head by Leonardo (Lot 344, £525, National Gallery), a very large Tintoretto of 'Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet' (Lot 353, £157 10s. only, National Gallery), are among the works whose merit is most easily recognisable.

Furniture, &c.—Of these objects some of the best have been chosen for our illustrations. As examples of the grandiose character, and of the sumptuous and somewhat heavy grace which mark the time of Louis XIV., the works of Boulle are interesting and admirable, nor could choicer ones be found than the Armoire (Lot 672, £12,075) and the Cabinet surnamed 'D'Artois' (Lot 184, £766 10s.). They both present fine specimens not only of that inlay of metal in tortoiseshell which was, according to tradition, the invention of M. Boulle, but also of the solid carved brasswork with which his finest productions were enriched and strengthened. In the Armoire (see illustration No. 2) the panels are of inlaid tortoiseshell of the natural colour, which is generally considered a sign of early buhl, but in this cabinet and its companion there are some small panels with a red ground. The elaborate design of the inlaying, with its trophies and figures, and the boldness of the applied brasswork, are distinctive features of this magnificent armoire and its companion.

Of the less virile but more dainty development of the Louis XIV. style which took place under the influence of his successors the Hamilton Collection possessed some very choice specimens, most of the Louis XVI. period. If its frivolity was shown in that "secrétaire," decorated with tawdry drawings in imitation of flowers and lace (No. 300), which was made by P. H. Pasquier for the Du Barry, the daintiness of its design and the exquisiteness of its execution were vindicated by numerous tables and "commodes," clocks and mounts of the finest taste—as taste was then. Englishmen generally are not good judges of such work; they know what is handsome and grand, but do not go into raptures over a festoon and in ecstasies at an arabesque, but we may accept the warrant of a recent French writer, who speaks of the suite made by Riesener for Marie Antoinette as the *ne plus ultra* of *ébénisterie*. Of the shape and proportions of the elegant little writing-table which belonged to it, and fetched no less than £6,000, our illustration (No. 1) will give a good notion. Equally fine in execution, and especially remarkable for a beautiful marqueterie medallion of Silence, was a secrétaire sold on the fifth day (No. 518, £1,575), the chased key to which was made by Louis XVI. himself. Of the many ormolu clocks of the same style none was more curious or elegant in design than that of which an engraving will appear in our next number.

Of the art of the silversmith the examples were few, but choice. Our engraving (No. 3) represents one of the most elegant—a silver-gilt standing cup and cover (Lot 644, £3,244 10s.)—of German manufacture. The whole of its surface is exquisitely chased with minute ornamentation; every lobe and boss has its story or its figure. Classic fable shares with birds and beasts the occupation of the precious plots on its delicately moulded sides; a figure of Jupiter surmounts it, and underneath its elaborate foot is a beautiful medallion of a man's profile inscribed "Georgen Roemer, año. 1580."

(To be continued.)

THE KAISERHAUS, GOSLAR.



AMONG the old historic monuments of Germany the palace of the Emperors at Goslar, lying on the borders of the Hartz Mountains, is one of the most memorable. It is coeval with the imperial castle at Nuremberg; it is more ancient and considerable than the Rathhaus at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Kaiserhaus, of which we give an illustration, built by Henry III. in the middle of the eleventh century, remains almost the last relic of a long past: as a colossus it appeals to the imagination somewhat as an extinct mammoth of the old world. Standing apart from the mediæval and modern town of Goslar, it has been left in comparative solitude since its companion and coequal, the Romanesque cathedral, was, save a fragment, swept away. This historic monument, in its vast dimensions and massive proportions, in its stern simplicity and noble symmetry, in the bold rounding of its arches, and in the elaborated ornament of its capitals, becomes the leading representative in Northern Europe of the Romanesque period. Parallel manifestations of conquering races and of dominant architectural styles appear in the Lombardic churches of Northern Italy, but the historic monuments in Pisa, Lucca, and Pavia are inferior in scale, and by their expressly ecclesiastic uses are unidentified with imperial memories and transactions.

Unfortunately the Kaiserhaus at Goslar does not remain intact; from time to time its structure has been somewhat tampered with; indeed, within living memory the grand hall was desecrated as a store for grain; and now the present generation witnesses its thorough restoration. Germany, in common with the rest of Europe, has of late grown zealous, possibly even to excess, in the way of refurbishing time-worn, crumbling, and falling monuments. Archæologists and archaic critics, especially in England, shed tears when decayed stones are carted away as rubbish. But practical men have to deal sternly with inevitable necessities; statesmen pledged to move with the age cannot look on cities as mere museums; old stonework cannot be allowed to tumble on the heads of the people; in short, the difficult problem has to be solved how, with least injury, the relics of the past may be made to meet the requirements of the present. The engraving here given shows what has been done with the Kaiserhaus at Goslar. The reader will judge that, while decayed materials have been removed and replaced by new, the identity of the original structure, the integrity of the first conception or design, have been strictly conserved.

The restoration of the Kaiserhaus structurally, naturally suggested its renovation decoratively. The inside of the Great Hall, occupying the first floor, as indicated by the arcade of large windows (see illustration), stood in imperative need of mural adornings. Bald surfaces had been left by the architect, as if expressly to furnish a field for frescoes or other polychrome ornamentation. We all know how the revival of the arts in modern Germany was signalled by the prolific production of wall paintings, first by Cornelius in Munich, and then by artists in his school, or inspired by his spirit. Sometimes churches and museums were newly built,

with the ulterior end of pictorial decoration; in other cases, as with the old Cathedral of Spire and the ancient Rathhaus of Frankfort and at Aix-la-Chapelle, the time-defaced walls had long been waiting the ministration of high Art. The purport and character of this national movement in Germany may be judged somewhat by the attempt made in England to adorn with historic frescoes the Houses of Parliament. That the Kaiserhaus in Goslar should in like manner commemorate the honour and glory of past ages became but a logical sequence to the re-establishment of the German Empire; it was but natural that the structure reared by old German emperors should be made to serve as an imperial programme or political proclamation.

The reigning Emperor, William, visited Goslar on the 15th August, 1875, just after Imperial Germany had been re-established, and thereupon he commanded that the restoration of the Kaiserhaus, already begun, should be carried out with promptitude and energy. Accordingly the Minister of Public Instruction, in December, 1876, issued an invitation to the artists of Prussia to prepare and send in by the 15th of August, 1877, designs for its pictorial decorations. Eleven artists responded to the summons, and their sketches were thereupon exhibited in the Berlin National Gallery.

The adjudication on their merits devolved on a standing Government commission constituted of distinguished artists and connoisseurs, specially qualified for the task by the annual function of apportioning and bestowing the funds provided by Prussia for the encouragement of Art. The commissioners soon reduced the number from eleven to three. Among these stood Herr Friedrich Geselschap, an artist whose power and inventive originality have been since further attested in Berlin by the mural decorations in the Arsenal. However, the commissioners ultimately decided, by twelve votes against two, that the designs, of which we engrave one on page 251 as an example, prepared by Professor Hermann Wislicenus, should receive the first prize.



The Kaiserhaus, Goslar.

This competition was memorable as a sign of the times, the victorious Prussians striving that peaceful arts should spring up in the place of warlike arms. That clever painters at shortest notice could elaborate a large and complex scheme of pictorial design may be taken as a proof that the training in Academies is not far behind the discipline of the camp. The Art organ-

ization resembles that in the olden times—masters, aided by scholars, are ready to conceive and carry out arduous undertakings. The works may sometimes leave much to desire, but the system is sound and thorough. Armies of disciplined artists through the length and breadth of Germany are prepared for national enterprise: all may not be qualified to lead, but each is trained to his part in the organized whole.

Hermann Wislicenus was born in 1825 at Eisenach, amid the beauty of Thuringian valleys, and under shadow of the wooded hill of the Wartburg. Frederick Preller had been cradled in the same lovely spot twenty years before. The two painters, though differing in their art, moved through parallel experiences. Weimar, their adopted home, brought to each refining and elevating influences, together with kindly patronage. Each grew under the traditions and presences of the Modern Athens; the memory of Schiller, Wieland, and Herder still haunted the streets, the woods, and the streams; and specially did the genius of Goethe guide the intellect and inspire the imagination. The school of Art, like that of poetry, thus formed was many-sided. Preller took part with the classic, while Wislicenus inclined more to the romantic. Thus incited, Wislicenus in 1865 made designs for the Goethe Institute, embodying what may be supposed to have been the poet's conception concerning "the conflict between Man and the Elements." These cartoons are conserved in the Weimar Museum. Other creations of the artist which have fallen under my observation, such as a wall painting in the Schloss Chapel, 'The Watch on the Rhine,' and 'The Four Seasons,' are imbued by a like spirit of romance. The creative faculty, if not bold or original, is certainly fertile and copious. The style is an eclectic compromise; the period lies at farthest remove from that of the pre-Raphaelites; hence the grace of Guido and the suavity of Correggio imbue this essentially modern manner. The artist thus pledging himself to please has received full measure of triumph and reward. Wislicenus in 1880 was appointed Director of the Düsseldorf Academy: the office, however, of necessity had to be renounced when he commenced at Goslar labours which seem likely to last to the term of his natural life.

Five-and-thirty pictures for the Kaiserhaus are sketched on paper, and in part carried out upon the walls. The series is what the Germans call a "cyclus"—a theme is taken, sometimes from history, occasionally from the region of poetry, and the method is to expand the idea over successive wall spaces; thus picture after picture elucidates the main subject as so many chapters in a book, or treatises in an encyclopædia. The treatment aims at being exhaustive, and indeed seldom fails of becoming heavy and wearisome. The Germans are not content to know that every historic personage must have been first born and ultimately buried, but they insist on searching out and setting down every intermediate particular. The old masters, as usual, are made more or less responsible for modern modes. We all know how at Assisi, Siena, Padua, and Florence large wall spaces were covered with frescoes setting forth, in consecutive scenes, the History of our Lord, the Life of the Virgin, or the Story of St. Francis. Since the secularisation of the Arts, the same expository treatment has naturally been extended to mere mundane history. Thus at Aix-la-Chapelle Alfred Rethel expounded Charlemagne, in Berlin Kaulbach dramatized the world's civilisation, in Cologne Steinle made a like triumphal march across history, while in Munich the local school still more voluminous ex-

patiated over the annals of Bavaria. The method once acquired, the materials at disposal are of course simply inexhaustible, and the sphere thus laid open to Academic mediocrity becomes boundless. Goslar, however, has a supreme advantage over competing centres; her historic transactions are not trivial, but imperial.

The Great Hall in the Kaiserhaus is the largest interior in Germany; its length is 165 feet, its width 50 feet, its height at the centre over the throne is the same. The long west wall, unbroken by door or window, is of dimensions sufficiently ample to receive in its total length of 165 feet three central compositions, and on either side three further compositions, each with two predellas beneath. These six side pictures are supported and divided by eight painted pilasters, with ornamental borders, and including three figure designs, the centre of the three forced up in colour as a picture. Thus this chief wall will carry nine principal pictures, twelve predellas, eight pilaster pictures, making a total of twenty-nine wall paintings. The opposite or east wall is broken, and chiefly occupied by the large windows, which appear as the salient ornamentation on the external façade. But in a concerted scheme of polychrome the spaces between and around these window piercings must necessarily receive composition and colour. Accordingly in these quarters are scattered about somewhat promiscuously angels, girls, monks, children, with landscapes occasionally interspersed. Here, at all events, is little suspicion of high Art. But the two end walls resume the historic business with due solemnity. Each is broken by a door, yet sufficient space remains on either wall for three large compositions, with usual predellas beneath. Thus, at a rough estimate, this acreage of mural decoration will not reach completion short of some fifty pictures!

The theme imposed on the painter was sufficiently large—it was nothing less than the building up of the old German Empire, and the reconstruction of the new empire on the ancient foundations. Wislicenus, whose designs on the whole did most justice to the idea, unfolds the historic panorama as follows:—He commences on the farthest left of the long west wall with Henry II. (1002—1024), crowned Emperor of Germany by Pope Benedict VIII. in the old Basilica of St. Peter's. Next follows Henry III. (1039—1056), a picturesque, spirited composition, showing the victorious monarch with Pope Gregory VII. as captive. Here is the triumph of the Empire over the Church. The third picture presents a converse in the supremacy of the ecclesiastical over the temporal power: Henry IV. (1056—1106), standing in cold wintry snow at the castle of Canosa, does penance before Pope Hildebrand (1077). These three pictures, as a kind of triptych, occupy the left of the long wall. The corresponding right in like manner receives three large compositions. The first depicts Frederick Barbarossa (1152—1190) prostrate at the feet of Henry the Lion of Brunswick. In the second scene humiliation is changed into triumph—the irresistible Barbarossa at Iconium, on fiery steed, rushes to victory. The triptych closes with the German Emperor, Frederick II. (1215—1250), holding his festive court at Palermo. This pleasing composition, hitherto unengraved, illustrates these pages, with the kind permission of the artist. The five emperors thus successively brought upon the scene have been more or less identified with Goslar; indeed, the diets of the empire were, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, held in this very hall.

History might almost seem expressly to shape herself for mural decoration. The two large end walls were wanting in

pictures, and what could be more appropriate than Charlemagne for the one and Charles V. for the other? And so, as if no sooner said than done, forthwith are turned out of hand half-a-dozen compositions, with suitable predellas below. The south wall, dedicated to Charlemagne, is destined to receive the following triad: the Emperor's Victory over the Saxons in the middle, his Coronation on the left hand, and the Baptism of Wittekind on the right. The north wall is not too large for a personage so considerable as Charles V. In the midst appears Luther in the presence of the Emperor at the Diet of Worms. Then on one side are seen certain Princes receiving the Sacrament, while on the other is discovered Charles V. in the Cloister of St. Just. This last triptych is made intentionally to take a religious turn, and the presence of Luther proves of course most appropriate here in the midst of Lutheran Germany. The historic readings and teachings throughout the whole "cyclus" are marked by accustomed German evolution and elaboration; the theme of a central composition is echoed on either side, repeated with further particulars in the predellas, and again taken up in detail by the decorative pilasters. Of the painting of such pictures evidently there is no end.

The Kaiserhaus, after the twelfth century, fell into utter neglect, and is described in guide-books either as a ruin or a corn magazine. The historian having nothing to recount, the artist finds nothing to paint; thus a gap of some centuries breaks the chronologic series. But the reigning monarch having, in 1875, made his public entry into the imperial city, won a right to appear on the walls in company with his illustrious predecessors. The place assigned to the Emperor William is conspicuously that of honour; the grand hall at the centre reaches a climax above the spot assigned to the throne. On the left and on the right are the triplet compositions before described; the centre remains for the well-known figure of the old soldier King, life size, on horseback. Bismarck and Moltke are of course present; also assist more ideal personages, such as three females—Muses of some sort—and a certain old gentleman seated cross-legged, apparently resting on his return

from river-boating or sea-fishing. The upper sky is held by sundry floating figures in full costume; in the midst a lady—propriety personified—with the assistance of *putti*, showers down on the old Emperor heavenly honours. In the higher effulgence appears a Gog or Magog sort of divinity. Other spectres, clothed by the tailor, float across the firmament, and assist in the august ceremony. Really to look seriously at such a performance is out of the question; the art is of the quality usually identified in England with Lord Mayors' shows. Unfortunately court painters in Germany do not enjoy the privileges possessed by the old masters; Michael Angelo, without ceremony, thrust distaste-

ful dignitaries into purgatory or a still hotter place. But modern painters do but echo the strains of laureate poets.

The general scheme of decoration presents few, if any, special or exceptional traits. The ornamentation naturally corresponds with the rounded arch and the Romanesque style of the architectural structure. In Germany decorative polychrome has been so far reduced to scientific certitude that pictures, painted pilasters, and foliated and geometric patterns are brought almost as a matter of course into keeping and agreement. But as for "processes," whether fresco, tempera, water-glass, wax, or oil, the practice, just at present, in Germany is mostly capricious and often ill judged. Here within the Kaiserhaus the technique adopted is a compromise. The walls I found prepared in the usual way, since



Frederick II. of Germany at Palermo. From a Design by Prof. Hermann Wislicenus.

the days of Cornelius scarcely an artist has ventured to paint on the wet mortar. Here, as elsewhere, the plaster is allowed to harden and dry; the surface is slightly granulated, like that of fine freestone. I have observed that preference is shown to a smooth wall, as offering greater facility to the brush, and giving less trouble generally; but the luminosity of fresco vanishes, and wall decoration assumes the character and quality of easel painting. Indeed, though I confess to my surprise and dismay, I found Wislicenus actually working in oil, apparently regardless of the ruin which has befallen 'The Last Supper' painted by Da Vinci in the same medium. The plea for persisting in a method that proved fatal is that the

pigments will thereby attach themselves all the more firmly to the wall surface. This oil ground, however, is only preliminary—an ultimate coat will be added of pigments mixed with wax; a medium—now much favoured in Germany—which has the advantage of drying “mat,” or without a



Goslar. From a Sketch by Archer Bowler.

gloss. The artist's manipulation cannot be said to be Michael-Angelesque; it is the reverse of broad and bold, and I observed that after the colours had been laid with a painstaking hand, a fluffy brush was used as a softener: thus form was modelled, though at the total sacrifice of touch. A full-

sized cartoon served for guidance, and a small sketch in oil gave general indication of the colour aimed at. Assistants—employed in Germany on large monumental works, as formerly in Italy—were engaged on draperies and other subordinate parts. Throughout, the manner is that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, brought down, however, still further into modern times; the school is eclectic, as if the Kaiserhaus had fallen under the hands of some German branch of the Carracci family. On the whole, the general effect bids fair to be agreeably decorative, not to say even florid, though the brilliance and transparency of the old “buono e puro” fresco are lost.

Goslar, long neglected and forsaken, will year by year attract an increasing flood of guests and pleasure-seekers. A railway brings the capital of the Hartz Mountains within easy reach of Brunswick and Hanover. The old city, as already indicated, is a study for the archæologist and the artist; successive historic periods are here stratified or thrown into a conglomerate. The Romanesque period still survives in the Kaiserhaus, the porch of the Dom, and the church of Neuwerk Monastery; then, five centuries later, came a time of commercial prosperity, when, as in Nuremberg, rose picturesque watch-towers, halls, guilds, warehouses, and private dwellings. How inviting to the pencil are the aspects of the old streets and by-ways may be judged from a sketch, here engraved, made last autumn by Mr. Archer Bowler, Art master in Cheltenham College. Among guides the most attractive is Mr. Henry Blackburn's illustrated handbook to the Hartz Mountains. This pre-eminently sketchable region of hills, valleys, and running streams has been called the North Wales of Northern Germany. Within narrow compass and easy distance can scarcely be found materials so varied and inviting for the portfolio of the artist or of the amateur. Here, too, the poet may take imaginative flight among the haunted heights of the Brocken, where witches of yore kept riotous Sabbath with the devil. Goethe fitly chose the spot for the scene wherein Faust, conducted by Mephistopheles, beholds in vision Margaret, with throat cut, walking across the wild waste. And Heine sounds the key-note of local legends when he tells how the savage rocks, spectral trees, and stormy skies of the Brocken look weird and bewitched; and how all things thereabouts hold the semblance of a dream of the ghostly past.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE. Engraved by C. G. Lewis, from the picture by James Holland.—This view, taken from the entrance to the Grand Canal, embraces some of the chief attractions of Venice. On the right the Ducal Palace is shown, with the Campanile of St. Mark appearing above it. The celebrated granite pillars in the Piazzetta stand between the Palace and the Mint; one carrying the bronze lion of St. Mark, and the other bearing the statue of St. Theodore, protector of the Venetian Republic. On the left of the picture the Dogana, or Custom House, is the first building on the promontory, and behind is seen one

of the most conspicuous objects in Venice, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute; while the canal of the Giudecca opens away on the left.

‘HERODIAS.’ Etched by M. Léopold Flameng, from the picture by M. Benjamin Constant.—This is fully described in M. Champier's article on the painter at page 231.

‘CALUMNY.’ Fac-simile of a drawing by Andrea Mantegna in the British Museum.—This is noticed in Mr. Henry Wallis's article on Mantegna at page 225.



PAINTED BY JAMES HOLLAND.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

ENGRAVED BY C. G. LEWIS

ART NOTES.

CHICAGO.—The interest in art in Chicago has survived, with remarkable vitality, the many vicissitudes of that city, and the tendencies of a commercial life, mainly directed toward building up its material interests. This interest, in fact, seems largely independent of the support which it receives from its surroundings. While New York artists regard Chicago as one of the best picture marts in the country, local artists, with some few exceptions, take a much less hopeful view of the financial situation. At the same time, there is an earnest spirit manifested among the artists there, mainly young men and women, of whose quality Mr. F. S. Church, Mr. Walter Shirlaw, Mr. Douglas Volk, and Mr. J. P. Murphy, who have come from among them, have given evidence in larger fields, and been subjected to much more severe competition. Still more noteworthy is the fact that this interest in art has remained steadfast to the fine arts, as in distinction to the decorative arts, which have, during the past few years, absorbed the attention and energies of Cincinnati artists, and even won from their allegiance many of the well-established artists in New York. In Chicago, on the contrary, but little attention is paid to decorative art in the sense in which it is understood in other places.

THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF DESIGN is the oldest organization in Chicago, having been incorporated in 1869, through the efforts of Leonard W. Volk, Henry C. Ford, Chas. Knickerbocker, Sanford E. Loring, Alvah Bradish, John C. Cochran, W. Cogswell, Conrad Diehl, James F. Gookins, Louis Kurz, Rufus E. Moore, Theodore Pine, P. Fiske Reed, Walter Shirlaw, George P. A. Healy, and Chas. Peck. The purposes mentioned in the charter are, the founding and maintenance of "Schools of Art for the cultivation of the Arts of Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Engraving, and Design, and for the formation of a Gallery of Art." So successfully were the operations of the Academy of Design conducted that, previous to the fire of 1871, it had its own building, a gallery of paintings of some importance, and a thriving art school. These were all destroyed by the fire, which left the institution penniless, it not being able to recover its insurance. From this blow the Academy of Design has never recovered. For some years it struggled to maintain an active existence in hired rooms on the corner of Monroe and State streets, but succumbed before later financial reverses. The organization, however, continues its corporate life, and is making active efforts to re-establish its schools. A bill is now before the Legislature, asking for a cession of a portion of Dearborn Park, 125x162 feet, on which the Academy proposes to erect a building, with prominent architectural features, one of which will be an observatory 225 feet above the street level, which it offers for the Government Storm Signal Service. Here it will also open a large gallery, intended for the exhibition of the works of American Artists. With this, the rents of artists' studios, and the receipts from the observatory, it hopes to render its schools, which will be commodiously established here, self-supporting. The course will include, in addition to instruction in the Fine Arts, tuition in Draughting and Designing, and of which the latter will be free to students. The committee very justly urge, in reference to the last point, that Chicago, being now one of the great manufacturing centres of the country, that such instruction in the Industrial Arts becomes one of pressing moment. In the meanwhile, an indifferent effort has been made to open schools in the American Express Building, on Monroe street, under the direction of Mr. James F. Gookins, who has been so closely connected with the schools in the past.

CHICAGO ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—When financial ruin overtook the unfortunate Academy of Design, its casts and properties, brought to public sale, were bought by a number of gentlemen, chief among them, Mr. W. M. R. French, formerly Superintendent of the Academy of Design, who formed themselves into the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, with the following trustees: L. Z. Leiter, President; J. W. Doane, Vice-President; George Armour, George L. Dunlap, Jas. H. Dole, S. M. Nickerson, E. W. Blatchford, Geo. E. Adams, Wm. T. Baker, Wm. H. Bradley, Albert Hayden, H. N. Hibbard, N. K. Fairbank, C. L. Hutchinson, D. W. Irwin, Mark Skinner, George M. Pullman, Marshall Field; L. J. Gage, 1882.

Treasurer; W. M. R. French, Secretary. The schools were then resumed in the old rooms of the Academy of Design, where they remained until the spring of this year, when they were removed to the lake front, in what is known as the headquarters of Battery D. This occupation is merely temporary. The Academy has secured a plot of ground on the corner of Michigan avenue and Monroe street, and will begin building this summer, expecting to be sufficiently advanced to open the fall term in the new rooms. The intentions, thus far, are exceedingly modest. The front is already occupied as a business house, and the vacant space in the rear will, for the present, be the site of the Academy of Fine Arts building. The plans, however, comprehend all that is now needed for the use of its schools, and will include two art galleries of good size. In time, the building will be enlarged, and it is intended to make it one of the ornaments of Michigan avenue. This determination to make the building subservient to the needs of the school, instead of spending the limited resources in a fine house, leaving the schools meagrely supported, is as wise as it is rare.

The schools now number two hundred pupils. The regular instruction comprises Perspective, Artistic Anatomy, Drawing from the flat, from the antique and costumed model, and Oil and Water-Color painting. It will be seen that, elementary drawing being taught, no standard of admission is necessary. The Academy however, forbids the use of color until students are properly qualified in drawing. Special classes in sketching and composition are among the incidental advantages; and in deference to the fashion of the moment, a class in china painting has been added. Evening classes from the antique and life are also included. Three prizes are offered: gold medal for the best general proficiency in any of the several principal departments; silver medal for the best crayon study from life, and silver medal for the best study from the antique. In addition, suitable certificates are given for high degrees of merit. The organization, it will be seen, is very complete, and its features readily sustain comparison with other schools of its kind. In its elementary capacity it ensures a class of pupils that does not enter into the considerations of the National Academy of Design and the Art Students' League. Nor does its Life Class bear any resemblance to the severe studies imposed by these two Metropolitan schools. But it is quite abreast of the surrounding country dependent on its services, and in its *esprit de corps* thoroughly in keeping with those art movements which have had longer and more constant encouragement. Following a successful art tour of last year, a number of the students, under Mr. N. H. Carpenter, acting director, have undertaken a sketching tour to Rosseau and the Muskoka Lakes, in the province of Ontario, with Mr. Alex. Schilling as instructor.

THE CHICAGO ART LEAGUE is an association of the younger artists, designed for mutual benefit and encouragement. The membership is limited to twenty, consisting of John H. Vanderpool, the instructor in Drawing in the Academy of Fine Arts, Alex. Schilling, Daniel Kotz, George H. Gay, Palmer Ellingson, Chas. W. Miville, C. M. Erwin, Chas. L. MacDonald, James Raycroft, C. Harry Eaton, E. M. Hough, W. Marshall, Wm. Schmedtgen, John Flanders, L. Bromhold, W. H. H. Frisbie, Fred Voss, Mr. Stearner, O. D. Grover, F. Tauchen. The greater number of these men have studied abroad, and their alliance is but in a narrow sense for purposes of instruction. The principal exercise of this nature is in rapid sketching, but this is subordinate to other ends. The club has secured rooms in Ashland Block, where the greater number of the members have their studios, which are to serve as a small gallery, where their works are to be hung, and where, from time to time, they will hold exhibitions and receptions. An exhibition was given in February at O'Brien's Gallery on Wabash avenue, consisting of oils, water-color paintings, black and white, and etchings, and so successfully, that the League will give another exhibition this fall, showing the results of their summer's work. These exhibitions are confined exclusively to the members of the League, whose studies only will be exhibited. It is hoped that these displays, through the united efforts of the young men, will succeed in awakening some local interest in Chicago art, and that they may become among the regular and anticipated attractions of the city.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB is a kindred association of women artists, but one whose aims are not so general, and more closely directed toward self-improvement. Its officers are Mrs. Adams, President; Mrs. Theodore Shaw, Secretary; Miss Kellogg, Miss Burgess, Miss Mary Koupal, Examining Committee; Miss Wade, Treasurer. Its weekly meetings are devoted altogether toward rapid sketching from life models, and the club has become one of the well-known art institutions of Chicago through the energy and enthusiasm of its members.

THE SKETCH AND COMPOSITION CLUB is a separate association, composed partly of the Bohemian Club members, which meets at different studios on Saturdays during the season, and, for the summer, has organized a sketching tour to Fond du Lac.

These different associations comprehend the recognized bodies in Chicago devoted to the Fine Arts. It is impossible not to perceive the difficulties under which they labor, in the absence of a sustaining *clientele*, and equally impossible not to admire the zeal and vigor which characterize their undertakings.

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART exists in connection with the New York Society of the same name, but under independent management. Its officers are: Mrs. John N. Jewett, President; Mrs. S. M. Nickerson, Mrs. Corydon Beckwith, Mrs. W. E. Strong, Mrs. B. F. Ayer, Vice-Presidents; Miss N. B. Hibbard, Recording Secretary; Miss Mary Park, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Treasurer. To these officers is added a large board of managers, and an advisory council of gentlemen. The society has pleasant and commodious rooms at the corner of Monroe and State streets, where the classes under its management are taught. These comprise the usual branches—Art Embroidery, Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Painting in Oil and Water-Color, China Painting, and Wood Carving. The standard of the society is unusually high, no copies of pictures are admitted, and the society is stringent in regard to good design, drawing, light and shade, execution, and the use of materials. In this way they not only raise the general average of taste, and skill in workmanship, but they are enabling many women to command higher prices than they could otherwise do by inartistic work. An interesting feature of the organization, is the active and individual interest taken by the members in decorative art and its home influence. At stated meetings, different departments of the home are discussed, first, by a prepared paper, which afterward serves as a topic for consideration. It is the hope of the society that, in time, it may be able to endow free scholarships, and that from it may develop the different features of the South Kensington School.

The failure of successive art galleries in Chicago discloses the fact that the buying of pictures is, as yet, a spasmodic feature of Chicago commerce. The American Art Gallery, and the Lydian Art Gallery, each existed but a short time. At O'Brien's Gallery—the oldest and best known—a limited number of paintings may always be seen, and here successful exhibitions are held from time to time. The annual fall expositions are always distinguished by their fine collection of paintings, which usually include the best results of the Eastern Spring exhibitions that remained unsold. This display of paintings, under the efficient management of Miss Hathaway, is eagerly anticipated, and probably has some influence in the surer success of the different galleries that have been started from time to time.

Among the older artists, thoroughly established in Chicago, is the sculptor Leonard Volk, whose principal work, the Douglas monument, is the chief art work in the city. The Douglas monument stands at the head of Douglas avenue, on a plot of ground where Senator Douglas had intended to build his home, and which has been purchased from his wife by the State. The first steps toward the monument were taken in November, 1861, shortly after Mr. Douglas's death, and the monument was only completed May 13th, 1880. Its history extends over the troubled times of the civil war, and through a period of financial reverses, which render it a monument of unusually varied interest and associations. Three circular bases of light buff limestone, enclosed within a circular coping, 70 feet in diameter, lead up to the platform on which is the tomb, enclosing a marble sarcophagus. On the tomb rests the pedestal of New England, enclosing bronze *bas-reliefs*, representing the advance of civilization in America, first, by an aboriginal scene; second, the Pioneer settlers; third, by Commerce and Enterprise; and, fourth, by

Legislation, the last containing portraits of Calhoun, Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and other well-known statesmen. At the corners of the tomb are symbolic figures, life-size, cast in bronze, representing Illinois, History, Justice, and Eloquence. Above the pedestal rises the granite shaft, divided into sections, and banded with stars. Above the frieze is the statue of Douglas, nine feet nine inches high, bringing the monument to almost one hundred feet in height. Senator Douglas is represented in coat buttoned up, with surtout thrown back. His right hand is thrust into his breast; the left holds a copy of the Constitution of the United States. The monument is the most notable work of art in the West, and might fitly close Mr. Volk's career. The sculptor, however, still retains his studio, which contains some interesting reminiscences of the last score of years. Here is a *replica* of the death mask of Mr. Lincoln, and also that of Zachariah Chandler. The mask of Mr. Lincoln is so touchingly real that it discountenances all the succeeding attempts at portraiture. And for future efforts, as there doubtless will be, and more satisfactory than have yet been produced, the mask remains to furnish a suitable model. Here are also casts of the hands of both Lincoln and Chandler. Paper weights have been cast in bronze from the hand of Mr. Lincoln; one for the State Department, and one for Hamilton Fish, ex-Secretary of State.

Mr. L. C. Earle, who may be numbered among the Munich men, has established himself permanently in Chicago in a commodious studio. Mr. Earle's pictures of game are well known in Eastern exhibitions. He has recently done excellent work in water-colors. In his studio is a delightful piece of color, called 'Waiting,' a young woman in a poke bonnet and picturesque gown, leaning under a tree against an old fence. The theme is a delicate blending of greens in the foliage and the dress of the figure, and from this, rather than its anecdotal character, the picture derives its interest.

Mr. John Donaghue, a promising young sculptor, is doing some admirable work in portrait reliefs in bronze. He is especially successful in picturesque grouping and the rendering of details, but less fortunate in the quality of his flesh. A very charming ideal work of this kind is an illustration of a verse from Mr. Oscar Wilde's poems, representing a young girl of fresh, unconscious beauty, but with suspicious length of fore-arm. Mr. Donaghue's 'Young Sophocles' is a more ambitious and more thoroughly satisfactory work. There is no idealization of the yet undeveloped figure of the youth; but there is vitality in his frame, and sacred fire in his eye, as his hands have just left the quivering strings of his lyre. Mr. Donaghue hopes to go abroad and make a life-size work from this model.

Among other promising young artists in Chicago is Miss Marie Koupal, who gives evidence of sturdy work, fortified by a lively and well-balanced imagination. She is now engaged on a large work, of which the subject is Guinevere's dream from the Idyls of the King. Guinevere stands in a barren plain, her figure and clasped hands expressing pathetically her inward horror at the smoky cloud which alone indicates the woe and destruction arising from the shadow which projects its desolating path from her feet. The simplicity of the composition, and its wide suggestiveness of the crowded details which the poet gives, is not the least meritorious quality of the work. Other artists who have made themselves known out of Chicago, are Mr. Henry F. Spread, Lyall Carr, and Miss Annie L. Shaw, whose work was seen at the last exhibition of the American Artists in New York.

THE HAMILTON SALE.—Since the San Donato sale, nothing has awakened greater interest among connoisseurs, collectors and art dealers, than the dispersion of the treasures of Hamilton Palace, by the order of the Duke of Hamilton, at Christie, Manson and Woods' auction rooms, London. The Hamilton collection has long been one of the most famous of England, and during the last generation its value was greatly increased by the marriage of the late Duke of Hamilton to the daughter of Wm. Beckford, who inherited many of the art treasures of Vathek. The magnitude of the sale, which included art works of every kind, and also the valuable library, obliged its careful classification. The first sale, which took place June 17th, was of eighty-four Low Country paintings, including several of well-known artistic and historical interest. Chief of these was 'Daniel in the Lions' Den,' by Rubens. The painting originally was presented by Lord Dorchester to Charles I. Daniel is represented seated, naked, with hands uplifted in prayer, while nine lions wander around him. The painting measures seven feet six inches by

ten feet ten inches, and has been several times engraved. A mezzotint was made of it by J. Ward, and it was etched by Street. The portrait of 'Henrietta of Lorraine,' by Vandyck, belonged to the collection of Charles I. It was brought from Brussels by Endymion Porter, and passed into the collection of the Duke of Orleans, and afterward into that of the Earl of Carlisle. The princess is dressed in a black silk robe, over a white satin dress; she wears a kerchief of lace and necklace of pearls. Her right hand rests on the shoulder of a negro page, in red, who holds a silver salver on which is a bunch of roses. In the background is a yellow curtain. The canvas measures seven feet by four feet two inches. It is dated 1684 and was engraved by Galle and Voisand. The portrait of 'The Duchess of Richmond and Son' is also by Vandyck and one of the notable paintings. The duchess is represented at the age of twenty-five, wearing a robe of white satin and a tippet of brown fur. She is fair, and wears her auburn hair in curls, and dressed with flowers; by her side is her young son as a cupid with a bow. The portrait is full life. One of the five portraits of Rubens's first wife, Elizabeth Brandt, is from the collection of Heer Van Havren of Antwerp, and was once owned by an English gentleman, Mr. T. H. B. Owen. The face, with dark eyes and auburn hair, is seen in three-quarter; the lady wears a dark-gray silk, braided with gold and a white lace frill, and a gold chain about her neck. The panel is two feet by two feet five. Other Rubens are 'The Loves of the Centaurs,' which was sold in 1802, again in 1810, and passed from the collection of Hon. Thomas Greville into that of the Duke of Hamilton. It represents an Arcadian landscape, two centaurs in affectionate embrace, while others of their kind are seen at play in the distance. It is a panel two feet by two feet five. The 'Birth of Venus' is a design in gray tints for the centre of a silver salver, and similar to a large picture at Potsdam. The subject is Venus, attended by three nymphs, just alighting from a shell. Above her, Cupid and Psyche are about crowning her with a wreath. In the border are Neptune and Amphytrite, and other marine emblems. The large flower piece, by Jan Van Huysum, was sold in 1793 from the collection of the Duc de Praslin, for \$1840; in 1801, from that of M. Tolozan, for \$600; and in the Fonthill sale of 1823 for \$1811. It was afterward bought, by Wm. Beckford. A replica of the famous equestrian portrait of 'Charles I. at Windsor,' by Vandyck, is another famous work, as also is the portrait of his queen 'Henrietta Maria.' On the portrait of 'Edward VI.,' as a boy of twelve, in black dress, and ascribed to Holbein, some doubt is thrown, as the artist died when the prince was only six years old. Other celebrated works are Hobbema's 'Water Mill,' and a scene in a cabaret, by Adrian Van Ostade, dated 1656. The following is a list of prices brought by the chief works: J. Van Breda, 'A Party of Cavaliers,' halting at a farrier's shed, and 'A Horse Fair' (the companion), £262; Vandyck, 'Portrait of Charles I.,' £808; 'Henrietta, Princess of Phalsbourg,' £2100; 'Portraits of the Duchess of Richmond and her Son,' £2048; 'Equestrian Portrait of Charles I.,' £997; 'Henrietta Maria,' £735. H. Holbein, 'Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset' (Lord Protector), £514; 'Portrait of Edward VI.,' £798; 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' £220. Rubens, 'Portrait of the Duke D'Olivarez,' £472; 'Portrait (after Velasquez) of Philip IV. of Spain,' £598; 'Elizabeth Brandt,' £1837; 'The Birth of Venus,' £1680; 'The Loves of the Centaurs,' £2100; 'Daniel in the Den of Lions,' £5145. A. Van der Neer, 'View of a Dutch Town on a River,' £278. A. Durer, 'Portrait of the Artist,' £409; another, 'Portrait of the Artist,' £388; Delorme and Palamedes, 'Interior of a Church, showing William, Prince of Orange,' £420; G. Van Tol, 'Interior, with a Cobbler at Work,' £493; H. de Blés (called 'Civetta'), 'St. Jerome in a Cavern,' £493; Jan Weenix, 'A Group of Flowers on a Marble Slab,' £230; Rembrandt, 'Portrait of the Artist,' £703; 'Head of a Lady,' £630; J. Van Huysum, 'An Assemblage of Flowers,' £1228; I. Van Ostade, 'A Landscape,' £556; W. Van de Velde, 'A Calm,' £1365; J. Van Goyen, 'A Woody River Scene,' £388; N. Berghem, 'The Ford,' £735; J. Van der Ulft, 'A View of a City in the Levant,' £315; A. Brauwer, 'Interior of a Cottage,' £609; Hobbema, 'The Water Mill,' £4252; C. Jonson, 'Portrait of James I.,' £735; D. Teniers, 'Interior of a Stable,' £315; J. Breughel, 'An Allegory of the Element of Air' and 'An Allegory of the Element of Water' (the companion), £273; P. Ferg, 'A Fair in a Town,' £241; G. Berck Heyde, 'A View in Haarlem,' with the great church and figures, £210; Moucheron, 'An Italian Landscape,' £225; A. Van Ostade, 'Interior of a Cabaret,' £1837; Mabuse, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' £525; P. Wouwermans, 'A Man Watering his Steed' and 'A Sportsman with a Gun,' £693; J. Ruysdael,

'A Woody Scene,' with a river falling in a cascade among rocks, £1218; and Mirevelt, 'Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden,' £320.

NEW YORK CITY.—Mrs. Mary Odenheimer-Fowler, out of four hundred entries for the Sinclair Advertising Card Prize of \$500, was the fortunate contestant.—An album, containing lithographic portraits of notable Chinese, has been sent to General Grant.—A statue of the Duke of Buckingham, Queen Anne's lover, has been modelled for the Buckingham Hotel by Mr. Casper Bubert. It is designed to stand in a niche on the north side, forty feet above the street. It will be eight feet high, and cast in white metal, by M. J. Seelig & Co., of Williamsburg.—The Decorative Art Society of New York, in its fifth annual report, gives the most encouraging account of the past year's work. Summer sales have been instituted at the leading watering places, and there have been from different sources a substantial increase in their finances. The lending library has especially been of great value, the books having been circulated through all parts of the country. The free classes were full during the year, 676 lessons having been given in china painting, and 208 lessons in art embroidery. During the year 4667 articles were received from contributors, of which 2367 were placed on sale. Of work done to order, a great part has been sent out to different States and a number of persons assisted to a livelihood in this way. The Society's finances consist of \$4,878.71, deposited with bank and trust companies.—The Holmes embroidery exhibition brought in \$2,050.80, the commission on sales resulted in \$3142 and the cash received from the Sloane lease, \$2250. The officers of the Society are: Mrs. William T. Blodgett, President; Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman, Mrs. H. G. de Forest, Mrs. R. M. Hunt, Mrs. N. W. Ireland, Vice-Presidents. Mr. Geo. C. Magoun, Treasurer; Mrs. Fred R. Jones, Secretary; Mrs. Gen. George A. Custer, Assist. Sec'y.—At the exhibition of the *Union Centrale des Arts Decoratifs*, included among the works by Baudry, are 'Les Noces de Psyche,' a circular ceiling, accompanied by corners, in which children carry the emblems of Jupiter, Venus, Mars, and Ceres, belonging to Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt; 'Phœbus,' a rectangular ceiling, owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt; and 'Attributes of Diana Huntress,' a small triangular ceiling, owned also by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.—Among the works purchased out of the *Salon* by the French Government, are: 'La Place de la Bastille in 1882,' by Frank M. Boggs; 'November,' by Lowell Birge Harrison; and 'The Death of the First-born,' by Frank Penfold.—Another decorative work, intended for New York, whose designs were recently exhibited in Paris, was 'Beauty, Youth, and the Arts,' by A. J. Mazerolle. It is ordered by Mr. D. O. Mills.—Some changes have been made in classes of the Art Students' League for the ensuing year. T. W. Dewing will take charge of morning life, and morning and afternoon antique classes in drawing and painting, in the place of J. Carroll Beckwith. Mr. Dewing will also instruct the composition class. C. Y. Turner has relinquished the evening and life antique class in painting and drawing, and will instruct the afternoon life-class, while William Sartain will take his place in the evening classes. Mr. Turner will also have the care of the new class in drawing from the head. William M. Chase will teach the painting class, and Frederick Dielman continue his instruction in perspective. The day-class has increased its time a half-an-hour, while the new class will receive six hours. Other new classes will be an evening life-class, for ladies, three evenings in the week, and an evening sketch-class, from a costumed model, meeting two evenings a week, if sufficient students apply before Nov. 10th. The dues in the evening antique-class are to be reduced one half.—The Brooklyn Art Association announces that its exhibition will open December 4th next. Works will be received from November 20th to November 25th, inclusive. The examination committee consists of R. W. Hubbard, M. F. H. de Haas, and John A. Parker. Edward Brown will have charge of sales. The regular circulars are not yet issued.—The Louis Durr paintings, accepted by the Historical Society, have been hung.—Thos. Le Clear is at work on three portraits of General Grant and on one of General Garfield. The latter is in profile. The portrait of General Grant, intended for his wife, is full length. He is represented, in uniform, standing by a chair, against which leans his sword. On a table near is his gold medal and some papers. One hand rests on the table; the other is thrust in his coat. In the background is a library. The second full-length portrait, intended for the White House, has Stuart's 'Washington' in the background.

MINOR NOTES.—A memorial to Robert G. Shaw, colonel of the first negro regiment raised in the civil war, is to be erected in Boston, on the State House grounds. The design, prepared by Augustus St. Gaudens, consists of three panels in bronze, in high relief, representing the departure of the regiment, the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts, the attack on Fort Wagner, and the return of its remnant. These panels will be placed in the rear of a recess which is to contain a seat on Beacon street. Between the panels will be columns supporting an arch, on which is to be placed an equestrian statue of Col. Shaw. —Mr. Joseph Longworth agrees, on condition of the transfer of the McMicken School of Design to the West Art Museum, to assure it an annual income of \$10,000. Mr. Longworth's gifts to the school already amount to \$57,000. —Philip Gilbert Hamerton speaks of John N. Mansfield's etching of the head of Mr. Longfellow as full of vivacity, with most lively eyes, and very successful in the treatment of the hair. The features, he thinks, a little hard. —By the gift of the Duchess of Cambacères, the second Grand Prix de Rome in painting and sculpture, and the first prize in engraving, will receive 1000 francs a year. —The net profits of the *Salon* are 206,266 francs. Last year the amount was 120,000 francs. The total admissions were 564,933—51,323 more than last year. On the last free Sunday of this year there were 28,000 visitors. —The fourth annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Society of Artists will open Dec. 30, 1882, and remain open until Jan. 27, 1883. Mr. Edward Brown will have charge of the sales, and the regular blanks will be forwarded in September. —Herman D. Henning has been awarded the contract for four statues, to be placed on St. Paul Street Bridge, Baltimore. The first, now finished, is an emblematic representation of the city of Baltimore. It is a woman, crowned, sitting on a bale of goods. At her feet are the emblems of commerce, navigation, manufactures, and industry. The right hand holds a hammer, and near is an anvil. The left holds a shield with the Baltimore coat-of-arms, and from under the shield creeps a terrapin. —A second Courbet sale has recently taken place at the Hotel Drouot. —The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia has had the portraits of his three children painted by M. Edelfelt. These were so successful that the artist has been commanded by the Czarina for the same purpose. —The incorporators of the Garfield National Monument Association held a meeting in Cleveland, O., July 6th, with ex-President Hayes as chairman. The following Board of Trustees was elected: For one year: Messrs. R. B. Hayes, Amos Townsend, Joseph Perkins, H. B. Payne, Selah Chamberlain. For two years: Gov. Chas. Foster, James G. Blaine, Benj. Dean, L. P. Handy, J. H. Rhodes. For three years: Gov. A. B. Cornell, J. H. Wade, John Hay, Enoch T. Carson, Dan. P. Eells. The Trustees elected the following officers: President, Charles Foster; Vice-Presidents, R. B. Hayes, A. B. Cornell; Secretary, J. H. Rhodes; Executive Committee, Charles Foster, R. B. Hayes, J. H. Wade, H. B. Payne, Joseph Perkins. The amount subscribed is \$120,000. —The plans for the Washington Monument, at Philadelphia, have been received by the Society of the Cincinnati, which will erect the monument. The commission was given to Professor Rudolph Siemering, of Berlin, who has prepared a miniature model of the contemplated work. The base consists of a large stone terrace, consisting of two steps. On the lower are ranged bronze groups of figures and animals, over life-size, the latter comprising characteristic species of American animals, such as the bison, grizzly bear, and panther. These are lying in pairs, and between them an Indian warrior and squaw, and river gods and goddesses, in recumbent attitudes. In the centre of the upper terrace is the pedestal which supports an oval, on which is an equestrian statue of Washington, twice life-size. Washington is represented in his uniform as general, with a military cloak. He holds in his right hand a field-glass, pressed against his side, and has his head a little inclined to the left, and the eyes directed toward a distant point. On the panels of the pedestal are two bronze reliefs representing, on one side, the departure of the troops, and, on the other, their return. On the front and rear are two high reliefs. The front represents Liberty awakened, and calling sleeping figures to arms. On the rear Victorious Liberty, holding a trident and cornucopia, with soldiers placing laurel wreaths and flags at her feet. The monument is to be erected in 1891, and is to cost \$140,000. —Six fine paintings by Meissonier, including 'The Players at Bowls,' 'The Three Cavaliers,' 'Louis XIII.,' and 'Sur Une Route,' have been purchased from the Duchess d'Uzes by M. Secretan, the famous collector. —The first five rooms of the

Museum of Comparative Sculpture, in the Trocadero, have been opened. In the first room, devoted to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, are the doorway of the Chapel of the Abbey of Vezelay; the Autun portal, representing the Last Judgment; a portion of the gateway of a church at Morissac, illustrating Christ in glory; a specimen of Auvergnese-Romanesque work, in a doorway of the church of Notre Dame at Clermont; two double pillars from Chartres, the portal of the Cathedral of Rheims, part of a bronze chandelier from San Remi, and some mouldings of antique art. The second room (thirteenth century) has two drawings, moulded from Notre Dame, three columns from Chartres, and some cross-beams from Sens. Two *bas-reliefs* from Amiens represent the signs of the Zodiac. Other mouldings are a *bas-relief* from Rheims, Eve holding a serpent like a baby in her arms, and a Hermes after Praxiteles. Third room (thirteenth and fourteenth centuries) has four fine figures from Amiens, part of a bow window from Laon, the tomb of the two brothers from Strasbourg, and the capital and base of one of the finest pillars from Rheims. The fourth room (fifteenth century) contains a stall, from the Cathedral of St. Denis, showing the transition to the Renaissance, *bas-reliefs* from Luca della Robbia, the tomb of Charles VIII. at Tours, two heads from Strasbourg. Fifth room (fifteenth and sixteenth centuries) has some *bas-reliefs* from the *chateau* of Ecouen, figures from the fountains of the Innocents, and Court of the Louvre, tomb of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, panel from the Cathedral of Laon, tomb of Francis II., Duke of Brittany and Magdalene de Foix, his wife; with allegorical figures, Temperance, Vigilance, Justice, Force and the Twelve Apostles, Charlemagne and St. Louis. —A window to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh has recently been unveiled by the Rev. Canon Farrar, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. It is the gift of Americans. —Mr. Benjamin P. Cheney, of Boston, has offered a statue of Webster for the State House Park, Concord, N. H. —The art department of the National Mining and Industrial Exhibition of Colorado is holding an exhibition which began August 1st. —Miss Clara Montalba is to do the bust of Robert Browning. —The *Prix du Salon* was taken this year by M. E. L. Longpie, the sculptor. —An interesting sale of fans has taken place recently, in England, in the Walker Collection. The highest price paid was £82 for a bridal fan, said to have belonged to the ill-starred Duchess of Burgundy, mother of Louis XV., and to have been painted by Watteau. The subject was the bridal fetes on the occasion of the marriage of the duke and duchess. Another bridal fan, said to have belonged to Marie Leczinska, the wife of Louis XV., brought £75. Its decoration consisted of a bridal altar, with the king and queen and a cardinal standing near. Two bridal fans, by Fragonard, the property of Marie Antoinette, one illustrating her marriage, brought £40 each. One of the English fans was a large bridal fan of ivory, which was painted, by Cosway, with subjects relating to the Prince of Wales's marriage with Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, which brought £18 18s. An Angelica Kaufman brought nearly £12. The bridal fan of Princess Anne, daughter of George II., was sold for £26. The Baroness Burdett Coutts bought a fan engraved with the parades of the old Assembly Room at Bath, with Beau Nash as master of ceremonies. The collection brought nearly \$9000. —At Bolton, Eng., the native town of Thos. Moran, an exhibition of his paintings has been held, which has called forth warm expressions of admiration and pride from the local press. —M. Guillaume has been made professor of Aesthetics and Art History at the College of France, in place of Charles Blanc. —The fourth congress of architects and engineers is to be held in Rome, December next, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Palazzo del Belle Arti. —Detaile and Berne-Bellecour have received the Cross of Commanders of the Nicham, as souvenirs of their Numidian trip. —Miss Marianne North has presented the buildings at Kew, in which her collection of studies from plants was hung, to the nation. —The torso of a fine statue of Jupiter was recently found near Naples, close by the dried Lake Agnano. —The Prince and Princess of Wales recently visited Mr. Lowell's collection of monotypes and low tiles. —A committee of artists and archaeologists has been formed in England to continue the excavations of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was begun under the auspices of the British Museum. —M. Meissonier has been the victim of a model Alessandro Tasso who has been despoiling his studio of valuable properties. He was finally caught by M. Goupil, the picture-dealer to whom the model offered for sale, the portrait of a lady, a painting which the dealer readily recognized.



PAINTED BY E. RENOUF.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

A HELPING HAND.

NEW YORK: PATTERSON & NELSON.

AN EAST ANGLIAN DECOY.



ALL lovers of the picturesque must view with infinite regret the disappearance of so many of the wilder phases of country life before the dread march of progress. The landscape painter must search diligently indeed ere he find the unsophisticated and interesting subjects of fifty years ago. More especially is this rarity of subject noticeable with respect to bird and animal life. The solitude or wildness of a scene is accentuated by the presence in it of wild life; and this wild life is in itself of intense interest to a large proportion of the public. The gradual extinction of English wild fowl and wild animals is

as detrimental to landscape art as it is to the pursuits of the naturalist and the sportsman.

In the "broad" district of East Anglia there yet remain some of the more curious phases of country life, such as should tempt the artist to explore those watery regions. These phases are chiefly connected with fishing and fowling, and are so secretly carried on as only to be cursorily known to the majority even of local artists: and chief among them is the decoying of wild fowl, which is wonderfully interesting and picturesque in all its surroundings. He, however, who would paint a decoy must have some special knowledge of its objects and working; and owing to the secrecy necessarily enveloping the decoy while it is in work, such knowledge is



Outside the Pipe, looking towards Entrance.

obtainable by very few indeed. The structures themselves, however, can be visited at will in the summer time, and it is hoped that a somewhat minute description of the working of a decoy in the winter will be of use in enabling the artist to avoid any technical blunders which would lessen the value of what would otherwise be a valuable work.

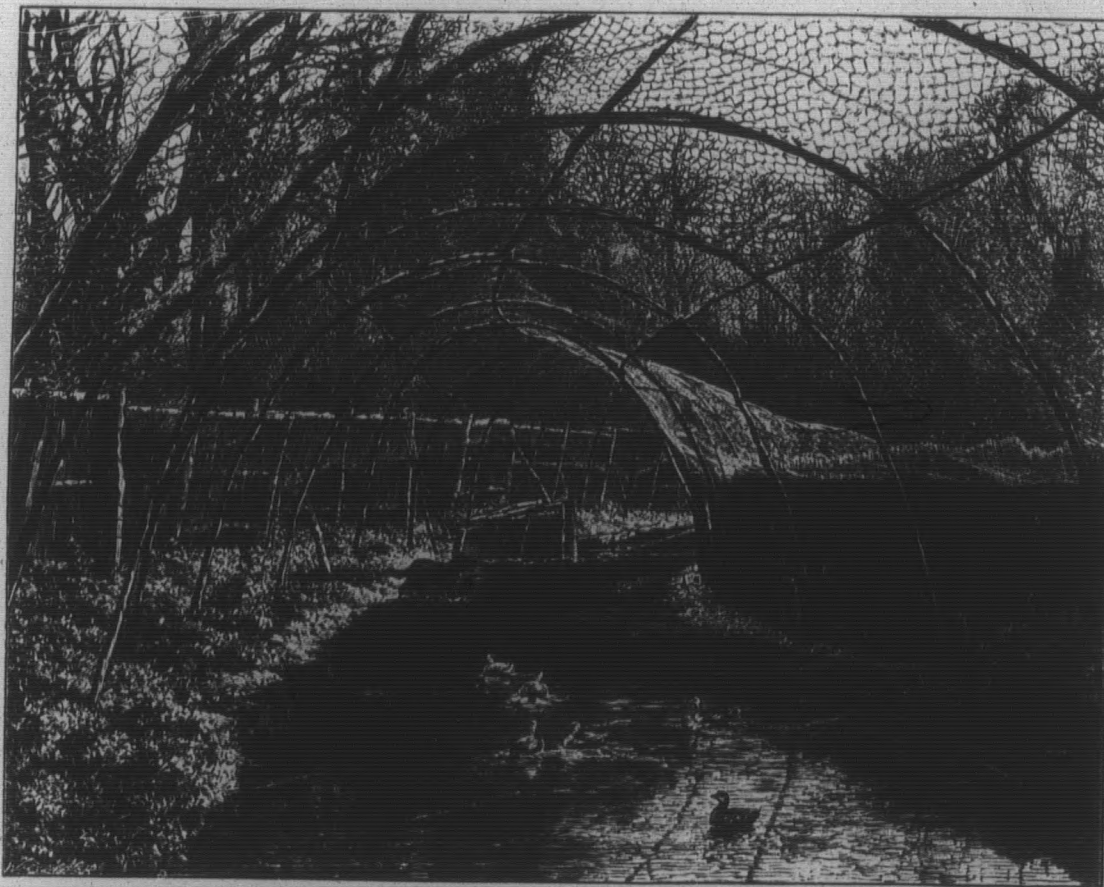
When, with the approach of winter, the wild fowl come to

us from northern latitudes, they find but little of that quiet and seclusion which is necessary to their abiding with us in any great numbers. The protuberance of Norfolk and Suffolk into the North Sea arrests a large number of the southward speeding birds, and the great lagoons, silent rivers, and far-stretching marshes of East Anglia offer them a safer harbourage than do other parts of England. Yet the proportion

of fowl remaining, even in so suitable a district, is not by any means so large as formerly. Of course there are many reasons for this: marshes are drained and lakes lose their wildness, the number of sportsmen is greatly increased, and no spot is long free in the wintertime from the noise of guns. The chief cause, however, in my opinion, is the decadence and disuse of decoys; and this view is shared by most of the "water abiders" among the broads, the men who live by shooting, fishing, and eel catching on the slow, sinuous rivers, and reedy, shallow lakes or broads of Norfolk. One night, while out on a certain quest on the river Bure, near Ranworth, in the midst of the best possible grounds, or waters rather, for wild fowl, I was struck by the scarcity of ducks going to and fro at night and morning "flight" time; and on remarking this to the eel fisher who was with me, he said, "Oh, it was a bad job the giving up of Ranworth decoy."

When that was worked there was plenty of fowl for the decoy, and plenty for the flight shooters; but since the decoy was given up, and the broad shot over, the ducks don't come, and nobody gets any."

The reason of this is obvious when the habits of ducks are considered. They feed chiefly by night, when, in the cover and silence, of the darkness they fly to different feeding-grounds which they dare not visit in the daytime. Just before dawn they fly back in small bodies to some sequestered lake, where the Argus eyes of numbers collected together afford a feeling of security to the timid fowl. If they are not disturbed in their retreat they spend the daylight there, feeding a little, sleeping a little, and preening themselves until the night gives them leave to go forth in fancied safety. It is while they are thus collected in numbers that they fall victims to the decoy. So silently and skilfully, however, is the decoy-



Looking up the Pipe.

ing practised, that while half a hundred ducks are having their necks wrung by the decoy man within fifty yards of the water's edge, hundreds more may be sitting on the water close by, all unconscious of the tragedy which is being enacted.

Much of the mystery which formerly surrounded the working of decoys has been dispelled by the patient investigations of Mr. Thomas Southwell, F.Z.S., who has gone into the subject with loving zeal and has made his discoveries public. It is to him that I owe the pleasure of seeing a decoy worked, and I shall long remember a visit I paid in his company to one of the decoys at Fritton.

Decoying was the only item of the wild life still existing in the Broad district with which I had not made myself acquainted, and time after time I let opportunities slip. The day after Christmas, 1881, lifted the veil of secrecy. A misty

morning brightened into a sunny day, and thin sheets of glistening ice threw a sheen over the green and slightly flooded marshes. The worst aspect of Norfolk marsh scenery is that seen from the railway. The noise and rush of the train are foreign to the lonely calm and eloquent silence of the river highways and the level reedy land through which they glide.

Fritton Lake is not strictly speaking a broad, as it is not connected with, or a broadening of, any river. It is also out of the marsh district, in a sylvan part about three miles from the coast, and midway between Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and is really a deep lake of about three miles long and a sixth of a mile wide, of a straggling and irregular shape lying between wooded banks of great beauty, and with numerous creeks or indentations, of which advantage has been taken to construct the decoys. There are two groups of decoys, one at each end of the lake, and those we saw worked are at the east end, and

are the property of Sir. Saville Crossley. A decoy should be sheltered from all observation of passers-by on roads or fields, but owing to gaps caused by the falling of large numbers of trees in the great gale of October 14th, 1881, we could, from the high road, catch glimpses of the water in the secluded bay where the decoys lay. Two or three score of ducks were swimming quietly about, and the keeper told us that men driving by would, out of sheer wantonness, crack their whips or shout for the purpose of putting the fowl to flight. He had built up huge bastions of reeds in the spaces left by the recumbent trees to screen the decoy, but the damage caused by the gale was not so easily set right, and the fowl were much shyer than before. Decoys are worked, if fowl are plentiful, twice a day, morning and evening, but this exceptionally mild winter only very few ducks had come south, and consequently very few were at the "'Coy," as the keeper called it. The weather

in which the most ducks came was snowy cold weather, when the ground was covered with snow, and food hard to get at, yet when the frost was not severe enough to "lay" the larger pools. At the time of our visit the decoy had not been worked for a few days, and some fowl were present, but very shy, as some one had been passing up wind of them, and the man had seen a footmark in the wood which was not his own. Cautioning us to stoop as low as he did, not to cough, or sneeze, or speak above a whisper, or tread on a dry branch, the keeper gave us a bit of smouldering turf, the object of which is to destroy the human scent, which would otherwise travel down wind and alarm the ducks.

Like all other birds, ducks like to swim or rise with the wind in their faces, hence it is only possible to work those pipes which are to windward of the birds, and in all decoys there are pipes made to suit the prevailing winds.



End of Pipe.

The decoy dog accompanied us, and was a retriever of reddish colour—red being apparently a colour which more powerfully excites the curiosity of the ducks than any other. This dog was a large one, too large, the man said, inasmuch as small dogs were found to be more effective. As we approached the lake, we entered a dry ditch with a bank thrown up on the side next the water. This was the "traverse," or means of approach to the decoy, and along a series of these traverses we proceeded, crouching double, hats off, the peat smoke making our eyes water, and the dog tripping us up. There was something decidedly conspirator-like in this stealthy progress over the soft dead leaves in the narrow ditch, and under the deep gloom of the trees and bushes which shaded the earthworks, and our expectations were wound up to a high pitch, our eagerness being, however, checked by our guide, who in hoarse whispers bade us "keep lower, keep

lower"—a necessary admonition in my case, for my back ached dreadfully already.

In order that the reader may understand the subsequent proceedings, I will explain what an after-inspection, when there were no ducks present, revealed to me of the plan of a decoy. Out of the quiet wood-surrounded bay dykes or arms of water extend into the land; each dyke is about eighteen feet wide at the mouth and gradually narrows to a point, curving the while to the right or with the sun for about the quarter of a circle, and is eighty or ninety yards along the curve. Over this dyke are light arches sometimes made of long pliant rods and sometimes of iron; these, again, are covered partly with cord network and partly with galvanised wire-netting, the network being generally near the mouth where it is more invisible than the wire, and the wire-netting over the rest. These avenues of netting are called pipes, and

are, speaking roughly, ten feet high at the open end, diminishing rapidly to three feet in diameter. At the small end is a pair of double posts, in the groove between which slips the first hoop of the "tunnel net," which is a bow-net eight or ten feet long, the extreme end of which is stretched out and tied to a stake. Owing to the curve of the pipe the ducks in the decoy can only see a short way up it, and the massacre of their comrades and the movements of the decoy man are unseen by them. Along the outer curve of the pipe, for a distance of nearly half its length from the mouth, screens made of reeds are placed obliquely, overlapping each other, and about a yard apart, the openings looking up the pipe, while towards the lake they present an impenetrable front. Continuous screens along the edge of the lake, near the pipe, and outside the pipe and oblique screens, still further add to the secrecy.

Inside the pipe is a wire-work pen in which is immured a lively quacking duck. The water in front of the pipe and inside is kept free from weeds, and is very shallow, with, if possible, a hard bottom, so that the "feed" with which the decoy is plentifully supplied may be easily seen and got at by the fowl. The oblique screens are connected by low barriers called dog jumps. Through two or three of the screens flat sticks of wood are inserted edgewise. If these are turned flatways they form small openings or peepholes, through one of which the keeper has been peering while we wait.

Blowing his turf to fan the smouldering fire, he beckoned us on, but with emphatic gesticulations to keep low. He planted each of us at an eye-hole, and then we saw a very beautiful and interesting sight. Quite at the mouth of the pipe was a flock of teal paddling quietly about, some with their heads tucked back fast asleep, and others toppling over feeding on the grains which had sunk to the bottom, but the greater number just floating lazily, with the sun shining on their glossy blue and chestnut heads. It was indeed curious to see these wild and timid little creatures within a few yards of us, all unconscious of the presence of three men intent on their capture. We held our breaths for fear of disturbing the intense stillness which reigned around, a stillness so great that the cry of a distant jay caused the ducks to lift their heads in listening attention. Beyond the flock of teal were several decoy ducks, tame ducks of a colour and marking as nearly as possible like the mallard. These decoy ducks are kept in the decoy and trained to come in for food whenever they see the decoy dog, or hear a low whistle from the decoy man. Beyond the decoy ducks was a flock of mallards, looking large and sitting high on the water compared with the teal.

Then the obedient decoy dog leaped over one of the jumps on to the narrow strip of margin within the pipe, and so became visible to the fowl, returning to his master over the next one. In an instant every head was up among the teal, and with outstretched necks they swam towards the dog, their bright eyes twinkling, and every movement indicating a pleased curiosity. They halted as the dog disappeared, but as at a sign from the keeper he jumped into the pipe again higher up, the birds again eagerly followed him. They were now well within the pipe, and directly under my nose. The keeper ran silently towards the mouth of the pipe, so as to get behind them, and then appearing at one of the openings between the screens he waved his handkerchief, a motion invisible to the ducks still outside the pipe, but a terrifying sight to those within. In an instant they rose and flew up the pipe in a panic, the man following them up and waving his handkerchief at each opening. As the pipe grew narrower

the doomed birds struggled along half flying, half running. Only one dared to turn back and fly out of the pipe, regaining safety by its boldness. The others crowded through into the tunnel-net, and when all were in, the keeper detached the first hoop from the grooves, gave it a twist, and so secured the ducks.

As I ran up after the keeper I took the opportunity of straightening my back, thinking that all necessity for further concealment was at an end. Immediately there was a rush of wings, and a flock of mallards left the decoy. "There now, you ha' done it!" exclaimed the keeper excitedly; "all them mallard were following the dog into the pipe, and we could ha' got a second lot." I expressed my sorrow in becoming terms, and watched the very expeditious way in which he extracted the birds from the tunnel-net, wrung their necks, and flung them into a heap. We had got twenty-one birds, nineteen being teal and two mallards.

From Mr. Southwell I learn that about six decoys are now worked, either regularly or occasionally, in Norfolk. I do not know whether there are many in the other parts of East Anglia, but not very many I fear. The present rage for shooting will go far towards exterminating the decoys, and landlords who feel the pinch of tenantless farms, will let the shooting of places which for generations have not been disturbed by the sportsman's gun. From the same source I learn that at the decoy now being described the average take of fowl each season is one thousand.

My next visit to Fritton was in the spring, with the same genial companion, for the purpose of photographing the salient points of the decoys, and we were favoured with a still, bright day. We first visited the decoys belonging to Colonel Leathes, at the Fritton end of the lake, and the views of the screens and of the interior of the pipe are of these decoys. The third view, representing the end of the pipe and the tunnel net, was at the one which we had seen worked in the winter. Altogether we obtained sixteen negatives, all of them good and typical, and a set as unique as in a few years time they will be valuable. The lake was then merry with Easter Monday holiday parties, and picnics were held at the very mouths of the pipes. We saw some breeding teal there, and the keeper said that the subsequent season ought to be excellent for fowl, as so many had been left to breed. The decoy ducks were still swimming about the decoy, and we found some of their nests among the rough herbage and brushwood behind the pipes. A curious fact in connection with these nests was that the birds, on leaving them, covered the eggs over with dead leaves, so as to hide them. This is an interesting bit of evidence in favour of reason rather than instinct, for these were domestic ducks leading a semi-wild life, and taking the precautions observed by wild fowl.

All around the lake there are most charming combinations of wood and water, and excellent quarters may be obtained on the margin at Fritton Old Hall, kept, I believe, by Pettingill; or one might lodge at the Bell Inn, St. Olaves, a mile and a half from the lake. There is a station at St. Olaves, and another close by at Haddiscoe. A spot well worth sketching is Wicker Well, at Somerleyton, a station about two miles from St. Olaves. It is a lilled pool, surrounded by ancient trees.

All the places named are within easy reach of Lowestoft, and might be worked from there; and charts and guide-books are published by Jarrold, of Norwich.

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.

JOHN LINNELL, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER.



HE first appearance of the name of Linnell in the history of artistic England—that is, so far as it is yet known to me—was about one hundred and forty years ago, in the lists of the members of the Drawing Academy in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. This academy, or rather company of students, was an educational institution of great importance in promoting exercises in painting and sculpture during the interval between the death of Sir James Thornhill in 1734, and the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768. Before the St. Martin's Lane Academy existed the most useful Art school in the metropolis assembled at Sir Godfrey Kneller's house in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and constituted a society which was dissolved on that painter's death in 1723. The rupture which occurred among the members of this school was by no means the first, nor was it the last of the kind. It was a characteristic fact of such societies that the union was broken into two fragments, one of which followed Vanderbanck and rapidly came to grief. The other company was more fortunate under the leadership of Thornhill, who, behind his own house in James Street, Covent Garden, built a large room, which was used until the painter's death. A new rupture followed this event, and another society was formed, the members of which met in Greyhound Court, Arundel Street, Strand, until, their number increasing very much, they, in 1738, migrated to those larger premises in St. Martin's Lane, where the association flourished until, in 1767, Mr. G. M. Moser, then one of its leaders, and afterwards an R.A., persuaded the members of the older body to surrender their property to the nascent Royal Academy, and thus efface themselves.*

The house to which the atelier of the society was attached had been occupied by Thornhill, Van Nost, F. Hayman, R.A., and by, as one authority avers, Reynolds, immediately after his return from Italy in 1753. It was No. 104 in "the Lane." The atelier itself had, before the society took possession, been in Roubiliac's use. It was pulled down, and a Quakers' meeting-house built on the site. The St. Martin's Lane Model Academy survived until our own days.

Such was the historical society in which I find the first Linnell, whose speciality was carving in wood, in respect to

which he held so considerable a position as induced occasional publication of his name in the journals of that day as that of one of the foremost practitioners of an art which was then held in high esteem. In the *Somerset House Gazette*, October 25, 1823, this Linnell is named among the members of the society, which had included Cipriani, Allan Ramsay, Zoffany, J. H. Mortimer, Grignon, G. Russell, R. Cosway, R. Earlom, and R. Wilson. About a quarter of a century after the dissolution of the society we find another Linnell, who was named James, and seems to have been born in 1759, and to have been connected with Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, where some at least of the family were seated. He appears in the same line as the above—that is, as a carver in wood—who carried on his business as a frame-maker and picture dealer in a house which no longer exists, and was No. 2, Streatham Street, at the corner of Thorney Street, Bloomsbury. This was the father of our painter.

John Linnell, our subject, was born June 16, 1792, not, as has been often stated, at No. 2, Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, but at another house in the same neighbourhood, which, like the above, has been abolished from the face of the earth, and the thoroughfare of which it formed part has been converted into, or absorbed by, a larger street. John Linnell's birthplace stood at one of the corners of Plum-Tree Street, which erst led into Hart Street, Bloomsbury. While his son was yet a child James Linnell removed from this house to Streatham Street. Following the name yet farther back, we find that James Linnell was the only survivor of the eleven (or thirteen) children of his father, the greater number of whom were born, died, and were buried at Chenies. The father of James died when the son was seven years old, or thereabouts. The latter was left in the charge of his paternal uncle, Thomas, who was settled at Paddington. According to the memoranda of the artist, John Linnell, this uncle Thomas was a nurseryman and florist in the Edgeware Road. One of the printed bills he was accustomed to use still exists.

Thomas Linnell, accepting the charge of his young nephew James, brought him up, and in due time apprenticed him to a carver and gilder of large repute in those days, named Southerby, whose place of business was in the Strand. Another authority states that Thomas Linnell was the proprietor of The Green Man at Paddington. It is not impossible that both statements are correct. I have not endeavoured to disprove either of them, because the point is

* Among the noteworthy details in the history of the St. Martin's Lane society are the following, which have an indirect bearing on the subject of this paper; because in one of the facts the Linnells of three, if not four generations, are concerned, with numerous other artists of high distinction. Hogarth, having inherited from Thornhill a collection of casts from the antique, which had been used in the Covent Garden rooms, lent or gave them to the society. Moser, as above stated, persuaded his fellows to hand over its effects to the Royal Academicians, in whose possession these articles now doubtless remain. It is, therefore, almost certain that some of the casts now used by the students in the Antique School at Burlington House were successively the property of Thornhill, Hogarth, and the members of the drawing school in St. Martin's Lane, and were employed by one and all of these artists, to say nothing of their forerunners, contemporaries, and successors; including Kneller, Zoffany, Woollett, Reynolds, R. Wilson, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Haydon, Mulready, Millais, and a host of living men to boot, besides Linnell the carver—possibly his son, who was a carver likewise—John, the son of the latter and the subject of our notes, and all his sons who are artists now among us. It can hardly be doubted that the identical casts have been the objects of study of at least six generations of artists. A curious circumstance suggests that the casts in Burlington House may include examples which belonged to the Duke of Richmond's gallery in the Privy Garden, Westminster,

which that peer generously opened to students in 1758. In Edwards's list of the casts, etc., belonging to the Whitehall collection, it is mentioned that "to these were added a great number of casts from the Trajan Column." It is easy to conclude that one hundred and thirty years since such *moulages* as these must have been exceedingly rare, and the existence in the collection of the Royal Academy of a considerable number of examples moulded from the great sculptured military monument of the Roman emperor whose name it bears, suggests that in them we may see some of the debris of the duke's school at Whitehall. Besides this, it is not, as Sir Thomas Browne was wont to write, "quite beyond the possibilities of conjecture" that some at least of the casts which Hogarth had from Thornhill once belonged to Kneller, and, before him, to Sir Balthazar Gerbier's Academy in Whitefriars, which existed, if it did not flourish, about 1648, until it was extinguished by "the troubles." No great stretching of probability might refer some of the articles in question to that atelier which, about twenty years before Gerbier's time, Van Dyck promoted at his own house in Blackfriars. The anatomical figure in the attitude of the 'Dying Gladiator,' a cast from the dead subject, which is still in the possession of the Royal Academicians, is described in a letter of John Deare's, dated 1776: see "Nollekens and his Times," ii. 306.

immaterial to my subject, which is the biography of John Linnell, the painter and engraver.

It is most probable that the advertisement printed below, which I found in the *Public Advertiser*, Friday, May 13, 1763, refers to the well-known carver, who was a member of the Drawing Academy in Peter's Court, as above stated.* It would be very difficult to establish this point. The reader must, therefore, take the suggestion for what it is worth. The William Linnell whose decease in, or not long before, 1763, is stated in Mr. Ford's announcement, may have been an uncle, or even the father of James Linnell, the orphan, who owed early education and training to his uncle Thomas. We know that in 1766, *i.e.* when he was seven years old, James Linnell was an orphan; that he came from Chenies, and lived in Berkeley Square, are statements easily reconcilable, although I have no evidence on that point. Of the near relationship of the parties there is ample testimony in the declarations of deceased members of the family.

It is certain that there was a John Linnell, likewise a carver of much repute, who, as he died in 1799, aged seventy-six (see below), must have been born in 1723, and was, in all probability, an associate of the best artists of the day in the Drawing Academy, as above noticed. Of this John Linnell the first there is very substantial evidence in the large and copiously illustrated folio of original designs and drawings of pieces of costly furniture, enriched with carvings and fine decorations of all kinds, made by himself for use in his business, and executed to scale. In the possession of Mr. George Richmond, the accomplished Royal Academician, who kindly permitted me to see it, is this volume of drawings, with manuscript notes, none of which, unfortunately, are biographical. The written title-page of this book is as follows:—"A Miscellaneous Collection of Original Designs by John Linnell, made, and for the most Part executed, during an extensive Practice of many Years in the first Line of his Profession by John Linnell, Upholsterer, Carver, and Cabinet Maker. Selected from his Portfolio at his decease, by C. H. Tatham, Architect, A.D. 1800."† The subjects of these drawings, which are about two hundred in number, are state furniture of all kinds, such as mirrors and picture frames, sideboards, side and central tables, wine coolers, bookcases, bedsteads, couches, chairs, girandoles, and consoles, all more or less enriched with carving. By far the greater number of these examples are in very pure and elegant taste, analogous to that of Chippendale, but with a

dash of graceful classicism; some of the others are affected by the rococo, if not the baroque taste of the fourth quarter of the eighteenth century, and disfigured by whims and conceits, wonderfully out of keeping with the superior specimens of the graceful fancy of the designer, many of whose works have doubtless since been sold as Chippendale's, and exist still under his name. It would appear that not a few of these pieces of decorative furniture were designed for special patrons; at least such may have been the case with regard to those works of which drawings in duplicate parts, with alternative details, are found in the book of Mr. Tatham's selections, which were made in 1800; that is, a year after the decease of the designer, whose tomb, and that of his wife Eleanor, is in Paddington Churchyard, and records the death of the latter in 1788, of the former in 1799, March 20.

We must recollect that the art of the carver enjoyed very high consideration in those days, when public taste was strongly directed towards works of decorative art enriched with fine carvings, and designed with enviable refinement and pure taste.

Having traced the antecedents of my subject to a greater extent than the records of artistic families generally permit, it is time to turn to the house in Streatham Street and its famous inmate, the boy, John Linnell. This place was the centre of a considerable business, and its occupier a man of standing sufficient to insure for his son such professional advantages as attend association with works of Art, in addition to those personal connections with painters which could not but be useful to a tyro so energetic and intelligent as the boy soon proved himself to be. Frequenting a school in the neighbourhood, but chiefly bent towards that art to which, while yet a mere child, he devoted his energies, the young Linnell did not, of course, make great progress in what is called "education," a term which is commonly supposed applicable only to attainments of a literary sort, as if Art studies are not an education! In painting and drawing there is no doubt our student was doing wonders. As to training of the literary sort, Linnell disciplined himself thoroughly, but independently and with characteristic energy, in later years.

Even at eight years old, and two years before Sir Edwin Landseer, himself a marvel of precocity in Art, was born—that is, in 1800—Linnell had so skilfully copied pictures by George Morland that his versions were often taken for originals. There was about this period a certain demand for such works, and Linnell's father was able to dispose of his son's productions in a manner profitable to himself, and indeed at tolerably good prices. One of these copies remained at Red Hill, as John Linnell told me, and attests the extraordinary powers of the child who executed it. It is recorded that even earlier works than these, said to have been water-colour drawings on boys' kites, were attractive enough to command the juvenile market in the Bloomsbury region. At this very time, and within a quarter of a mile of Linnell—see a note below—Mulready was earning early pence by painting "Turks' caps" for sale among his schoolfellows. (See "Memorials of Mulready," by F. G. Stephens, 1867, p. 19.) Also, in 1804, George Cruikshank, then twelve years old, was earning his first pence by etching; his work was a child's lottery picture.*

* "To be Sold by Auction. By Mr. Ford. On Tuesday, the 17th instant, and the two following Days. The large and genuine Stock in Trade of Mr. William Linnell, Carver and Cabinet Maker, deceased; at his late House and Ware Rooms in Berkeley Square. Consisting of magnificent large Mirrors and other Glasses, large Library Book Cases and Writing Tables, elegant carved Terms, Brackets, and Girandoles, Hall and other Lanthorns, large Sienna, Derbyshire, and Italian Marble Tables, Mahogany Chairs and Settees, Dressing, Dining, and Card Tables, Commodes, Cloaths Presses, and variety of other Cabinet Work, in Mahogany, &c.; a large India Japan Screen, and other Pieces of Japan, and a Lady's Sedan Chair. The whole may be viewed on Saturday and Monday till the Time of Sale, which will begin each Day exactly at Twelve. Catalogues may be had at the Place of Sale, and at Mr. Ford's in the Haymarket."

† Mr. Charles Heathcote Tatham, an architect of considerable standing, studied his art in Italy, and exhibited works in the Royal Academy from 1797. These were chiefly of a decorative character. He published "Etchings representing the Best Examples of Ancient Ornamental Architecture, Drawn from the Originals in Rome," 1799. There are four editions of this valuable work. Likewise "Etchings representing Fragments of Antique Grecian and Roman Architectural Ornaments," 1806; and in the same year "Designs for Ornamental Plate," forty-one plates; "The Gallery at Brocklesby," 1811; "Representations of a Greek Vase," 1811; "The Gallery of Castle Howard," 1811; "The Mausoleum at Castle Howard," and "Engravings of Cathedrals," etc., 1832. The last was a joint work with J. Coney. Mr. Tatham was Warden of Norfolk College, Greenwich, and died April 10, 1842, in his seventy-second year. He was allied by marriage to Mr. Richmond.

* The remoteness of the period we are now considering will present itself strongly to the mind of the reader, if I say that Linnell was born nearly four months before George Cruikshank came into the world, on the 27th of September, 1792. Cruikshank, who had long been regarded as the *doyen* of the artists,

Linnell had attained such facility in using his pencil even by this primitive course of studies, and apparently without much better advice than his father could offer, that we next hear of him—it must have been late in 1804—in Christie's auction-room making sketches from drawings by Girtin, which were then "on view" before a sale. With a dry glee peculiar to himself, the painter has related that these sketching practices once obtained for him the honour of being turned out of the sale-room in King Street, St. James's. One does not exactly see why a boy of ten years old should on such an account be thus ignominiously treated, but there is no doubt of the fact. That the lad was even at this period a very brilliant sketcher is confirmed by a circumstance which gave at once a colour and a direction to his after-life, and occurred in the sale-room in question. William Varley, a younger brother of John Varley, and himself an artist of standing, was lounging at Christie's one afternoon, and noticed the felicity with which a highly intelligent-looking lad made sketches in his pocket-book from pictures on the wall. Attracted by the circumstance, the observer invited the student to call on his brother John, then the most eminent Art teacher in England, who reckoned among his pupils Mulready and others, and afterwards William Henry Hunt, the first since famous in figure painting and a Royal Academician, the last the most genial of our painters of rustic character and humour, and who gave to countless flowers and fruit a delicious immortality of colour, beauty, and solidity.* It appears that Linnell availed himself of this invitation, and went to No. 2, Harris Place, a *cul-de-sac* near the Pantheon, Oxford Street, which was then occupied by John Varley.† Kindly received, and closely questioned by the water-colour painter, the lad so far justified his introduction that Varley called on the elder (James) Linnell and induced him to allow the tyro to become his inmate and pupil. The "consideration" on the father's side was payment of one hundred pounds by way of premium for instruction, board, and lodging. This arrangement fell in with the son's wishes, because, on the one hand, it freed him from the drudgery of copying Morland's pictures, and, on the other hand, it set him free to study nature and the antique. Varley's pupils did not copy their master's drawings, but took nature for their model. The house of Varley was a sort of rough-and-ready academy, where much frolic and gaiety, mixed with high poetic talk, sound technical instruction, and serious

studies, occupied the days and nights of his *entourage* and following. Mulready was the real teacher in this queer academy, Varley conducting the theoretical part. Thus began that lifelong friendship which united Mulready to Linnell, as well as that close intimacy which bound W. Hunt to the latter. Linnell remained with Varley for a twelvemonth only; his friendship with Hunt began in 1808. Mulready, stating his age to be fourteen years, was admitted an Academy student October 23, 1800.

I do not know whether it was before or after joining Varley that Linnell availed himself of the introduction of Andrew Robertson, the Scottish miniature painter, himself a protégé of the P.R.A., in order to call on Benjamin West in Newman Street. I am inclined to think that this visit preceded the equally important one paid to John Varley. It is certain that West received Linnell with abundant kindness, gave him instruction in the practice of chalk drawing, and worked on some of his studies from the antique. West was especially pleased by some of the pupil's chalk sketches on blue paper of the excavations, foundations of buildings, and numerous workmen's sheds used for the erection of Russell Square, which was then in progress. The joint influence of Mulready and the President encouraged Linnell's wishes to study in the schools of the Royal Academy, to which, giving his age for the Academy record as thirteen years, he was admitted November 28, 1805, and where he worked from the antique, and, somewhat later, from the living model. So strenuous had been Linnell's labours that in 1807 he gained a silver medal in competition with R. D. Thielke and H. Corbould; the subject was "an Academy figure." He was, in 1810, brought into the Life School to compete with Thomas Wyon, jun., the medalist, in modelling in bas-relief a back view of Sam Strowger, the renowned model and porter at the Royal Academy, whose praises were sung by Haydon and others. Linnell backed himself in this contest, in order to prove his faith in an assertion that modelling is easier to a painter than drawing to a sculptor. This is an old point of contention in the schools, which was, in this case, settled for the nonce by the superior energy of the painter, who came off victorious, thus defeating the sculptor with his own tools. Linnell's robust training had given him peculiar advantages in a competition of this nature.

In the summer of 1805 Varley had a small house at Twickenham, to which Linnell and Mulready resorted. This is the first indication presented to me of our subject's opportunities for studying landscape from nature. At a later period he was painting on the banks of the Thames, at Teddington and thereabouts, in company with W. Hunt; that is, probably before their meeting at Varley's. At Red Hill the elder painter preserved sketches and studies in oil made at this period by himself, Hunt, and, I think, Mulready, of water-side and rural subjects. These examples are very firm, powerful, bold in execution, rich in colour and tone, and attest the severity of the previous studies of the youths who made them, as well as their fidelity to nature.

To conclude these notes on the academical career of Linnell, let me record that in 1805 Haydon, Wilkie, Jackson, Hilton, and others were assembled in the schools at Somerset House. Linnell did not, it appears, attract much attention from these fellow-students, most of whom were older than he. A note of Wilkie's, indicating Linnell at a later date, will be found further on, and, in referring to "*Master Linnell*," suggests that the writer looked down on the landscape painter

departed from among us on the 1st of February, 1828. The extent of history spanned by the life of Linnell will be impressed on the imagination of the student who learns that the event of the day of the painter's birth was the addressing of a letter by Lafayette, from the camp at Maubeuge, to the French Legislative Assembly, in which, unluckily for him, that famous "highflyer" stringently assailed the Jacobin Club of Paris. Linnell was only four days old when the Parisian mob attacked the Tuileries, and forced King Louis to assume the red cap of "Liberty" in place of his ancestral crown. Linnell was three weeks old when Sir Robert Strange, who was born in 1721, and was fully adult when he went "out" in the "45," joined the greater number.

* It is noteworthy that the small district between Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and Long Acre produced within about a decade two very distinguished artists, the sons of trading craftsmen of the busier sort. Linnell, the son of a carver, was born, as above stated, in Plum-Tree Street; William Henry Hunt, the son of a tin-worker and japanner, was born eight years later, March 28, 1790, at No. 8, Old Belton Street, now Endell Street, Long Acre, in a house which is still occupied by a connection of the family, who carries on the old craft on the old premises. Mulready, then quite a little boy (he was born April 1, 1786), the son of an Irish leather breeches-maker, was then living "near Long Acre," and quite unconscious that Linnell and W. Hunt, his lifelong fellow-students and friends, were living near the same street where he disported himself, and were destined to careers parallel to his own. Two of the most distinguished now living English artists, the one renowned for poetic designs, the other as a landscape painter, are sons of carvers and gilders; the former was born in Birmingham, the latter in Liverpool.

† Turner of Oxford, and Copley Fielding were among Varley's pupils at this time. F. O. Finch joined the circle some years later—1813 or 1814—when the teacher had removed to 15, Broad Street, Golden Square.

from the "sad eminence of years." A noteworthy student of this period was the before-mentioned William Henry Hunt, of whom, Mulready, and himself, Linnell sometimes told the story of a students' prank, which is worth repeating on account of those who took part in it. One evening, on leaving the Life School at Somerset House, the three students found the Strand choked by gazers at the illuminations intended to celebrate some "glorious victory" won by the British. Whichever triumph evoked the display, it is certain that the painters could not get home to their suppers by ordinary methods of locomotion; therefore, not to be baffled, Mulready and Linnell took Hunt on their shoulders, where the little man extended himself as stiff as a corpse, while the bearers cried to the mob to make way for a dead person. The crowd parted to the right and left with loud expressions of sympathy and surprise.

I have said that Linnell, the last survivor of the trio concerned in this prank, accompanied, or was accompanied by, W. Hunt in short sketching tours on the banks of the river. These excursions had for their centre Teddington, but they were occasionally extended to Chiswick, Millbank, and even to Lambeth. The studies, preserved and shown to me by Linnell as having been made by Hunt and himself at this period (1805-9), are all in oil colours, and represent bits of scenery, hedgerows, banks, little landscapes with cottages, and water; those indicated as of our subject's making being firmer in touch than his companion's, and more free in painting, with somewhat richer colour, are the more powerful of the collection. Linnell was in similar company at Dr. John Monro's house, No. 7, Adelphi Terrace, the able owner of which was one of a family of "mad doctors," whose name is, so to say, loaded with the honours of their profession. The Monro in question was George III.'s physician in insanity, a man of high social position, good means, portly person, and genial manners. Shortly before this date he had employed Varley to make a series of drawings at Fetcham, where the doctor then lived. He kept a sort of Art academy, with the unusual arrangement that the master paid the pupils. The latter frequented not only the doctor's London house, but his second country mansion at Bushey, near Watford. There is a tradition that Hunt, not being strong enough to walk far, was commonly trundled about the woodland roads in the neighbourhood of Watford and Cassiobury, the vehicle employed being a tray not unlike one of those the costermongers of London still affect, and named "donkey-slants," and, like these, it was set on low wheels. Mounted thus, and seated in a chair under an umbrella, drawn by a donkey and attended by a boy, the little sickly artist spent glorious and happy days in that region, while he painted all the old churches within reach, and made studies, some of which were lithographed by Hullmandel and published.

A dozen years or more before this date I find Turner, Girtin, and others taking tea with Dr. John Monro at Adelphi Terrace, and receiving from their Mecænas such sums as he thought fit to give for the studies and sketches made at his table; doubtless the pecuniary circumstances of the students were carefully measured by the generous patron, so that the poorer man got the larger fee. Nonsense has been written to the effect that Dr. Monro sought a profit by these transactions.

Now, independently of the problematical value of the greater number of the drawings thus produced, and the consequent rashness of such an adventure when conducted on so large a scale as he practised it, it may be assumed that the youths did not think themselves wronged; it is certain they gladly went to the Adelphi as long as it suited their purposes. A parcel of Hunt's drawings after Gainsborough were, as I have already stated in *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1865, sold after the doctor's death for any but remunerative prices. Other students succeeded Turner and his contemporaries, until their places were occupied by Linnell and Hunt. The task set before the latter two was to make copies from drawings by good artists, such as Gainsborough, of which the doctor had a considerable number; these copies were produced in black and white chalks on blue paper. The student's fee at first was one and sixpence each evening, but, I believe, it was afterwards increased to half-a-crown, the same Turner and Girtin had had.

By means of diligence in studies of the nature I have indicated, Linnell's progress had been so rapid as to insure places in the Academy exhibition of 1807 for No. 153, 'A Study from Nature,' and No. 164, 'A View near Reading.' These were oil pictures. W. Hunt made his début in the same exhibition with three similar examples, one of which is associated with his friend's work, being another 'View near Reading,' No. 78; the others were, No. 51, 'Scene near Hounslow,' and No. 190, 'Scene near Leatherhead.' I have been informed that these early productions were simply carefully composed studies from nature, not marked by infusion of sentiment of any sort, impressive, cheerful, or otherwise, and in this respect different from later works by Linnell at least, if not from those of Hunt, who rarely contrived to impart pathos to his pictures or drawings. Hunt's address in the catalogue of 1807 is at Varley's, 15, Broad Street, Golden Square, to which house the master had by this time removed from Harris Place. In 1808 Linnell sent to the Academy No. 195, 'Fisherman,' which he had painted for Mr. Ridley Colborne (Lord Colborne) at the price of fifteen guineas. In the same year he contributed to the British Institution, for the first time, a picture entitled 'Fishermen, a Scene from Nature,' No. 25. In 1809 Linnell, then still living with his father, achieved a noteworthy success by obtaining the premium of fifty guineas which the Directors of the British Institution offered for the best landscape sent to their gallery in Pall Mall. His picture, No. 147, was called 'Removing Timber—Autumn,' and it remained in his possession unsold, so that a few years ago I saw it to be a solid, grave, and learned work, of high technical merit, and far better than boys of sixteen are wont to produce. It was executed in 1808. The painter's only competitor in Pall Mall was John James Chalon, afterwards an R.A., a landscapist by profession, who was four years older than Linnell, and a man whom to overcome was a distinction. Chalon's picture was sold to Earl Grosvenor. The prize, fifty guineas, for an historical picture, fell to George Dawe, who died a Royal Academician, for No. 89, 'Imogen found at the Cave of Belarius.'

F. G. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)



PAINTED BY MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

ENGRAVED BY WM GREATHACH.

THE VISITATION.

THE CORONA RADIATA AND THE CROWN OF THORNS.



NO inquiry into the origins of Christianity can be pursued without a close study of the origins of Christian Art. Drawing precedes writing in the history of man, and comes next to language as a means of expression. "Addressing the eye by symbols; more generally and readily understood even than words, drawing seems to have passed gradually into writing: the ancients have bequeathed to us not only a mythology but a mythography, and so," writes Mr. Newton, "in the painting and sculpture of mediæval Christendom we find an unwritten theology, a popular figurative teaching of the sublime truths of Christianity, blended with the apocryphal traditions of many generations. The frescoes of the great Italian masters, from Giotto to Michael Angelo, the ecclesiastical sculpture of mediæval Europe generally, are the texts in which we should study this unwritten theology." But as we hold that the foundations of Christianity date from the beginning of time and the origin of man, may it not be true that the origins of Christian Art are also traceable in these earliest mythographies? We would now exemplify the use of this course of study by bringing forward the result of an inquiry into the true significance of the Saviour's crown of thorns, and this will show that the farther back we trace this symbol in Art, the closer we approach to a true apprehension of its meaning. It will be necessary, in the first instance, to inquire into the nature and history of the especial form of crown which this spiked wreath was meant to represent. This was the Corona Radiata of the Roman emperor.

It was among the earliest customs in the East to mark the consecration of a chosen leader to his sacred office by encircling his head with either a crown, a diadem, or a wreath. The crown was generally a cap or helmet, with a golden band; the diadem a fillet, often of linen or silken ribbon, studded with gems; and the wreath a garland woven of leaves, flowers, twigs, or grass. These emblems, or signs of royalty, were introduced to the Romans through their Oriental campaigns and intercourse with Asiatic nations; and there is abundant evidence that the crown was an actual part of the regalia of most nations, and worn by living men on certain occasions. But it is a curious fact that another ornament is spoken of, the practical use or wearing of which by men in any office is not so clearly proved. It seems to have been reserved for ideal heads, and is only found in Art, whether in clay or marble, bronze or fresco painting. This is the Corona Radiata, or rayed crown. Its form was that of a circlet, from which sprang seven or twelve horn-like points.

This crown is evidently meant to symbolize light, or pointed flame; and the symbol may be as old as religion herself, at whose beginning the very name of God and Light was one. "Before the Aryan languages separated . . . there existed in them an expression for light, and from it, and from the root, *div*, to shine, the adjective *deva* had been formed, meaning originally 'bright.' 'Deva' came to mean 'god,' because it originally meant bright and brilliant."*

* Max Müller, "Origins of Religion." This light, which in ancient mythologies is thus held to be a sensible manifestation of divine presence, is sometimes

The rays surrounding divine heads so common in Eastern Art are seen on terra-cotta fragments, bases, and fresco paintings found in Etruria and Herculaneum; and we shall now confine ourselves to the first examples that we have discovered of such converted into a crown. There is a terra-cotta fragment engraved by Ficoroni in his work on Masks* (illustration No. 1), where a woman's bust is seen, her head being crowned by lambent rays which cross. We believe that an actress in the floral games is here represented, whose head is crowned by woven leaves so arranged as to imitate rays.

M. Raoul Rochette† describes a vase in a museum at Chiusi,‡ where the throne of Jupiter is portrayed, with a



No. 1.—Actress in Floral Games. Early Roman Terra-cotta.

female figure seen behind it holding a radiated crown in her hand. On another vase a mystic figure is seen, his brow encircled by this crown, from which, however, the rays project almost horizontally. On a third the Genius of Death, winged and clothed, holds the radiated crown above the head of the deified Hercules. On yet another there appears the Genius of Birth, under the form of a youth clad in white, and bearing a new-born child, which opens its arms wide as if in intercession, and whose head is crowned by a radiated diadem. A somewhat similar image occurs on a Greek vase found in Etruria, where a figure, winged and clothed, whose head

figured merely by horns; and there is a Roman sculpture, engraved by Montfaucon, where the Sun-god is seen crowned with seven rays, and a horn, the symbol of Serapis, in the centre. The horns of Moses are held by some to have their origin in the Vulgate Latin translation of Exodus xxxiv. 35, where the Hebrew word *karan*, which in the Septuagint is rendered *ῥέδδαα*, and in all the ancient versions conveys the idea of shining or radiancy, is in the Vulgate represented by *cornutus*, or "horned." Whatever the origin of the symbol in this instance may be, it is clear that its meaning refers to the pointed flames or rays of light issuing from the head of him on whom the Shechinah rested.

* "Le maschere sceniche e le figure comiche d'antichi Romani descritte da Francesco de Ficoroni," p. 168, cap. 67.

† "Monum. ined. Oresteide," page 230, note 2.

‡ Mentioned by M. Dorow as preserved in the collection of M. Casuccini.

is adorned with a radiated crown, holds a caduceus in the right hand, and bears an infant in swaddling clothes on the left arm. This image is also to be found on a Florentine bronze, and on various Roman sarcophagi, where, in one instance, a figure, thus crowned, stands behind the image of Prometheus forming Man.

On another unpublished vase in the collection of this writer,



No. 2.—*Hora in Fresco Painting of Marriage of Peleus and Thetis.*

Teletes, the Genius of Mysteries, naked and winged, is represented flying with a radiated crown in his hands, which he is about to place upon the head of a youth who holds himself erect before him, enveloped in his peplos. A priestess of Apollo, bearing a similar crown (see above illustration), is represented in the famous fresco, now preserved in the Vatican library, depicting the marriage of Peleus and Thetis.* By this crown Winckelmann discerns that this priestess and the two maidens who accompany her are not Parcae, or Fates, as some have suggested, but the Hours—beneficent deities, ministers of Jove and guardians of the doors of Olympus, who, to the sound of the harmonious cithara, call down blessings on the marriage.

The radiated crown is seen worn on the heads of three figures in a bas-relief on the base of a candelabrum in the second cabinet of the Villa Albani at Rome. They are women performing some sacred rites, and are called by Zoëga Hierodules, or sacred slaves, and by Winckelmann Hours; while Visconti holds them to represent young Spartan virgins executing a national dance called thyreatics. According to Winckelmann these Hours, daughters of Jove by Themis (Law, Right, Order, Justice) were nymphs dedicated to Apollo, draped and dancing round a burning fire. "In fact," he says, "that which must be taken as the distinctive mark in these three Hours is the crown, which is similar in all three, and is the same as that worn by the Hours on a pillar base in the Villa Borghese."

The radiated crown formed of intertwined palm-leaves is

seen in another bas-relief in the same collection; it is worn by a female figure, apparently moving in a slow and solemn dance. Precisely the same bowed and mournful head, now no longer crowned—but winged—is seen to dance round the altar of Victory in a representation which is embossed upon the breastplate of Claudius Albinus on the statue of this Roman consul, No. 248, Gallerie delle Statue of the Pio Clementino Museum in the Vatican (illustration No. 3).

Winckelmann has observed, when speaking of the origin and probable significance of the radiated crown: "The first instance that occurs to me in the consideration of this corona was the notice of Lucian, who relates that the warriors of Ethiopia went into battle with arrows tied round their heads so as to stand upright like rays; and this people, according to the same author, never faced their enemies save in the act of dancing. Such crowns are formed of leaves of the palm peculiar to the Muses, which, we know, among the Spartans were fixed so as to resemble rays. When such an example occurs, as that before referred to, on the base of the candelabrum in the Villa Borghese, in which these leaves are crossed, we hold that this form may explain a passage in Apuleius (*Metamorph.*, l. ii., p. 389), where a garland woven like a net is spoken of." This crown, with white points or horns, as represented on Greek vases, is formed of blanched-white palm-leaf, such as is still prepared in Bordighera in Italy, for use on Palm Sunday in the Church of St. Peter's, in Rome. Apuleius (*Metamorph.*, xi. 237, 805, ed. Oldendorf), when describing the costume of the initiated, says: "But I carried in my right hand a flaming torch, and had encircled my head with a graceful garland, the leaves of the shining palm projecting like rays."

In the sculpture of the later Greek period radiated heads occasionally are seen, and one of the finest examples of such is the head of Jupiter Serapis, in the Pio Clementino Museum of the Vatican. The same symbol occurs on a metope from a Doric temple discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Ilium Novum. Its date is about the year 286, B.C. The subject is the Sun-god in his four-horse chariot, setting forth on his diurnal course, the light, represented by horn-like rays, issuing from the nimbus around his head (see illustration No. 4). A radiated diadem is seen on a coin of Orodas, son of Phraates III., B.C. 53 to A.D. 37, and Mr. William Scott remarks (*Num. Chron.* vol. xvii., p. 160): "Whether such diademed heads as Gotarzes represent the tutelary spirit of the prince, or Ormuzd himself, I am not able to decide." The same diadem is seen on coins struck in Jerusalem in the third century; it appears on a head of Hostilian struck there, A.D. 261.† On a Palmyran bas-relief, figured by Mr. Layard,‡ a full-faced radiated head may be seen, borne up by an eagle. The radiated crown is frequently associated with the myth of Hercules, as is seen on the pre-historic Greek vases and the bas-reliefs of Greek art, as well as the Gaulish coins of the first centuries of the Christian era.

We find, also, that the Roman emperors, loving the allegory of Hercules as the invincible, and his subjugation of the image of Evil in the Erymanthean boar, adopted on their medals many symbols in connection with him. The worship

* "Monum. Antichi," p. 59. Zanetti, Stat. nella Bibl. S. Marco, Venice, T. 2, fig. 34. A similar relief appears on a marble candelabrum here. Zoëga, Bassi rilievi. Ficoroni, Sculture della Villa Pinciana.

† See M. de Saulcy; Mr. J. M. Madden, Brit. Mus.; H. C. Reichardt, *Num. Chron.*, N.S., iv.

‡ "Layard," l. c., Tab. i. No. 1, and Tab. vii. 6.

* Winckelmann, "Monumenti Antichi," p. 59. Zoëga, "Bassi rilievi," pp. 32, 33.

of Hercules and the boar had been generally adopted by the Celtic tribes, after the Grecian custom. To them these forms were symbols of invincible power and divine gifts, and the association of this symbol of divine inspiration with the invincible power of labour becomes more interesting still when we see it worn on the head, or borne in the hand, of mystic figures on Greek vases, held as a symbol, now of initiation into mystery, and again of victory over death.

Representations of this radiated crown are found on the coins of such leaders among men as came to have divine honours attributed to them by the enthusiasm of their followers. Such divine effulgence from the head as is symbolized by this crown is alluded to by Latin writers about the dawn of the Christian era; and even so early as the destruction of Carthage the consuls of Rome are represented on their coins with various emblems of divinity; while after the time of Mark Antony and Octavianus the laurel wreath is superseded by the golden rays of Sol or Helios, the ruler of days.

In after-times the deification of the emperors succeeded to the adoration of the Roman governors which was practised in the East, where the magistrate was adored as a provincial deity, with the pomp of altars and temples, of festivals and sacrifices. Their images were adorned with crowns of rays, as represented on their coins, to mark their consecration and elevation to the rank of gods, whose brows were held to be thus arrayed.* The Egyptian laurel woven round the radiated crown was the highest symbol in this apotheosis. Lucan tells us of the honours paid by the Romans to Cæsar:



No. 3.—*The Hour of Victory.*

"Therefore, by citizens who were not ungrateful, all possible honours were heaped upon the one prince; his images were

* As we read in the description of Castor in the *Argonautica* of Valerius Flaccus: "And they behold the thin blood stream from his starry brow, and Pollux, unfrighted by the sight, drying his wounds with the back of his cestus. Castor weaves branches round his lofty head and arms, and binds his temples with green laurel."—*C. Valerii Flacci Argonauticon*, l. iv., p. 101.

in all the temples about, a crown of distinct rays in the theatre, a seat of honour raised in the senate-house, a pin-



No. 4.—*The Sun-God on a Metope from Ilium Novum.*

nacle (? tower) upon his house." One of the Scholiasts says that Cæsar was arrayed in the habit of Jove, and wearing rays in resemblance of the sun; while Lucan writes, in a spirit of sarcasm against Nero: "The civil wars will create divinities equal to the gods of heaven. The shades will Rome adorn with lightnings and with rays and stars: and in the temples of the gods will she swear by the shades of men."*

The crown offered by Mark Antony, and thrice rejected by Cæsar on the sacred course, was encircled by laurel-leaves, and must have been either a diadem, *i.e.* a ribbon, or one of these radiated crowns. "Antony was one of those who hastened to the sacred course, for he was consul. When he had reached the spot, and the crowd broke to let him pass, he approached the tribune, and presented to Cæsar a diadem, which he bore in his hand, and which was surrounded by a laurel-wreath. At first a clapping of hands was heard, not very loud, but low and indistinct, such as is only made by men placed there for the purpose. But Cæsar having rejected this diadem, then all the people began to clap their hands. Antony again presented the diadem, and a few persons applauded. Cæsar rejects it again, and every one applauds. Cæsar, disabused by the second attempt, arose, and commanded that they should go and consecrate this crown at the Capitol."

† It is true that "diadem" is the word used by Plutarch in describing this scene; nevertheless, the evidence of other writers as to the appearance of a radiated diadem upon his head may render it probable that the crown offered to Cæsar was the radiated crown. M. C. Abbé Texier observes: "Les historiens romains (Valer. Flac. l. iv. Argon., flor. l. iv. c. 2) remarquent qu'on présenta, en plein théâtre, à Jules César, une couronne tout éclatante de rayons, et que Caligula prit lorsqu'il voulut s'arroger la divinité, était semblable."† This crown was then the symbol of divinity, grasped at by the last-mentioned emperor, when, in his madness, he ordered himself to be worshipped as a god.‡

In a future number we shall show that the crown of thorns placed on the Saviour's head was but a parody of this ancient symbol of spiritual kingship—the Crown of Rays.

MARGARET STOKES.

* "Lucan, *Pharsalia*, lib. vii., v. 458.

† "Dictionnaire de l'Orfèvrerie."

‡ Niebuhr, "Lectures on the History of Rome," p. 693.

THE SALON.*

FROM THE FRENCH CRITIC'S POINT OF VIEW.



FROM the French critic's point of view the Salon of 1882, though it may not have brought to light any extraordinary and hitherto unknown talents, nor displayed masterpieces of so high an order as to mark an epoch in painting, has yet begotten an interest so specially its own; that it well deserves notice. After a careful study of the five thousand works, our first impression of doubt gives way, and we feel that we are standing in the presence of an entirely new phenomenon, for such must we call the development which is plainly being evolved from the painting of to-day. A scholastic and academic treatment is rapidly being abandoned; every artist appears to be eager to shake off the trammels and work freely and in his own way; each goes to seek nature direct, and interprets her for himself; true it is, that the treatment is not always free from blunders, but these are nearly always redeemed by an intense respect for truth. The result is that the brush finds a number of different ways of expressing itself, and with these the eye of the public, accustomed as it is to certain recognised styles, is not yet familiar. It will need some years yet ere the crowd of visitors to the Salon clearly grasp the fact that nowadays painting is not, as it was formerly, an art to be leisurely learned at school, but that in the future it is to be an art which will faithfully reflect the aspirations, tastes, passions, the intellectual culture; or, in turn, the coarseness of the society of the day in all its confusion and restlessness. Painting follows the same path as the human mind; this is the law of its growth. It changes as society itself changes; whether we approve or disapprove the change, we must give way to it, for it is forced on us.

Time was when it was the custom to think loftily, grandly. There was an art which consisted principally in the selection of the beautiful, and the elimination of ugliness, and which, although it was impregnated, if we may so say, with nature, was pleased to represent her as she certainly is not. At that time everything took its standard by the human form, and its grace, strength, nobility, and beauty. But to-day all this is modified; men think less loftily, their aim is lower, and they are determined to observe things and paint them as they really are. 'Tis the painting of the crowd, of the mob, of anybody, in fact. Art affects humility, and the representation of humble and familiar scenes. As to the beauties of nature, they are hardly considered, nor is there any attempt at selecting and portraying these; such a process would simply be trouble thrown away; the crowd would fail to catch its meaning. The 350,000 persons who every year visit the Salon must be catered for, and for the motley public pictures are now painted.

These preliminary reflections will explain why it is that in France, as elsewhere, critics are by no means unanimous when they are engaged in passing judgment on an exhibition of pictures. One party deplores the manifest tendency of the painters of the day to copy nature exclusively,

without either selection or exaltation; the other rejoices in it. The one views with dismay the abandonment of the traditions of the French classical school, its academic discipline, and the stiff and conventional design by which its productions were stamped; the other, on the contrary, demanding vitality and truthfulness in Art rather than exactness, applauds the efforts of the innovators. These latter are fully aware that those they praise do not seek a high intellectual standard; but then, say they, the painter, by thus throwing to the winds those old observances, is led to look for fresh methods, and a novel observation of nature, and he begins his education all afresh, analyzing things more closely, and demanding from a new reality that quickening inspiration which no teaching can give, and which cannot be learned. Traditional Art must lose its prestige, for it has now no vitality. A material Art will take its place, inexact, ill defined, and transitional it may be; one whose first utterances point to a desire to join hand in hand in a burdensome treaty with a democratic internationalism. But it will soon rid itself of its swaddling clothes, it will grow, seeking refinement yet retaining its innate qualities; and this being so, there need be no fear as to its future. Such is the progression which far-sighted critics are pleased to discern through the medium of the Salon.

But we must pass on to a rapid survey of the principal works in the Exhibition, only stopping at such a point to the foregoing general reflections.

A separate place must be allotted to M. Puvis de Chavannes, an artist who belongs to no school, who borrows his ideas from no one, and whose works, after having been railed at and even ridiculed for years, have obtained in this year's Salon the highest possible recompense, viz. the medal of honour, which was awarded almost unanimously by his brother artists. Though exclusively engaged in that special branch of Art which has for its object the mural decoration of monuments, M. Puvis de Chavannes has produced, in a style peculiarly his own, compositions which, although at the first glance severe and rudimentary in design, and poor almost to feebleness in colour, yet give an impression of extraordinary power when we learn to see their mysterious harmony and their strange and insinuating feelings. Whether he is executing huge cartoons, such as those which will adorn the walls of the Pantheon or the Amiens Museum, or whether he is painting works of moderate dimensions like the 'Enfant Prodigue,' or the 'Pauvre Pêcheur,' he always studies the *ensemble décoratif*—the optical effect which presents the appearance of unity to the eye. M. Puvis de Chavannes never troubles himself about details of embellishment. An eye accustomed only to appreciate the charms of colour, the external grace of objects, or a superficial though elaborate imitation of nature, resists this abstract and rigid art, which holds that its aim is simply to display figures in keeping with the dignity of the stone wall on which they are destined to live. It must be admitted that his compositions are by no means easy to understand in the Salon, where they are surrounded by works which are crisply finished realities, pleasing and intelligible. But once remove these majestic pieces from

* Continued from page 219.

such surroundings, and look at them in the cold light which is diffused round a monument, and you will then understand the singularly poetic power of these heroic compositions.

The ideal of the composer of 'Ludus pro Patria,' and of his other work, 'Doux Pays,' which he has given to adorn the mansion of his friend Léon Bonnat, the portrait painter, is not a vague fancy or a tiresome and impalpable dream, but human society in its primitive and wholesome condition. He does not copy nature, but translates her into a language whose simplicity constitutes its charm: this is the standpoint from which the works of this master must be viewed. We, of course, cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, even when considerable allowance is made for the peculiar conditions under which he works, faulty draughtsmanship is too often apparent in his productions. M. Puvis de Chavannes is unequalled in the expression of attitude and gesture, and his arrangement possesses congruity to a degree, but he is about the worst possible model for a heedless imitator to follow, as, indeed, many unlucky attempts in the palace in the Champs Elysées amply show.

The old divisions adopted by critics in speaking of paintings exist no longer. Where, it is now asked, does historical painting terminate? And where does landscape begin? To augment the confusion and fatigue incident to the examination of so enormous a number of pictures, comes the frequent impossibility of determining these boundary lines. Artists no longer recognise these barriers; they look round them and paint what they see, perfectly regardless whether they are painting portraits or genre, historical pieces or landscapes.

What has been called "high historical or mythological Art" has but few representatives at the present day, and the public is gradually forsaking the few who still adhere to it; for it is felt to be cold, lifeless, and devoid of eloquence and truth, by the side of the greater boldness and vitality, apparent in the compositions of the younger school.

M. William Bouguereau having adopted this teaching in its entirety, holds firmly to his position as the perfect master of a style of painting which is icy in its symbolism, and devoid of true character, thought, or emotion. Nothing gets so exasperating in the long run as this external perfection, when no real life underlies it. In his 'Twilight,' we see the nude figure of a woman balancing herself on the point of one foot on the top of the waves. A certain amount of gracefulness

1882.

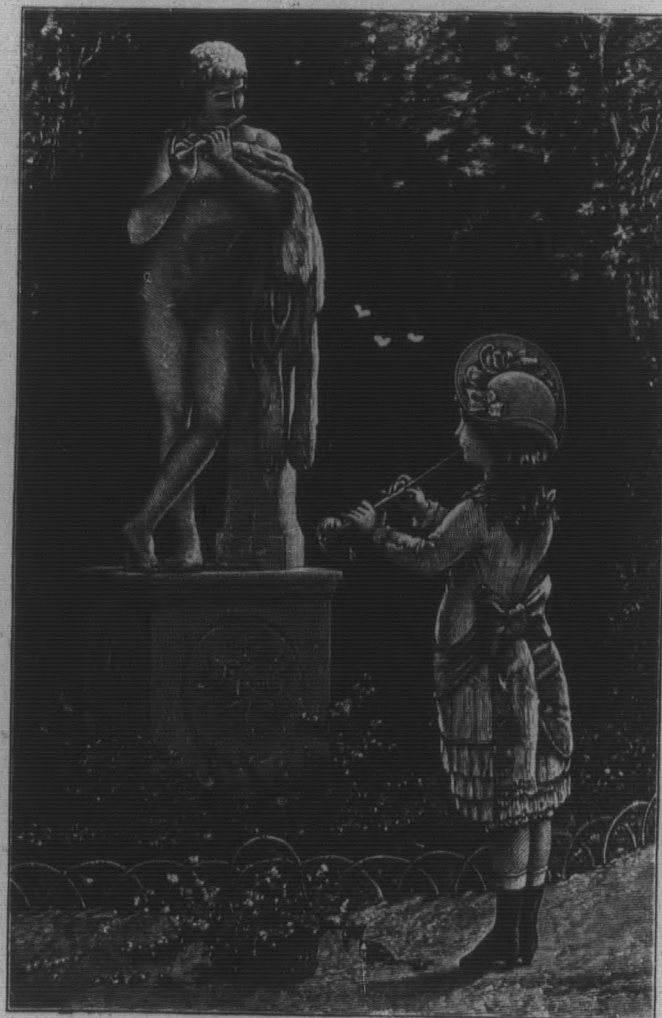
is, it is true, displayed in the operation, as she covers her nakedness in the gauze folds of the bright blue garment which is inevitable in these cases. Extending her right arm, she carries the left back to her breast with an expression that is false and insipid, though extremely pretty. We do not wish to speak slightly of such an artist as M. Bouguereau, who is a thorough master of this particular branch of Art, but, to speak frankly, one tires of these tame allegories; they present a certain formal beauty, as befits them, but fail to appeal either to the heart or to the imagination.

M. Jules Lefèvre is also a disciple of traditional Art, but he knows better than to sacrifice vitality to shadowy grace. His picture of 'The Affianced' possesses a distinctive excellence peculiar to the author. A Greek maiden is seated

on a marble seat; a long mantle falls in graceful folds over her youthful figure, while she languidly submits to the offices of her attendants. The sentiment by which this work is inspired is a little too pronounced, but in execution it is unusually elegant, free, and clever. M. Paul Baudry, the distinguished painter of the pieces in the Opera House, and of so many important works, has sent to the Salon one small painting only, a 'Truth' seated on the brink of a well; this is a refined and most valuable production. M. Henner has gained a very brilliant success with a 'Barra.' The young hero of the First Revolution is a popular character just now. It will be remembered that when he received his death-blow he was a prisoner in the hands of the Vendéans, and they, touched by his youth (he was only thirteen), promised to spare his life if he would cry "Long live the King." Barra at once, unhesitatingly, called out, "Long live the Republic,"

and fell riddled with bullets. M. Henner has drawn this poor child with a poetry and a charm which alike baffle description, and make him the personification of heroism. An inexpressible feeling of vague, but deep trouble, asserts itself as we stand before the gloomy canvas, where the white form is descried through the mysterious and gathering shade.

Religious, like historical painting, is being more and more forsaken; with conviction and faith wanting, the inducement to search the vast range of subjects for a fitting one is also lacking. In this branch we may notice M. Carolus Duran's 'Entombment.' The eminent portrait painter here presents us with a somewhat ambitious attempt; he cannot be said to have completely failed, nor yet to have completely



Le Duo, from the Picture by H. J. Burgers.

succeeded. As regards the arrangement of the figures, the piece reminds us of Titian's picture in the Louvre, but the colour, though firm and bright, is not well distributed; the characters are unfortunately vulgar, and the Christ has neither nobility nor expression. But M. Carolus Duran has worked four years upon it, and is so firmly convinced that he has produced a master-piece, that he has rejected with scorn an offer by the Government to purchase it at a less price than fifty thousand francs. M. Gabriel Ferrier, a young painter, and one of the most brilliant results of our academic training, exhibits a scene from the Passion entitled, 'Hail, King of the Jews!' Its rich colour and pleasing novelty of style claim the warm support of the votaries of this class of Art.

Artists who borrow their illustrations from scenes in ancient history usually nowadays treat them anecdotically; carried along with the stream of realism they hope to persuade people that their creations once existed, and they attempt to show the life of the past even down to its minutest accessories. In this way M. Rochegrosse, a young artist still under instruction in the school, has been highly applauded for a 'Vitellius'; he shows the Emperor in a narrow street of ancient Rome, hemmed in, pushed about, and hustled by an infuriated populace, which is revenging itself cruelly on him, making him pay dearly for his baseness and his insolent tyranny. This piece tells of a lively imagination, with a healthy temperament, and is full of promise. It is in the anecdotal fashion too that M. Albert Maignan has treated the delicate page of religious history which relates 'The Sleep of Fra Angelico,' in the picture here engraved. He has never produced anything finer, more luminous, or more spiritual than this little canvas, where we see the good monk, the exquisite fashioner of scenes of Paradise, watched over during sleep by the angels as they complete for him the work which hangs on the wall of his cell. M. Maignan's other piece is called the 'Outcast.' In it we are shown a queen flying with two attendants from the palace which has been shut against her. This work the author has endowed with a wonderful breadth of treatment and grandeur of conception. Another artist who can also interpret religious history with delicacy and taking cleverness is M. Buland; his pictures in the Salon are positively crammed with good points. 'Jesus in the house of Martha and Mary,' and 'The Singing Lesson,' depict scenes grandly yet simply disposed, quiet colours judiciously separated, and delicate expression. We may further notice M. Benner's 'The Bathers,' for its elegance and exemplary feeling; the 'Foolish Virgins' of M. Glaize; and M. Jean Aubert's 'Winter,' and 'Pendant la Guerre,' by M. Luminais, a work calm and severe in its symbolic heroism. We can do no more than mention, under the head of historical paintings, the 'Camille Desmoulins' of M. François Flameng; the 'Last Moments of the Emperor Maximilian' of M. J. P. Laurens, a work of questionable merit, and undoubtedly one of this artist's least brilliant productions; and lastly the 'St. Chrysostom preaching before the Empress Eudoxia' of M. Wencker, a huge composition by one of the most serious disciples of the Villa Médici at Rome.

We must now turn to the principal works by those who may be termed the adversaries of traditional Art. In the ever-increasing throng which presses bravely along the new paths, there are some who openly and violently revolt against tradition and rule, others who are contented with a compromise. These two parties are in accord to the extent of longing to express themselves with an intense reality, but whilst one of them

openly sets at naught the opinion of the multitude, the other takes some account of the educated feelings of their contemporaries. As regards those in the former category, M. Edouard Manet has such a reputation for eccentricity, that the French public seldom believe him to be in earnest. Yet there can be no doubt that this whimsical and incorrect artist, whose palette seems to have gone crazy, has exercised an undeniable influence on painting. He was the first to perceive certain capricious effects of the atmosphere, and to endeavour to interpret them with his brush. This year he sends to the Salon a small portrait of a young woman, whose clear complexion stands out in relief from a foliage background. The crowd did not find in this piece occasion for its usual pleasantries; but M. Manet's other picture, 'Bar aux Jolies Bergères,' has compensated those who content themselves with laughing at talents of this sort, without caring to recognise the rare fidelity which is occasionally their outcome. It is true that this canvas, whereon one sees an unintelligible medley of figures reflected in a mirror at a café concert, might pass for an undecipherable puzzle. M. Manet, unfortunately, seems to pride himself on the obscurity of his enigmas. It is a great pity. This innovator either cannot, or will not, take advantage of his discoveries; he leaves to others the credit of making a successful use of them. Even now numerous artists may be found who are leaving what may be termed the "light and shade style," to interpret the capricious combinations of iridescent light; and are discovering hitherto unknown effects in the harmonious clearness of scenes copied in the open air. The open air! to paint the open air—that fluid, almost colourless substance, so elusive to the grasp, to show forth its endless and fickle caprices, to reproduce its scarcely perceptible quiverings round the objects it bathes, as it draws them nearer or carries them farther apart, according to its density, its clearness, or its endless tricks of reflection—this is the new problem men are applying themselves to resolve.

It was in the open air of the forest that M. Bastien Lepage saw the poor woodman, the 'Père Jacques,' who, laden with branches and bending under his burden, in company with his little daughter, directs his old and tottering steps homewards. What poetry breathes in this canvas! No longer a languishing and epic feeling, conventional and over-refined, but a poetry that is inward, deep, eternal, such as only can come from a vigorous rendering of nature. Nothing could be more neatly or exactly rendered, nothing more carefully studied, than the head of this old peasant, so sparkling with life and vigour. Just the same fulness and truthfulness of expression is found in M. Lhermitte's 'La Paye des Moissonneurs,' where the painter has never succeeded better than in this really remarkable picture. It has been purchased by the French Government. The picture from which our engraving, 'Le Duo,' is taken was painted by H. J. Burgers, and is a pleasing illustration of popular French Art.

M. Dagnan Bouveret's 'Benediction of the Newly Wedded' was also one of the most significant exhibits in the Salon. It is a charming scene, full of intelligence and delicacy. In a low room, illumined with sunlight, a cottager's family has just finished the marriage feast; bride and bridegroom are on their knees to receive the blessing of their grandfather. Nothing could be better studied or more tastefully rendered in the minutest details than these different figures, parents, friends, and official notary; one reads their characters, professions, and temperaments, by the mere cast of face or attitude.

M. Roll's 'Fête of the 14th of July' has been much discussed. Some critics have decided that this enormous canvas, representing, in its naked truth, a Parisian mob, does not exhibit with sufficient force the patriotic feeling that should have been self-evident in such a scene. But those people who think that in Art truth ought to shine out and be strongly expressed before everything else, have done homage to this weighty composition. The individual actors in such a scene of indescribable tumult are portrayed as nature has made them, as one sees them going about in the streets of Paris on fête days, rather untidy, gossiping a little, crying out very loudly "Vive la République," and not, alas! troubling themselves much about their country. M. Roll paints with merciless fidelity. His canvas will be a document for future historians.

M. Henri Gervex exhibited a decorative picture destined for the residence of the mayor of the nineteenth *arrondissement* at Paris, representing the 'Bassin de la Villette,' an excellent piece of painting, but of questionable interest as an ornament of an official marriage hall. This quality of sincerity has, however, appeared in a considerable number of works executed by strangers. French critics this year have unanimously applauded their progress. These gentlemen first came among us to study our style; they have now become our formidable rivals. England, America, Belgium, and Holland have sent to us pictures greatly admired for originality and faithfulness of expression. The French public, after being accustomed for so long to read only

the names of their countrymen in the lists of medallists, is rather surprised to find an increasing number of strangers coming forward with works which testify to considerable talent, a vast amount of careful study, and much technical skill. Has this discovery evoked bad feeling? No; this would be contrary to our national disposition and our traditions of hospitality. Of course, there has been a little surprise, but no bitterness. If space permitted it would be delightful to show how the artists of a nation of a century's growth, of a race with no artistic past, can, in spite of imperfect technical knowledge, hasty work and untried processes, attain to a singular freshness of expression.

Among the other foreigners we may mention M. Isaac Israëls, who exhibited 'A Military Funeral,' a piece full of promise; M. Edelfeldt, a native of Finland, winner of prizes at former exhibitions, whose 'Religious Service on the Seashore' answers for the progress he has made; M. Joseph Brandt, a Pole, whose 'Horse Fair at Balba' gives us a curious insight into Polish

manners and customs; M. Henry Mosler's 'Accordailles,' which proves him an intellectual and exact observer of the habits of our French provinces; M. Hagborg, the able marine painter; M. D. R. Knight, an American, whose 'Mourner' possesses undoubted merit; also M. Jeannot, of Geneva, for whom the 'Réservistes' has gained a complete success; M. Van Beërs, a Belgian, whose treatment, though damaged by affectation, is in other respects not without delicacy and charm; M. Salmson whose 'First Communion in Picardy' has added to what we previously knew of the vigour of his brush. But the real honours belong to the English and American landscape painters, MM. Harrison, Hawkins, Stott, and Thompson; undoubtedly they are helping to introduce into France a new style, where the subject is, so to speak, a corner of nature; the colours are crude, but there is a taking sadness in these landscapes, cut off as they are at the horizon, so that scarcely any sky can be seen. Incontestably supreme among foreign artists in the Salon is M. John Sargent, the American; his picture of the gipsy dance,

'El Jaleo,' seems to have turned the head of all Paris. Without sharing the general infatuation to which M. Sargent's work has given rise, we may say that it forces on the mind an irresistible impression of its strength.

The success strangers have met with must not make us forget our countryman. French Art has always reckoned portraiture one of its strong points, and in this respect it keeps its place. That of M. Puvis de Chavannes, by



The Sleep of Fra Angelico, from the Picture by A. Maignan.

M. Bonnat, is one of this master's most distinguished triumphs. M. Henner, too, has never painted so perfect a portrait as that of Mme. R * * *. M. Carolus Duran has kept up his reputation as an extraordinarily ready colourist. In the Portrait of Lady D * * * M. Paul Dubois, the great sculptor, who wields the brush as well as the chisel, makes us feel that he is learning every day to portray female charms more uniquely and delicately. Beside him we must place M. Fantin Latour, who scarcely yields to him in the grace, the charm, and the subtle harmony of his colour. M. Bastien Lepage had a portrait of an old lady, a piece no larger than the hand, but painted with extraordinary delicacy and conciseness. We must further name the portraits of M. Jouaust, the publisher, by M. Levy; of Mdle. X * * *, by M. John Sargent, an excellent portrait, and a piece of work which, for our part, we prefer to his 'El Jaleo.'

An account of the Paris Salon, however brief, can scarcely be complete without a few words on sculpture. This section

comprised eight hundred and eighty-six works; they belonged to French artists without exception, and almost all displayed remarkable talents: mediocrity was the exception. A hundred at least were worthy of careful attention, and six or seven were really first rate.

Amongst monumental sculpture one piece is distinguished among its fellows by its powerful attractiveness, its interpretation of thought, and the strength of feeling it expresses. This is M. Antonin Mercié's plaster group entitled 'Quand Mème!' executed for the town of Belfort. The young and celebrated author of 'Gloria Victis,' whose nervous genius can personify in the most elegant figures the symbols of a pure patriotism, or the delicately raised conceptions of imagination, has displayed in this piece a new side of his talents—the ardent manliness of an engrossing naturalism. We must also notice M. E. L. Barrias', already well-known group, 'The Defence of Saint-Quentin;' M. Frémiet's colossal statue of 'Stéfan-al-Mare;' M. Hébert's 'Rabelais;' M. J. Thomas's 'La Bruyère;'—a most picturesque 'Sedanée' by M. Lecomte; two admirable groups by M. Cairi, 'Lion and Lioness' and

'Rhinoceros attacked by Tigers.' Among the pieces which cannot be reckoned as monumental sculptures we may mention the 'Last Moments of Molière' by M. Allouard, where expression is given to really touching emotion; a 'Diana' by M. Falguière, delicately sensual; M. Chapu's 'Genius of Immortality;' M. Schroeder's 'First Kiss;' M. Croisy's 'The Nest,' representing two children lying clasped in an arm-chair.

We may well end with the same reflection as we commenced: the Salon of 1882 is one of the most interesting there has been for five or six years. French criticism has there greeted youthful talent full of sap and full of promise. If the ancient forms are disappearing, and with them, unhappily, sometimes conscientious knowledge, respect for rule and tradition, and the lofty sentiment of the ideal, at any rate we may see a new interpretation of nature blossoming into life, an observation more direct, truer, more fruitful in emotion, and in proper conformity with the ideas of contemporary society. Is this a sufficient compensation? The future alone will tell.

VICTOR CHAMPIER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MONUMENT TO THE PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE.

J. E. Boehm, R.A., Sculptor; W. Roffe, Engraver.—This monument has been recently erected by her Majesty the Queen at the Mausoleum at Frogmore, and commemorates the sad death of H.R.H. the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, which took place on December 14th, 1878, her life nobly sacrificed through devotion to her dying child. The sculptor, about five years before this event, made several portrait studies from her Royal Highness, and when the Queen gave Mr. Boehm the idea of the group—which was her Majesty's own conception—he was able to execute an effigy which, in respect of likeness as well as high artistic merit, is in every way satisfactory. A replica of the statue was presented by the Brothers and Sisters of the Princess Alice to the Grand Duke of Hesse, by whom it was placed in the family mausoleum at the Rosenhöhe, near Darmstadt. The cenotaph of the monument at Frogmore is in different coloured marbles, and bears the arms of Great Britain and Hesse; it was executed from a design made by Mr. R. Edis, F.S.A.

'THE VISITATION,' by Miss Elizabeth Thompson (Mrs. Butler), engraved by W. Greatbach.—The fame of this talented artist is founded so exclusively on her paintings of military subjects, that to many our engraving will be something of a revelation. Mrs. Butler's skill has often, however, been exercised in other than military directions, though mainly, we believe, in the earlier stages of her career. From the subject before us we can draw accurate inferences as to the assured reputation which she would have achieved had she devoted herself exclusively to sacred Art. 'The Visitation' was painted about 1872, when she was in her eighteenth year. The artist, in composing this picture, evidently felt that simplicity of treatment best accorded with

a subject so mystical and profound. St. Elizabeth welcomes her approaching visitor at the threshold of her house. Her attitude—the result of sudden impulse and inspiration—is exceedingly natural. "And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" seems to be on her lips. Her face has the sharp lines of one well stricken in years; the pose of the head, the carriage of the body, alike denote age, and the quick, agitated clasp of the welcoming, detaining hands, is full of pathos. The Virgin's beauty is of the sweetest and gentlest type, and the eyes have an expression of ecstatic adoration, which is one of the principal charms in the painting. The uplifted hand, in attitude of worship, gives a striking dignity to the figure, and the draperies are managed with skill and knowledge. It is probable that 'The Visitation' was painted for an altar-piece, and unquestionably the picture is well adapted for such a resting-place.

'A HELPING HAND,' etched by Leopold Flameng, after E. Renouf.—The etcher has had in this charming work of M. Renouf a subject singularly adapted to his skilful hand. The face of the tough old boatman, with its dry, kindly, humorous expression, has a fine antithesis in that of the placid, gentle child, with the far-away look in her blue eyes, and in the sense of responsibility which speaks in her face. A gleam of romance has come into the life of this toiler of the sea, and he is evidently very tender to his little charge, as well as excessively amused by the tiny help so conscientiously rendered. The strength with which the boatman is pulling at his heavy sweep is well expressed. The gaff at his side, and the strongly made landing net, show that he is a fisher of the deep sea. The fittings of the boat are admirably drawn, and the various textures are indicated by the etcher with all his accustomed dexterity.



J. E. BOEHM, P. A. SCULPTOR.

W. ROFFE, ENGRAVER.

MONUMENT TO THE PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE

NEW YORK, PATTERSON & NELSON.

THE HAMILTON COLLECTION.*



ALTHOUGH the main interest in the collection of pictures was well-nigh exhausted in the first two portions of the sale, there were a few of the first importance sold on the seventh day. Of these the celebrated 'Circumcision,' by Luca Signorelli, a splendid example of that rare master, rich in colour and exquisite in expression, was one of the most important, if, indeed, as we think, it was not the most important, item in the whole sale. The grand but graceful grouping, the dignified naturalism of all the figures, the rhythmical arrangement of the heads, the subtle differences in the reverent anxiety presented by each, the perfect but not too obvious concentration of every line of the picture in the figure of the Child, and, lastly, the Child himself, so natural yet so noble, make up a composition which there are few to equal in all Art. The general applause in the room at Christie's when this (Lot 769) was knocked down to Mr. Burton for 3,000 guineas, will find an echo throughout England wherever Art is understood. The National Gallery also acquired a very interesting and beautifully painted representation of 'The Last Supper' (Lot 759), ascribed (no doubt wrongly) to Masaccio. The fine preservation of this work, and its exquisite finish, well justified the price of 600 guineas. A remarkable 'Allegory' (Lot 766), ascribed to Giacomo da Pontormo, and a boldly sketched portrait of 'Ludovico Cornaro, Doge of Venice, Æt. suæ. 100, 1566' (Lot 748), ascribed to Titian, but thought by some to be by Theotocopuli (Il Greco), were also bought for the National Gallery. The price paid for the former was £315, for the latter £336. It is useless to regret that two other works, both of the first class, were not also secured for the nation. One of these was (Lot 751) a 'Portrait of a Youth,' by Antonello da Messina, and the other the celebrated 'Laughing Boy,' by Leonardo da Vinci, or Luini, once in the Arundel collection (Lot 760). The latter was bought by Mr. Winkworth for £2,000, the former by Mr. Sedelmeyer for £514 10s. A picture of 'The Dying Magdalen,' ascribed to Correggio (Lot 720), and a grand 'Portrait of a Venetian Admiral,' by Titian (Lot 767), were the most notable of the remaining pictures in the third portion. Of the fourth, sold on the 8th July, 'A Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain,' by Velasquez (Lot 1142), was the gem. It was taken from the Palace of Madrid by the French General Dessolle, and was afterwards at Font-hill. This celebrated work was bought for the National Gallery for £6,300. Another work of much interest was 'A Council of Eleven English and Spanish Statesmen' (Lot 1143), attributed to Juan Pantoxa. This represented, seated round a table, the Duke de Frias, Count Villarmediana, Alexander Rouldio, Count D'Aremberg, Verreykin, the Earls Dorset, Nottingham, Densier (Devonshire), Northampton, and Robert Cecil. It was signed and dated 1594, but, as pointed out by Mr. Scharf, the council in question is stated by Stowe to have taken place at Old Somerset House in 1604. The date in the picture is therefore false, and Mr. Scharf thinks it was probably painted by Gheeraedts. It was bought for the National Portrait Gallery for £2,400. A Claude of some reputation,

and exquisite in the clearness of its atmosphere (Lot 1134), called 'Ariadne and Bacchus,' was the only other picture of sufficient artistic importance to mention. Among some portraits of historical interest were one of 'Napoleon I.,' executed for the Duke of Hamilton by J. L. David (Lot 1108); one of 'Cardinal Mazarin,' by Mignard (Lot 1107); one of 'Henri Stuart, Cardinal of York,' by Blanchet (Lot 1118);



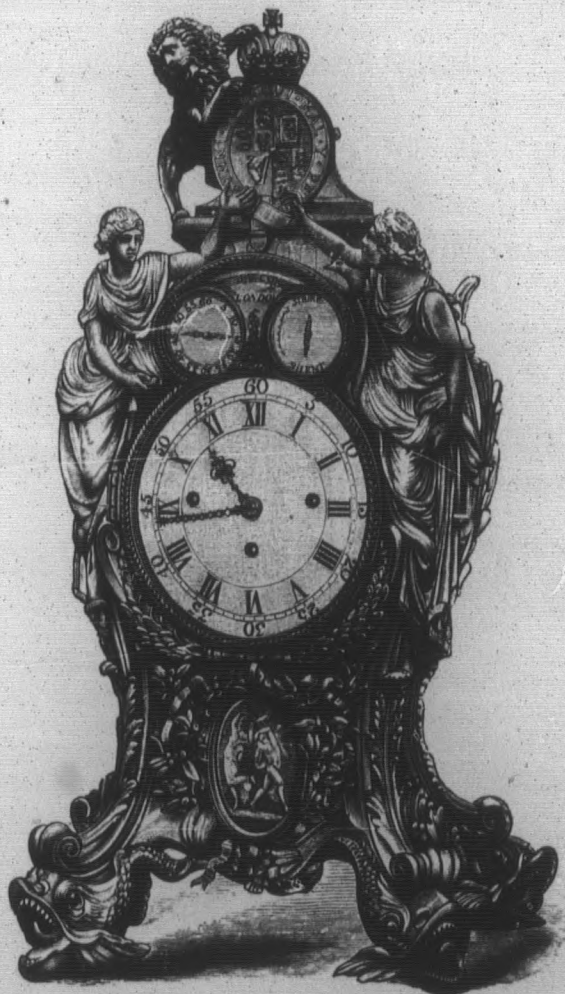
No. 4.—Louis XVI. Clock.

one of 'Le Marquis de Marigny,' by J. L. Tocqué (Lot 1133); and portraits of 'Pope Innocent X.' and 'The Duke d'Olivarez,' by Velasquez (Lots 1136 and 1140).

Although, after the first two days devoted to them the pictures showed a decided falling off in average merit, this was not at all the case with regard to the works of Art of other descriptions, nor did the prices fail to keep up to the extravagant pitch which was set at the beginning. This was,

* Continued from page 248.

no doubt, due in a measure not only to the prestige of the collection and the high quality and rarity of the objects, but also to their great variety. Each day had its special attraction. On the eighth day, besides Dutch, French, and Italian faïence, and Venetian glass of comparatively little importance, came a ewer of Oriental glass (Lot 857), decidedly Persian in character, very much the shape of the enamelled and gilt glass Arabian lamps of the fourteenth century, but with a handle, instead of rings for suspension; its most remarkable feature is the band of equestrian figures round its body, enamelled in rich colours on a blue ground. This possibly unique vessel was sold for £2,730. There were but few pieces of Etruscan pottery, and the



No. 5.—Chime Clock, by Alard.

only one of any moment was that known as the Beckford vase (Lot 864). The peculiarity of this small cenochoe (it is but 9 inches high) consists in its ornamentation, which represents "a triumphal procession, with a camel, the rider seated on an Oriental saddle sideways between the humps, and attended by figures playing musical instruments." In comparison with the prices paid for much less rare objects, this went cheaply for £168. The carvings in ivory were also few, but they had their one superb specimen, viz. a pedestal carved by Flammingo (Lot 872) with a bacchanalian dance in high relief, which, with its marble plinth and ormolu chasings, realised £536 10s. On the same day were sold some very fine bronzes, two of which, 'The Rape of Proserpine' (Lot 879) and 'The Rape of Helen' (Lot 880), by G. di Bologna, on Louis XVI. ormolu plinths, fetched £1,428. The full-sized

bronze of 'The Laocoon' (Lot 892), by Crozatier, from Stowe, went moderately for £504. On the other hand, the Duke de Choiseul's writing-table and cartonniers of parqueterie (Lot 878), the latter surmounted by a clock by Alard, good, but not very remarkable specimens of Louis XV. furniture, reached the enormous sum of £5,565; and the clock, of which we give an illustration, No. 5, fell to the extravagant bid of £861. *This very expensive timepiece (Lot 884) is of ormolu, and the miniature underneath is painted in *grisaille* by Degault, the enamelled dial and movement being by James Cox, of London.

The special interest of the ninth day's sale were some fine examples of Limoges enamel, and two specimens of Henri II. ware. One of the latter, an hexagonal salt-cellar supported on pillars enclosing as in a shrine three Cupids sitting back to back with interlaced arms (Lot 960), was bought for £840; the other was a tazza about the same height, viz. 4 inches, richly ornamented with masks and mouldings in relief, and realised £1,218. As there are only about sixty or seventy specimens of this ware known, and these two are fine ones, the prices were not larger than was expected, but they are large enough to have astonished François Charpentier and John Bernart, who are said to have made them at Oiron for Hélène de Hangest, widow of Artus Gouffier, Sieur de Boisy. The specimens of Limoges enamel were extremely choice. A tazza and cover from Strawberry Hill (Lot 966), painted with scenes from the life of Samson, brought £2,100; an oval dish, with the 'Feast of the Gods' after Raphael (Lot 970), £1,207 10s. Two tryptichs (Lots 971 and 977), the one by Pierre Raymond very rich in gold ground, the other by Nardon Penicaud very brilliant in colour, were knocked down for £1,218 and £1,760 respectively. An interesting version of the 'Calumny of Apelles,' after Mantegna (Lot 974), was bought by Mr. Aug. Franks for £320 5s.; but perhaps the finest of all was a plaque in *grisaille* representing 'The Adoration of the Magi' (Lot 973), which, though only 6 inches by 3½ inches, was run up to £1,328 5s. It was signed P. M. On the same day were sold some fine specimens of Italian cinque-cento metal work. A chess-table (Lot 982) of Milanese work, inlaid with gold and silver and lapis lazuli, and covered over with elaborate arabesques, fetched £3,160. Of the other objects, the most remarkable were a set of life-size busts of old Roman faïence on pedestals, by Vavas seur, representing the Seasons (Lot 1003). These realised £2,646. On this day also was sold, for £1,081 10s., the fine Louis XV. sarcophagus-shaped commode of black buhl (Lot 994) of which we give an illustration, No. 7.

The cabinet, secretaire, and commode (Lots 1296-8), inlaid with slabs of black and gold lacquer, and beautifully mounted in ormolu, by Gouthière, rivalled, if they did not exceed, in beauty the celebrated marqueterie suite made for the same unfortunate queen, which realised such enormous prices on the third day. They brought the following still more enormous sums: £5,460, £9,450, and £9,450, or £24,360 for the three. The gems of the twelfth day were (Lot 1436) a rose-water ewer of brown jasper, fluted and carved and mounted in gilt metal, with a stand supported by four terminal figures of boys, and a large oval-shaped dish on a gilt stand composed of sphinxes; an exquisitely finished marble statuette of Voltaire by Houdon (Lot 1443), and a pair of oviform vases of gros-bleu Sèvres in richly chased tripods of ormolu, 31 inches high (Lot 1455). They fell at the following bids respectively: £850 10s., £1,050, £404 5s. On the same day two Louis XV. pier-tables, boldly carved, with terminal figures, masks, and festoons of foliage, richly gilt, with shaped slabs of matrix

of amethyst, and rich mouldings of ormolu, fetched £2,016; and a Louis XIV. writing-table and cartonnère was sold for £3,262 10s.

The collection of miniatures was so large that it occupied the whole thirteenth day's sale, although it contained no portraits of the Hamilton family. It was distinguished by the number of portraits of the Stuarts, and of royal and famous personages of France and other countries. Among them may be mentioned the Emperors Rudolph II. and his brother Mathias, the Emperor Maximilian II., and the Empress Maria, daughter of Charles V., Charles V. himself and Ferdinand, his brother, the Empress Marie Alexandrovna of Russia, wife of Paul I., Charles IX., Henri II., Henri III., Henri IV., Louis XIV., Louis XV., his wife Marie Leszczynski and her brother Stanislaus, King of Poland, Napoleon I., and the King of Holland. Of the Stuarts were James I., Charles I., Charles II., Prince Rupert, Mary Queen of Scots, the two

Pretenders, Marie Sobieski, the wife of James Edward, Lady Arabella, and others. Other interesting portraits were of Madame de Genlis, Ninon de l'Enclos, Richelieu, Madame de Maintenon, La Belle Gabrielle, Admiral Gaspar de Coligny, and his brothers, Jack Bannister, Burns, and Adam Ramsay, John Van Eyck and Montaigne, John of Leyden, and Count Egmont. Altogether a miscellaneous gathering, comprising examples of the most noted miniature painters. Of those attributed to the Clonet family (Janet), the Holbeins of France, the most remarkable were an exquisitely finished set of six in one frame—Henri II., Henri III., Charles IX., Catherine de Medici, Le Grand Dauphin, and Claude de France (Lot 1651). This Lot was bought by Mr. King for 1,675 guineas. By a Hilliard (which is not stated), was one of James I., "in lilac dress brocaded with gold, blue riband and lace collar, the background formed of a crimson curtain, in original case, enamelled with the royal cypher in



No. 6.—Louis XV. Parqueterie Commode.

diamonds, and with openwork border set with diamonds" (Lot 1615). This was the "sensation" Lot of the day's sale, and was bought by Mr. Joseph for £2,835, a price which was probably due more to the case and its curiosity, than its value as a work of Art. It was, however, beautifully painted, and with much character. By J. Hoskins was a portrait of Sir John Maynard, from the Strawberry Hill Collection (Lot 1599, £231); and one of the Earl of Sandwich was the most important example of S. Cooper, his nephew and pupil (Lot 1598, £267 15s.). A good but faded example by Peter Oliver was Lady Digby after Vandyck (Lot 1608, £294). There were also a few good specimens of the exquisite art of Cosway, especially Lots 1546, 1547, and 1548, all of unknown ladies; they fetched 185, 195, and 140 guineas respectively. One of the miniatures of Prince James Edward was by the Swiss painter, J. A. Arland (Lot 1571, £26 5s.), and his countryman, Petitot, was represented by some specimens of unusual beauty, and some of unusual size. Amongst the former we

noticed a small circular enamel of Louis XIV., of very fine colour and finish (Lot 1530, £71 8s.), and of the latter were (Lots 1659—60—61) representing Louis Dauphin, Colbert, and a lady (perhaps Madame de Maintenon); 650 guineas was paid for the Dauphin, 230 for Colbert, and 180 for the lady.

There were a few miniatures by Zincke, and a very large one of the Coronation of Henri IV., by P. de Champagne. Others were signed with less well-known names, such as Jean Antoine Mussard (1745), J. N. Barbette (1690), J. D. Wilpes, Dun, Augustin (1803), Hoffman, Hall, Lenglois (1786), J. Guerin, L. B. Parant, E. Stryck, Bourdon, Cottellini (1785), Dumont, Weiter, Lonsdale (1801), Périn, Vincent de Mont-Petit, Largillière, W. Bate, Smart, Bullfinch, Boit, Bordier, Lewis Cross, David de Grange, Ramsey, Siccardi, Henrietta Wolters (1759). The figures in brackets refer to the date affixed to the miniatures, and as everything is interesting in connection with this comparatively little-studied branch of Art, we add the initials and dates with which a few others

were signed, viz. "C. G., 1659;" "G. S., 1760;" "N. W., 1536."

The very fine Louis XV. *parqueterie* commode (Lot 1806) was the greatest attraction of the fourteenth day's sale.



No. 7.—Louis XIV. Commode.

Although there have been a few good specimens of Louis XV. furniture sold before, there had been nothing of this period to compete with the *buhl* cabinets of Louis XIV., or the furniture of Marie Antoinette. In design, if not in historical interest, this commode was of equal rank with those other masterpieces of *ébénisterie* and *ormolu* work. Its bold and massive ornaments of boys and birds and oak branches are well seen in our engraving, No. 6. Two ebony commodes (Lot 1805), inlaid with plaques of black and gold lacquer singularly rich and quiet in effect, were sold on the same day for £3,150.

On the fifteenth day were sold several grand pieces of furniture of the time of Louis XVI., carved and gilt, and covered with Gobelins tapestry. One of these was a sofa of unusual size from Versailles (Lot 1902), which fetched £1,176. The chairs *en suite* went for seventy guineas a piece, and a bedstead of extreme grandeur for £1,155. The tapestry hangings disposed of afterwards were not of any artistic importance. The best pieces were Gobelins with scenes from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," by Nouzou, dated 1735. One of these, 12 feet by 19 feet 4 inches (Lot 1918), reached £882, a sum very greatly in excess of its value as a work of Art. It was bought by Mr. Denison, as well as a portrait of the Empress Catherine II., for which this gentleman was contented to pay £325 10s. (Lot 1911). On the same day a fine bust in bronze of the same imperial character fetched only £210 5s.; but another of Peter the Great (its companion) was sold for £1,060 10s. (Lots 1900 and 1901).

The sixteenth day was mainly occupied with a miscellaneous collection of "objects of Art and vertu," which included a very fine cup of rock crystal (Lot 2030) from the royal collection of France, and afterwards at Fonthill, with a female figure in high relief. This singularly beautiful specimen of cutting in hard stone was bought by Mr. Boore, the dealer, for £840. Another cup of crystal (Lot 2027), very finely carved with marine monsters, &c., fell to Mr. Durlacher's bid for £1207 10s. Among other curious articles was a delicately executed and coloured circular wax medallion portrait of Titian, holding a portrait of his son (Lot 2018, £325 10s.) The day's sale concluded with the full-size bronzes of the Apollo Belvedere, the Diana of Versailles, the Borghese Gladiator, the Belvedere Antinous, and Hercules and Telephus, which were cast in Italy by order of Francis I., early in

the sixteenth century, for the decoration of his palace at Villeroi (Lots 2061-5). Like the large bronze of the Laocoon, they fetched comparatively small prices, varying from £561 15s. for the Gladiator, to £477 15s. for Hercules and Telephus. They were all bought by Mr. Stettiner.

On the seventeenth and last day were sold the coins, medallions, and gems. A very fine Syracusan coin, with heads of Apollo and Diana (Lot 2070), brought £31 10s. The "Cruikstone dollar" (Lot 2114), struck on the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with Lord Darnley in 1565, was bought by Lord Moray for £168. A fine onyx cameo of the Emperor Augustus crowned with laurel (Lot 2164) fetched £882.

The last lot swelled the grand total of the receipts to £397,562, a sum greater than was expected by some £100,000, and more than double the proceeds of the Stowe, Strawberry Hill, and Bernal sales put together. If we divide the total by the number of lots (2,213), we shall find that the average per lot was about £179 13s., an average not so much accounted for by the large prices realised by the objects of great rarity and beauty, though these were extraordinary, as by the extravagant sums paid for second-rate and third-rate articles. This was perhaps particularly the case with the inferior pictures, some of which went for five or six times their market value. The buyer most consistent and most lavish at the sale was Mr. C. Beckett Denison; but his expenditure, though enormous, was directed with singular taste and judgment, qualities which were also shown in a remarkable degree by the purchasers for our national collections. Our regret that a few of the pictures were suffered by Mr. Burton to pass into private hands is increased by the statement in the *Times* that the amount he spent in all, £21,719 5s., was considerably under the grant made by the Treasury: but we may well be grateful for the wisdom which governed his selection, when we think that we have acquired no less than thirteen pictures, all of interest, and many of great importance, for so comparatively small an outlay. Nor can we imagine any more judicious employment of comparatively modest



No. 8.—Panel from the D'Artois Cabinet, by Boulle.

means than the acquisitions by Mr. Doyle for the National Gallery of Ireland. An important example of the learned and too little regarded art of Nicolas Poussin, a good large Bonifazio, a beautiful Francia (or Perugino), and a fine portrait that may be a Leonardo, are cheap at £1,212 15s.

Our first illustration in this paper is of a Louis XVI. clock (Lot 529), in a case of *ormolu*, formed as a vase, with snakes entwined to point to the revolving enamelled dials. It sold for 860 guineas at the early part of the sale.

Amongst the purchases of Mr. Denison was the D'Artois Cabinet (Lot 184), a very fine specimen of the art of M. Boulle. Our last illustration represents the front of one of its richly ornamented drawers inlaid with white and yellow metal, with an *ormolu* mask in relief. The price which he paid for this interesting piece of furniture—£766 10s.—seems enormous, but it was cheap compared with what it would have probably fetched if it had been sold a few days afterwards.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

ALBRECHT DÜRER.



DÜRER, the most original of German artists, has for centuries occupied the attention alike of professional and amateur biographers. From the epicedium, or dirge, pronounced over his scarcely closed grave, down to the present time, there has been an almost uninterrupted display of both the critic's and the historian's zeal; and it is owing to Dürer's genius that his work has surmounted the mass of discordant praise and blame under which his life has been successfully obscured. The two latest, and perhaps the two most sympathetic, writers on Albrecht Dürer, Herr Thausing and M. Ephrussi, are as hopelessly irreconcilable respecting the chief incidents of their hero's career, as Dr. Waagen and M. Charles Blanc are as to the limits of his art, and the influence he exercised upon his contemporaries. Between theories so opposite, though based apparently upon the same facts, no allowance for partisanship or prejudice can suggest harmony; and we can, therefore, do no more than state plainly the two views, without pretending to decide between authorities at once so competent and so opposed.

According to the ordinarily received tradition, Albrecht Dürer, the third child and second son of a numerous family, was born at Nuremberg in 1471. At the age of fifteen he was placed in the Art school presided over by Michel Wohlgemuth, who at that time (1486) was regarded as the greatest painter in Germany. Here he remained three years, at the expiration of which period he set forth, after the manner of German students of all ages and professions, on his *Wanderschaft*. How far Dürer's footsteps carried him is a matter of serious dispute between his later biographers. M. Ephrussi, who seems to follow the more accepted view, dismisses as worse than useless the idea that Dürer came south of the Alps until ten or eleven years later, whilst Dr. Thausing ingeniously, but somewhat laboriously, works out a theory originally broached by Grimm and Von Retberg, according to which the student made his way through the Tyrol to Venice. If this point can be sustained, it is clear that Dürer would have been brought into closer relation with the works of Mantegna than the slow displacement of works of Art in those days could have effected; and the obvious, though fleeting, influence upon him of the Mantegnesque style would be satisfactorily accounted for. Twelve years later, when the undisputed visit of Dürer to Venice took place, Mantegna was dying, and the two Bellinis, Titian, Giorgione, and the naturalist school were dominant in Venice. Dr. Thausing sees not only in Dürer's figure drawing, but also in various landscapes which he attributes to an earlier date than that usually assigned to them, conclusive proof that the Nuremberg artist had had more intimate knowledge of Italian Art than could have been gathered from acquaintance with the few drawings or etchings which might have crossed the Alps. No one, moreover, can study his works produced during this period, without seeing that there is in them something of greater human and wider interest than Dürer could have learnt from his master, Wohlge-

muth, or even from his friendly adviser, Martin Schöngauer. M. Ephrussi, who refuses to attach the least belief to the story of the early Italian journey, somewhat overproves his case, or at least suggests an argument which might be turned against him with effect, for he is forced into the dilemma of either denying to Dürer in early life those imaginative powers of which later he gave such convincing proofs, or of disputing the Art supremacy of Italy at the close of the fifteenth century.

This much vexed question must, however, be left an open one, and perfect freedom of judgment permitted to all who care to weigh the argument on either side. It is certain that Albrecht Dürer returned to Nuremberg in the spring of 1494. In a few months' time he found himself married to Agnes Frey, whom tradition has represented as a shrew, a miser, and an unfeeling wife. Dr. Thausing's efforts to rescue her memory from these aspersions are, it must be allowed, fairly successful. There is nothing to show any relaxation of affection between Dürer and his wife during the four-and-thirty years of their married life, and after the artist's death his widow's generous conduct towards her husband's family is sufficient answer to the charges of avarice which have been brought against her. On the other hand, it is difficult to bring one's self to believe, as Dr. Thausing would have us do, that the evil reputation attaching to Agnes Dürer arises out of her refusal or forgetfulness to present, after her husband's death, to his friend Pirkheimer, a pair of antlers, on which the latter is supposed to have set his heart. For more than a quarter of a century Dürer and Pirkheimer had been on terms of more than ordinary friendliness, and there is nothing known of the good old merchant's character to lead one to suppose that he would, for so petty a reason, have vilified his friend's widow.

Dürer's Art career seems to divide itself naturally into a series of successive phases. From 1494 down to the very close of the century his work was for the most part imitative. On his travels he had filled his portfolios with sketches and his memory with impressions, and, by the aid of that marvellous dexterity which was to be one of the chief characteristics of his style, he consciously or otherwise reproduced other men's ideas down to the minutest details. The portraits, altar-pieces, and even engravings on copper, which are referable to this period, alike bear the impress of that German School he had found dominant at Basle, Colmar, and Strasburg. In like manner later on we find him by turns imbued with the mannerisms and influence of Mantegna, Lorenzo di Credi, Barbarelli, and others; and eventually, by the help of his 'God-given Diligence' and his innate love of nature and her works, accepting only for guides those artists of the Renaissance who showed themselves nature's true interpreters. At first, too, his art was as thoroughly orthodox from the technical as from the theologian's view, and no trace of his subsequent revolt against traditional beliefs is to be found in these earlier altar-pieces and church-pictures. The rise of theological criticism at Nuremberg, soon to become a centre of dispute, seems to date from Wohlgemuth's caricatures of the Papal system, thinly veiled by classical disguises. Dürer from the first seems to have taken the matter more seriously, for, after a few attempts to deal with subjects drawn from pagan mythology, he boldly faced the difficulties of the

Apocalypse, to the interpretation of which he applied the resources of the new learning. The fifteen cuts which composed this series inaugurated a new epoch in wood-engraving, but whether Dürer did more than sketch the designs upon the blocks and leave the actual cutting to the *Formschneider* has ever remained an open question. Dr. Thausing holds strongly to the view, that it is not amongst these master-pieces of the art, but rather among the least successful specimens bearing his name, that Dürer's own handiwork as an engraver is likely to be found.

The next epoch of Dürer's career dates from his acquaint-

Italy, he was, in a peculiar sense, fitted to profit by the teachings of the new school of "humanists," who, under the leadership of the Bellini and Titian in Venice, of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan, of Francia and others at Bologna, had inaugurated the Italian Renaissance, and who were as ready to honour German Art, as personified by Dürer, as he was to follow them. This transition period is marked by the series of engravings known as the "Green Passion" (1503), in which he bade farewell to the traditional style, which had predominated in the "Great Passion," and shows that even in his architectural studies he was being drawn towards the antique. Meanwhile

he had finished his most important oil picture, the 'Assumption of the Virgin,' painted for the Frankfort merchant, Heller, and placed by him in the Dominican church of that city, whence it was purchased, in 1615, by the Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian, to be destroyed by fire about sixty years later. This work, generally regarded as Dürer's master-piece, was replaced in the church by a copy, made by another Nuremberg artist, Paul Juvenel, and it is by the copy alone that we know anything of the colour and composition of the original work. The other great oil painting, 'The Landauer Altar-piece,' or as it is better known, 'The Adoration of the Trinity,' is doubly interesting for its artistic merit and its similarity in conception to the contemporary work of Raphael, 'The Dispute,' in the Vatican. At the same time it seems to mark almost the moment when Dürer finally broke with the traditional beliefs in which he had been reared. From this time onwards, although he still occasionally painted oil pictures, and even religious subjects, Dürer kept himself to actual portraits, and to ideal figures, as in the one of the well-known 'Four Temperaments' (1523-6), of which the four apostles, St. John, St. Mark, St. Peter, and St. Paul, are selected as the types. In these, however, there is no touch of the Roman catechism which marked his earlier works, for Dürer, who had shaken himself free of the fetters which had bound his art, was not likely to watch un-



Portrait of a Man of Quality, by Albrecht Dürer.

ance with Jacopo de' Barbari, to whom he owed that appreciation of the human form, and that love of natural objects, which were afterwards to be the keynote of his genius. It was from Barbari that the young Nuremberg artist received his first lessons of anatomy, and at the same time obtained a glimpse of that inspiration, which enables southern natures to attain instinctively results that the peculiarities of the Northerner only permits him to reach after laborious investigation and effort. There could have been no better foundation on which to build than the principles inculcated by Barbari, and when, in 1504, Dürer was enabled to make his undoubted journey to

moved the struggle which was taking place in thought and doctrine. Outwardly he never threw himself into the contest, but, like Erasmus, he gave to the new doctrines his sympathetic approval; and the undisguised dismay with which, in his letters from Flanders, he alludes to the imprisonment of Luther, coupled with his intimacy with Melancthon, Erasmus' advances, and Luther's eulogy, are sufficient evidence as to the side to which he leaned.

The last and longest period of his life, extending from the completion of his great oil paintings until his death in 1528, was filled with work of every kind, and affords proof of a

versatility hardly less Catholic than that displayed by his contemporary, Leonardo—pencil drawings, sketches marked over with water-colour, drawings in red, black, green, and blue ink were produced with rapidity, and with a truthfulness to nature till then unknown. His use of the pencil was not less varied—on tinted paper in plain outline or shaded with Indian ink, and occasionally with crimson-touched lips he gave out portraits and fancy sketches by the score. One of these, that of a young girl supposed by some to be the head of his niece, Katharine Zinner, is here given. The original, a life-size bust in charcoal in the British Museum, illustrates Dürer's sweet but simple treatment of a childlike face at this period (1515). The other portrait, probably that of a nobleman whom Dürer might have met about the court of Maximilian, shows a further advance. The features are boldly accentuated, the eyes clear and full of life, and the whole face marked by a certain distinction as well as energy. This portrait, which dates from 1518, is in white chalk on a black ground, a somewhat rare method at that time. But besides his drawings and woodcuts, Dürer had shown himself an adept at etching and engraving on metals: copper, tin, and iron were alike employed by him in the production of his work, and to each he gave a finish which in no degree lessened its vigour. With his burin, or graver, he produced within this period no less than 105 etchings on copperplates, 170 on woodblocks, without counting the 92 engravings illustrating the Triumph of Maximilian. As a sculptor he produced a number of medallions and high-relief works, of which few are ever to be found outside Germany, where they are diligently sought after and highly prized. Besides these he designed letter types and book plates, tried his skill in his father's art as a goldsmith, and even wrote about, if he did not actually practise, architecture. In the midst of a busy life

he found time to write three valuable treatises on Measurement, Perspective and Proportion, and Dr. Thausing goes even so far as to claim for his hero the discovery of that true system of fortification which the German War Office has within the last few years adopted as most reasonable and effective. Although his fame as a poet will not rank



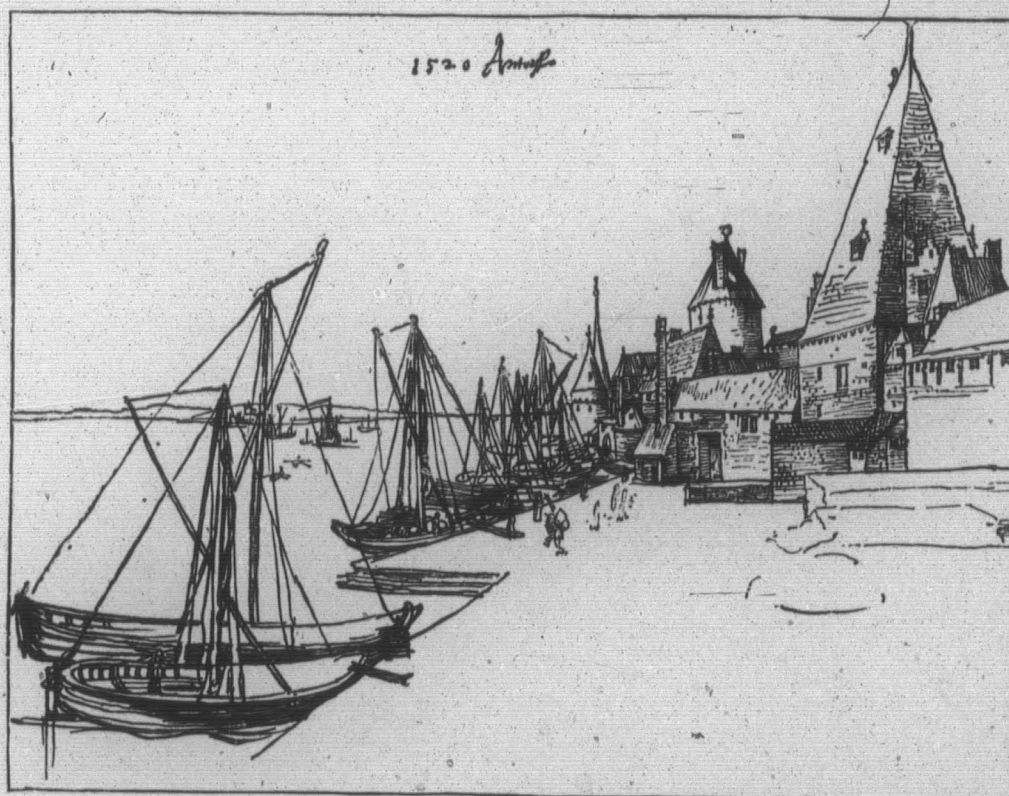
Bust of a Young Girl, by Albrecht Dürer.

with that of his fellow-townsmen, Hans Sachs, some light easy verses survive attributed to him, and there is every reason to believe that he was also his own printer and publisher. His frequent voyages, undertaken probably rather with the view of business than of pleasure, were the occasion

of his writing many interesting letters to his wife and friends; whilst his impressions of foreign towns, as shown in the accompanying sketch of the port of Antwerp in 1520, make him a pleasant guide to the Netherlands in the sixteenth century.

Of the two works, to which we owe many of these details, a few words are necessary. That by M. Charles Ephrussi (Paris: Quantin, 1882) is the tribute of an enthusiastic admirer rather than a biographical notice. It deals only with Dürer

and his drawings, and is designed to attract the attention of French lovers of Art to a great master who has been hitherto somewhat neglected, or at least but little known in France. The sumptuous tribute which M. Ephrussi offers to Dürer's reputation is accompanied by an appreciative notice of his principal etchings and engravings; and whether we turn to the letterpress or to the illustrations, we can scarcely fail to find our knowledge increased, or our memory refreshed. Two of the illustrations accompanying this paper are reproduced

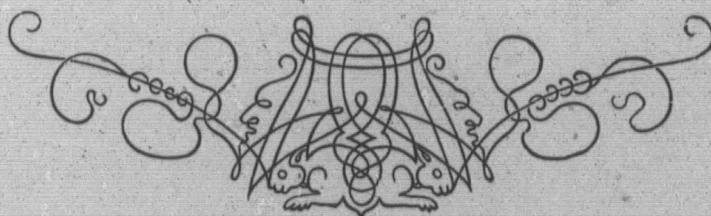


The Port of Antwerp, 1520, by Albrecht Dürer.

by permission of M. Quantin. The English edition of Dr. Thausing's valuable work is edited by Mr. F. A. Eaton (London: John Murray, 1882), and sums up in the most complete form all that is known of Dürer's life and works. From it the initial letter and the tailpiece to this article, both taken from designs by Dürer, with the Landing Place of Antwerp in 1520, have been lent by Mr. Murray. The chief drawback to Dr. Thausing's book is the apparent want of sequence in the story; the result being, that were it not for the two admirable indexes by which the work is supplemented, the seeker after any special event or picture would

be left to hunt through many chapters in his quest. The English translator is, of course, not in any way responsible for the inherent defect of the original work, and Mr. Eaton must be congratulated on the whole on the way in which he has discharged his self-imposed task. In any future edition it is to be hoped that such strange blunders as Dibdin's Biographical Tour, Stilvio, etc., will disappear, whilst the names of towns would be more easily recognised, and some confusion avoided, if an uniform system of spelling were maintained.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.



EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*



URING its greatest time the Church gave much employment to artificers in the precious metals, as well as in iron, and led to the production of much beautiful work, yet the palmy days of the goldsmith and silversmith were in the time of the Renaissance. We have referred in a previous article to the great use of silver vessels, even among the comparatively poor corporations of colleges and universities, and the manner in which it was partly justified on economical grounds, or professedly so, as leading to less loss by breakage than would occur in the use of earthenware. But among the wealthier classes of society there was an absolute ostentation of the possession of valuables of this class. Nothing tended, perhaps, more to the encouragement of the goldsmiths' and jewellers' Art than the constant practice

derived, no doubt, from the Eastern world, reached its extreme development during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.



No. 67.—Cup: Italian Renaissance.

As early as 1395, when the son of Philip the Bold was married at Cambrai to the Princess of Bavaria, the Duke distributed gifts, principally in goldsmiths' work and gems, to the value of 80,000 francs. And this habit of munificence on such occasions, no doubt, contributed to the subsequent development of an extravagance in the use of gold and silver plate, which, from our point of view, seems out of keeping with any but monarchical or princely fortunes.

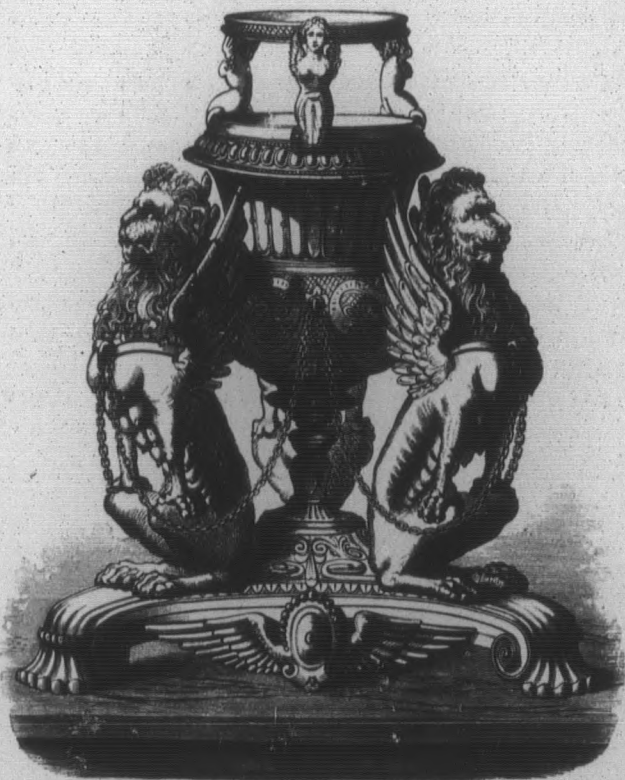
How much importance was attached to this branch of Art at the period of the Renaissance, is indicated by what we know as to the social position and status of the goldsmiths at the same period. Art workmen of this class were at this epoch retained in the suite of the great sovereigns, princes, and nobles, as a most important class of retainers, whose services were indispensable, and who even reflected a certain lustre on their employers. Not infrequently they took the position of specially favoured, and confidential servants, attached to the persons of their employers, if not with the functions, at least with the perquisites, of honoured domestics. The goldsmith, perhaps on account of the great value of the materials committed to his care for the prosecution of his Art, appears to have been peculiarly trusted, and his knowledge was frequently made serviceable to his master on such common occasions as those on which it was imperatively necessary to raise money on short notice. Thus we find that Charles V., having granted to Hannequin, his goldsmith, the title of his valet de chambre, his example was followed by the Duke of Burgundy, and from 1404 to 1419 Jean Manfroy and Jean Vilain were attached in this double capacity to the person of Duke John. Duke Charles of Burgundy also gave the same title to another eminent master of

No. 66.—Silver Ewer: Italian Renaissance, attributed to Cellini.

of the interchange of gifts, on great and solemn occasions, between royalty and its dependants. This custom, originally

* Continued from page 246.

manner in which the heads on the bowl look out in high relief from the circlets which surround them reminds us of the similar treatment of Ghiberti's Gates at Florence; there, however, they are not in the way of anything; here they seem likely to interfere with the convenient use of the cup as a drinking vessel, and are therefore so far in doubtful taste, though there can be no question as to the bold character of the design and workmanship considered apart from its uses. We may compare with this the German example, No. 68, dated 1620, by Wechter, and which is obviously a German variation on the style represented by the last example. For the German silversmiths fell at a comparatively early date under Italian influence; German Art being thus drawn for the second time into the feeling and form of the Art of another country. The winged figure which surmounts the previous example, and which is purely Italian in its grace and beauty, serves, we should have observed, as a handle for the cover of the cup; a purpose for which



No. 72.—Salt-cellar: Bronze. Sixteenth Century.

it is of course far too good, though it is difficult to complain of any pretext for crowning the cup with so elegant a termination. The cover which is shown there, and which had its counterpart in many mediæval cups, both ecclesiastical and secular, was used not only for keeping the contents of the cup from dust, but also as the tasting cup into which the attendant poured part of the contents of the large flagon for the purpose of that precautionary testing of its contents, which, in the days when poisoning was a favourite amusement among the upper class of society, was considered to be a necessary duty on the part of the attendant.*

* There is a curious passage from a MS. in the Sloane collection, "The Book of Curtasye," giving proof of this use of the cover, though of course it does not follow that the covers were originally designed for any such use, or for any purpose but the natural and obvious one of keeping impurities out of the cup; a matter which would have been considered especially important in the case of the sacramental chalices, which furnished the original models of these covered flagons.

The flagon, No. 69, of German work, is also in all probability a survival of a very old ecclesiastical form, that of the flagon with the body in a disc shape, and with the foot and the neck circular on plan. The greater part of the character of this example is derived from this peculiar shape; the details which are specially representative of German taste of the Renaissance period are not very refined. The employment of the classic console form, as feet under the base, and placed parallel with the rim instead of at right angles to it, is a curious misuse of an architectural detail, piquant certainly, but not to be praised or imitated.

Nothing could be more alien from German taste than the charming example we give next, No. 70, which is in the possession of her Majesty, and described merely as of the seventeenth century; but it is not difficult to detect Venetian taste in this delicate bit of work, which seems, in fact, like part of the characteristic glass work of Venice, translated into silver; the bunch of fragile naturalistic flowers at the top, the twisted ornament of the stem, are completely in the taste of the Venetian atelier. The bowl is mother-of-pearl, the rest silver; the delicate ornament on the base is confined by a strongly marked rim, giving the requisite firmness and solidity to this portion of the work. No doubt the apex is a little too naturalistic, but it is not out of keeping with the delicate and fairy-like structure and design of the whole.

Not less fanciful and pretty is the clock, No. 71, which is in all probability French work. There is so much to suggest the play of fancy in the ornamental treatment of drawing-room clocks, that it is surprising that we have not had more invention bestowed on it. Nothing could be prettier as a fancy than the figure seated on the miniature dome, turning with the hours and pointing the time with his wand; and the pierced ornament of the dome is exceedingly pretty and well carried out. The figures carrying the upper rim are not quite so satisfactory. As silver bas-reliefs on a silver ground they would have done well enough; but as bas-reliefs on a glass ground they present the uncomfortable appearance of figures, of which the back half has been sliced off; there is a want of judgment in this part of the design. The griffin feet do not group well with the rest, and the clock is balanced on their backs, in a way that suggests the idea of its slipping down between them.

With the concluding example, the only one in our list of this month which is not of precious metal, we go back to the earlier days of the Renaissance. This is a bronze salt-cellar of the sixteenth century, and unquestionably Italian, probably Florentine. This example, No. 72, we may observe, serves to illustrate our remark as to the feet or supporters of objects of this class, and the desirability of designing them so as to appear firm and solid, and not as imitations of animals or other unsuitable objects. In this case the feet are admirably designed; they turn down towards the floor and spread, as if to get a firm grasp on it, somewhat after the manner of a hand or paw, but there is no imitation of nature; it is the idea of the paw translated into the language of monumental detail. As for the many-breasted lions or sphinxes, they are very probably heraldic; they are ugly enough, but are spirited for the kind of thing, and serve to fill up the angles and give solidity and mass to the whole. The bowl itself is admirably modelled, and the lifting up of the lid by the little terminal figures seated on the rim is one of the many pretty incidents in the introduction of figures in ornamental design, of which the Art of the Renaissance period affords such a variety of examples.

ART NOTES.

NEW YORK.—THE DURR COLLECTION OF OLD PAINTINGS, offered to and accepted by the Historical Society, has been turned over by the executors of Mr. Durr's estate, and place has been made for them among the other works belonging to the Society. Mr. Louis Durr was an indefatigable collector. Having money, and the taste for collecting the works of old masters, without the technical knowledge necessary to distinguish accurately good works from bad, and true from false, he was inevitably imposed upon in many instances. When his large collection was first shown, the paintings manifestly possessing little or no value were in such excess that discredit was cast upon the entire collection. The Metropolitan Museum, to which it was offered, refused it a place, already possessing enough works of doubtful authenticity and of insignificant value. However, since the collection has been weeded out, the Historical Society has found itself the possessor of some 187 paintings which, for one reason or another, are worth hanging. The catalogue, which is to give the details of the collection—the pedigree of each work, so far as known, and the reasons for ascribing each to a particular artist, is not yet issued, but will doubtless contain many interesting facts, and much valuable information. That it will remove the skepticism with which many of the paintings are received as the works of certain artists to whom they are ascribed, is scarcely possible.

Under these circumstances the Historical Society, which is under no bonds to set up an infallible dictum in matters of art, is the best possible possessor of the Durr collection, which has a certain value in the direction which properly belongs to the Historical Society. If these paintings are not the veritable works of the men to whom they are assigned, they at least bear a sufficient resemblance to them to warrant their being thus assigned. The most valuable and trustworthy galleries of Europe are liable to the same deception. The 'Herodias' of the Tribuna, in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, was long attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, but is now accepted as a Luini. The Kellogg 'Herodias,' now in the Metropolitan Museum, identical with that in the Tribuna, except in some unimportant details in the drapery which are more carefully brought out in the work in New York, and in the more important fact that Leonardo's name and the date makes part of the band about the neck, is claimed by its owner as the original Leonardo. But this is not found to invalidate the value and interest of the 'Herodias' of the Tribuna as one of its choicest possessions. Recently the National Gallery has been led to announce that a valuable painting has been wrongly ascribed to a certain artist, when it is really the work of an inferior man. Still, the painting remains the same.

There are a great many reasons, impossible to enumerate here, which render the authenticity of old paintings uncertain; and it is unfortunate that so much stress has been laid upon this, irrespective of the value of the works in themselves. There is a certain work which the Historical Society has in its power to do, and which the Durr collection can largely aid it in doing. The hope of ever presenting, on this side of the water, a fine collection of old masters, is not one that can be reasonably indulged. Collections like that of Hamilton Palace or of the Demidoff treasures are not often dispersed, and in these we, as individuals, are at a disadvantage, compared with the governments abroad, who are the largest purchasers. The most that can be accomplished here, so far as old works are concerned, is to prepare the public to enjoy them when they have the opportunity for seeing them. Any one who has seen the average American tourist wrestling with a large foreign gallery, will understand how necessary is such a preparation. If a painting so resembles a Titian or Luini as to be ascribed to him, the genuineness will not be of moment to one ignorant of the master's manner or style. But, at the same time, the familiarity with those traits which have caused the painting to be assigned to him, is an education which will certainly aid the public to recognize and appreciate better the undoubtedly genuine work when enabled to see it elsewhere.

To return to the Durr collection. There are few great names that are not found in the printed slip of the paintings hung. The greatest interest is in the Italian school, which has a large representation, and in the Spanish works. The

most certainly valuable and unquestioned works are the Dutch and French schools, which, however, neither in size nor in subject are of the same importance. The Italian works include two Titians; one is an immense canvas—'The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence.' This has never been alleged to be more than a study for a work of the same size. It is vigorous, high-colored and crude; and even if an undoubted work, would give a less correct idea of the artist than do many of the better finished paintings of other artists even if falsely ascribed. The other Titian is 'Aretino,' a pleasing head, intended as a portrait of the poet. To Tintoretto is assigned a 'Martyrdom of St. Sebastian,' and to Paul Veronese 'Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus,' neither works of real or pretended importance. The 'Adoration of the Shepherds' by Il Bassano, is credible though unimportant. By Fra Bartolomeo is a 'Madonna and Child,' and a portrait of Savonarola. There is a portrait of Savonarola by Fra Bartolomeo in the Uffizi Gallery, and this is evidently a duplicate or, more probably, copied from that picture. The landscape by Salvator Rosa is credible, as are also the 'Arion and Dolphin' and 'Nymphs Disarming Cupids' by Albano.

The most valuable of the Italian work, and the one which creates the greatest interest is 'The Three Marys,' attributed to Luini. Whether the picture is rightly or wrongly assigned, it is a desired addition to the Historical Society collection. The figures have both grace and sweetness, and something of that same indescribable charm which lingers in the face of da Vinci's women, as well as a certain solidity in handling which characterizes both artists.

A large canvas, 'St. Ferdinand I. King of Castile receiving the Code de las Partidas from the Madonna' is assigned to Murillo, it seems, somewhat arbitrarily. The painting is altogether conventional, and while it is possible to consider Murillo engaged on a piece of perfunctory work, it seems scarcely probable he could have concealed his sign manual so effectually. 'The Immaculate Conception,' also attributed to him, although a small work, has many more evidences of authenticity, and in any case gives a good idea of the negligent grace of Murillo's brush. Two large works are assigned to Velasquez, 'St. John the Baptist' and 'Spanish lady and Children.' The first is an interesting work, well painted and attractively conceived, but gives no hint of Velasquez's brush. The portraits are much more probable. There is a certain delicacy of modelling and feeling of portraiture, such as is found in what we believe is called the 'Infanta Margaret,' for some time the property of the Society, and the same glinting telling lights in the drapery. The 'Ecce Homo' by Zurbaran is not without probability, and the 'Philosopher' ascribed to Spagnoletto, credible.

The French school is represented by Le Brun, N. Poussin, Gaspar Poussin, Rigaud and Claude Lorraine. 'Odysseus taking leave of Penelope' is a fair example of Lorraine's delicacy and sentimentality. The portrait of a French gentleman by Rigaud well represents that long line of furred nobles which Rigaud spent his life in painting. 'The Adoration of the Golden Calf' by Nicolas Poussin may be accepted as a good example of that poetical sensuous life which he found and distinguished in Paganism, and except for its title, far better illustrates the temperament of the classic age than the temporary wandering of the Jewish from their faith.

As has been said above, the largest part and most authentic paintings are those belonging to the Dutch and French schools. There are two triptychs assigned to Albert Durer, the accuracy of which can be questioned; but not the value of one of these—'Receiving the Tribute Money.' It consists of a group of small figures, making a resplendent bit of color, such as is found no place else in the gallery. The distinction of the color is not only its brilliancy and harmony, but its purity. The figures and faces are also individualized in an interesting manner. There is a 'Combat of Cavalry,' ascribed to Rembrandt, which asks much of credulity. There is a manifest attempt at the peculiar management of light which belongs to Rembrandt; but, unless that master was incapable of drawing, he could not have painted the 'Combat of Cavalry,' which Rembrandt, etcher and engraver, accustomed to producing work in which drawing could not be ignored, was not. The portrait by Van der Helst is not as good an example as that in the Metropolitan

Museum; nor are the two portraits by Balthazar Denner of especial interest. 'The Music Lesson' by Gerard Honthout, and 'The Girl Sealing a Letter,' a lamp-light effect ascribed to Gerard dalle Notti, are both fair works of the men. The landscapes ascribed to Hobbema and Ruysdael are all credible, though not of any special importance. There is a marine by Cuyp, or rather seashore, which is charming both in tone and composition. The 'Tavern Interior' by Isaac Van Ostade is a fair example of that class of painting and of that artist's work.

From an artistic point of view the best works are the examples of still-life of these schools. There is a large game piece by J. B. Weenix, Flowers by Rachel Ruysch, admirably painted but not well composed, and kitchen utensils by Bernard Cornelis and William Kalf, especially that by the latter artist, all of which are admirable examples of Dutch art.

The English school is confined to the portraits of 'John Bainbridge and Daughter,' by Sir Peter Lely, a specimen of conventionalized Sir Joshua Reynolds's work, and which can be accepted, and 'The Lute Player' by Gilbert Stuart Newton, an average example. There is a 'Samson and Delila,' ascribed to Vandyck, who easily falls among English artists, but which demands too much when it asks to be considered as the work of so famous a man. There are other works interesting for a variety of reasons. 'The Magi going to Bethlehem,' a crude work, but with an imposing element of magnificence, is one of these. Others are of importance only in their subjects, as 'The Passage of the Red Sea' by Francken the elder. This is not a worthless preparation before seeing more important collections; for nothing is more certain than in the first visits to great galleries the novelty of the subjects of works and strange conceptions become easily confounded with their artistic value.

There are a few modern works in the collection, as 'Halt at the Farm' by Baron Leys, and a landscape by B. C. Koekoek. These, while they are sufficiently good examples, do not require more than a mention.

BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY.—The interest in art in Buffalo cannot be confounded with its recent growth in so many cities, due to what may be called the modern revival, or, as it is more pretentiously styled by some, the later Renaissance; although, undoubtedly, it has received new impetus from these influences. The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy is, in fact, one of the older art associations of the country, and is due more immediately to the National Academy of Design, of which the men concerned in its organization were for the most part members. New York and the larger art centres in time drew off the artists who formed its nucleus, among them Wm. H. Beard and Thomas Le Clear. This draft has never ceased; and, while Buffalo has produced a large proportion of artists who have made something more than common fame, the number of resident artists is small. Wm. Graham, C. C. Coleman and Hamilton Hamilton will all be recognized as Buffalo men; and the list must include Frank Penfold, who has won such recent distinction in the *Salon* by his 'Death of the Firstborn,' now owned by the French Government. An exception to these is L. G. Sellstedt, on whom the burden of the fortunes of the Academy of Fine Arts has fallen, and to whose untiring efforts its present success is largely indebted.

The Academy, in its present incorporated state, dates from 1862. The civil war was not conducive to the growth of the Fine Arts; still the infant institution kept its organization and opened its gallery in that year. However tardy its growth, it has still been steady. Its funds have reached the sum of \$30,000; and it is now in the position to fulfill some of its original intentions, which include art schools something resembling those of the Academy of Design. The Academy owns no building; but its gallery and its exhibitions are in the Austin Building, where it has commodious and spacious rooms. Here is permanently on exhibition a collection of paintings belonging to the Academy. The largest number of these belong to the Fillmore collection, bequeathed by Mrs. Millard Fillmore. Although the largest, it cannot be said to be the most valuable part of the collection. The greater number of the works are copies of the old masters by unknown artists, although W. H. Beard, James Hart and William Hart are represented, and there are several portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore by L. G. Sellstedt and Augustus Rockwell.

The gradual collection of paintings belonging to the Academy of Fine Arts, by gift or purchase, includes a number of interesting works by the older artists—Bierstadt,

Regis Gignoux, J. A. Oertel, A. D. Shattuck, Whittridge James and William Hart, Wm. H. Beard and L. G. Sellstedt—and make an important link between the early art of this country and art under later influences, which has had a very sensible effect on the works of these men. One of the chief works belonging to the Academy of Fine Arts is 'The French Revolution,' by M. Phillipoteaux, whose panorama, one of the recent sights of Paris, is soon to be exhibited in New York. It is an immense canvas, crowded with figures, and containing portraits of the principal characters of the time. The painting is interesting chiefly in its detail; the different groups are well conceived, executed with spirit, and might fitly be presented with panoramic effects, as M. Phillipoteaux has done in his later work.

A valuable part of the collection is from purchases yearly made with the interest of \$10,000, donated for this purpose, and known as the Sherman S. Jewett fund. Among these works are the 'Rosier Battery on the Rock of Gibraltar,' by R. Swain Gifford; 'The Departure of Smallwood's Command from Annapolis to join the Army of General Washington at N. Y.' by Wordsworth Thompson; 'Sea from Shore,' by Jervis McEntee; 'Young Franklin at the Press,' E. Wood Perry; 'Campo San Giovanni e Paolo, Venice,' Wm. Graham; 'Good Morning,' Walter Shirlaw; 'Bringing Home the Cattle, Coast of Florida,' Thos. Moran; 'View on Bogue Sound, N. C., Camp of the 100th Reg.,' C. C. Coleman.

The Academy also possesses a number of cartoons by W. H. Beard, both humorous and pathetic, but as characteristic as anything which he has ever done. A number of admirable photographs, from original paintings and drawings by Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt and others, are a part of its acquisitions, as are a bust of Napoleon by Canova, a portrait by Rhinehart and a number of valuable casts from the antique.

The annual exhibition of modern paintings is now held in the Summer months, which enables the Academy to get for its walls many of the works painted for the Spring exhibitions in New York. The present exhibition is in large part composed of the paintings which were exhibited at the Academy of Design in May, and by the Society of American Artists. Among them were 'Brush Burning' by Edward Moran; 'A Nook on the Hudson,' R. C. Minor; 'Becalmed' Arthur Quartley; 'Gen. Sheridan,' Daniel Huntington; 'Lawrence Barrett as Cassius' F. D. Millet; 'The Model's Breakfast' J. C. Beckwith; 'Village Bells in 1800,' C. V. Turner; 'Summer,' H. Bolton Jones; 'Just out of Reach,' Walter Satterlee; 'Dawn in October,' J. R. Brevoort; 'Melissa,' J. H. Champney; 'Brittany Washerwomen,' Edgar A. Ward; 'St. John's Fête, Mentone,' Wordsworth Thompson; 'Hillside near Fontainebleau,' J. Carlton Wiggins; 'Under Green Appleboughs,' Theo. Robinson; 'May Morning in the Park,' J. H. Witt; 'Evening,' E. W. Blashfield; 'Out of his Element,' Gilbert Gaul; 'Dem was Good Old Times,' H. C. Hovenden; 'Fast Asleep,' E. W. Perry; 'The Pedler's Visit,' Hamilton Hamilton; 'Girl Reading,' W. M. Chase; 'Marsyas,' E. W. Vedder, owned by Mrs. Frank Tracy, of Buffalo; and Oranges by K. H. Greatorex.

COLUMBUS DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY.—There are few Decorative Art Societies in the country that have as perfected an organization as that at Columbus, Ohio, and are in such thorough working order. Its name is almost a misnomer, since the tendencies of its schools are quite as directly toward the Fine Arts. In this direction its methods, and particularly the stress laid on drawing, are worthy of much praise. This has been accomplished in a comparatively short time. The Society was organized only in 1878; opening with 147 pupils. Since that time its lists have steadily increased; and the deficit of last year, which was less than one hundred dollars, shows how nearly it has become self-supporting. This has been done through memberships, scholarships and donations, and a contingent fund has been created with which the purposes of the Society are to be furthered. The local pride felt in the Society, which is one of the surest guarantees of prosperity, has largely favored its operations, to which must be added a realization of the importance of its work—a motive entirely distinct from the spasmodic influence of a prevailing fashion. These two things have both led to the formation of a valuable nucleus, in the collection of casts donated by Mrs. Ezra Bliss, the library of art works it is gradually collecting, and the scholarships that have been created. The operations of the Society may be said to be conducted towards two ends—one the teaching of pupils; the other of establishing a wider art culture among the laymen on whom the support of the work depends, and the creation

of a *milieu* favorable to the development of art. This is done by a series of meetings at certain appointed times, at which certain art subjects are discussed. During the last year the subjects taken up have been Household Art, Fresco Painting, Artistic Gems, Marble, Bronze, Engraving, Silk and kindred subjects, all having certain relations to art. In addition to these, lecturers have been invited from abroad, and in this way the Society has proceeded intelligently and secured a firmer basis than is usual. In keeping with its artistic progress, the business departments of the Society are scrupulously kept up, and an *esprit de corps* established, as beneficial as unusual. The officers of the Society are: President, Mrs. Ezra Bliss; First Vice-President, Mrs. James Wilcox; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Samuel Galloway; Treasurer, Mrs. N. K. Wade; Secretary, Mrs. Wilson Gill. Board of Managers: Mrs. Alfred Kelly, Mrs. E. L. Taylor, Mrs. A. H. Tuttle, Mrs. B. N. Huntington, Mrs. Lewis Moss, Mrs. R. B. Little, Mrs. J. M. McKee, Mrs. Starling Loving, Mrs. Ira Hutchinson, Mrs. Edward Orton, Mrs. A. K. Pearce, Mrs. M. A. Dougherty.

DUBLIN.—The unveiling of the O'Connell monument on Carlisle Bridge, now known by O'Connell's name, was an agreeable diversion in affairs of public interest in Ireland. The steps taken toward the monument were begun in 1862, and it was intended to be completed for the centenary celebration in 1875. The commission was given to John H. Foley, R. A., the Irish sculptor, who made plans of great magnificence; but he died, unfortunately, before their completion. The work was then intrusted to his assistant, Mr. Brock, who was to carry out the designs of Mr. Foley. The completion of the monument was further delayed through a curious dispute, which was waged long and furiously. The 'cloak and no cloak' parties divided the committee; but the question was finally decided in favor of the historic cloak. The monument consists of three parts—the square base, the drum, with fifty allegorical figures in high-relief, and the statue of O'Connell. The pediment is of granite, with the arms of the four provinces on the faces. Projecting from the four corners are winged victories not yet completed. These are seated figures representing victory by patriotism, by fidelity, by courage, and by eloquence all symbolically treated. The drum is the most striking figure of the monument. Fourteen of the figures in relief are almost as fully developed as statues. On the front is a figure of Erin, eight feet high, trampling fetters under her feet, grasping with one hand the Act of Emancipation, and with the other pointing toward the statue of O'Connell above. On the left is a Catholic bishop leading a boy by the hand and pointing to the scroll. About him are a group of priests representing the Church. Following these are the Historian, the Painter and the Musician. In the hand of the musician are Moore's words, so often quoted by O'Connell:

"Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?"

Following in turn are the artisan, the soldier and sailor, the peer and commoner, the doctors in their academic robes, the savant, the architect, the merchant, the representatives of civic authority, and the peasants. Indicated on the shaft are the heads of the multitude; while the cornice displays the flowers and leaves of the shamrock.

Above this is the statue of O'Connell in his historic clothes, one hand in his breast, the other holding a roll of papers. The figure is twelve feet high, and the entire work forty feet high. The statue, drum and winged figures are in bronze. As a whole, the monument is one of the most important of public works, and is conceded as the great work of Foley's life.

VIENNA.—The International Art Exhibition now open, is the first of a contemplated series that it is intended to hold at Vienna every four years. The prominence of Austrian art in the last few years, witnessed in the triumphs of Makart, Munkacsy, Gabriel Max and others, has called attention, after a long silence, to the art of Eastern Europe. This first exhibition was organized on the understanding that only works painted since the exhibition of 1873 were to be admitted. The largest exhibitors are the French and Germans, and entirely unrepresented are England, America and Russia. Among the French, Gérôme and Meissonier are missing; but Bonnat is present with a magnificently painted 'Job,' seated in the depths of his despair, the qualities of flesh brought prominently forward by the figure being bril-

liantly illuminated against a dark background, and in his portraits, one of President Grevy, the other of Leon Cogniet. Carolus Duran exhibits 'A Future Doge,' the portrait of a lovely child; and Bastien-Lepage the portrait of Albert Wolff. Lepage is even better represented by 'The Mown Grass,' a colossal rural scene, with two homely peasants on the grass. Bouguereau sends two large works, 'The Blessed Virgin of Consolation' and 'The Birth of Venus'; Emile Levy, the portrait of a young man; Henner, the portrait of his brother, and a characteristic Naiad; Desiré François Langée sends 'The Question,' a man suffering on the rack, and a more pleasing subject, 'The Potato Harvest.' 'Christ in the Tomb' represents Henri Leopold Levy; and 'The Strike of the Miners' and 'The Old Quarryman,' by Alfred Phillips Roll, a pupil of Gérôme and Bonnat, are dramatic representations of peculiarly modern subjects.

The foreigners of Paris have chosen to enroll themselves under their native countries. Munkacsy's chief work is 'Recruiting.' Agust Hagbord, although acknowledging Sweden, exhibits a 'French Water Carrier.' Gustav Hellquist sends a large historical work, 'The Ransoming of the Swedish Town, Wisby, 1361,' whose merits those who have seen his work in the Metropolitan Museum can in a measure imagine. Hans Makart exhibited but withdrew his portrait of 'Sarah Bernhardt.' He has left as his chief work, a glowing 'Cleopatra.' Angeli sent two portraits of the Princess of Montenegro and Gen. Manteufel.

The German exhibit comprehends Piloty's 'Sent before the Corps of Wallenstein'; Dufregger's 'Peasants Dancing,' a Tyrolean scene; 'On the field of Battle,' a tavern scene by Knaus; 'Pause in the Dancing' by Vautier; and two marines by Andreas Achenbach. There are the usual proportion of religious paintings, including Lindenschmidt's 'Luther before Cardinal Cajetan in Augsburg'; Otto Kneller's 'Thomas Aquinas Defending a Thesis against Albertus Magnus'; and Gebhardt's 'Ascension.'

The chief of the Belgian representation is Gallait's 'Pestilence of Tournay,' a large canvas; Willems sends 'A Visit to the Grandparents'; J. Dykmans 'The Wife of the Fisherman,' and Lievin de Winne, a portrait of the Minister Frereorban. The Dutch collection is neither large nor important. Its most interesting work is 'The Voyage round the World' by Henriette Konner—two kittens chasing one another round a globe. The Danish exhibit is chiefly of portraits, as 'Portrait of the Philologist Madwig,' by Carl Bloch; 'Portrait of a Lady,' by Otto Haslund; 'A Lady at a Desk,' by Hermann Siegmundfeldt. The *genre* works mostly show humor, as 'A Disturbed Sleep,' by Julius Exner; 'The Reading Abbot and his Pupil' by Axel Helsted. A fine nautical landscape is 'Will the Ship Pass the Point,' by Michael Ancher. The Italian exhibition is small. 'The Talkative Monk,' by Giacomo Chirico, and 'The Reward for Talking,' by the same artist, illustrate aptly its general character. Spain is better represented by Vera in 'The Heroic Defence of the Numantian Conquerors,' Casado's 'Bell of Huesca,' and Padrillo's 'Johanna the Insane at the Bier of her Husband.'

NEW YORK CITY.—Mr. Edward L. Henry has been enjoying unusual favor in England. He is not only being called the Frith of America, but has had the more substantial appreciation of having his paintings sold. Lady Northcote has bought from him a work showing a railway station during the arrival of the morning train. M. Alma Tadema has expressed particular admiration for its drawing.—The Summer exhibitions drained New York of paintings. Grady & McKeever, successors of Renner & Co., have shipped to the Chicago Exposition 240 works, and to the Mining Exposition at Denver, Col., 76 works. To the Milwaukee exhibition, Wilmurt & Co. have sent 250 works. These are exclusive of the Summer exhibitions at Portland and Buffalo.—Some important pieces of decorative art have been in preparation during the summer. Louis C. Tiffany & Co. have recently executed in glass 'Under the Vines,' a study made by F. S. Church, and exhibited by him at the Black and White exhibition in the Spring. The work is done in rich color, and effected without any painting. The modelling is all done by leading and pleating the glass, and accidental features of the glass are skilfully taken advantage of in the drapery. The head, life-size, with brown hair, is relieved against a blue sky, and is surrounded by the many tinted green vine leaves. Around the picture is a border of light olive green, succeeded by a row of amber jewels; a band of ruby glass follows, then a row of jewels set in an ornamental border. The piece is an experimental one.—A sky-

light has been recently completed by Mr. John Lafarge for Mr. F. L. Ames of Boston. The design is an Aurora adapted from Guercino, scattering flowers from a chariot which a Love hands from a basket. The goddess is holding unseen steeds; her green, red, and white draperies float behind her. The panel is three feet four inches by four feet two inches, and set in opalescent glass. The figure is a little less than life-size, and is adapted to a height of forty feet. Mr. Lafarge is also at work on the memorial window to Mrs. Baker, intended for the Channing Memorial Church, Newport, R. I. In the centre window is Christ leading a female figure through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The side windows will each contain the figure of a man and woman. Angels holding tablets will fill the row of small lights underneath. The upper parts will be filled with architectural designs.—Mr. Elliott Gregory, of New York, exhibited a bust in bronze in the *Salon*.

MINOR ART NOTES.—The Black and White water-color exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts opened Sept. 5th.—Bonnat has a Japanese pupil who exhibited a crayon portrait in the *Salon*.—Joel T. Hart, the sculptor, who died at Florence, prided himself on his poetry even more than on his art. A copy of his poems made by Miss Rachel Pomeroy of Cambridge, Mass., and revised by himself, is to be published with \$700 left in his will for that purpose.—Of the ninety recompenses made by the *Salon* this year, fourteen fell to foreigners. William Stott, an English painter, took two third-class medals. Miss Bertha Vegman, a Dane, took a similar medal. Mr. Edelfeldt, a Finn, took a third-class medal. Honorable mentions were widely distributed. Jimenez Aranda, a Spaniard; Jeannot, a Swiss; Courtens, a Belgian; Chelmonski and Brandt, Poles; Lira, a Chilian; not to include the favored Americans, each received one.—De Neuville continues to find subjects in South Africa. He has on exhibition in London, 'Saving the Queen's Colors,' Lieuts. Coghill and Melville escaping on horseback from the pursuing savages; and the finding of the bodies of the two officers with the flags after they had crossed the Buffalo river, called 'The Last Sleep of the Brave.'—John Jules Despras, an architect of New Orleans, who exhibited plans for a *Crèche* at the *Salon*, has received an order for it from the Paris City Council of the Twelfth Arrondissement.—Queen Victoria has accepted the dedication of Herkomer's engraving of the Earl of Beaconsfield after Millais's portrait.—Mr. Stephen Hills Parker's painting of 'St. Sebastian' which was in the *Salon* of 1880 is now on exhibition at the Corcoran Art Gallery.—The Fine Art Society of London intends exhibiting in September a selection of pictures by artists of America and Great Britain, taken from the *Salon* of this year.—There has been considerable protest against the holding of the first *Salon Triennial* in 1883 as decided by the Superior Council of Fine Arts. The plea is that the artists who have charge of the annual *Salon* will have to compete with that organized by the State. Their desire is to have it postponed until 1884.—J. G. Boehm's statue of Lord Napier, intended for Calcutta, represents him on an Arab horse in command of an army. He is in full uniform and holds a glass in his hand.—Professor Reinhold Begas, of Berlin, is modelling busts of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany.—The tomb of Michelet at Père la Chaise, represents the author lying dead with his quill in his hand. At his side is a female figure, signifying his genius. She points upward to an inscription from Michelet, 'L'Histoire est une Resurrection!' In her other hand is a scroll bearing the words, 'Histoire de France.' On the side of the couch are the words taken from Michelet's will: 'Que Dieu recoive mon âme reconnaissante.'—The sketching party from the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts has decided not to return until Fall.—The Louvre has bought the Charles Timbal collection for a little over \$50,000.—An almost life-size head of Carlyle has been etched by G. Barnett Smith.—Francis Jouffroy, the French sculptor, recently died at the age of seventy-six. Jouffroy was the master of a number of young men who have made foremost reputations; among them Falguiere, Mercie, Barrias, and our countryman St. Rudens. He was born at Dijon and in 1824 entered the *Beaux Arts*. Here he won four first medals, the second Prix de Rome in 1826, and in 1832 the first Grand Prix de Rome with his 'Capanée overturning the towers of Thebes.' His last work exhibited in the *Salon* was the marble statue of Saint Bernard for the Church of Ste. Genevieve, Paris. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor, a member of the Institute and a professor in the *Beaux Arts*.—Important excavations have been lately made in the Roman Forum, it is believed identifying the sites of the Via

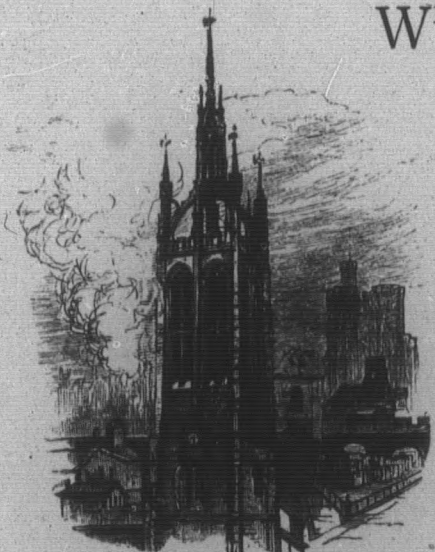
Sacra, the Temple of Vesta, the Arch of Fabius and the Temple of Jupiter Stator.—Marble busts of Rossini and Mozart have been placed in Shaw Park, St. Louis. They are the gift of Mr. Henry Shaw.—Prof. Jordan, of Berlin, has recommended to his government the purchase of the torso 'Judith' by Ezekiel, the Richmond sculptor. The Berlin journals speak of it in the highest terms. The conception and execution are both striking. The head is stern, determined and expressive. She seems to be looking at the head of Holofernes, which she has handed to a servant. The torso extends to the waist, and a girdle or scarf carefully worked out terminates it. The right arm is in action, but both are broken off between the shoulders and elbow in a fragmentary way.—A statue of Savonarola by Enrico Pazzi, has been placed in the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, in which he was condemned to death. He stands with one hand upraised, holding a cross, the other rests on the heraldic lion of Florence.—Rhinehart's statue of 'Endymion,' considered his best work, has been placed over his grave in the cemetery, Greenmount, Baltimore. 'The Sleeping Children' and a bronze over the vault of Mr. William T. Walters, by the same artist, are also in the same cemetery.—Paul Baudoin is painting a series of panels for the Opera House at Rouen. The subject is song. One panel represents a shepherd and shepherdess listening to the music of Orpheus standing on a rock near the sea; a second is the music of war, symbolized by a spirited woman with flowing hair standing at the prow of a Norman galley singing a war song; a third, illustrating the French *Chanson*, is a country girl singing on her way through a field of wheat.—A statue of Sophie Arnauld, by Mme. Leon Berthaut, is to be placed in the foyer of the Paris Opera.—'The surrender of Grenada,' by Pradilla, a Spanish artist, has been having great success at Madrid.—The following additional works out of the last *Salon* have been purchased by the Government: 'Sacred and Profane Music,' by G. Dubufe; 'The Visit of the Veterinary Surgeon,' Sylvain Gratteyrolle; 'The Seine at Rouen,' L. Lapostollet; 'After the Aviary at Cayeux,' J. G. Galliardini; 'Sleeping Woman,' a study, F. L. Etienne; 'Le Vendage,' Dominique Rosier.—The Société Libre des Artistes Français has petitioned for a lottery, to provide a fund for the erection of a special building intended for exhibitions.—The *American Register* is responsible for asserting that one of the noted decorators of Berlin is to go to Newport to decorate a residence there.—The winners of second-class medals at the *Salon* are now declared to be *hors concours*.—The art foundry of Clark Mills, the sculptor, has been recently robbed of some valuable portions of castings of statues. From time to time General Jackson's coat-tails, Secretary Chase's coat-sleeve, and Mr. Lincoln's head have been stolen.—The art committee of the Cincinnati Exposition will issue a catalogue similar to those of the Paris *Salon* and National Academy of Design. It will contain photo-lithographs of drawings made by the artists of their works.—A museum has been opened at Orvieto, Italy.—At the approaching exhibition of the New England Manufacturers and Mechanics Institute about five hundred pictures will be hung. The galleries were designed by R. W. Emerson, who built the Boston Art Club. The show pieces are to be Bicknell's 'Battle of Lexington,' Bastien-Lepage's 'Jeanne d'Arc' and 'Niagara' by Geo. L. Brown.—The Art Building of the Denver Mining Association is one-third of a mile long.—The French Government has bought a plaster group by Cain, a rhinoceros attacked by tigers.—Miss Alice De Lancey, of Baltimore, exhibited in the *Salon* a terra-cotta bust of the painter Isabey. Other cities were represented as follows: San Francisco by Mrs. Klumpke, with an 'Eccentric' in a big bonnet; Newport by Robert Pennington, in a portrait; Cleveland by D. Peinotto, in a portrait; Providence, by Walter Brown in Venetian scenes; Concord, by Edward Simmons in a Breton girl.—With reference to the next *Salon*, it has been decided that the works must be in by April 10th, 1883. The members of the jury will not as heretofore be drawn by lot, but elected by *scrutin de liste* of thirty new members, of whom twenty-four will be sculptors, three engravers on medals, two animal painters, and one an engraver of precious stones. The medal of honor will be voted for by the jury. There will be three ballots; only 2000 paintings will be hung; seven new medals will be created as awards to foreigners.—Clesinger, the sculptor, has finished the models for the three statues of French Generals which are intended for the *Ecole Militaire*. General Kleber is represented on a Syrian horse, calling his soldiers to the conquest of Italy; Hoche holds out an olive branch as the peacemaker of La Vendee; Carnot is shown reflecting.



ST MARY-LE-STRAND

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY BRUNET-DEBAINES.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



Tower of St. Nicholas' Church.

great industrial centre. A hundred feet below him is the river Tyne, covered with stately ships and innumerable craft of lesser pretension; before him rise, tier above tier, the buildings of Newcastle, with the old Norman Keep and the tower of St. Nicholas in the centre, while on either shore columns of smoke and jets of steam testify to ceaseless activity in furnace, forge, and mill.

He who has time to arrest his journey here will find—whatever may be his profession or hobby—something to attract, to interest, and probably to instruct him; for Tyneside is rich in memorials of the past, and abounds in achievements of modern science. The noble ruins of Tynemouth look down upon the Armstrong gun; the home of saintly Bede and haven of Egfrid's fleet sends forth the Palmer screw-collier; the Norman fortress at Newcastle vibrates with the rush of Stephenson's locomotive; and the lantern-crown of St. Nicholas' Church overlooks the incandescent lamp burning in the shop windows of its inventor, Joseph W. Swan.

To the antiquary the shores of the Tyne are classic ground. On the northern bank run that great wall of stone, with its stations, outposts, and mile-castles, which imperial Rome, under the sway of Hadrian, erected to protect and defend her conquests. Within easy access from Newcastle miles of that famous barrier, surviving the storms and tempests, the civil commotion and neglect of fourteen centuries, may be followed, as, over crag, moor, and fell, it pursues its relentless course from the Solway Frith to the German Ocean. Newcastle was one of the stations on the wall, named—after the bridge that linked it to the opposite shore, and in honour of its Ælian founder, Hadrian—Pons Ælii. The history of Roman occupation is written hereabout on innumerable altars, centurial stones, coins, pottery, and implements of war and husbandry,

which plough and spade have brought to light, and local sagacity has preserved for the benefit of posterity.

The two great streams of traffic that cross each other where now the "rail and river meet," owe their development to Robert Curthose, eldest son of the Norman conqueror, who founded on the steep promontory at the northern extremity of Hadrian's ruined bridge, a large and massive fortress. He named his stronghold the New Castle upon the Tyne, and that name the community, clustering round its base for protection, and gradually widening out to the north, the east, and the west, have preserved and perpetuated. Of this castle the Keep, erected by Henry II., two posterns, and one of the main gateways of later date, are still standing. Our picture of Newcastle in 1780 illustrates the position of the castle mound with its protecting battery, and shows the Keep as it appeared before so-called "restorers" crowned its summit with modern battlements.

During the reign of the Plantagenets Newcastle was a great military rendezvous. The monarchs of that race, hankering after Scotland, were continually marching in and out, waging war, arranging truces, and concluding short-lived treaties of peace with their turbulent neighbours across the border. Newcastle in their time was surrounded by a wall about two miles in circuit, provided with massive gates and towers: a wall which, according to Leland, surpassed all the walls of the cities of England, and most of the towns of Europe, for strength and magnificence. Such, indeed, was its strength, that for three centuries Scot and rebel broke their heads against it without obtaining an entrance; such its security, that time after time the burgesses within lived unharmed, while all the surrounding district was pillaged and laid waste. Modern improvements have destroyed the greater part of this massive fortification, but a few fragments, more or less modernised and dilapidated, remain. There is a long stretch of the wall, with three of its towers, in the western part of the town; and opposite the Central Railway Station stands Gunner Tower in a fair state of preservation.

Prior to the Reformation eight monastic institutions flourished in Newcastle. Their "long drawn aisles" and cloisters have disappeared; only the quadrangle and chapel of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, survive to tell their ancient story. In this latter building, in 1334, Edward Baliol rendered homage to Edward III. for the Scottish crown. A quarter of a century later rose up the Church of St. Nicholas, now the cathedral of a new diocese. Its steeple, of later date and unknown origin, is the pride and glory of the town, and for boldness of conception and elegance of construction admits no rival. Within the precincts sleep most of the men who made Newcastle famous in valour, learning, and commerce. A hundred and fifty of its mayors, sheriffs, and representatives in Parliament mingle their dust with that of warriors,

clergy, lawyers, and merchants, in this great temple of silence and reconciliation.

Of the later Tudor and the Stuart times Newcastle preserves a few scattered memorials. The north side of the Sandhill, for example, retains in part the picturesque appearance it presented to James I. as he journeyed backward and forward between England and Scotland, accepting hospitality from opulent burgesses, and knighting his entertainers with generous hand. The overhanging balconies have been removed, but the long rows of windows remain, and a blue pane in one of them marks the aperture whence, a hundred and ten years ago, "Bessy" Surtees, the banker's daughter, eloped with John Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon. In the thoroughfare called the Side, too, with its toppling houses projecting over the steep ascent to St. Nicholas' Church, scenes are recalled of stern-faced Covenanters marching up and down, and Oliver Cromwell receiving "great acknowledgments of love" from Puritan admirers seated at their gaily decorated windows. Some of the old chares—narrow alleys so named—which open out on the quay, contain

the decaying residences of wealthy townsmen in days when merchants lived at their places of business, and watched the trade of the port from their own thresholds. And here and there, within a short distance of the water, and up the ancient ways that led from the river to the northern suburbs, are buildings that, although long since abandoned to squalor and ruin, speak of bygone affluence and departed grandeur.

From a very early period Newcastle has been an important commercial centre. Situated within easy distance of the sea, and on the nearest direct line from the northern provinces to the capital of Scotland, the place was admirably adapted for traffic by land or by water. Soon after the Conquest local history describes a settled trading community living under shelter of the castle mound, governed by laws which regulated mercantile transactions and protected the fiscal rights of the Crown. Henry II. gave them a charter; King John confirmed and enlarged it, permitting the inhabitants to hold the town in fee-farm at a fixed rental; Henry III. incorporated the Company of Merchant Adventurers, withdrew the right of the sovereign to appoint a provost, or governor, and



Newcastle in 1780.

enabled the commonalty to elect their own mayor; Edward III., with whose person and prowess the burgesses were sadly familiar, bestowed upon them the privilege of digging and selling coals; while Henry IV. raised the town to the position and dignity of a separate county, with power to elect every year a sheriff exercising functions independent of the county of Northumberland. Successive monarchs enlarged the liberties of the borough, incorporated guilds of traders and artificers, and by endless orders and charters, fostered commerce, and promoted the industrial operations of the town and the river.

The discovery of the uses of coal led to rapid advances in the mercantile prosperity of the Tyne. The manufacturing spirit of the English nation was stimulated, and Tyneside reaped the benefit. Newcastle became "the Eye of the North, and the Hearth that warmeth the south parts of this Kingdom with Fire." Necessities of transit encouraged the building of ships, and the employment of sailors skilled in navigation; and, in due time Newcastle became famous for shipbuilding and a valuable nursery for seamen. The winning and working of collieries attracted capital and employed labour; and

along the river banks villages sprung up, drawing their supplies from the protected traders of Newcastle, and adding to the population and the wealth of the district. Later on the application of steam to locomotion, which found its first successful realisation on this river, added a new and powerful impulse to local commerce. In its varied adaptations steam multiplied the demand for coal, increased a hundredfold the power of hammer and hand, encouraged manufacturing enterprise, and rapidly endowed Tyneside with "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

The Tyne is neither a broad nor a long stream, and its commercial adaptability owes less to Nature than to the hand of man. Beyond the flow of the tidal wave, a few miles up stream, the river is shallow, fringed with woods, pastures, and corn land—a stream for the artist and the angler. In the other direction, beginning with the huge workshops at Elswick, and ending at the colossal ironmaking and shipbuilding establishment at Jarrow, are eight miles of pandemonium. The channel is full of ships, and the shores are lined with shipyards, ironworks, chemical manufactories, coal-staiths, wharves, slipways, and other industrial machinery. Two docks have



Engraved by R. Paterson.]

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

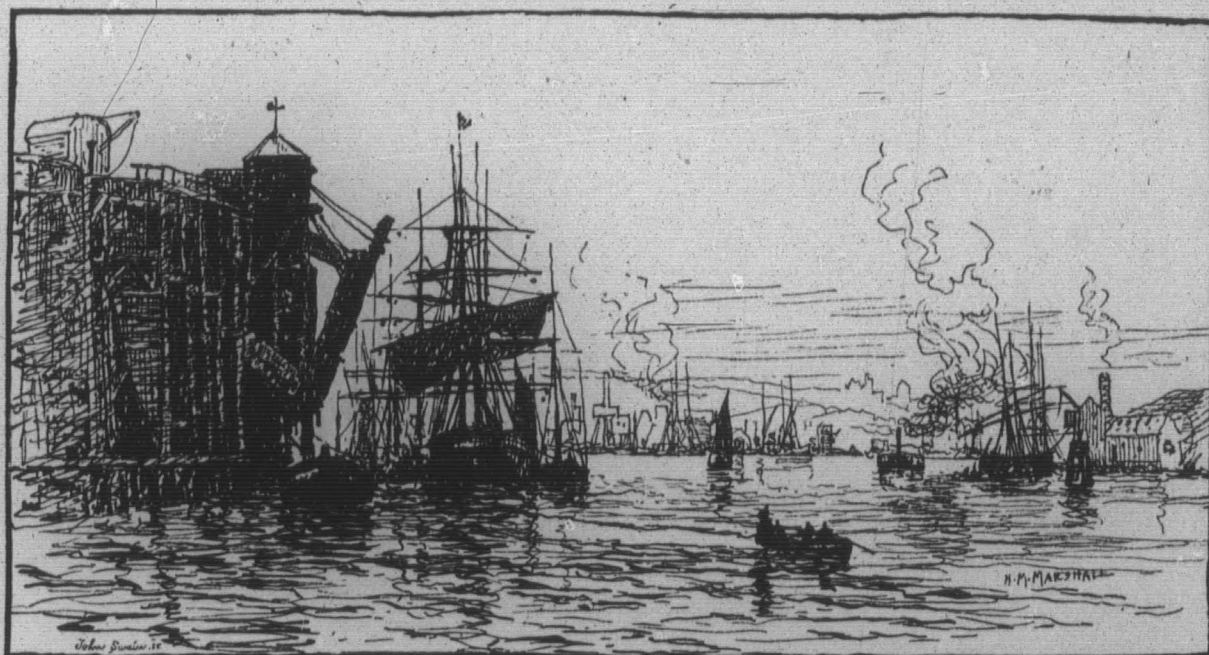
[From a Painting by J. O'Connor.

been constructed, and another is approaching completion; but the whole of the navigable river between Elswick and Shields is practically a deep-water dock, available, except for the largest steamers, at all stages of the tide. In the number of vessels that go in and out, the Tyne is excelled by the Thames alone; and in the tonnage of steam-ships launched into its waters, it ranks next after the Clyde among the ship-building ports of the Kingdom.

A district that has achieved so much in practical engineering may reasonably be expected to show something special in that department of industry. Only a small percentage of strangers may have the *entrée* to the wonderful establishment of Sir William Armstrong, where gunnery and hydraulics reign; or to the great works at Jarrow, where iron ore enters at one end, and a steamer of three or four thousand tons burthen issues at the other. But the two bridges that span the Tyne at Newcastle are accessible monuments of local ingenuity and skill. The "high level," designed by Robert Stephenson, combines the unusual feature of a rail-

road above and a carriage road and footways beneath; the latter nearly ninety feet above high-water mark. The "swing bridge," adjoining, is the work of Sir William Armstrong's firm, and is moved by his hydraulic machinery. The length of the swing, or opening part, is two hundred and eighty-one feet, the weight 1,480 tons; and so evenly is the structure balanced, and so complete is the operating machinery, that the whole mass can be turned round in a few seconds by one man.

It is fitting to remark in this connection that nearly all the improvements and inventions which have made Tyneside famous in commerce, mechanics, and navigation are of native origin. The spacious and handsome streets which occupy the centre of the town, replacing the tortuous thoroughfares of five centuries, owe their construction to the artistic eye of a Novocastrian—Richard Grainger. Our railway system, originating in the necessities of the Newcastle coal trade, was successfully developed, as all the world knows, by two Tynesiders—George Stephenson and William Hedley. The system of bringing coals to the surface in tubs and cages, which



Coal-Staith near South Shields.

forty years ago revolutionised colliery haulage, is due to a local viewer—Thomas Young Hall. The lifeboat was designed and first employed at the mouth of the Tyne by two South Shields men—Wouldhave and Greathead. Screw-colliers, by which coals are conveyed to all nations at three times the speed, and in incalculably larger quantities, than the old sailing ships could accomplish, were invented by Charles Mark Palmer. Hydraulic machinery, moving ponderous matter by the touch of a finger, and breech-loading artillery—the big guns of our day—are the creation of Sir William Armstrong. And last, but not least, one of the most successful adaptations of the electric light to domestic purposes is due to a life-long resident in Newcastle, if not a native—Mr. Joseph W. Swan.

Tynesiders are a hard-headed and practical race. They are proud of their engineering, and with reason. They boast of the solid stone buildings which line the well-planned streets of Newcastle, and meekly contrast them with the stucco of more pretentious cities. They sing the praise of "owr noble river," its shipping and its commerce; and distinguished

visitors from far-off lands, hospitably entertained, gratefully join in the chorus. In mechanical science Tyneside has undoubtedly made its mark, and contributed to the prosperity and the happiness of mankind. In the Fine Arts the record is less interesting. Men of genius in the empire of imagination have arisen there as elsewhere, and of painters and engravers a larger proportion than in most other provincial towns; but fairer scenes and brighter pastures have generally wooed them away from the coaly stream. Thomas Bewick, the father of English wood engraving, remained on the banks of his native river, and his modest workshop is still pointed out in St. Nicholas' Churchyard. T. M. Richardson the elder lived his life of disappointment in Newcastle, and Charlton Nesbit clung to his humble village with true Tyneside tenacity. But other native artists—John Martin, J. W. Carmichael, George Balmer, William Harvey, and men of equal note—attained their celebrity, for the most part, in more genial and more appreciative communities. Of late years, with an increase of opulence and culture, local Art has been better patronised. The Art Gallery, a private speculation, supplies, to some

extent, the want of a public collection of pictures in Newcastle; there is also a flourishing Fine Arts Society with a Government School of Design; and a new Arts Association has been holding this year its seventh exhibition.

In several departments of research and investigation Newcastle takes an active part. The study of antiquity has been assiduously cultivated. Dr. Bruce's history of the Roman Wall practically exhausts the subject of Roman occupation in northern England, and Mr. John Clayton, the venerable ex-Town-clerk of Newcastle, has spent the greater part of a long and active life in opening out—upon his estates in the west of Northumberland—the buried stations of the Roman invaders. The old Keep at Newcastle contains a museum—

sadly cramped for want of space—

rich in Roman remains; and the local Society of Antiquaries, to whom the museum belongs, is the oldest provincial archaeological society in the kingdom, its proceedings being published in a dozen portly volumes.

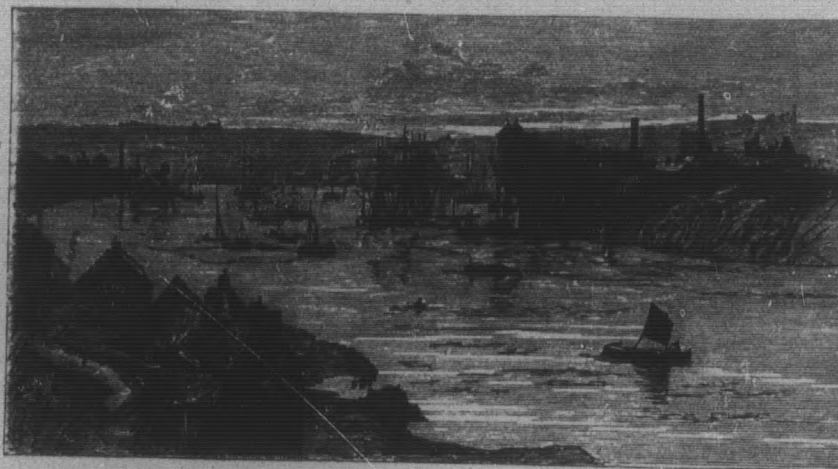
Natural history, too, is well represented. The labours of Bewick,

Alder, and Hancock have added considerably to the stock of human knowledge in this special branch of inquiry; and the local museum of the Natural History Society, now in process of removal to a large new building at the north end of the town, contains a valuable collection of British birds and specimens of the flora and fauna of the coal measures; while an affiliated organization—the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club—numbers several hundred members, and has issued seven or eight volumes of Proceedings. Other departments of science are cultivated by associations whose members meet periodically for discussion, demonstration, and the reading of papers. Such are the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, with twenty-six published volumes of Transactions; the Society of Colliery

Engineers, the Chemical, Architectural, Pathological, and Microscopical Societies, and the Farmers' Club. To these may be added the Literary and Philosophical Society, which possesses a library of 50,000 volumes, and provides the district with lectures on literary and scientific subjects.

"Where there's smoke there's fire," says the old proverb. In Tyneside where there's fire there's smoke—palpable, unending smoke. In a pure atmosphere Newcastle would be a charming place, for the street architecture combines grace with strength; the public buildings, for the most part, exhibit patient study and faithful work, and the gradual rise from the river to the northern suburbs show architrave and cornice, capital and pilaster, to advantage. In the outskirts of the town

are mansions and villa-residences that indicate taste and culture. But smoke from the manufactories and steamers is allowed to pollute the air unchecked, while fumes from the chemical works stunt vegetation and destroy the beauty of what was once a delightful landscape. On the river sides, from Newcastle west-



The Tyne near Felling.

ward, Nature still holds her own; from Newcastle eastward to the sea no tree attempts to woo the sun, and the hedgerows no longer perform their wonted service. As some sort of compensation, the northern heights of the town include a fine tract of green sward—the Moor and Castle Leazes—twelve hundred acres in extent; and latterly a public park at Elswick, in the western suburbs, and another at Heaton, in the east, have been provided. But no amount of cultivation and care will restore to the present generation the picture of Newcastle which was drawn by John Wesley towards the close of last century:—"Lovely place, and lovely company! Certainly if I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness."

RICHARD WELFORD.

JOHN LINNELL, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER.*

ABOUT 1809 or 1810 Hunt and Linnell were at work for George Dawe (who was made an A.R.A. in 1810) on a large transparency intended to celebrate a victory over the French. Such works as this enabled artists to earn honest pence. I do not know at what period of his life John Linnell worked for the elder Pugin at two shillings and sixpence an hour, but I conclude that it must have been shortly before 1813, when the architect's "Views in Islington and Pentonville" was published. Mulready told me he worked

in 1800 on that panorama of the 'Siege of Seringapatam,' which was shown in the Lyceum Great Room amid great applause, and was produced in six weeks, mainly by Sir R. Ker Porter. It was two hundred feet long, and crowded with figures and implements of war. Porter's later panorama, called 'Agincourt,' turned up, not for the first time, in the Mansion House cellars in 1880, and has been again exhibited with éclat by the City authorities.

Wilkie's diary referred to the already named contest at the British Institution in the following terms:—"January 8, 1809: I heard to-day that at the Institution the prizes were awarded

* Continued from page 264.

as follows:—Dow, for an historical picture; Sharpe (Michael), for a domestic subject; and *Master Linnell* for a landscape." In the Academy of 1809 Mulready exhibited, No. 148, 'Returning from the Alehouse,' which is now in the National Gallery. This picture, like the better-known 'Carpenter's Shop,' was painted on the first floor of No. 30, Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road. In the same house Linnell painted, if he did not likewise live, and, owing much to Mulready's counsel, produced, his 'Landscape—Morning,' which was in the same exhibition. In 1810 Linnell contributed a coast piece, the title of which suggests a journey to his friend Hunt's favourite resort. It was called 'Fishermen waiting for the return of the Ferry-boat (? Fishing-boat), Hastings.' What ferry-boat was waited for at Hastings is not clear. 'The Ducking: A Scene from Nature,' was at the Academy in 1811. This was the last work he sent there until 1821, when 'A Landscape,' a single portrait, and a portrait-group appeared.

A list of Linnell's works at the British Institution and elsewhere, apart from the interest proper to such a thing, proves his efforts were in the direction of landscape painting, and that these efforts were sustained with the utmost gallantry, although our grandfathers had determined he should produce portraits—in doing which he had, it must be admitted for the credit of his contemporaries, shown himself most capable of admirable art—give lessons in drawing—which most of his companions, from David Cox downwards, were not unthankfully doing with all their might, but with many groans—engrave, which very few of his friends were accomplished or energetic enough to do.* Failing in these respects, it was resolved that Linnell should starve. Nevertheless he did not starve, but did all these tasks faithfully, courageously, and well, coming out triumphant at the end. The directors of the British Institution, or "British Gallery," as it was familiarly called, adopted a kindly rule, by means of which pictures were hung on their walls, although they had previously appeared at the Royal Academy or elsewhere. These directors were likewise kind when, as is still done in the French Salon, they changed the places of examples during the exhibitions, and even allowed works to be withdrawn from the galleries while the latter were open to the public. The varying catalogues of the gatherings of 1811, 1812, and other years, severally, provided traps for students of the dry-as-dust order, and puzzled me as to the contributions of John Linnell. Warned of the results of these good-natured but anomalous proceedings of "my lords and gentlemen," the reader of the following lists will know how it happened that Linnell's works were shown and reshowed in the Academy, Institution, and elsewhere.

Linnell sent to the British Institution of 1810—the year after he got the prize and defeated J. J. Chalon—the following works:—No. 100, 'A Cottage Door; No. 151, 'A Landscape; and No. 238, 'View of the Beach, Hastings.' In 1811 he contributed to the British Institution 'Quoit-players,' which was sold to Sir T. Baring for seventy-five guineas, and resold in 1848 for £238. It now belongs to Mr. Simpson, of Red Hill, who gave £1,000 for it. Besides 'Quoit-players,' the Institution of 1811 comprised 'A Scene on the Banks of the Thames; No. 190, 'Fishing-boats—a Scene from Nature; and the above-mentioned 'Fishermen waiting for the return

of the Ferry-boat, Hastings.' (Here the error of the previous exhibition catalogue was repeated.) On April 15th of this year the gallery was reopened after the pictures had been shifted, and the second edition of the catalogue declared that all the above-named works, except 'A Scene on the Banks of the Thames,' had been withdrawn, and that the number of this exception was changed to 154. It is hoped the impatience of purchasers had expedited the removal of the other examples. In 1812 the same gallery contained of Linnell's work, during the first hanging, No. 79, 'The Dairy—Morning; No. 106, 'A Scene on the Coast near Dover; and No. 188, 'A View on the Thames.' After the second hanging had been effected, April 13th, the numbers of the first two pictures were changed to 128 and 149 respectively. The artist's address was likewise changed to 11, Queen Street, Edgware Road. In the Institution of 1813, giving the last-named address, Linnell sent No. 99, 'The Gravel Pits' only. In 1814, directing persons about to buy that work to his father's, in Streatham Street, he contributed No. 183, 'Bird Catching.' To this gallery in 1815 Linnell sent nothing. In 1816 we meet with him as the painter of No. 237, 'Evening—A View of Snowdon.' From this date till 1823 the directors knew him not during the winter.

The next paragraph will show that, persisting in his efforts to exist as a landscape painter, Linnell followed a new line, and had joined an important society of artists, which was generally independent of portraits. The year 1823 is beyond my present range, but it may be permitted to show how he obtained a measure of honour at this stage of his career. The so-called Summer Exhibitions of the British Gallery generally comprised works of the old masters and deceased British painters, and were otherwise analogous to the now current Winter Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. It was an exceptional honour, therefore, to Linnell that in 1825 the directors of the gallery chose two of his landscapes for "a collection of the works of living British artists, considered by each contributor as the most successful efforts of his pencil." Such is the old-fashioned and gracious official statement of the matter. Among the contributors were Lawrence, Stothard, James Ward, Northcote, Callcott, Collins, Wilkie, Hilton, Jackson, Eastlake, Etty, A. E. Chalon, W. Linton, C. R. Leslie, T. Barker, Constable, J. Martin, F. Danby, E. Landseer, Haydon, and J. J. Chalon. Of most of these the world, then, thought more lightly than it now thinks. To several of the number tardy justice is still due. Linnell's pictures were, No. 14, 'The Wood-cutter's Repast,' which, it is sad to see, still belongs to the family; and No. 63, 'Landscape: Wood-cutters—A Scene in Windsor Forest,' the property of J. Allnutt, Esq., of Clapham, a well-known collector. When the contents of the gallery were re-hung, Linnell's examples were shifted, but nobody had been moved to buy the former work. It was No. 36, one of our artist's contributions to the exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours in 1820, the last year of his membership of that society, which thenceforward reverted to its former style and character.

Having disposed of the Academy and British Institution, so far as this portion of Linnell's career is concerned, let us return to an earlier date, and deal with one of the more important phases of his energetic life. As I have hinted, he, for some years, quitted the frequented exhibitions and joined an artistic body which was then undergoing throes of change, in the management of which he, during several years, took a

* Everybody who has studied the life of Blake knows how this soaring genius drudged with the graver, now for Basire now for Stothard, now for Linnell, and now for himself, and, worst of all, was compelled to toil at tasks the least fitted to his powers.

considerable part. This body was the quondam Society of Painters in Water Colours, which, owing to internal dissensions and other circumstances, had changed its character for the nonce and altered its title to the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours. These events occurred in 1813, when a considerable number of the older members of the society seceded, and a greater number of new men, most of whom were oil painters, were admitted.* Among the latter was Linnell, who contributed to the exhibition of the year 1813, which was held at the Great Room in Spring Gardens. His work was 'The Bird Catcher, a Scene from Nature;' his address was 81, Edgware Road. In 1814 he gave his address in Streatham Street, and sent to the same exhibition 'Evening, View in Wales;' 'Morning, Crossing the River, N. Wales;' 'Afternoon, Going to Milk;' two more Welsh views of 'Swansea,' and 'Snowdon,' and 'Windmill,' and 'Morning.' In 1815 he had seven pictures, including Welsh and Derbyshire views. In 1816 he had seven works, from Windsor, Newbury, Derbyshire, the Isle of Wight, and three portraits. In 1817 he was Treasurer to the Society, and exhibited seven works, including three portraits, the rest being landscapes. He contributed to the same gallery in 1818, when his noble 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness,' No. 120, was included, and a great step made in the development of his genius. Linnell contributed to the gatherings of 1819, and 1820. He resigned his place in this body in 1820.

From this period he resumed, as we have seen, the practice of exhibiting at the Academy. Of our painter's movements and acts at this period take this summary:—In 1814 Linnell made a tour in Derbyshire in order to prepare certain drawings of interesting localities designed as illustrations to Walton and Cotton's "Angler." (See the list of his contributions to the Oil and Water Colour exhibitions.) In 1816 and thereabouts, then struggling to be allowed to be faithful to his first love, landscape art, he was at Winkfield, Windsor Forest. At another time we hear of him busily painting portraits at Kingsclere and Newbury, where some of these works may probably still be found. In 1817 he painted a portrait of the Duke of Argyll. In this year his first marriage took place, and his wedding trip was made in Scotland. He was in the same year residing at No. 35, Rathbone Place, where he began to paint 'John preaching in the Wilderness.' From this house he removed to No. 6, Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square, and continued to send to Spring Gardens more portraits and a decreasing number of landscapes. In Cirencester Place his neighbour and fellow-member of the Oil and Water Colour Society was James Holmes, whose practice of painting miniatures on ivory was adopted by Linnell with increased success. In 1818 he is known to have copied a so-called Holbein's portrait of Martin Luther at Windsor Castle. About this time he was etching from Ruysdael and other

artists. It was not till 1821 that he put down his name for an Associateship at the Royal Academy.

I have not ascertained at what precise period Linnell came into contact with the *entourage* of William Godwin, which included Shelley, and Gisborne, the engineer, to whose wife the poet addressed the lovely verses beginning—

"The spider spreads her webs, whether she be
In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree."

Others of this company are mentioned in Shelley's "Essays and Letters," 1852. It may have been through the Varley circle that Linnell was introduced to this company, the essential elements of which, in respect to their religious opinions, were thoroughly opposed to his own. Mulready must have known Godwin before 1805, in which year the latter published that now very rare book for children, "The Looking-Glass," by Theophilus Marcliffe, his own *nom de plume*. Linnell gave lessons in drawing to Mary Wollstonecroft Godwin (Mrs Shelley), Godwin's daughter. By some means the artist was a frequent visitor at that queerly-conducted establishment in Skinner Street, Snow Hill, where he, a faithful believer at all times, heard much strange doctrine and marvellous vagaries of would-be unbelief. Many readers remember that for several decades of years this befouled and sordid house stood in the most dilapidated condition, all battered by demolitions of predatory urchins, and windowless, smoky, forlorn, and ghastly in its ragged and weather-stained garment of tattered bills. It stood thus, as some thought, by way of protest and Providence, against the ways of its quondam inmates. The writer knew a painter whose genius and earnest piety have never been disputed, who averred that the conversation current in No. 41, Skinner Street, was such that he had been "forced to wonder the earth did not open, and swallow us all up." Holborn Viaduct abolished the dirty ruin, and the earth knows it no more; but bibliographers find its name in the publication lines of some questionable, and many excellent, books, the greater number of which we should now style "goody." They are, however, free from the cant of goodness, and their virtue is wholesome and sincere. In 1818 Linnell sold to Mr. Chance two pictures of landscapes, which, if they are the same now in the possession of that buyer's family, are jewels of fine painting and lovely colour.

The friendship of Mulready and Linnell was as notorious as it was close and sincere. To the former circumstance was due the making of a satirical design, which was, I believe, engraved and circulated, showing the latter seated on a stool and deeply engaged, while the former leans over his pupil, and seems to be instructing him. Another friendship of peculiar interest was formed about 1818 between Linnell and Blake, the visionary painter and poet. They were made known to each other, as the former told Mr. Gilchrist,* by means of Mr. George Cumberland, of Bristol, and then Linnell "became the kindest friend and stay of the neglected man's declining years." This friend "was then, and until many a year later, industriously toiling at *Portrait* as a bread profession; at miniatures, engraving—whatever, in short, he could get to do, while he painted *Landscape* as an unremunerative luxury." It appears that Linnell, who had already made a decided hit in executing many likenesses, and engraving some

* The following members left the society in 1812:—J. A. Atkinson, Miss Byrne, J. J. Chalon, P. Dewint, E. Dorrell, W. S. Gilpin, R. Hills, F. Nash, N. Pocock, R. R. Reinagle, S. Rigaud, F. Stevens, W. F. Wells, and W. Westhall. Some of these reappeared as "exhibitors" of the newly-arranged body of 1813; they were Atkinson, Dewint, Dorrell, Hills, Nash, and Pocock. The new members were D. Cox, C. V. Fielding (promoted from being an "associate exhibitor"), G. Holmes, J. Linnell, F. Mackenzie, and H. Richter. The new exhibitors were H. C. Allport, B. Barker (of Bath), C. Barber, J. V. Barber, J. Barry (miniature painter), A. Cooper (afterwards an R.A.), L. Clennell, C. Crammer, G. Hewlett, Mrs. Mulready (John Varley's daughter, wife of the R.A.), G. F. Robson, J. C. Robertson, J. A. Roberts, B. Rouw (a sculptor), F. P. Stephanoff, J. Stephanoff, T. Stowers, H. Villiers, W. Walker, and Mrs. C. White. Linnell's friend, W. H. Hunt, joined the society in 1814, and remained one of its greatest ornaments till his death fifty years after, Feb. 10th, 1864. Of the associate exhibitors of 1812, P. S. Munn, W. Payne, A. Pugin (father of the architect), and W. Scott continued as exhibitors of 1813.

* "Life of W. Blake," 1880, i. p. 293, where the date is given as about 1813, but Linnell's own note gives the date as 1818, when "I paid a visit to him, in company with the younger Mr. Cumberland."

of them, applied to Blake to help him with the latter. "Such as were jointly undertaken in this way," wrote Mr Gilchrist, "Blake commenced, Linnell finished." I fancy it is not difficult to trace the influence of Blake in the *technique* of one of the most important of Linnell's engraved likenesses, the wonderfully firm, learned, and solid print of "Mr. John Martin, Pastor of the Church meeting in Keppel Street, London," which was painted and engraved by Linnell, and by him "published May, 1813," at 2, Streatham Street, Bloomsbury. The influence of Blake was even more marked on the genius of Linnell's son-in-law, Samuel Palmer, who owed something of value for technical advice to our subject himself. Palmer did not, of course, know Blake at the time which is now in question.* His personal reverence for the poet-painter was so great that he had been known to kiss the handle of the bell at Blake's door in South Molton Street before venturing to pull it. Blake's spirit works in Palmer's pictures, as modified and sweetened by the beautiful genius of the younger and not less original master. Linnell was living at Hampstead, when Blake and Palmer were frequent and happy visitors, see Mr. Gilchrist's, "Blake," as above.

The list of Linnell's productions and his own narrative render it obvious that he was struggling to live as a landscape painter during the whole of the period referred to above. Nevertheless, fate made his efforts fruitless for a time, and compelled him to pass years and years in the drudgery of teaching, portrait-painting, and engraving before he could have his own way. Beginning with landscapes, he soon combined them with portraits, next the latter predominated, and then the former ceased for a long time, *i.e.* until about 1835, in which year 'Christ appearing at Emmaus,' a nobly pathetic work, was at the Academy. This purgatorial interval was occupied in laying the acquisition of what is, in artistic estimation, wealth; when it ended very few portraits were seen on Linnell's easel. These struggles were maintained with gallantry, and it was in order to facilitate his studies in the desired direction that in August, 1812 or 1813 (see the list of his contributions to the Oil and Water Colour Society's exhibitions), Linnell made a journey into North Wales, with G. R. Lewis for a companion, where, during a month's tour, he gathered the materials of landscapes painted in later years. At this time no doubt profound impressions were made upon the mind prepared to receive them by the primitive motives of Morland's art, the serene and solemn, if not monumental mannerisms of Varley, the searching realism of Mulready, and the painter's inborn sympathy with the dignified poetry of Nature as he found her in Wales. In after-life Linnell was wont to refer to the studies he thus pursued and which were confirmed by the later visits to Derbyshire and the Isle of Wight. Like Blake, Mulready, W. Hunt, E. Landseer, Wilkie, and nearly all the other English painters of his time, our artist did not find it necessary to go "abroad." He nevertheless, as they had done,

studied the Old Masters zealously in England, and in looking at nature was by no means indifferent to the lessons of their experience. I am bound to emphasize the statement that the style of Linnell—whether that noble element of his art, an element which is pre-eminently marked in nearly everything he did, occurs in landscape, engraving, or portraiture—was based on close studies of the antique, associated with select observation of nature. Whoever has not recognised these facts of Linnell's biography, has much yet to discover in his works.

Speaking of this period of his life Linnell said:—"I painted miniatures at that time. Such works were in general scarcely more artistic than the 'locket and brooch style' (that of Mrs. Mee) allowed, and they had no pretensions to being works of Fine Art. It seemed not to have occurred to the producers of such things that all which Reynolds had secured in oil and on a large scale was attainable on any material and on a small scale. When in 1819 I painted on ivory a portrait of my wife I found, without knowing how it came about, how different my work was from miniature painting as it was then in vogue. This work surprised many, and, on its being shown by Varley to the Marchioness of Stafford, a great authority, she pronounced it superior to anything of the sort she had seen, and the only example on ivory which approached the productions of the Old Masters. At her ladyship's recommendation I painted a miniature of her daughter, the newly-married Lady Belgrave; this was my second attempt on ivory. I then painted Lord Leveson Gower, the late Lord Ellesmere, Viscountess Ebrington, and many others, so that I had much practice in that way and might have become a fashionable painter of courtiers. I was, however, incapable of forsaking my first love, poetic landscape, which I lived to paint; although I painted portraits to live, I endeavoured to make portrait-painting subservient to my chief object. By studying flesh and human expressions I learnt how to deal with the individuality of nature in landscapes with more force and fidelity. Drawing at the Royal Academy and painting there from the life separated me in practice from the Varley school of art and gave me perceptions and taste more allied to those of the Italian masters. This became apparent to me when I went into Wales and saw in nature what I had already recognised in Raphael's backgrounds, and which was more precious than anything of the Water Colour school." In fact, our artist saw nature with the perceptions of a poetic figure painter, and had most pleasure in producing such works as 'John Preaching in the Wilderness,' where the pathos of the subject was made to saturate, so to say, the landscape, and the sentiment of the subject was evolved in the characteristics of nature.

That these strenuous labours, this far-reaching insight, and this profound poetic instinct were matched with an energetic temperament and a robust frame, is proved by the facts that Linnell walked nearly all the way back from Wales to London, and was accustomed to manly exercises of many kinds, including boxing, running, rowing, and swimming.

Having brought these notes to illustrate the career of the artist to a very important period of his life I must leave them to the indulgence of the reader.

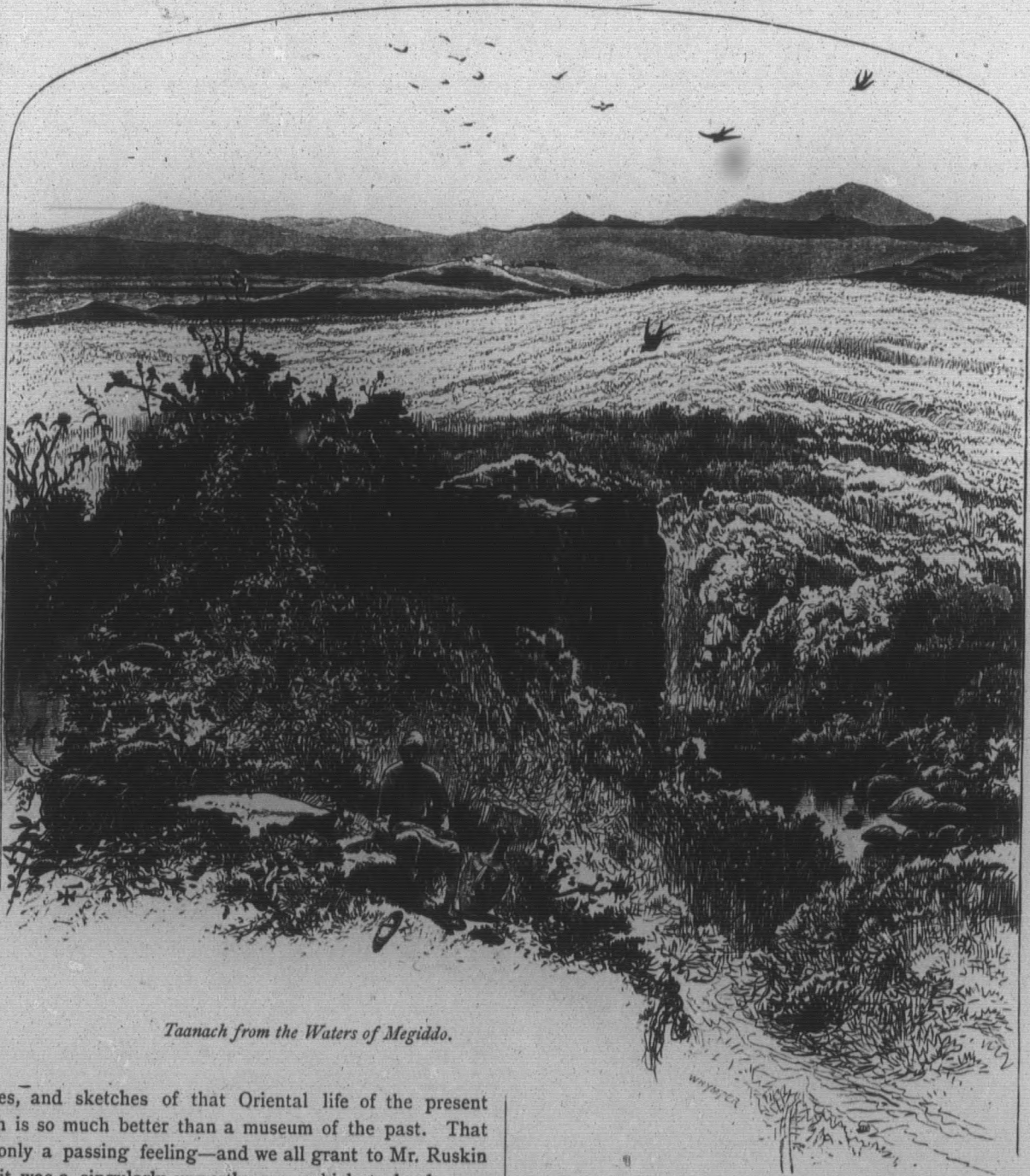
F. G. STEPHENS.

* Linnell introduced Palmer to Blake. Here is the former's account of the meeting as given in a letter to the present writer:—"About this time Mr. Linnell introduced me to William Blake. He fixed his grey eyes upon me, and said, 'Do you work in fear and trembling?' 'Yes, indeed,' was the reply. 'Then,' said he, 'You'll do.' No lapse of years can efface the memory of hours spent in familiar converse with that great man."

PICTURESQUE PALESTINE.*

IT is now many years since Mr. Ruskin, who has often seen reason to despair of the English people, found renewed cause for despondency in the fact that they had accepted M. Gustave Doré as the illustrator of their Bible. Now every drawing and picture of the Holy Land, and every sketch of its hills and olives, its Arabs and its street-corners, is taken by the

English reader as an illustration of the Bible; and a healthy sign might be read in the fact that a sincere interest is generally felt in such illustration as deals with the theatre itself of the Biblical drama. The ideal ages had their Scriptures illustrated by the Holy Families of the great masters; the realistic age has them illustrated by maps, topographic



Taanach from the Waters of Megiddo.

studies, and sketches of that Oriental life of the present which is so much better than a museum of the past. That was only a passing feeling—and we all grant to Mr. Ruskin that it was a singularly unworthy one—which took pleasure in such art as is neither ideal nor real, and consented to associate it with the Sacred Books. The present love of realistic illustration—of scraps and sketches of actual scenes and people—is an outcome of the present love of accuracy and growth in knowledge; and everything is sincere and healthy which is, like this feeling, proper to the time. The modern

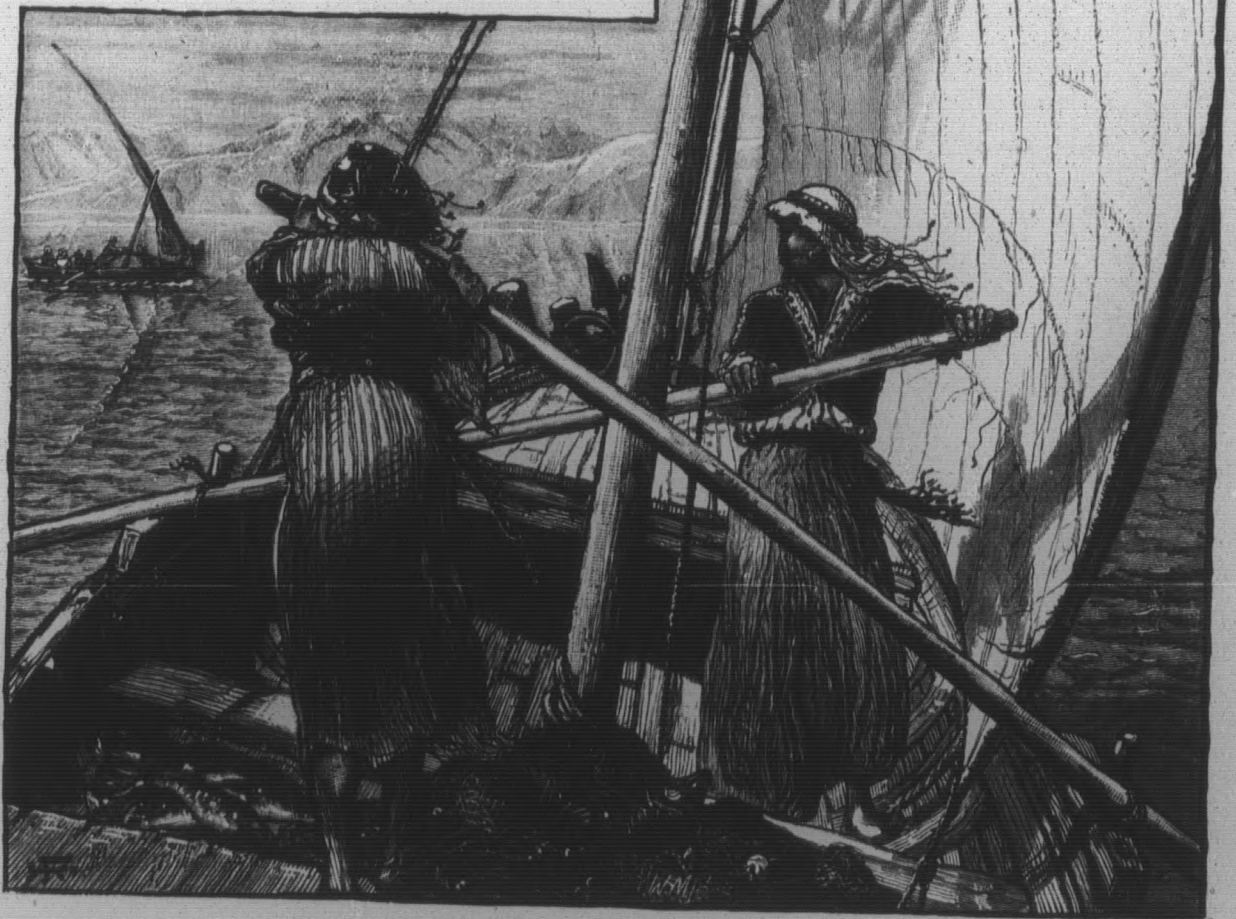
reader of Scripture enjoys nothing more than following up the little incidental references which give so much vitality to the Sacred Narrative. At the same time there is unquestionably an early English association connected with the Bible, which makes its illustration by means of observation from modern Arab life novel, and at times almost startling. Not that any educated person does not fully realise the local Oriental colour of Scripture; but, nevertheless, to the English reader, there is in the very language of our great translation a classic tone

* "Picturesque Palestine, Sinai, and Egypt." Edited by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, K.C.B., R.E., F.R.S. J. S. Virtue and Co., Limited.

1882.

which connects it intimately with our own noble literature. The Bible is Semitic in essence, but by the accidents of its history amongst us it is the very centre of English letters. Therefore we have been long accustomed to give to Scripture some such associations as the Old Masters of Italy gave to it in their own way. The abandonment of this kind of ideality and the adoption of the realism of research have produced a comparatively new science.

"Picturesque Palestine" begins, *in medias res*, with Jerusalem, for there is no continuous narrative of a journey, with its stages and divisions (a form of travel-record which, as everybody knows, is apt to run into egotism), but rather an impersonal description by eye-witnesses, sufficiently graphic, but without excessive dwelling on incidents and accidents. The editor has himself undertaken the chief part of the description of Jerusalem, and from him the reader has at first hand singularly interesting details as to the recent feats of exploration performed under his direction. While the illustrating artists are at work upon the living surface of things, he takes us down into the past, through the accumulations of the tragic overthrows, and the long, ignorant overgrowths, of the Holy City. And the third world—not that of every-day life, nor that of the masonry in the heart of the hills, but that of the Holy Places, technically so called, is richly represented. The pictures thus given are most valuable and complete. All the illustrations have been sketched for the work upon the spot, and have been executed, we hear, at a cost exceeding £20,000. Mr. Harry Fenn and Mr. J. D. Woodward, the artists, have been seconded by engravers of the first class, most of whom have



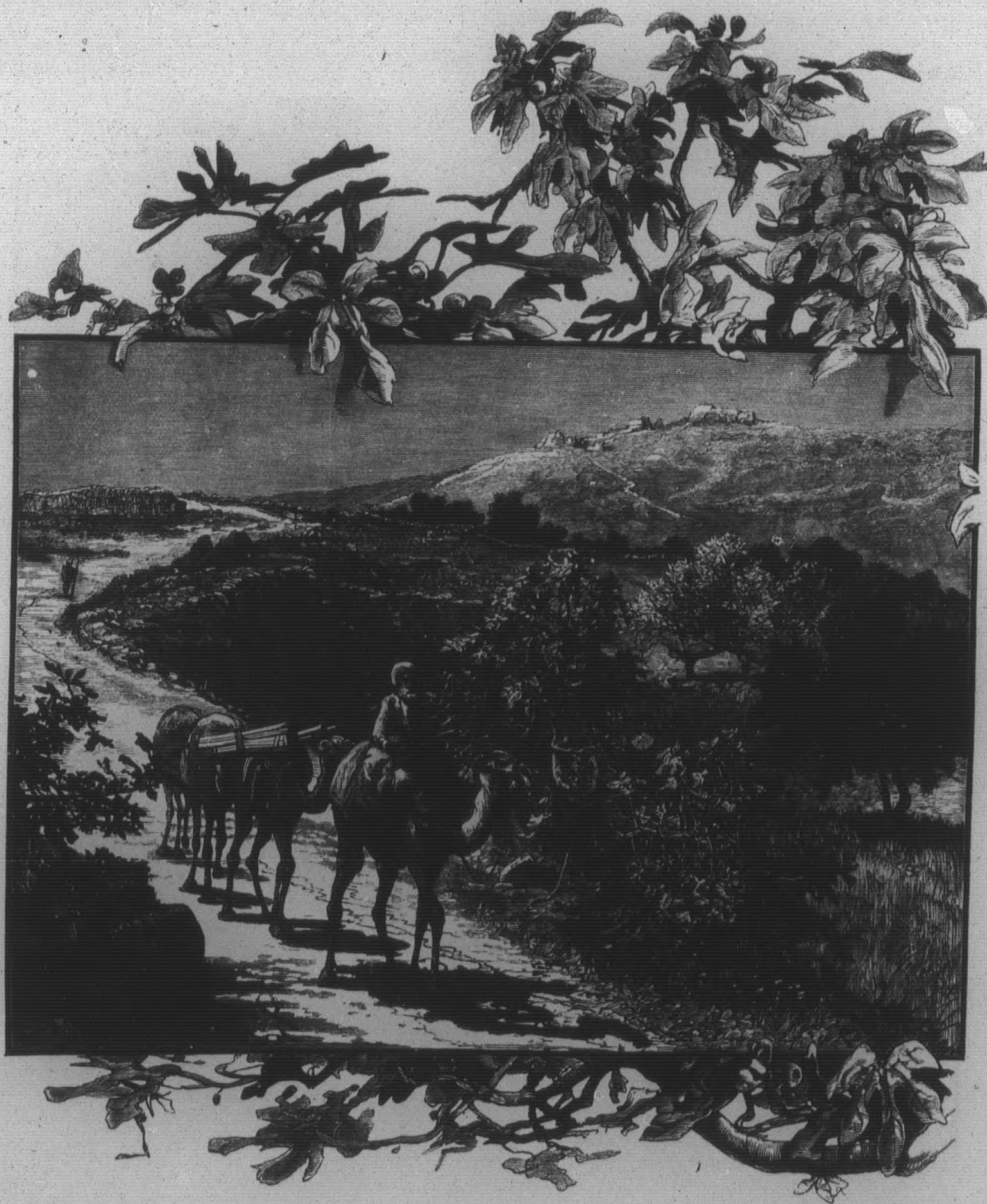
Fishermen on the Sea of Galilee.

done exceptionally good work upon these rich and attractive pages. From the Cross the descriptions pass to the Manger

—from Jerusalem to Bethlehem; but we are not allowed to leave the former city without pausing on its outskirts which,

unaltered in the outlines of the hills and the character of the vegetation, present to the travellers' eyes the very forms and colours which met the eyes of Christ and the disciples. The city has been a heap of stones, the sites of the gospel events within the walls are lost, confused with fable, vulgarised with imposture; but the Holy Places of the ever-

lasting hills stand as they stood, and the Oriental sunshine lights them with the colours of a hundred ages. Nay, the very roads, especially when they are old pathways hewn from the rock, are absolutely unchanged; and this is notably the case with the Roman road from Jericho to Jerusalem, which, after leaving Bethany, winds round the southern



Traditional Site of Bethphage, the House of Figs.

slope of the Mount of Olives, and, passing above Siloam, ascends the Kedron Valley to the Garden of Gethsemane. Another road upon which the feet of Christ often trod is that from the Mount of Olives to Bethany, of which we give an illustration above. For about five hundred yards this road follows the south side of the hill; it then turns abruptly to

the south, and crosses the narrow ridge which joins the Mount of Olives to the hill above Bethany.

The Christmas ceremonies are, of course, to Bethlehem what those of Good Friday and Easter are to Jerusalem, and enormous as is the concourse of pilgrims to the great Church of the Nativity, the sacred drama played there annually is

performed with little of the humiliating clamour and fanaticism which make Christianity at Jerusalem a spectacle to the Moslem. From Bethlehem we pass to Khureitun, and to Mar Saba, the great monastery there being illustrated by the best drawings we have yet seen of that extraordinary fortress and retreat. For beauty of effect, and for the excellent suggestions of height, and of the picturesque broken surfaces and accidents of the fastness, the engravings of the monk's cells,

of "St. Saba's Palm Tree," and of the mass of the convent as it rises five hundred and ninety feet from the ravine of the brook Kedron, are particularly to be noted. Then follow some very charmingly executed passages of riverside vegetation upon the Jordan; a full description, well illustrated, of Jericho, of Bethel, and Beth-horon, of the mountains of Judah and Ephraim, and of the city of Nâblus, the ancient Shechem, which lies in the land of Samaria between Ebal and



A Street Barber's Stall.

Gerizim. The last sketch among the Samaritan mountains is one of the illustrations here introduced, the view of Taanach from those "Waters of Megiddo," of which the associations are with the Old Testament wars, with Deborah's song, and with the sweeping away of the defeated army of Sisera.

We meet our travellers again upon the Sea of Galilee, where the boats are coming and going under the picturesque

sail and the oar. The writers and artists of "Picturesque Palestine" linger for some time upon the waters of Galilee; a steel engraving shows the lake from the heights of Safed, and a number of woodcuts illustrate passages of the natural growths, the life, and the remains of industry upon its shores. Much to be commended is the way, exemplified here, of framing the drawing in scraps of the things characteristic

of the scene within; thus fig-leaves stray about the border of the above-mentioned view of the road from Jerusalem, and oleanders in full flower, and storks in flight, surround the drawing of the supposed site of Bethsaida, where the glowing blossoming tree and the quaint bird abound.

By degrees we are taken upwards to the gardens of Damascus. Exquisite are the drawings of some of the minarets in their fanciful and felicitous beauty. The street that is still "called Straight," the bazaars, the markets, the interior of the rich Damascus houses, the tomb of Saladin, the quaint little houses growing out of the ancient walls into which they are built, the city gates, and the waters of irrigation which make this city in an oasis seem so divine to the Syrian—all these receive record. It is in the streets of Damascus that the white-bearded barber has been sketched at his work, and the life of the highways of the "Pearl set in emeralds"—the

city into which the Prophet refused to go, saying, as he gazed upon it from the mountains, that it was given to man to enter Paradise but once—is, even for the picturesque East, peculiarly full of sketchable incident and colour. From Damascus we go to the ruins of Palmyra, thence to those of Baalbeck, to the Cedars of Lebanon, to the Phœnician plain and Acre, the key of Palestine—but space will not allow us to follow in detail a pilgrimage made so vivid, by pen and pencil, to the untravelled. As regards the pen, it is to be noted that "Picturesque Palestine" contains in its introduction the first published of Dean Stanley's posthumous writings; Sir Charles Wilson has had the aid besides of Canon Tristram, Miss Rogers, Colonel Warren, R.E., Captain Conder, R.E., the Rev. Dr. Scharf, the Rev. Dr. Jessup, Professor Palmer, and Mr. Stanley Lane Poole; and each has taken the cities or the country which he knew best.

THE CORONA RADIATA AND THE CROWN OF THORNS.*

WE pointed out last month that the Roman emperors, when they arrogated to themselves divinity, adopted the Eastern symbol of the crown of rays, which appeared upon their coins, and was placed round the heads of their images in the temples. The Roman governors and magistrates followed the same course, and in early art Herod is always represented as wearing this symbol. It appears, then, that when the Tetrarch of Galilee mocked Christ's regal claims, he sent Him to Pilate in a travesty of his own kingly dress; and the Roman soldiers, in their contempt for the peasant king, parodied the homage due to their own governor with mocking and blows and spitting; for the Roman sceptre they placed a reed in His hand; and for the Roman radiated crown, encircled by the triumphal ivy wreath, they platted one of thorns and set it on His head. The green leaves of the Spina Christi bear a quite sufficient resemblance to those of the triumphal ivy, as did the piercing thorn to the pointed ray.

This thought was suggested by a work of Baldassare Peruzzi above the second altar in the church of Fonte Giusta, at Siena. The subject is the Sibyl announcing to Augustus the nativity of Christ; and here the spiked crown and wreath of the Cæsars bears a more than accidental resemblance to the crown of thorns.

Bishop Pearce remarks that Scripture throws no light on the particular plant used by the Roman soldiers for their blasphemous purpose. But among the numerous thorn-bearing shrubs of Judea one has received the name of Spina Christi; the thorns are sharp, and at the season of the year when this awful scene was enacted they grow to considerable length; the branches are soft and pliable, and capable, therefore, of being twisted to the small compass of a human head. The monks of Jerusalem show, or lately showed, an aged thorn-tree near the holy city, from which they say the branch forming the Crown was originally cut. This was so arranged that, when worn, the thorns pointed upwards, so as to resemble the rays or spikes of the crown with which the kings of the East were accustomed to be adorned. Hassel-

quist, a Swedish traveller, inclines to the belief that the thorny plant chosen was the Nabca Paliurus Athenai of Alpinus—the Nabk of the Arabians—because its leaves very much resemble those of ivy, as they are of a deep glossy green. "Perhaps," the writer adds, "the enemies of Christ would have chosen a plant somewhat resembling that with which emperors and generals were crowned, that there might be a calumny even in the punishment." Some writers, such as Bishop Pearce, Kenrick, Cappe, and Belsham, have gone so far as to suggest that we have no authority from Scripture for saying that this crown was intended to give physical



Head of Augustus. By Baldassare Peruzzi.

torture. The original word used signifies a point and a flower; *ac*, a point, *anth*, a flower, and was given indiscriminately to any spinous flower or flowering plant that bore thorns or prickles. The physical pain was there but only as the image and the shadowing forth of the far deeper moral suffering. "Tertullian," says Bishop Pearce again, "is the first primitive Christian who mentions this crown as an instance of the cruelty used towards our Saviour, and he lived one hundred and seventy years after Christ." A double

* Continued from page 267.

meaning of endless significance was evolved from the scene of the crowning with thorns by such early writers, converting



Corona Radiata.

the insulting attributes of a mock kingdom into the insignia of the highest spiritual sovereignty. While placed on His brow in mockery of a regal crown, it was said to denote the thorns and briers sown by the first Adam, and now for ever blunted on the sacred head of the second; or, according to St. Ambrose, the thorns are the sinners of the world, thus woven into a trophy, and worn triumphantly upon the brows of the Redeemer.

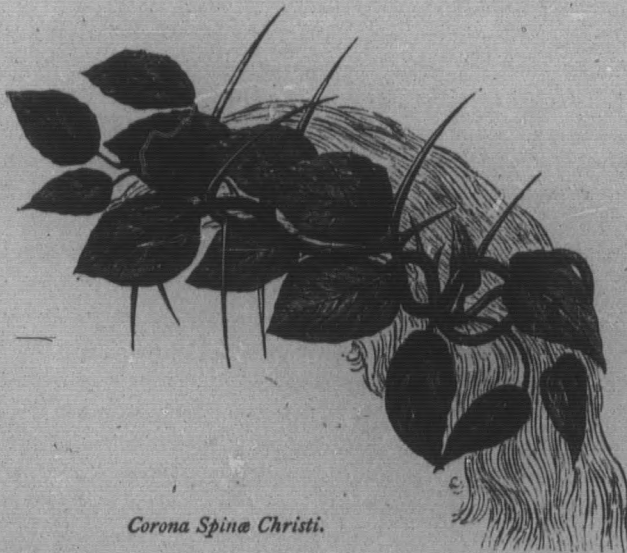
But a clearer, truer note was struck by the first Christian painters; for in the earliest representations of this wreath in Art we find its real significance much more fully indicated.

The first representation of the Christ thus crowned occurs in a painted chamber in the catacomb of Prætextatus, on the Appian Way, opened accidentally in 1848, and may date from the beginning or middle of the second century. During the excavations carried on under the guidance of De Rossi, by the Commission of Sacred Archaeology, the discovery was made of the crypt of St. Januarius, who died A.D. 162, and of another, held by De Rossi to be the burial-place of St. Quirinus, who died about A.D. 130.

Near the tomb of Quirinus is the painted chamber alluded to, and one of the three subjects with which it is adorned is an illustration of the words, "They struck His head with a reed." As the treatment of the subject is utterly unlike that to which we are accustomed in Art of the German and later Italian schools, it is not surprising to learn that it has been by some mistaken for the Baptism of Christ. However, the crown, projecting from the head like rays, at once silences all questionings as to the real nature of the subject. We have here, in this earliest picture of the flagellation, an authentic representation of a spiked wreath, which is a parody of the rays of the Sun-God. This theory as to the true significance of this hitherto unexplained painting is apparently supported by the very attitude of our Lord himself, Who stands reserved, self-centred, reticent—as one who, deeply wronged, endures a moral rather than a physical agony.

In a representation of the same subject on the bronze doors of Benevento, in the Neapolitan territory, our Lord is also seen standing erect and noble, a robe of dignity upon Him, and the indication of a crown on His head, while He

holds a short staff, like a baton of power, in His hand. This is engraved by Ciampini, who considers it to belong to the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century.* In a miniature dated 1310, our Lord only holds the sceptre, and wears no crown of thorns during the flagellation; and it is not till the fifteenth century that we meet with any representation of the beating the thorns into the head. In the earliest representations of other scenes in our Saviour's life, where there can be no question as to the physical suffering inflicted and endured, such as the fainting beneath the cross, and the crucifixion, this crown of thorns is omitted; from which we should feel inclined to argue that it was not included among the instruments of physical torture, but was thought to have been laid aside with the reed and robe, the other mock insignia of royalty. Thus, in the year 800, the crucifixion is represented on an ivory, and the Christ has no crown; while in early Irish Art He is crowned with a pointed crown. So in the year 1000, in the catacomb of Pope Julius, the crucifixion is given again with a Christ uncrowned between the sun and the moon. In three illuminations and miniatures of the Ascent of the Cross and the Nailing to the Cross, painted in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, He wears no crown. Nor is He crowned in occasional paintings of this scene by Duccio, A.D. 1282; by Giotto, b. 1276; by Taddeo Gaddi, 1300; Pietro Cavallini, b. 1279; Angelico, b. 1387; and even in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries instances occur where Garofalo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo have represented Christ crucified without the crown of thorns. In all cases, we learn from Mrs. Jameson, "the Italian artists, with their usual refinement, have generally given a wreath of thorns, such as nature might supply, with branches slight and pliable; while it is from the north of the Alps—and, I imagine, from the German schools—we get a false image, an impossible object, an awful structure of the most unbending knotted boughs, with tremendous spikes, half a foot long, which no human hands could have forced into such a form." This is but an instance of how, in the disregard of a minor truth even for the sake of a higher, men may come to miss the finer truth that underlies all noble symbolism: for is not all semblance to the



Corona Spinæ Christi.

radiated crown of the God of Light, and all symptom of its mimicry, destroyed by this exaggeration?

* See *Vet. Monumenta*, tom. ii., p. 24; and "Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples," p. 27.

The most striking instance we have met with of this association of the crown of thorns with that of rays occurs in an engraving from a fresco—now, alas! repainted—on the east wall of the little chapel of San Sylvestro at the entrance to the church of the Quattro Coronati in Rome. Here, after the utterance of the words "It is finished," an angel is seen to lift the crown of thorns from the brow, and to lay in its stead the symbol of the God of Light, the emblem of transfiguration. Beneath this painting is a small panel, in the centre of which two women kneel, their hands clasped in prayer, and the inscription, "A.D. MCCXLVIII hoc opus divitia fieri fecit."

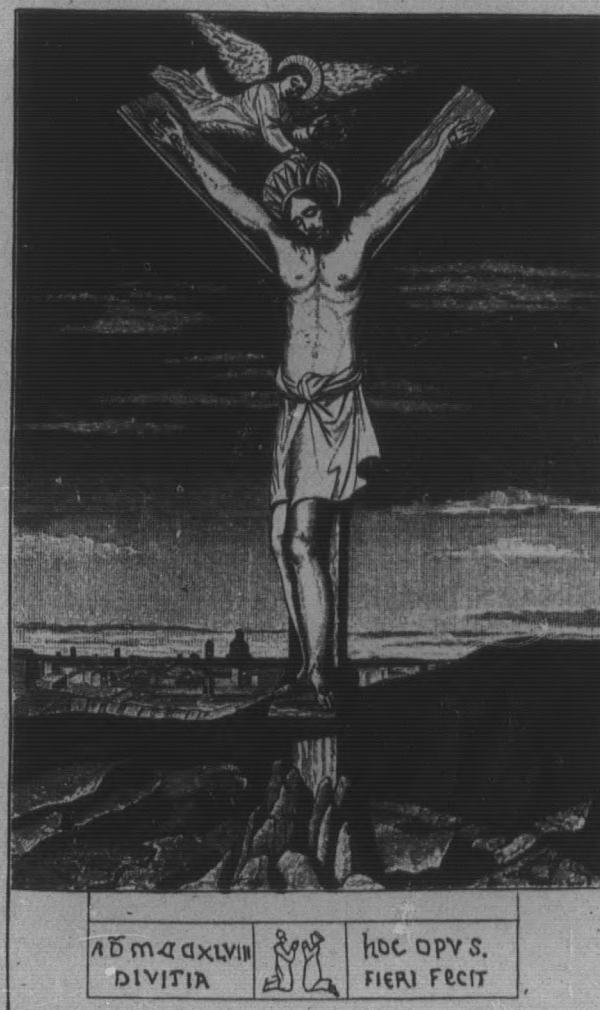
It is, however, on the treatment and conception of the 'Ecce Homo' that our remarks would immediately bear. This subject certainly does not occur in the Byzantine "Guide de la Peinture," discovered by Didron in the monastery on Mount Athos. The image now familiar to us as 'Ecce Homo,' according to Lady Eastlake, belongs to later mediæval Art. After the fifteenth century the Roman Church, desiring to fan a dying flame, demanded an image which must awaken passionate emotion and feed man's craving for excitement. But it is only when faith grows weak that it needs the stimulus given by sensationalism; and Christian Art in the future will do well to free itself from the false influences of later mediæval Art. It seems to us that a total misapprehension of the nature of this crisis in the Saviour's passion is involved in the misrepresentations of this subject and errors that have sprung from forgetfulness of the true significance of the crown of thorns. It has been thought that the words, "Behold the MAN," were uttered in order to disarm the fury of the Jews by pleading the humanity of Christ, and to awaken their sympathy by simply showing them this object of pity. But the problem before the mind of Pilate had rather been, is this being divine or human? Is this the Messiah, or a pretender to a kingdom that has no existence? "Behold the MAN" is the result of his vacillation. And if we strive to conceive the face of the Messiah at such a moment, how different is the image that rises before the imagination from that which is offered to us by later mediæval Art.

We need not go farther than our own National Gallery to illustrate our meaning. There five examples may be compared of the treatment of this subject from that of Giovanni Mattei, of Siena (circ. 1462), to the works of Lo Spagna, Rogier Vander Weyde, Correggio, and Guido Reni. The first painting shows the upper part of the Saviour's form, His emaciated hands crossed upon His breast; it is hard and dry, but with a quaint fancy that calls to mind one of the emblems of Philip Quarles—the blood is drawn in radiating lines, like a crimson star in the centre of the forehead. In the works of later date it is difficult to trace anything in the face of Christ as the *source* of His agony except physical suffering in its most appalling form; but this is not so when we approach the thoughtful work of Lo Spagna (circ. 1430). In those half-closed eyes we read that it is the heart that is wounded here, and something deeper far than any physical pain may be seen in the stillness of this face.

In cases where a subtle question may arise as to the significance of a particular subject or symbol in Christian Art, a clue to its solution may be often found by reference to the "Biblia Pauperum" and "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis" of the thirteenth century. In these works type and antitype are grouped together, and in the instance of the 'Crowning with Thorns' the types chosen from the Old Testament are

all cases of profanity, mockery, and usurpation—the profanity of Ham, the mockery of the prophet Elijah by the children, and the usurpation of a royal crown by the slave of a king. Such misinterpretation was His crowning sorrow, such were the transgressions with which His was numbered.

Before drawing these observations to a close we may be allowed to express a hope that in this paper we have indicated that the result of this study of the origins of Art as connected with origins of Religion, may be to lead us to fresh types for the Art of the future—types in harmony with the law of gradual development which all true religion follows, and which will be in sympathy with the growth of human mind—types in unison with those principles by which Greek Art was governed, where abstraction is to be



looked for in the image, no less than in him who designs it, where stillness is found to be the state most appropriate to beauty just as in the ocean. Future Art will give us in the 'Ecce Homo' no longer a blood-stained and distorted image, but one of nobler suffering, and show us that in placing the mimic radiated crown upon the sacred head, the soldiers mocked the ancient symbol of indwelling divinity and spiritual kingship handed down from the earliest ages, and placed their parody upon the only human head that could by right inherit it. This knowledge strengthens our impression of the moral as of the impersonal nature of the suffering endured; this contempt for, and rejection of, the ideal life which He died to purchase for mankind, was the true pain that pierced his brow.

MARGARET STOKES.

THE BEARING OF DRAUGHTSMANSHIP UPON DESIGN.

IT will, I suppose, be readily conceded that skill in draughtsmanship and skill in the arts of design are separate and distinct accomplishments. The difference between them is of the same kind as that between the performance of a piece of music and composing it, or between declaiming a poem and writing it. Executive skill and effective elocution can no doubt be taught, but the higher quality of original composition perhaps never.

Our schools of design have produced multitudes of draughtsmen of great technical excellence, but few designers of distinction; so, at least, say our Yorkshire manufacturers. If the Sultan wants a fire-grate of unusual magnificence, a Stevens is sent for, notwithstanding the fact that at Sheffield itself a crowd of pupils are permanently under education in the art of designing fire-grates.

In the architectural profession skilled draughtsmanship is by no means scarce, so easily is the art acquired; but how much of the higher art of original design is found in the works of even our best architects of the present day let those who understand the subject declare.

If any one will take the trouble to turn over an old portfolio of the architectural designs of the last century and of the early years of the present one, he will instantly see that the solicitude of the draughtsman was centred in the evenness, the fineness, and the precision of his lines. The style in vogue was carried by patient practice to its utmost limit of perfection, and had a distinct and powerful influence on the architecture of the period. The classical styles as then understood, with their refinement and cold formalities, their exactitude of systematized proportion and subdivision of parts, demanded an equally exact method of delineation, and the very perfection to which the draughtsman carried his skill reacted upon the architecture. It was not distinguished by artistic grouping, nor brightened by interesting detail and ornament. The buildings of that epoch are simple cubes, or assemblages of cubes, of varying sizes and proportions, lined over in varying directions—vertical, oblique, horizontal—by cornices, pediments, pilasters, architraves, and the rest, all in unbroken regularity, in low relief, and of a "shocking tameness." The very jointing of the masonry was pressed into the service, and the whole façade was often scored over with narrow shallow channellings in parallel lines.

The succeeding fondness for Gothic Art gave rise to a new style of draughtsmanship, although not until such a skilful delineator as the elder Pugin had failed to render the spirit of mediæval works by his exquisitely beautiful line drawings in the traditional style. A closer study of ancient examples led the draughtsman to counterfeit their effect by the aid of crumbling, broken lines, and it was soon found that the sparkle and *chic* of Gothic mouldings, tracery, foliage, and enrichments could only be adequately rendered by the point. A reaction against the fine-line style of drawing set in, the delicacy and precision of the earlier manner were held to be a weakness, and bold broken lines, *à la* Prout, with specks and dots marking the characteristics of the ornamental details, speedily became the mode. This fashion had in turn a strong influence upon architectural design—outline and mass were but little studied; but the work of the day was alive with quaint and telling "bits." Everything was elaborated in detail, and

great excellence of one kind was attained at the cost of breadth of general treatment. We have not yet wholly escaped from this method, and hence our modern work, whatever its scale may be, rarely possesses the grandeur and serenity of the ancient models.

To turn for a moment to another method of study. The diploma gallery of the Royal Academy has many examples of the work of a deceased artist-architect, whose brush was for many years at the service of the profession at large. His skill in its use was such that he held a place in the border-land between painting and architecture. He felt the difficulty of his anomalous position, and often bitterly complained of it to the writer. His painter friends would not wholly admit his claims to be one of themselves, but regarded him as an architect who dabbled in painting. There was a large historical painting which had been many years in preparation on his easel when he died. His architectural friends said, of course, that he was very clever as an artist, but not "a practical man." It was assumed that he could not be both. Such are the risks of a modern Leonardo! It is, however, true that his architectural designs, brilliant and attractive as they undoubtedly were on paper, did not bear translation into brick and stone, losing nearly all their charm in the process. His command of pictorial grouping and effect was complete, but he had neglected the study of detail, and his executed works failed in this important respect.

Now I take it to be beyond dispute that, although much of the charm of the old works lies in their outline, proportion, light and shade, and that these are the qualities which impress us, still their charm is heightened and completed by every fresh discovery of the lovely details and ornament by which they are embellished. A mere assemblage of beautiful detail, unless artistically disposed, has but little effect.

And now for the moral of this. In architecture the draughtsmanship in a great measure determines the character of the work. Lines, of course, we must employ; but they must be subordinated as a means to an end, and must not themselves be enjoyed for their evenness, their thinness, or their regularity. The exclusive use of the line gave us the monotonous feebleness of a day that is happily dead. The *point* we must rely upon for the study and elaboration of special and dainty parts of our designs. An exclusive use of this means of expression gives us, indeed, a command of detail, but it undermines our power of designing noble masses. The brush gives us a power of generalising, but without a study of detail our works will be blank and uninteresting.

It is only by availing ourselves of every means of artistic expression within our reach that we can hope to design great works; to arrange and determine with the brush the mass, outline, proportion, the light and shade of our buildings; by line, their leading members and divisions; and by the point, all their elaboration of ornamental accessories. Wisely employed as means only to a great end, we shall

"Find no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

E. INGRESS BELL.

CORPORATION PLATE AND INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.



N previous volumes of the *Art Journal* I described the corporation plate and insignia of office of the principal boroughs of England. The following are the most interesting of those which have not hitherto been noticed.

The Corporation of the ancient Borough of FLINT possesses a silver mace, 27 inches long, a mayor's chain and badge of gold and mosaic, and a three-handled loving cup of silver, partly gilt. The mace is of simple form, with plain bands forming an open-arched crown rising from the crest of the bowl. On the flat plate at the top are engraved the royal arms of William and Mary between the conjoined initials *WM* RR. The chain and loving cup are recent acquisitions.

RYE has for its insignia, besides the town seal, four maces, two of which are silver gilt, of the usual open-arched form, 4 feet 6 inches in length; and the other two, which are small, have semi-globular heads and laminated bases of much the same form as that of Dunwich. They are of silver, 14½ inches long, with coats of arms at the top, and on one is inscribed, "J. D. Moy I·T·S 1570," and on the other, "J. R."

The Corporation of NEW ROMNEY, the central Cinque Port at which the "Brotherhood and Guestlings," or Cinque Ports Parliament, was usually held, when the bailiffs of Yarmouth were elected, pos-

sesses two fine silver-gilt maces and a burghmote horn.

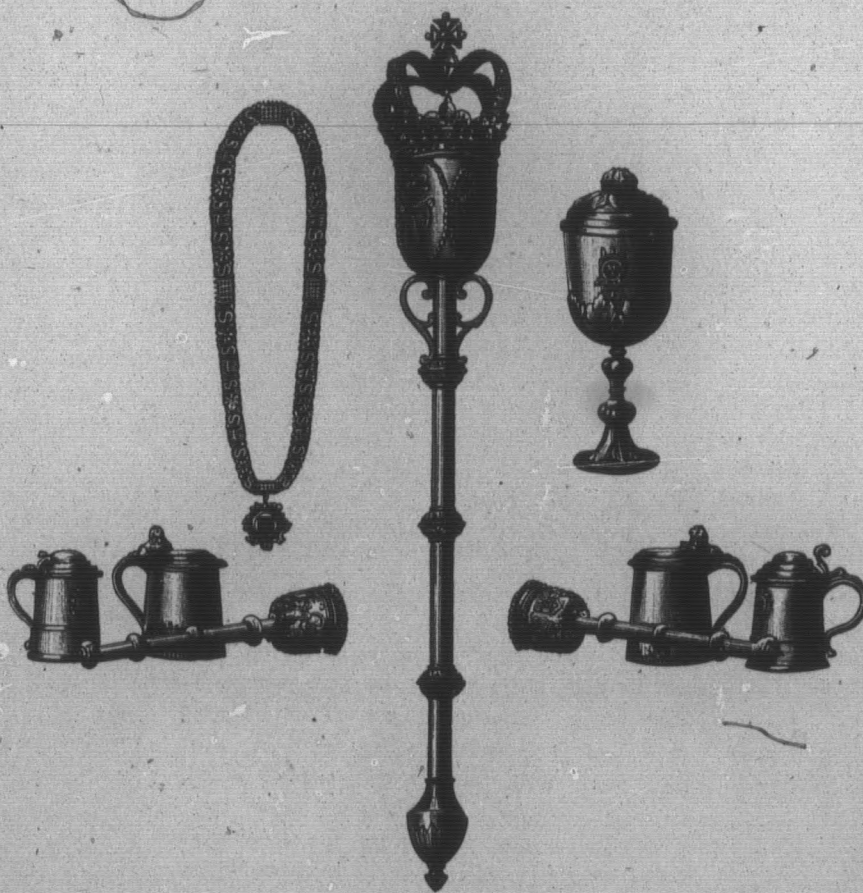
BANBURY is fortunate in the possession of a mace of historical interest, it having been presented to the town about 1682 by Sir Francis North (created Earl of Guildford), Keeper of the Great Seal, who resided at Wroxton Abbey, near to that town. It is of silver gilt, of the usual open-arched crown form, highly and elaborately decorated, and bears on the flat plate at the top the royal arms and initials "C. R."; and there

seems to be some traditionary feeling that it is the veritable, though altered, mace that pertained to him in his office of Chancellor, or Lord Keeper. Banbury also possesses a mayor's chain and badge, and a loving cup.

WEYMOUTH possesses two silver-gilt maces, 40 inches long, of somewhat unusual design, given to the town by James Bower, in 1824; two smaller silver parcel-gilt maces of the time of Charles II.; and a massive silver-gilt chain of SS, with a pendant of gold and enamel bearing the borough arms and inscription of gift, in 1823, by William Oakley.

The insignia of NOTTINGHAM, of which we give illustrations, consist of three maces, a mayor's chain of office, covered loving cups, and four tankards. The great mace, of silver gilt, is fifty-four inches in length, and of the usual open-arched crown form. Round the bowl are the usual crowned emblems, the rose, the thistle, the harp, and the fleur-de-lis, and on the flat plate at the top are the royal arms. On the shaft is the inscription, "Johanne Carruthers Armigero Prsiede Nottinghamia, 1787." The head of the mace is removable for use as a loving cup. The town of

Nottingham is a county to itself, with, until 1835, two sheriffs; and the two other maces, 22 inches in length, are those pertaining to the sheriffs, and borne by their mace-bearers. They are of great beauty, and bear on the flat plate at the top of each the royal arms, and round the bowls are the usual crowned emblems of the rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis, and the royal arms. The mayor's chain is a collar of SS, alternating with knots, Tudor rose, and portcullis; and the badge, of gold and enamel, bears the arms of the borough.



Corporation Plate and Insignia, Nottingham.

The Borough of TIVERTON possesses a pair of fine silver-gilt maces of the ordinary form, with open-arched crown rising from the circlet at the head of the bowl, which bears the borough arms and other devices.

The Corporation treasures of the City of LINCOLN (see illustration) are many in number, and remarkably fine in character. The large, or mayor's mace, is of silver gilt, and said to have been presented to the city by Charles I.; it is of



Wait's Badge, 1691, Stamford (obverse).

three magnificent swords; the largest, a two-handed one, has a scabbard of velvet, elaborately ornamented with silver filigree work in arms, badges, initials, and other devices. It is said to have been given to the City of Lincoln by King Richard II. when he visited that city in 1386, at which time he conferred on the mayor the privilege of having a sword carried before him on all civic occasions and in processions. The mayor's chain and badge of office, bearing the city arms, etc., was purchased by the corporation in 1849, on occasion of the visit of the Prince Consort to that city. A fine service of plate formerly belonged to the corporation, but was sold many years ago; the regalia itself being only saved from a similar fate by a very small majority of votes.

LUDLOW possesses one mace of the time of William and Mary, bearing the inscription, "D. D. Johannes Salwey, Armiger Unus ex Aldermanis Villæ de Ludlow, 1692;" two smaller maces of the time of James II.; two loving cups inscribed "Ex dono Somerset Fox, armiger;" two large and massive covered cups, and two large salvers dated 1718; and two massive snuff-boxes inscribed "Ex dono Gulielmi

the usual form, with open-arched crown rising from the circlet of crosses pattée and fleurs-de-lis by which the bowl is crested. Around the bowl, in compartments, are the usual national emblems of crowned rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis between the initials "C. R." The mayor's baton is of wood, mounted with silver. There are

these cross, with circular medallion bearing a portrait of Queen Elizabeth. It is composed of gold, diamonds, and pearls, and around the head of Queen Elizabeth, which is in enamel, is the inscription "Regina Elizabeth D. G. Ang. Fra. et Hiber.," and on the back, "This

jewel is presented by some friends of the late Alderman John Fisher, who



Wait's Badge, 1691, Stamford (reverse).

died Oct. the 2nd, 1870, to the Mayor and Corporation of Kendal, on the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the grant of their First Charter of Incorporation, 1575. In remembrance of his life-long interest in the service of the Town of Kendal." The mayor's chain and badge is modern. A silver cup bearing the borough arms, and inscribed, "This plate was founded by the Alderman of Kendal and his Brethren for a perpetuity, 1629;" another inscribed, "The gift of Thomas Sleddall first Maier of Kendall to the Maier of Kirbie Kendall successively" (1636-7); a covered silver tankard inscribed "The Legacy of Thomas Braithwaite, Esq., late Recorder, Kendall, to the Mayor and Aldermen of the same successively" (1648).

The Borough of GREAT YARMOUTH is fortunate in the possession of a fine assemblage of interesting objects, amongst which are the following. Two large, silver-gilt maces of the ordinary open-arched crown form, but of extreme elegance in chasing and in details; they were procured in 1690, and bear the arms

of Yarmouth on the bases, and at the top are the royal arms and monogram of William and Mary, *WM R A*.

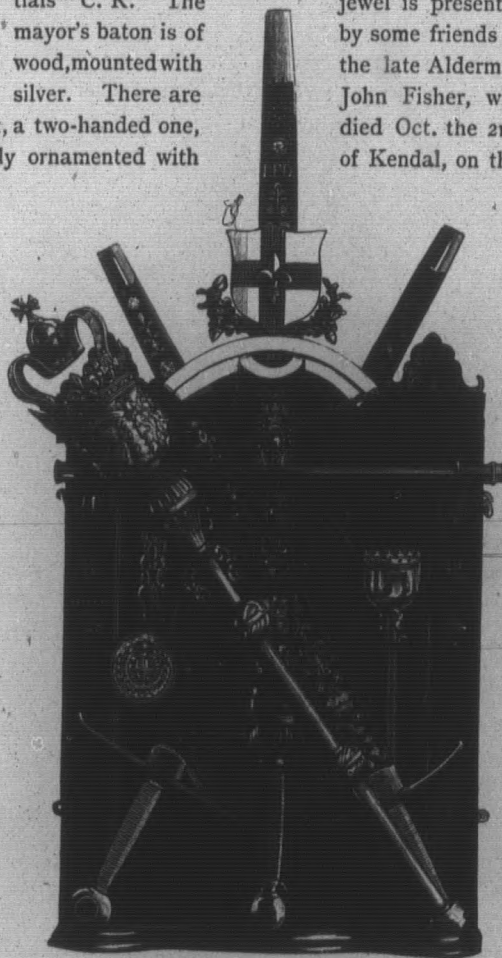
Six small, silver maces with semi-globular heads, one of which, about 8 inches long, bears the town arms on its head and those of the Admiralty on its base, and is said to have been made about 1562 from some silver articles taken from the church; the other five are about 6 inches in length, and bear the town arms at the head. Another mace called

Cowley civis Londinensis, A.D. 1721. In usum Ballivorum Villæ de Ludlow."

The Corporation of KENDAL possesses, among others, the following treasures: two maces, which are of the ordinary open-arched crown form; a sword of state 47½ inches long, with handle and mountings of silver; a jewel of great beauty and value in form of a Mal-



Wait's Badge, 1823, Stamford (obverse).



Corporation Insignia, etc., Lincoln.



Wait's Badge, 1823, Stamford (reverse).

the "Pocket Mace," as a portable emblem of the mayor's authority, is of the date 1664, and bears the royal arms and monogram of Charles II. A sword of state, of the date 1664, is 4 feet 6 inches long, and bears on one side of its pommel a figure of Law and on the other of Justice, in high relief. The scabbard is of crimson velvet with silver-gilt plates of the royal and borough arms, badges, and other ornaments. It is carried, sheathed, before the mayor in all processions, and precedes the maces; when the country, however, is engaged in war with any European power, the sword is drawn and carried unsheathed. The silver oar, typifying the Admiralty jurisdiction of the borough, is about 4 feet in length, and gilt; it is richly ornamented in relief with the royal arms, the arms of the borough, and those of Killett, and other devices, and on the handle is the inscription, "Ex dono Suëtis Killett armigeri MDCCLV." This remarkably fine oar is, in processions, carried behind the maces. The mayor's chain, of the date of 1734, had originally attached to it a badge bearing on one side the arms of the town, and on the other a

chain, which consists of five rows of plain oval links. The plate belonging to the corporation—only a remnant of what it formerly possessed—consists of the "Morse" loving cup and cover, weighing 63 ounces and dated 1737; a fine large silver punch bowl elegantly ornamented, dated 1699; and a large silver "rose water dish," weighing over 107 ounces, of the date 1664.

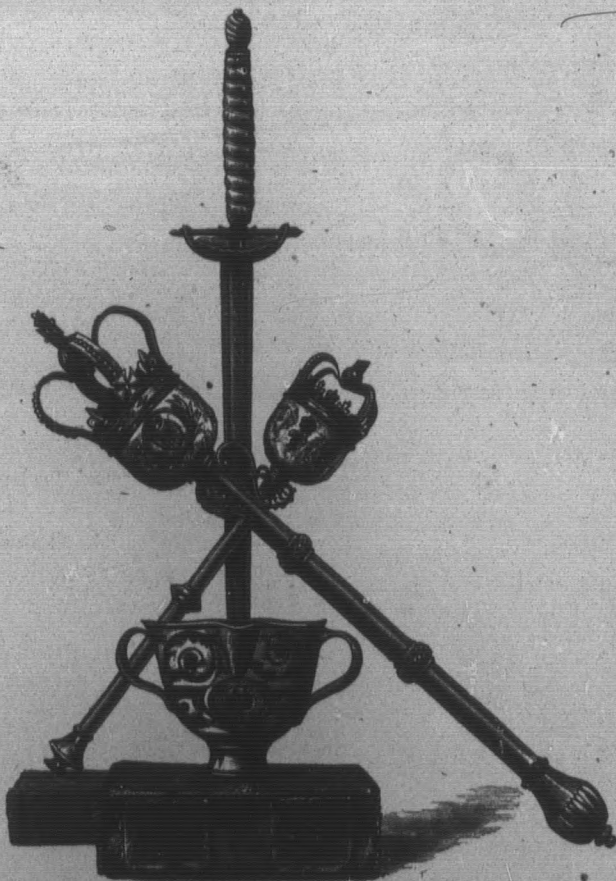
CARMARTHEN has two small silver maces and a sword of state. The maces, which are 20 inches long, are of unusual form, having urn-shaped bowls surmounted with a royal crown. The sword, "Ex dono Ricardi Birtt, armigeri," is supposed to have been presented about 1564; its hilt and pommel are richly ornamented, and the scabbard mounted with brass medallions of the royal arms,

the crowned rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis, and other devices. The sword, by charter of Henry VIII., was ordered by that king to be "freely and lawfully" borne "before the said Mayor in manner as is accustomed to be done in our City of London."

The Borough of CLITHEROE has a remarkably fine mace of

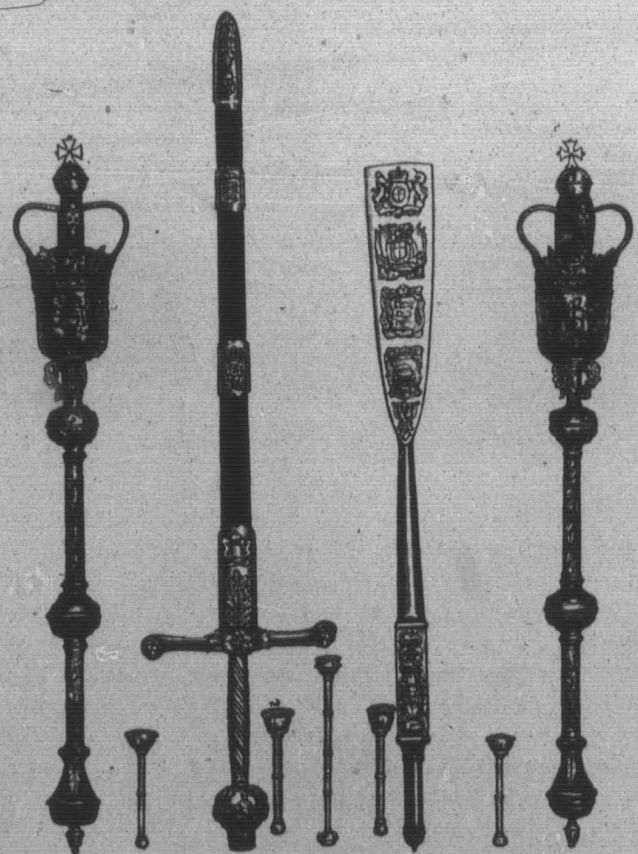


The Champley Loving Cup, Scarborough.



Corporation Insignia, Record Book, and Loving Cup, Wenlock.

ship in full sail, but this was unfortunately sold in 1746, and its value applied to purchasing some additional links to the



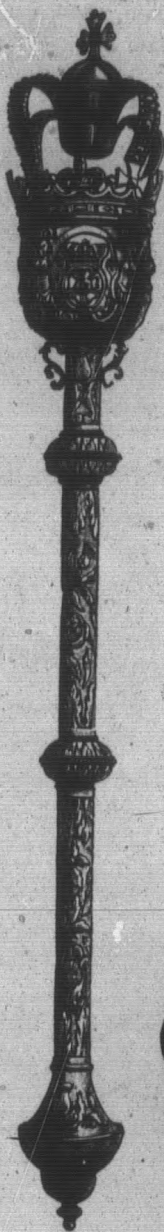
Corporation Insignia, Great Yarmouth.

the ordinary open-arched crown form, which appears to have been given to the town in the reign of Charles II. by the then Duke of Albemarle, and the several burgesses whose arms are

engraved on the shaft, to which some late vain-glorious mayors have, with bad taste, ignorantly added their own. There are six aldermen's staves of oak, mounted in silver, with the town arms, etc.; two bear date 1728, and four 1860. The corporation also possesses a large goblet-shaped punch bowl, of silver, with a ladle, a two-handled loving cup, and a "Colt's cup," bearing, with other words, the toast, "Prosperation to ye Corporation," which is invariably the first toast drank at mayors' dinners by all strangers, who are termed "Colts."

The ancient Cornish Borough of MARAZION, or MARGHASIEWE, possesses two highly interesting pairs of maces and a mayor's staff of office. The two old maces, with conical heads and laminated bases, are 17 inches long; they are of iron encased in silver. The two large maces, 37 inches long, are of the usual open-arched crown form, and bear the borough arms and a long inscription, dated 1768.

BASINGSTOKE has two maces and a mayor's chain and badge. The large mace, silver gilt, is 38 inches long, and of the usual open-arched crown form, and is massive and elegant in proportions. Round the bowl are the rose and thistle, harp and fleur-de-lis, each surmounted by a crown, and on the top plate are the royal arms; on the flat plate, at the bottom of the base, is the figure of St. Michael and the Dragon, surrounded by the words, "Sigillum coe ville de Basingstoke." The smaller mace, 29 inches long, of silver parcel gilt, is of the same general form but plainer, and has the brackets at the base instead of, as usual, beneath the bowl, around which are



a crowned C, a crowned R, and other emblems, and at the top are the royal arms. The bowl is removable to form a loving cup. The mayor's chain, of silver gilt, is composed of a series of Tudor roses in stars, connected together by three chains; the badge, or pendant, bears within a wreath of oak the seal of the town, St. Michael and the Dragon, in enamel, and on the back the words, "Commune Villa de Basingstoke. Anno. 1837. Presented by Charles Lyford."

The important manufacturing town of ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, an ancient prescriptive borough, but not incorporated until 1832, possesses a fine and uniquely formed silver mace, a mayor's chain and badge of gold and enamel, and a magnificent two-handled loving cup, all of recent date. The mace, which is of unusual character, has its bowl crested with a mural crown.

The Borough of CHESTERFIELD possesses a remarkably fine silver-gilt mace (here engraved), a massive gold chain and badge, on which the town arms are enamelled; and a silver tankard. The mace, which dates back to 1681, bears around its bowl a rose crowned between the initials "C.R."; a thistle and portcullis similarly initialled and crowned; a harp likewise crowned and initialled; and a fleur-de-lis similarly arranged. It is crested with a circlet of fleur-de-lis and crosses pattée, from which rise the open arches of the crown; and on the flat plate are the royal arms and initials "C.R." The tankard bears in front the arms of the Mercers' Company.

I am now reluctantly compelled to close my notices in these pages of the corporation treasures of our kingdom. Many collections have, from want of space, not been touched upon, while to others I have been obliged to confine myself to a few words where I would fain have devoted columns. The subject will, however, ere long be resumed in a different and more extended form. In conclusion, I tender my best thanks to the mayors and other officials of the kingdom for information supplied, and courtesies shown me during my inquiries.



Mace and Tankard, Chesterfield.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

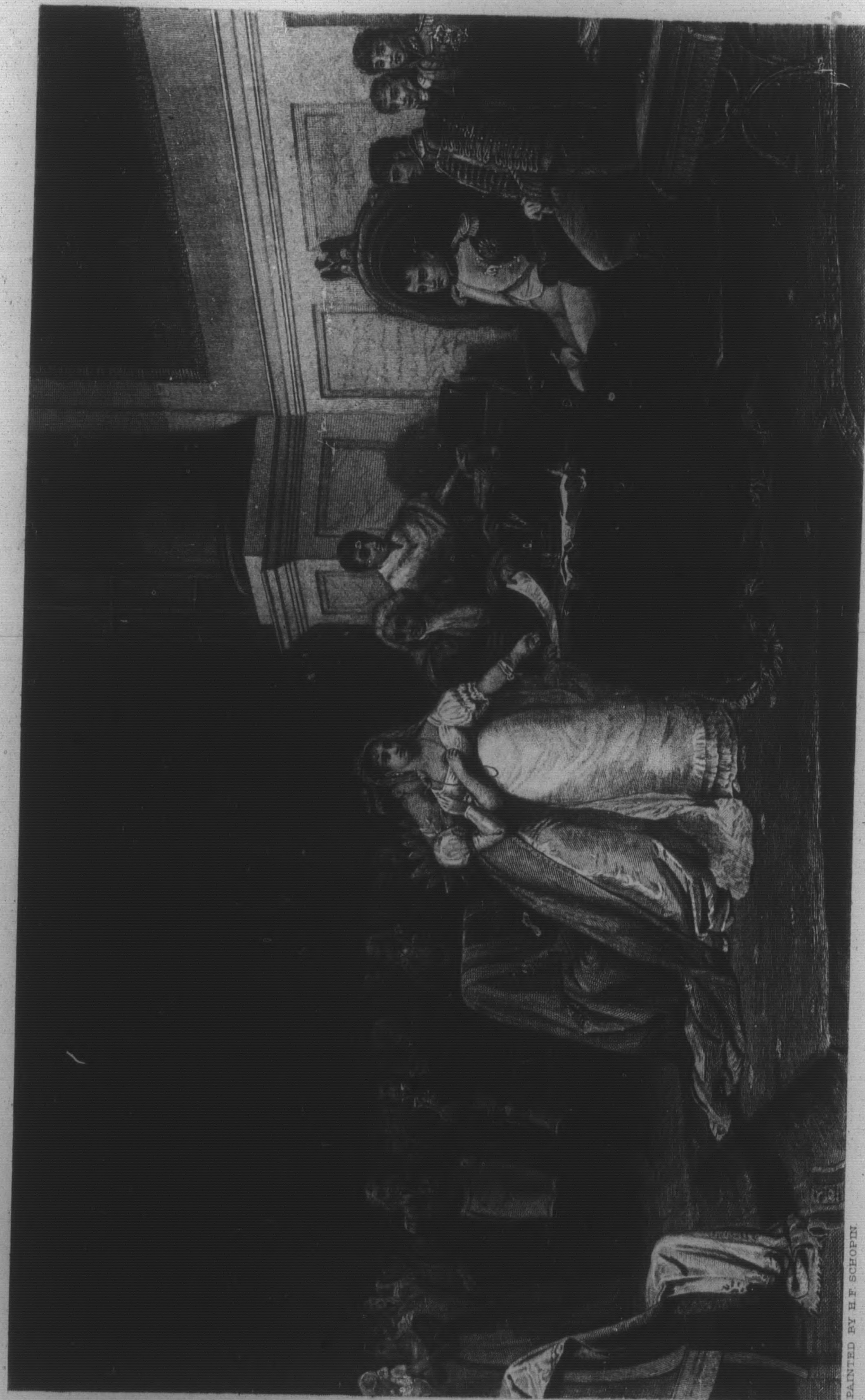
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.' Painted by Heinrich Friedrich Schopin, engraved by F. de Meersman, from the collection of Sir Richard Wallace.—This extraordinary occurrence has been thus described by Guizot:—"On the 15th December, 1809, in a formally summoned meeting of the Imperial family, with the Arch-Chancellor and Count Regnault d'Angely also present, Napoleon himself openly announced the resolution which he had taken. 'The policy of my monarchy, the interests and wants of my people, which have invariably guided all my actions, require,' said he, 'that I should leave the throne, on which Providence has placed me, to children inheriting my love for my people.' For several years, however, I have lost hopes of having children by my well-beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine, which urges me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consider only the well-being of the State, and to will the dissolution of our marriage. God knows how much such a resolution has cost my heart; but there is

no sacrifice which is beyond my courage, if proved to be useful to the well-being of France.' The Empress Josephine wished to speak, but her voice was choked by her tears; she handed to Count Regnault the paper evidencing her assent to the Emperor's wishes."

'ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.' Drawn and etched by Brunet-Debaines.—This effective etching of a London street is taken from the foot of Drury Lane, looking down Drury Street. The play of light throughout is noteworthy. The architect of the church would have been well pleased to see the elegance of his tower so effectively rendered. The picturesqueness of the old London streets is well expressed by etchings, and we trust that English artists will avail themselves of opportunities in this direction which get fewer every day.

AN OLD MAN'S HEAD. This fac-simile of a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci is described on page 316.



PAINTED BY H. F. SCHOPIN

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR RICHARD WALLACE, BART.

ENGRAVED BY E. DE MEERSMAN.



WORCESTER AND ITS EXHIBITION.

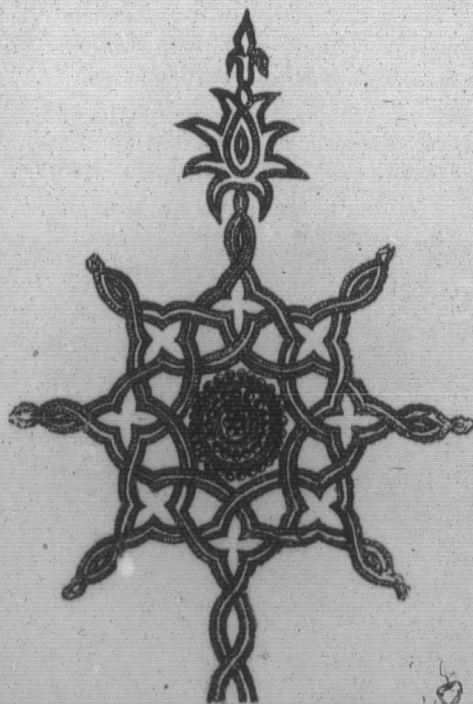
L YING almost in the centre of the heart of England, it would be a matter of surprise if the County of Worcester did not possess many features of interest—historical, topographical, and industrial. In truth, it is the boast of the inhabitants that their small county contains everything that is needful to the wants of man, associations which endear it to its inhabitants, scenery of an uncommon variety, and a climate of almost unrivalled salubrity. To this may be added that the varied industries carried on from one end of the county to the other have as yet done little to defile and spoil the natural beauty which everywhere abounds. Again, if we contract our survey and confine it to the fair city which, for twelve hundred years past, has nestled in the beautiful vale of the Severn, the points of interest there centred are exceptionally many and noteworthy. The subject of our article leads us elsewhere, but we cannot avoid a passing word of admiration for the cathedral, a noble specimen of Gothic simplicity, of late years magnificently restored.

We mentioned that it was the boast of Worcestershire men that their county contained everything that was needful for their wants, and the Exhibition, which has been open at Worcester these three months past, and which has rightly been attended with so much success,

certainly goes far to justify their assertion. We have elsewhere shown that, as regards the Fine Arts, they possess within their county collections of pictures which can vie with any in the land. The industrial portion of the Exhibition testifies on every side to the multiplicity of the trades and manufactures with which this prolific district abounds.

Entering the building, we are confronted with specimens of two industries which have a world-wide notoriety, namely, the porcelain and the carpets. The former is now carried on with a vigour which has never been equalled since the Royal Worcester Porcelain Works were founded, one hundred and thirty years ago. A glance at the show-cases, which adorn the centre and either side of the nave, shows us that varieties of manufacture are now being introduced which would never be recognised as "Worcester" china by those who only knew it through the fine old ware by which it attained its great name. Fashion has apparently demanded that even such magnificent work as the *dejeuner* service which was presented to the Countess of Dudley on her marriage by the City of Worcester, and which is made of what is known as "jewelled porcelain," should have its day, and

give place to the imperative demand for models founded on a Japanese or Persian style of ornamentation. For this pur-



Embroidery on Cloak found in Well at Wardour Castle.

pose the ivory porcelain, a special body introduced by the manager, Mr. Binns, some twenty-six years ago, has been found to make a beautiful groundwork. We are enabled through his kindness to give a specimen of a vase of this porcelain, designed in the Japanese style; it is richly decorated with modelled gold and bronze, and is supported by three dragons. No visitor to Worcester should omit to visit the works of this company, which are situated near the cathedral, or the museum of old Worcester china which has been formed. This museum, which contains Worcester pottery from the time of the Romans to the present day, is open free.

But the Royal China Works are not by any means the only manufacturers of Worcester's most noteworthy industry. A case labelled with the name of G. Grainger and Co., contains specimens of finely painted and gilded porcelain which were manufactured by them so far back as 1801. A dessert service of their make, in imitation of the old scale blue pattern, is so good as to defy detection. This firm also claim a speciality in their semi-porcelain ware, of which they were the inventors, and for which they hold a patent.

From the other end of the county comes the finest glass, perhaps, which is manufactured in the kingdom. This trade has long been carried on at Stourbridge, and is also now in a flourishing condition. We engrave, by permission of the firm of Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons, a small two-handled vase, which is decorated with Arabesque ornament of pale green enamel on a brown ground. Notable amongst the exhibits is their engraved glass, which in many cases goes to the highest sources for subjects, as in boldly attempting, and with much success, a frieze from the Elgin marbles. Nor is the glass manufacture confined to one town, for from Dudley Messrs. R. Wilkes send some fine specimens of cut table glass. Worcestershire is nearly as famous for its carpets as for its china. A greater revolution has taken place in these than in aught else. For instance, at Kidderminster, the headquarters of the trade, every other carpet but that which takes its name from that place is made. In the exhibits of the principal manufacturers, and in the manufacture itself, which is carried on in the building, we find Messrs. Brinton and Co. making Brussels, Wilton, and tapestry carpets; Messrs. Tomkinson and Adam, Royal Axminster or Indian; and Messrs. Morton and Son, a speciality called Moresque. Nothing is more striking than the change which has come over the pattern and the colours of carpets. It would have been instructive had

the nave been hung on one side with the prize carpets of the Exhibition of 1862, and on the other with those of to-day. On

the one side we should have seen gaudy colouring and foliated designs of gigantic size, which would have appeared outrages on good taste compared with the quiet blendings and subdued colourings that are now universally in vogue. Sages, browns, indigos, and buffs seem to have ousted such colours as scarlet, blue, and yellow.

This change of taste is nowhere more apparent than in the matter of the ornaments of our hearth. We are reminded of this by the glittering array of brasswork which meets our eye in the exhibits of Messrs. Robson and Co., and Messrs. Hardy and Padmore. We were delighted to hear from them that if their products are to hold their own nowadays, they must go to the best designers; that many of their fire-grates, for instance, are designed by architects of eminence; and that cost is now held by purchasers to be a secondary consideration to æsthetic merit.

Space will not permit of our mentioning a tithe of the multitudinous and interesting industries which have sprung up and flourished in this County of Worcester. Most people are aware that one of its chief products is a noted "saucé," and "Dent's gloves" are a household word; but it may be news to the majority that almost all our needles and fish-hooks proceed hence; the deft machinery for sorting and counting the former of these articles is amongst the most

interesting sights of the place. In fact, the large avenue, where carpet, pottery, glove, boot, and other processes are to be seen in full working order, is of greater interest than almost anything else.

It is indeed a sudden change to pass from these modern products to the "Needlework Court," where, under Lady Alwynne Compton's direction, an exceptionally fine collection has

been got together. Particularly is it the case as regards a large array of ancient ecclesiastical vestments, of which the majority are in their original state, not having been, as an old Venetian guide-book says, "Subito grave ristauro." Of thirteenth-century work there are but two small fragments. But to the fourteenth century are ascribed orphreys (or broad strips of embroidery) from a set of vestments belonging to Lord Norreys, and one belonging to Mr. Reeves. They represent the early history of the Virgin, and that of her parents, SS. Joachim and Anna. The story runs through four vestments, and all faults of

drawing are forgotten in the life and expression which animate the whole. Of fifteenth-century work we have the famous frontal



Japanese Vase, Ivory Porcelain. Royal Worcester Works.



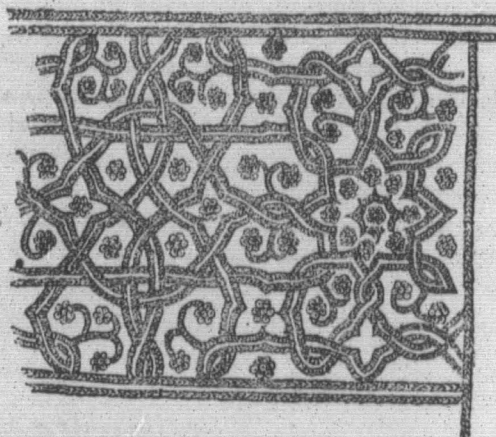
Onyx Vase. Thomas Webb and Sons, Stourbridge.

from Alveley Church, having in the centre a representation of God the Father with the souls of the righteous in His bosom. In another case is the set of vestments of Gothic crimson and gold stuff, which are said to have been found walled up in the old cathedral of Waterford, and which were presented by Lord Shrewsbury to St. Mary's College, Oscott. The work on these was designed at the end of the fifteenth century in the best style of Flemish Art, at the time when the power of expression was so great that all ways of rendering it seemed equally easy, whether in stone or glass, with brush or needle.

In a large case in the centre of the court are four copes and eight chasubles, chiefly of English embroidery of the fifteenth century, and including the cope mentioned by Henry VII. in his will, of which the gold stuff, with its great roses and portcullises, was made at "Florence, in Italy," and the "Westminster Vestment," lent by Lord Arundell, of Wardour, with fine Flemish embroideries and the arms of Charles the Bold and Margaret of York. Among others deserving also of special mention in this case are two chasubles from Stonyhurst, one having a very fine representation of the murder of Thomas à Becket, and another bearing a figure crucified, clothed in a black robe with three crosses in the girdle, and a chalice at the foot of the cross, and with the inscription, "The ride de Lucca." This was said by Dr. Rock to represent a rare Belgian saint, St. Wilgifortis, but there seems no doubt that it is the Rood of Lucca, a very ancient image, representing our Lord robed and crucified. The favourite oath of William Rufus was "Santo Volto di Lucca." The embroidery is Flemish. Another very interesting chasuble is lent by Lady Blunt, and was used in the Church of Mamble till the Restoration.

Of the sixteenth century there are no vestments shown, and where they reappear in the seventeenth century the style is quite changed. The figures, the stories, the teaching, are

gone, as well as the stately heraldic badges of the Tudors. In their stead we have a large case dazzling with white satin



Embroidery on Cloak found in Well at Wardour Castle.

and brilliant embroidery of fruit and flowers and raised gold and silver work, probably Spanish. Several are from the Convent of S. Augustine, Newton Abbott; a set with very highly raised fruits and flowers worked in silk over gold thread are attributed to Dame Winter, of Woollas Hall, Pershore, in 1660, and one is gaily worked in flowers by Mary Blount, Duchess of Norfolk, in 1740. Church-work of our own days is represented by a cope from St. Dominic's, Stone, of beautiful execution, yet hard in form and colour, and an altar frontal from the Leek School of Embroidery, charming in colour, but the figures poor in drawing; and a fine St. Nicholas, after Fra Angelico, worked by the sisters of St. Mary's, Wantage.

The most interesting collection, next to the church-work, is that of old christening clothes, so dainty as to make one believe that they must have been the work of fairy godmothers.



Worcester, from the Severn.

One complete set, not trimmed with lace, but having a crown marked in one or two of the pieces, is said to have been made by Princess Elizabeth and her ladies for Queen Mary. It has

always been kept at Ashridge in a little old box, on which is written, "Queen Mary's child-bed linnen." The next set, attributed to Charles I., is trimmed with Flemish lace.

There are many specimens of the "bearing robe," which it was the custom for the sponsors to present. Two—one belonging to King James II., and another to Bishop Lloyd, of Worcester—are of scarlet velvet, trimmed with silver lace; another of blue satin, with gold and silver lace; white satin, embroidered, etc. But the most remarkable of all is a little cloak or mantle, lent by Lady Arundell, of Wardour, with the romantic tradition that it was found during the civil wars at the bottom of a dry well at Wardour Castle. It is about a yard long, is very full, gathered closely into the neck, with a falling collar. The cloak is trimmed with narrow lace made with the needle, with three long pieces inserted in the sides

and centre. It is of linen, and is embroidered all over with thread, with interlacing patterns of Moorish design, in very fine chainstitch, the needle being always slanted. Two illustrations are given of some details of the patterns, but it is impossible to render an idea of the extraordinary beauty and intricacy of the work. We know nothing like it. It has been suggested that it is Moorish, and may have come from Spain in Queen Mary's time.

We have to thank Lady Alwynne Compton for the particulars as to the needlework, and Mr. S. Smith, of the Worcester Library, for those respecting the industrial portion of this article.

SYMBOLS OF SAINTS IN ART.

IT has been a custom with artists of all ages to distinguish saints by various symbols and badges, a brief enumeration of which may not prove unacceptable; and we propose, without touching on their origin or antiquity, or going minutely into details, to name the principal of these symbols.

A book occurs in several representations: a book and crosier being symbolical of St. Bridget; a book and palm-branch of St. Barbara; a book and gridiron of St. Laurence; and a book and arrows of St. Ursula. St. Anne, too, is depicted with a book in her hand; St. Barnabas with an open book in one hand and a staff in the other. St. Paul carries a sword and book, and St. Jerome reads a large folio volume.

St. Lucy is represented carrying a palm-branch and a dish with two eyes on it, or with a short staff in her hand and the devil behind her. In the representations of St. Theodora, that saint is being tempted by the devil, who is holding her by the hand.

Several of the saints are represented with dragons. The symbol of St. George is, perhaps, the best known. St. Michael is shown as a young man, winged, dressed in white or armour, and armed with a shield and lance, with which he is combating a dragon. St. Margaret is depicted as a beautiful young woman coming from the mouth of a dragon, trampling it under foot, or slaying it with the cross. She is also represented with the martyr's palm and crown, accompanied by a dragon. A bound dragon is represented with St. Martha, who carries a bunch of keys in her girdle and a pot of water in her hand. The symbol of St. John the Evangelist is a chalice, from which a winged serpent or dragon is issuing.

In many cases the instruments with which saints have been killed or injured appear as their symbols. Thus the symbol of St. Bartholomew is the knife with which he was flayed; of St. Simon the saw with which he was cut asunder; of St. Jude a club or lance; of St. Thomas a lance; of St. Andrew the X-shaped cross on which he was crucified; of St. Mathias the battle-axe with which he was beheaded; of St. Blaise the iron combs with which he was torn to pieces; of St. Catherine the wheel on which she was put to death; of St. Clement an anchor, which was tied round his neck when he was drowned; of St. Faith and St. Vincent a gridiron, on which they were roasted; of St. James the Less a fuller's pole; and of St. Philip a pastoral staff surmounted with a cross, this saint having been hanged on a tall pole.

Lilies enter into several of the symbols. St. Gabriel is represented with some lilies in a pot between him and the Virgin Mary; a lily on a trampled globe is the symbol of St. Francis; and the Virgin Mary is depicted with the infant Jesus in her arms and a lily displayed in some part of the design. St. Dorothy is represented carrying a basket of fruit, and St. Flower with her head in her hand and a flower growing out of her neck.

With regard to the animals and birds which are used as symbols, a lion is symbolical of St. Mark, a flying eagle of St. John, an ox of St. Luke. St. Agnes is represented with a lamb by her side; St. Anthony with a pig by his side and in his hand a *tau* cross with a bell at the end; St. Elizabeth with St. John and the Lamb at her feet; and St. Giles with a hind resting its head in his lap. St. Roche, with a plaque mark on his thigh, wears a wallet, and is accompanied by a dog with a loaf in its mouth. In the representations of Noah a dove is depicted with an olive-branch in its mouth. St. Cecilia is represented playing on a harp or organ; St. Cuthbert holds St. Osbert's head in his hand; and St. Denys holds his own mitred head in his hand.

The symbol of St. Felix is an anchor; of St. Asaph and St. Aidan a crosier; of St. Clement a pot, or papal crown; of St. James the Greater a scallop shell, a gourd bottle, or a pilgrim's staff; of St. Loy a hammer and crosier; of St. Francis a seraph inflicting the five wounds received by Christ; of St. Mary Magdalen a box of ointment; of St. David a leek; of St. Nicholas a tub containing naked infants; of St. Ignatius the monogram I.H.S. in the sky or on his breast; of St. Louis the arms of France at the feet of a kneeling king; of Judas Iscariot a bag; and of St. Peter a bunch of keys.

St. Christopher is depicted as a giant carrying Christ across a river; St. Fyacre dressed in a long robe praying, with his beads in his hand; St. Agatha with her breasts in a dish; St. Julian ferrying people over a river; and St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar. St. Matthew is represented with a scroll and pen in his hand, and looking towards his left at an angel; Esau with bow and arrows; Solomon in royal robes, with an arch above him; St. Stephen with a book and stone in his hand; St. Thomas holding a stone or a builder's rule; and St. Sebastian tied to a tree with his hands behind him, two archers standing by his side, and several arrows through his body.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*



SEVERAL of our examples this month are taken from the decorations of weapons, to which, as before observed, so much Art was applied during the mediæval and the Renaissance periods, sometimes almost to the detriment of the value of the weapons in regard

to their suitability for actual purposes of offence and defence. The greatest refinements of Renaissance work in the matter of arms and armour were bestowed on the latter, and not improperly, since, although weapons may easily be so much ornamented as to be unsuitable for actual use, or to appear so, the function of armour is passive rather than active, and no elaboration of ornament on the metal surfaces displayed by breast-plates and shoulder-pieces can well interfere with the utility of the metal as a protection to the body. Hence there arose in the sixteenth century a fashion of great splendour in the chasing and decoration of armour, into which gold and silver often entered largely, in which men vied with one another in display; just as at a later period in the case of lace, coats, and cloaks. Subsequently, the extreme splendour of armour began to diminish, or at least to assume a richer and more sober effect, owing to the taste which gradually sprung up for brown, or, as it was sometimes called, russet armour, in which a rich brown surface, formed of oxidised iron,

took the place of the polished and glittering steel of previous generations. This brown armour, however, was found to form a most effective ground for gold enrichment and inlay, and had, perhaps, an effect as truly artistic as the bright steel armour, and was better adapted for rough usage in warfare. However unlimited may be the license allowed to the decoration of armour, that of arms must, nevertheless, be kept in due subordination to the use which is to be made of the weapon, and nothing ought really to be allowed which tends to impair

No. 73.—Detail—Termination of Dagger-sheath, by H. Aldegrevier, 1536.

the suitability of the object in this respect. The fine specimen of rich and massive decorative treatment which we give here,

the dagger sheath by Aldegrevier, No. 74, comes of course more under the heading of armour than of arms; it is the sheath of



No. 74.—Dagger and Sheath, by H. Aldegrevier, 1536.

the dagger; as the armour at large is the sheath of the warrior himself. It is therefore legitimately the subject of rich decoration, the only practical limit being that it shall not assume any form which will render it an inconvenient object to hang by the side, or an insecure "carriage" (as Osric calls it)* for the weapon. The sheath here illustrated is fairly in accordance with these conditions. The top of the sheath is not, perhaps, quite as "responsive to the hilt" as it might be; the curved brackets which issue from the rim and turn over under the hilt leave an unsupported space in the intermediate portion, which is a little awkward, and makes a bad seat for the hilt. In all probability these scroll projections, as well as those at the foot of the sheath, are intended partly for a practical purpose, viz. to prevent it rolling when laid down, and are on that ground defensible, though they are somewhat awkwardly fitted into the main design, and the attempt to connect the design of the hilt with them by the small leaves on its upper rim over each of the scrolls, though well intended, is rather too like an after-thought. The shape of the hilt is one which was very common for daggers for a considerable period, and it is very solid and effective, but cannot be said to be very well suited for the hand; the part for grasping is liable to cause discomfort to a tight grip, and the broad circular pommel at

* "Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit."

* Continued from page 284.

the top must have grazed the wrist so disagreeably in use that it is matter for surprise that this form of handle should have been so much employed as it certainly was.



No. 75.—Pommel of Dagger: Venetian Work.

The remaining portion is admirable in effect; rich, and at the same time solid; the ornament is carefully distributed, the portions occupied by figures and foliage respectively being divided by a broad and well-marked ring, a similar ring marking the termination of the sheath. The figures again illustrate the almost universal tendency of the Renaissance ornamentists to introduce the figure wherever possible; those here introduced appear to be elegant and well modelled as far as one can see on this small scale; their meaning is not obvious, but they possibly represent Hercules and Omphale. The figures introduced in the decoration of arms, it may be observed, had often, in the Renaissance period at least, no relation whatever to the uses of the object on which they were worked; they were introduced simply for their intrinsic beauty. The most interesting portion of this sheath, to the student of ornament, is the lower part of the shank, part of which is given on a larger scale in No. 73, because this represents the influence of German taste on the foliage ornament of the Renaissance. It is freer, fuller, and more naturalistic than the Italian ornament of the same class, though somewhat less refined. The German designers, while adopting many of the quasi-architectural details of Italian ornament of this period pretty nearly without alteration, generally put into their foliage ornament a style and feeling of their own, of which the present example is a good instance. Aldegrever, to whom the design is attributed, was one of the ablest of the German decorative designers, and derived a good deal of his taste in Art from Dürer, under whom he studied, more or less. He was born in 1502.

Occasionally silver dagger-sheaths and hilts of this class were studded with precious stones, rubies being not unfrequently used; perhaps, in reality, from some such ominous association of colour as is suggested in poetical form in the lines—

"A ruby crowned the hilt, a drop of blood,
That seemed to make suggestion to the blade."

There is certainly no warlike suggestion, however, about the design for the handle of a dagger, No. 75, in which the principal object is a figure which can only be interpreted as that of Peace bearing the olive-branch; an odd ornament for a weapon, unless intended as a kind of practical illustration of the proverb, "Si vis pacem, para bellum." The figure is prettily modelled, and well placed within a little niche, so as to appear to some extent recessed and protected from too rough usage. The remainder of the handle is a conglomer-



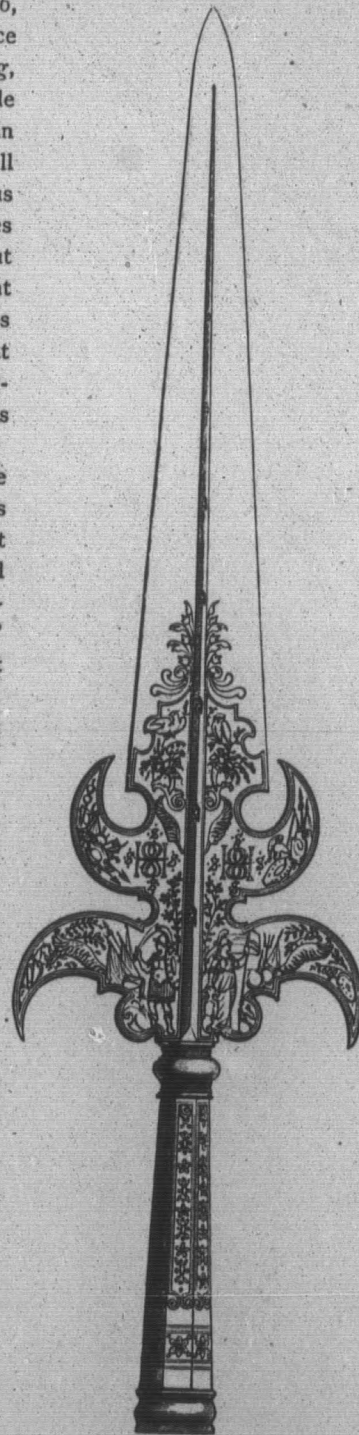
No. 76.—Termination of Dagger-sheath: Venetian.

tion of the strap work which belongs to a late period of the Renaissance, and was more adopted in French and in late Venetian work (of which this is an example), than in Florentine Art. It cannot be said to be very suitable for its purpose, being neither very convenient for the hand nor having that appearance of solidity and strength which ought to characterize a handle intended for strenuous usage. The foot of the

sheath is given, No. 76, and is a very rich piece of work, representing, however, the worst side of Renaissance taste in its conglomeration of all kinds of heterogeneous masks and accessories thrown together without any meaning. In point of taste in design, this example is far below that of Aldegrever, in comparison with which it is almost vulgar.

The specimen of the pike given in No. 77 takes us from one of the smallest to one of the largest and longest of offensive weapons of "cold steel." The pike, at different periods of its history, varied from 15 to 18 feet in length. In one form it was a further development of the old English weapon called a "bill," mentioned in Shakespeare so often, the bill having a blade with a hook on one side of its base, the blade of the pike assuming a symmetrical form, with a hook, or two hooks, on either side of the central blade. The pike figured here was of French make, having been presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. It is a pike for state purposes, a weapon for show rather than use: so that its rich ornamentation is quite in place, and, indeed, would

not interfere with its actual use as a weapon, since the upper portion of the blade is left plain. The reader may here see how exactly the same principle in the application of ornament is exemplified in this weapon as in so different an object as the mediæval chalice. We pointed out how in the chalice the lower portion of the cup only was chased and gemmed, the rim being left perfectly plain, so as to be convenient for use. Here is exactly the same principle in the decoration of this



No. 77.—Head of State Pike, presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. From Windsor Castle.

pike; the ornament is concentrated about the base of the blade; the portion which, if the weapon were used in actual warfare, would be the working portion of the blade, is left quite plain, and capable of being ground and sharpened without interfering in any way with the design. That this question of the placing of the ornament is of real importance will be evident enough if we imagine for a moment how absurd and preposterous this object under consideration would appear if the conditions were reversed, and all the ornament placed on the end of the blade and the base left plain. As it is, the hooks are over-ornamented if they were supposed to be of any use; but, as a matter of fact, they hardly could be, being too far back from the point ever to come into action as part of the weapon, and are only intended to make it look dangerous. There is a certain Moorish appearance in the shape of these hooks which renders it probable that this was the form of pike sometimes called a "Morris" pike, a corruption of "Moorish," and the form of which was apparently derived from a Moorish weapon. The ornament on the blade cannot be said to be very appropriate to its situation, nor does it fill the space well or evenly; a flowing ornament of a homogeneous character, springing from the centre, and developing itself regularly outward to the edges, would have had a much better effect. The original of this illustration is, we believe, now in the collection of arms at Windsor.

The key shown in No. 78, an example of the time of Queen Elizabeth, is the only one in our series, but it is a beautiful specimen. Perhaps it might have been all the more effective if part of the shank had been left plain, and the ornament concentrated on the upper portion nearest the handle, but this is the only criticism to which it is open. The treatment

of the handle is admirable; the delicate looking open-work design is nevertheless capable of being made quite strong enough for its purpose, and it is spread out into a broad flat form suitable for the grasp of the fingers and thumb in using it. The form of the ornament is made subordinate to practical suitability, as it ought to be in every article that is intended for any kind of practical use, and not merely to be looked at.

From a key to a box is a natural transition. The trunk No. 79 is of interest both historically and artistically. It was the travelling trunk of William III. (in whose possession it is now we are unable to say). It is a good example of decorative effect arising out of the treatment of necessary utilitarian features. The brass nails with which the chest is studded are arranged in a very agreeable decorative pattern; the angle pieces of metal are formed into a decorative shape suggestive also of a crown, and the key-plate is finely and boldly treated as the centre of the design. There is nothing which is in the least out of keeping with the every-day practical use of a travelling trunk, yet the whole effect is

rich and pleasing.

The spur of the time of Henry VIII., of which an illustration is given (No. 78), represents one only of the various forms which this implement assumed at different periods of its history. The spur was in existence long before its most characteristic feature, the rowel, was invented. The Roman and the early English spurs were in the form of a simple barbed spike, somewhat like an arrow-head. The rowel was invented about the time of Henry III., and in most of the older forms of spur the shank was either straight or slightly curved upwards. The form of the rowel varied greatly at different periods; at one time—about Edward IV.—it was



No. 78.—Pass Key, time of Elizabeth.



No. 79.—Travelling Chest of William III.

made with a few very long spikes, as much as three inches in length; but this was an exceptional, and probably not really

a very useful, form, and both before and after that date the rowel had short spikes, not longer, on the average, than those

in use at the present day. It was about the time of Henry VII. that the rowel began to assume a distinctly ornamental form, the spikes spreading out in broad leaves, cut into ornamental shapes at the points, and giving the general idea of a conventional decorative flower. This form of spur continued in use till the early part at least of the reign of Elizabeth, and it is this form which is here represented. At the same time came in the custom of making the shank with a convex curve upwards, which not only has a handsome effect, but is a practical improvement in bringing the spur

to bear more horizontally when used. The form of the rowel, on the contrary, must be regarded as an example of ornamental treatment which is not derived from utility, for in this respect such a form of rowel is far less practical and purpose-like than most of those which preceded and followed it. The thing looks, in fact, like a show spur for full dress; but they were all made on this kind of pattern during the



No. 80.—Spur of the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

time, we have alluded to. The ornament of the heel-piece is very tasteful and effective, and appears to be chased work.

THE HEAD OF AN OLD MAN:

FROM A DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS drawing, of which we give a fac-simile in our full-page illustration, is one of the choicest treasures of the National Collection, and is especially held in well-deserved reputation. As we had lately occasion to remark, Leonardo da Vinci employed various methods in making his designs; they range from the most highly finished water-colour drawings to the roughest blottings in pen and ink. And it is interesting to observe how his unerring artistic instinct invariably selected the right material. This is very perceptible in examining an important collection, like that in the Royal Library at Windsor. Where plain scientific facts are to be noted, Leonardo will generally use the pen, whereby he can more accurately define the intricacies of some machine of peace or war; the same method he found the readiest and most efficient to indicate the muscles and bones in his anatomical studies. But this selective faculty is perhaps most strikingly shown in the landscape studies. The student will not fail to notice how invariably the motive of the drawing governs its procedure. So, too, in the studies of drapery; and when we finally arrive at the heads, we find also the same rule holds good.

In the drawing before us Leonardo has set himself the task of delineating form with the minutest accuracy. And it must be admitted he could not have chosen a head better adapted for such a purpose. The bald head and clean-shaven countenance show every feature and muscle, so that no particle of character is lost. It is precisely the type that Leonardo delights in illustrating; one on which he can display his marvellous power of manipulation, and no less marvellous faculty of analysis. Not a line or a wrinkle, not a fold of the skin or the tightening of a muscle, is lost; and, moreover, under the worn integument we plainly discern the bony structure of the skull. It is simply the perfection of portrait drawing. There is the utmost possible realisation of form, all the parts are in perfect subordination, and the finish is of such subtlety that there is no appearance of execution. It seems rather a growth of nature than the work of the hand of man. With all the uncompromising realisation of form, it will of

course be seen that in this instance Leonardo has not aimed at a representation which shall be in any way deceptive. Therefore he has chosen a delicate grey paper, using the firm silver point to define form, and attaining relief by added tints of white. By this method something of the effect of sculpture is attained. Leonardo, it will be remembered, is styled by Vasari painter and sculptor, and besides the model of the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, his biographer refers to the figures over the north door of San Giovanni, at Florence, as being also executed by the master.

It is, perhaps, impossible to determine whether the head before us was intended for a study of a work in sculpture or painting. The same features are seen in other drawings by Leonardo, so it is likely the individual may have been a friend of the painter. If made as a study for one of the figures in a painting, it would probably be for a composition of a Holy Family or an Adoration of the Kings; the formality of the arrangement would naturally exclude it from being part of a design embodying strong dramatic action. For whatever purpose the drawing was made, it fully bears out the high character ascribed to his work by Vasari, who says, "He drew on paper also with so much care and so perfectly, that no one has ever equalled him in this respect; I have a head by him in chiaro-scuro, which is incomparably beautiful."

Simply from an artistic point of view, we venture to call attention to the remarkable accuracy of our reproduction of Leonardo's drawing. Without for a moment implying that, as a work of Art, it has the same value as the original, yet for all practical purposes, and especially for the purpose of study, the difference is scarcely appreciable. Fears have sometimes been expressed that photography may be injurious to Fine Art. A work like this is a triumphant answer to such misgivings. Here photography is seen fulfilling its true function, as the servant and minister of Art. And, indeed, such service is the ultimate object of all science. It is only when science has passed through the alembic of Art that it attains its highest and ideal expression.



FAC-SIMILE, OF A DRAWING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

NEW YORK: PATTERSON & NELSON.

ART NOTES.

BOSTON.—MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.—The Summer loan exhibition, if lacking in general interest, makes up in the importance of some special works. The most prominent painting is a large Courbet belonging to Mr. Henry Sayles, and from its composition was probably purchased at one of the recent sales at Paris, since it answers to the description of one of the works announced among the noteworthy paintings. If this is the case, Mr. Sayles can be congratulated in obtaining so favorable an example, inasmuch as Courbet is now the fashion in Paris, and the paintings have not prayed for buyers. Although a painting bought under such circumstances possesses a factitious interest, this does not detract from the actual good fortune in securing it, and the value of the painting, not only as a work of art, and as a characteristic example of a powerful and individual artist. This is, we believe, the finest Courbet in the country. The subject is a hunting scene. In the midst of a gloomy forest the deer lies dead, the two hounds who have brought it down standing by; a boy is sounding the recall of the hunters and hounds on his horn, while leaning against one of the trees is a figure, posed like a melancholy and meditative Jaques, with head fallen slightly toward his breast, as if the scene and circumstances had set him to sadly philosophizing. There is strength in the drawing, the brush work is bold and unpromising, the color is vigorous though sombre. We realize that here is a man who has learned his trade, but uses his trade as a means to an end. Through it he is enabled to secure expression to his own individuality. It is this which lends fascination to his work, whether the subject of it be as lofty as this, or that repulsive bit of realism which hangs in the gallery of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. Courbet's connection with the Commune, his alleged association with the destruction of the Vendôme column, and his subsequent exile, have created for him a character as ideal as if it were more gracious, and which accompanies his name like a second self. There is little doubt now that Courbet was a scapegoat on which the sins of others were visited, and that a singularly straightforward character knew little how to look out for his personal welfare in the shifting official changes of a perturbed and incoherent time. Fortunately, Courbet's works remain and speak more clearly for his own uprightness and downright-ness, however at variance with the times, than the tongue was ever able to do.

In singular contrast to the Courbet, and equally eloquent in another direction, are a number of Millet's, loaned to and the property of the Museum. Millet's art is poetic. While his themes are as realistic as those of Courbet, they become rhythmic through his color. In this exhibition the largest work is 'The Shepherdess Seated.' The figure is life-size; a homely, rough, stolid-looking peasant with her distaff, seated on a rock, which illustrates, though not as completely as do some of the smaller works—since it contains less of the charm of color—this quality which is inseparable from Millet's brush. The 'Ruth and Boaz' is a better example. Boaz is a hard-fisted farmer; Ruth, a clumsy, timid peasant, whom Boaz grasps by the arm. No conception could be more matter-of-fact and less ideal. At one side is a group of gleaners half turning to look at them, and making a beautiful passage of woven lines. Over all is that wonderful soft, jewel-like color. In 'Tobit and Anna looking for the Return of Tobias,' Anna is an anxious, bent old woman, whose fears outstrip those of Tobit, grizzled and gaunt, standing in the doorway, for she has run out and peers into the distance, but her blue gown melts into beautiful harmony with the soft browns of the landscape, and makes the picture. There is a small unfinished example of 'The Knitting Lesson,' of less importance than similar subjects seen in New York, and 'The Washerwomen,' two stalwart women with clothes. Here it may be remarked that Millet does not seem to be impressed with the poetry of labor. No moral ideas can be associated with his art, as are so frequently attributed to it, but which do belong to the peasant scenes of Jules Breton. Millet had simply an unusual feeling for color, and painted the scenes about him, which he rightly perceived served him as well as loftier themes. The most perfect Millet shown is a small canvas, 'Shepherdess Knitting,' which glows like a gem on the wall. Of all his peasants none are more clumsy, wooden-featured than this. She sits on a bank, with her feet, wooden-shod, sticking straight out in front and serving to

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brace her in her seat. She wears a dark-green cloak, and back of her is the foliage, a darker green. Through these run the browns and greens, unmodified by scarcely any other color, but giving a sensation of richness and fullness, which wants nothing more.

Near by, on a neighboring wall, are a number of canvases by William Hunt. One of these, 'The Gleaner,' suggests a Millet from an impoverished palette. The painting is almost a monotone of browns, and has a softness and pensive charm; but if Millet was never blithe, there is always a sense of joyousness in his work, which one looks for in vain in William Hunt. The paintings here show Hunt in various phases, and while he has always been considered one of the strongest personalities among American artists, the wide range of subjects leave the impression of a much less mannered artist than those that are usually brought together. Marguerite, a young girl, three-quarters life, in a meadow testing her fate with a daisy, has much less of William Hunt in it and more of Brown, Jones or Robinson than one would expect to find. The 'Girl with Rabbit,' 'Girl Reading,' and other heads are much more characteristic. There are several landscapes; a large one, 'On the St. John's River,' and 'A Court Yard, Fayal,' which shows more color than any of the other paintings, except the large study for his picture in the Capitol at Albany. The portrait of Dr. J. B. S. Jackson, belonging to the Harvard Medical School, is a much more satisfactory example of William Hunt than the other works. It is stronger, both in drawing and in color, and represents his brush governed rather by his faculties in full health than by the moods which might hold him at the moment.

Among the works of men of this class may be mentioned 'The Questioner of the Sphinx,' by Elihu Vedder. Mr. Vedder's imagination triumphs over his dry and uninteresting brush, and his absolute lack of color. In this respect the dust of the roadside has as much charm. Why Mr. Vedder has not turned his attention to sculpture he probably knows; but every one must feel how much more nearly akin his art is to that of the sculptor. How agreeably he manifests himself in this direction every one who has seen the recent metal castings produced from his designs will acknowledge. No artist in a certain line is more fertile in ideas, and these, find them as we may, make their own welcome. 'The Questioner of the Sphinx,' and this is true of almost all Mr. Vedder's work, bears upon an underlying thought peculiar to the race rather than the individual, and thus appeals to every one who is not content with, and attracted only by the superficial qualities of an artist's work.

Among more recent works is 'The Death of the First Born,' by Charles Sprague Pearce, two seated figures girt only about the loins, with their heads bowed, and their painted idol shattered and prone before them. There is dramatic force in the composition; but the handling shows too plainly the influence of the master, Bonnat, to claim in this respect all that it ought to claim for itself. Notwithstanding, the painting is one of the most attractive on the walls.

There are some entertaining, but not especially important, examples of foreign art other than those spoken of above. By Aubert, there is a delicate, classic composition full of lightness and grace. 'A Trap for Larks,' in which Cupid holds up the snare before the eyes of a group of nymphs in softly-flowing garments. The 'Reception of an Ambassador,' by Ecoisura, requires neither an analysis nor comment. It is, of course, dashing, elegant, and full of the atmosphere of the court. There is a fine Pasini, 'The Mosque,' with imposing architecture, above gray, each weather-stain showing in the strong light, and below a glowing array of oriental figures entering the doorway. 'Spanish Women,' by F. Miralles, is a brilliant sketch of two figures in landscape. There is a large, fine Daubigny, 'A River View,' and several wood interiors by Diaz. Nothing has been said of the large Corot, 'Dante and Virgil entering the Infernal Regions,' as the property of the Museum; it has been shown before. This is also true of the Coutures, of which the Museum possesses two. Other works are 'Russian Village by Night,' by Josef Chelmonski; 'Market Scene in Nubia,' by Frederick Bridgman; 'Morgendammerung,' by Frank Hill Smith; 'Fading Light,' by George H. Boughton; 'Landscape by George Inness; Portrait of R. H. Dana, by Miss Annie J. Pertz.

In a separate group in the Water-Color Room are hung nine paintings owned by Mr. Stanton Blake, formerly the property of Prince Demidoff, and bought at the San Donato sale in 1880. These are *genre*, still life, and landscapes of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Several of these have been made known before by engraving or etching. 'The Usurer,' by Gabriel Metsu, a composition too well known to need description, has been engraved by Leopold Flameng. 'The Interior of a Butcher's Shop,' by Teniers, a magnificent example of still life, was etched by the painter. The other paintings are 'Soap Bubbles,' by Gaspard Netscher; 'Skirt of the Forest,' by Jacob Van Ruysdael; 'The Ruined Cottage,' by Van Ruysdael, with figures by Philip Wouvermans; 'Dordrecht,' by Albert Cuyp, a delightful meadow with cattle, and the town in the distance; 'The Jealous Husband,' by Nicolas Maas; 'Still Life,' by Simon Verelst, and a vase of flowers by Jan Van Huysum. These are all fair examples. Their merits are of a kind that need no cataloguing when the schools to which they are assigned are mentioned, and the opportunities of exhibiting them is fortunate for the Museum of Fine Arts, which among its many valuable gifts does not yet include any works of this kind.

The Athenæum Collection, which it is the privilege of the Museum of Fine Arts to hold in charge, loses nothing of interest in competition with later and less well-known works. In addition to the Washingtons of this collection, there is on exhibition the large full-length portrait of Washington belonging to the City Hall of Charleston, S. C.; the Gibbs Washington; the Sharples portraits; the head by Rembrandt Peale, and the portrait which it is claimed Copley enlarged from a small portrait painted by himself—these with the Stuart portraits of George and Martha Washington from Faneuil Hall and the Athenæum, making ten in all. The relative artistic merits of the different portraits have long been settled in favor of those by Stuart. Of these the Athenæum head is the only painting made from sittings, and this has given credibility to the likeness, which is generally received as the best. The head by Rembrandt Peale, however, was regarded by George Parke Custis as the best likeness ever made. Those by Trumbull and Sharples have each their own distinctive differences. The Trumbull portrait, painted in 1791, represents Washington as a younger, healthier, more spirited man than the Stuart portraits. This is partly due to the florid complexion, which, however, counts for little since the same florid complexion is characteristic of all Trumbull's portraits. The chief difference lies in the mouth. The mouth in the Stuart portraits is little more than a meaningless slit. The cause of the difference in the two mouths is ascribed to the fact that at the time the Stuart head was painted (1796), Washington wore a set of false teeth. This explanation does not hold good with reference to the Gibbs portrait, made from the first sitting given Stuart by Washington, and still less as to the Sharples portrait. The most flattering view of Washington in point of character is that of the Sharples portrait, which gives to the face not only dignity and nobleness, but allows a certain comprehension of Washington as a man of affairs. These are but random suggestions, and visitors to the Allston Room in the Museum of Fine Arts can have the opportunity of making the comparisons and forming their own estimates of the different works.

The Museum of Fine Arts has a more valuable collection of the works of early American artists than the N. Y. Historical Society, although it does not include as great a number of artists. These paintings are not the property of the Museum, but, as their custodian, the result is practically the same. There are a number of portraits by Copley; a portrait of Judge Edmund Quincy, by Smibert; John Adams and Fisher Ames, by Gilbert Stuart Newton; a number by Washington Allston, including the portrait of Benjamin West, and 'Belshazzar's Feast,' as well as several smaller and well-known *genre* works; and 'King Lear,' by Benjamin West. The Gray Collection of Engravings containing eighty prints by Rembrandt, the 'Liber Studiorum' of Turner, and modern etchings owned by Harvard College, is another of its fortunate possessions. To these must be added the gift of the Millet drawings, by Martin Brimmer.

The permanent exhibit of sculpture has not kept pace with the other works of art, although the Museum is in possession of several interesting pieces. The collection of casts thus far made, seems to be intended as chiefly illustrative of different periods of sculpture, and for the educational purposes of the Museum of Fine Arts. The growth of the different departments, including pottery, porcelain, art needle-work, carved

wood and metal, is slow; but is sufficiently rapid for the space assigned to each department.

THE NEW ENGLAND MANUFACTURERS AND MECHANICS INSTITUTE FAIR has given a wider range to its interest by two art galleries cut off from the main ones. A large number of the paintings have been exhibited before, and publicly noticed. This is true of many of the works which have been sent on from New York. There are, however, some important works hung which are now seen for the first time. The chief of these is 'The Battle of Lexington,' by A. H. Bicknell. The painting is ambitious, not only in theme but in size. Size is a factor to be considered in the value of such a work, since an unusual amount of space given to a work of art in a general public exhibition is, or ought to be, in a sense, a guarantee of its merit. The details of the composition are first, a group of minute men, in the middle of the foreground, anticipating an attack; near by is a fallen man, and minor figures. The foremost of the group is a sturdy yeoman in red vest and stockings, loading his gun. He has a fine, determined face, and is a good type of the New England patriot. In the rear, at one side, the British troops have executed a flank movement, met by a line of hatless, shirt-sleeved farmers—seen through the smoke. Part of the line of red coats is not in action, and Gen. Gage mounted is prominent in front. In the background are the lofty elms in leaf and the gray farmhouse and buildings. The setting is admirable. The horrors of the invasion pictured against the quiet, rural, domestic scene, and met by the men of the soil is powerful and pathetic. The more prominent groups are not as successful. The difficulty lies in a mental change, which has taken place in his public, and which the artist's brush has not taken into consideration. Mr. Bicknell has conceived his work in the same way that the historical works of the past are conceived. The Capitol at Washington, the galleries of Versailles are filled with them. Washington, Napoleon, Murat, Ney, Caesar or Hannibal, whoever he may be, is dramatically posed amid the smoke, and becomes the theme to which everything else is subservient, if not sacrificed. The world has not come to disbelieve in heroes; but it does refuse to accept the self-conscious hero posing himself in the middle of the stage, directly in front of the footlights, so to speak. This has been Mr. Bicknell's error. We are tempted to suggest to his hero the picking off of General Gage for example, within easy shot, or a volley into the line of red coats, that is calmly contemplating the fiery group. The inference is, of course, that a part of the enemy is in front; but a painting of this sort cannot afford to wait for cold analysis. The evident endeavor of every such work is to enlist the feelings, and to give to the observer a certain realization of the moment it pictures. If it is successful, it does give it. Mr. Bicknell does not achieve this effectually. The supremest moment of his painting is reached by the contest in the background; but this certainly would not satisfy the artist. The difficulty, as has been stated, lies in the change of view in the mind of those for whom pictures are painted, and which the artist has ignored. To more readily emphasize this change, the military paintings of De Neuville may be mentioned as being successful, mainly because the theory on which they are constructed is in harmony with modern views. The hero, or the dramatic incident is made to arise directly out of the conditions; but of the heroism, or the drama, the actors are the least aware. Even this is unnecessary for the success of the work, which may be built up alone out of numberless animate and inanimate details, as can be seen in the De Neuville in Mr. Vanderbilt's gallery. The only technical objection to Mr. Bicknell's work of which mention need be made is the color, whose reds and greens are somewhat violent.

The west gallery contains another historical work, 'Warren in Old South Church,' by Cyrus Cobb. The method here first claims attention. The possibilities of such a work in respect to composition are necessarily limited. Nothing could be more uninteresting than a sea of heads, addressed though it might be by Demosthenes, in a New England church interior. Over these dry details Mr. Cobb has gained some success. The church is in half gloom, except where a few wandering rays strike Warren, and light up a part of the interior and the audience on his right hand. Warren is in the high pulpit with a friend seated on each side. He has a fine, spirited presence; but his right arm, which is extended, is not sufficiently foreshortened, and is of unnatural length. The color, excepting the blue of Warren's dress, and the red mantle of one of the seated figures, is in effect broken warm-tinted grays, very soft and agreeable and not in the least monotonous, though extending over such an expanse of

canvas; but it should be added that the canvas does not compare in size with that of 'The Battle of Lexington.' In the audience, whose heads are variously turned to indicate the interest of the moment, there are some interesting studies in character. The work is not one that will be likely to meet with popular favor; but it has some interesting qualities for those who do not care particularly for the subject of a work.

The 'Niagara' of George L. Brown is also found on the walls. It is easy to understand why works which attempt phenomenal subjects are not satisfying. Classing Niagara among such subjects, it may be said that Mr. Brown's somewhat rigid Niagara is as satisfactory as most Niagaras, the color being especially good. There are few other new works of importance. Mr. Ernest Longfellow has an ideal scene with classic figures in a boat, and a tall maiden standing aft holding an oar—a painting very like in character to others exhibited by him at the Academy of Design. Miss Elizabeth Boott exhibits a large canvas with an old man holding a child on his knee, and reading a large Bible. The old man, and in fact the whole work, is vigorously painted. The color is sombre—sombre color being a legacy left by William Hunt to his followers. There is an expression in the child's face which seems to indicate some story, but just what, does not appear. There are also several *genre* works by J. Edgar Bissell, and a verdant landscape by J. Appleton Brown.

The galleries are lighted by the Edison incandescent light, which has been applied to this purpose for the first time. The lights consist of carbon loops inclosed in sealed glass tubes ranged under circular reflectors. The light has proven very satisfactory, and the reflectors have the merit, while throwing the light with great brilliancy on the painting, of tempering it to a mild and agreeable radiance in the centre of the room and from the spectator's point of view.

The fact that the electric light gives out no heat, if of minor importance, is no less an advantage in an art gallery, in consideration of crowded receptions and private views, as every one who has struggled with the crowds and heat at such entertainments will admit.

NEW YORK.—Apartments have been engaged at the Rembrandt studio building for Hubert Herkomer, the artist, who is expected to arrive in November. Mr. Herkomer brings with him a number of works, which he will exhibit, among them 'The Last Muster,' for which he received the Medal of Honor at the Paris Exposition of 1878. The collection will be exhibited at Knoedler & Co's. It is his intention to paint portraits while here, and to give lectures on art.—Madrazo has recently painted a life-size portrait of Mr. Robert L. Stuart. —'Twilight,' by Bouguereau, which was in the *Salon* of 1882, has been bought by Mr. Charles Osborne, and is now on exhibition at Knoedler & Co's. The picture represents a beautiful woman, her feet resting on the crest of the waves, with folds of transparent, deep-blue drapery around her head and floating across her body. The qualities of Bouguereau's flesh painting are too well known to need comment. The pose seems to be selected in order to produce a number of flowing curves of the body. The chin rests on the left hand supporting the drapery. The right hand extended holds the drapery, which thus throws the head into relief. The left foot touches the wave, and the right foot, the knee being bent, is raised, and rests against the angle of the left leg. This pose is peculiar, and evidently is intended to bring the lines together at the base of figure and add to its feeling of lightness. The effect is achieved, but the intention is almost too manifest, the position being a little strained and uneasy.—It is some time since anything has been seen of Toby Rosenthal's work; but, at present, at Knoedler & Co's, is 'The Vacant Chair,' by this artist, which shows that meanwhile he has not been idle. The subject is homely but pathetic. A peasant family are at supper; the dejected father holds on his knee the youngest child, and looks sorrowfully at the empty chair of the mother; the oldest girl watches her father anxiously, and a chubby boy attacks his supper with the apparent heartlessness of childhood. The picture is a vigorous bit of realism, rich in color and boldly handled.—By Aubert is 'Winter,' a charming conception, that is akin to Mr. Frederick S. Church's popular etching of last season. In this case, Cupid and a young girl wrapped in blue drapery are seen seated, shivering over a copper chafing dish of coals, placed in the snow. The treatment is very delicate, and the expression of the Cupid a happy piece of naturalism.—There will be two exhibitions this Fall. That of the Academy of Design is intended especially for the display of cabinet works. Blanks are to be sent in by the 30th of September. Varnishing day will be the 20th of October, and the exhibition be opened the

following day. The exhibition at the American Art Gallery is set down for November 2d. This exhibition is intended only for sketches showing the result of the summer's work. Each artist is allowed from two to five sketches of moderate size, the sketches to be framed in oak. The exhibition will remain open till the holidays.—The attention American artists and Art are receiving abroad is of such extent that it has become worth considering at home. The last number of *L'Art* has an article, by Paul Leroi, reviewing American art in the *Salon*, and opening auspiciously with 'Hail Columbia!' The men who are thus agreeably spoken of, beginning with Frederick S. Church, are J. C. Beckwith, William M. Chase, John S. Sargent, Frederick Bridgman, Marius Simons, W. M. Dana, Henry Mosler, D. R. Knight, L. B. Harrison, Charles Sprague Pearce, Frank M. Boggs and Jules Stewart. All of these artists are brought forward to sustain the author in a previous article on Mr. Church as an exponent of the progress of American art. His liberal praise not only includes the artists, but the catalogues of the exhibitions. That of the Etching Society is called a *publication de luxe*. Of more importance than these pleasant tributes is the author's mild reproach that they do not represent native art pure of all admixtures; that they are reflections—useful reflections, but reflections, nevertheless.—In addition to 'The Siege of Montretout'—the panorama of M. Phillipeaux, which is to be opened in this city during the month—'The Surrender of Yorktown,' a panorama by M. Raoul Arus, a student of the *Beaux Arts* and of Pils, has arrived, and, it is intended, will be opened to the public October 19th, the anniversary of the event it depicts. The panorama is made from studies and photographs taken from a redoubt during the ceremonies of 1881, by M. Arus, which gave to the artist an idea of the effect of the masses of troops and individuals from the height from which they are to be viewed, and, it is said, will contain 20,000 figures. Many of them, including Washington and his staff, Lafayette, Steuben, Knox, General Dumas, and O'Hara—the representative of Cornwallis—will be portraits. —Rafael de la Cora, a young Venezuelan sculptor, who received the *Prix de Rome* of that country, and the sculptor of several prominent works in Caracas, has taken a studio in this city.

BOSTON.—The seventh year of the School of Drawing and Painting attached to the Museum of Fine Arts opened October 3d. The course is divided into two classes. The first is considered as elementary and disciplinary, comprehending ornament, still life and drapery, the antique, and occasionally the life model. With these goes instruction in the elements of shadow and perspective, and of architectural and decorative form. This class is intended not only for painters, but for engravers, lithographers, and designers for ornament and metal work, and also for teachers of drawing. The second class is adapted more directly for the students who expect to become professional artists. From out this class the painting class is formed, the promotion being controlled by the instructors in drawing. The painting class more nearly resembles the methods pursued in Parisian *ateliers*, the students being visited only from time to time by the professors.

Much attention is paid to the literature of art, by means of lectures, which embrace all departments, from architecture to ornament. Fees for instruction are charged, no difference being made in the two classes, except in the case of artists who are already in the practice of their profession, for whom a reduction is made.

The contemplated statue to Paul Revere is so far under way that a committee has the matter in charge. This committee, on the part of the city, consists of Mayor Green and Alderman Stebbins; representing the Grand Lodge of Masons, Gen. Samuel D. Lawrence, Sereno D. Nickerson; the Charitable Mechanics Association, N. J. Bradlee, J. L. Bates; the military, Gen. Nat. Wales, Capt. John Mack; the Revere family, John Revere, Hon. F. W. Lincoln; the citizens at large, Alderman Hessey, Edwin Wright, C. W. Slack, D. W. King, T. Albert Taylor. To the committee is given full power to provide not only ways and means, but the selection of the artist and figure. In this last respect the usual mistake is made. It ought to be manifest by this time that the best sculptors will not compete for a statue to be judged by a committee of amateurs. In this case, a small model of a statue, which, it has been decided, shall be an equestrian statue, is essential to the competition, and a series of premiums are offered. Under certain conditions, artists of reputation might be induced to compete. Under those offered, it is not probable that the best men will think it worth while to allow their time and labor to be left to such barren chances.

Mr. John A. Lowell, who has been having some success in London with his exhibition of Bicknell monotypes and Low tiles, is returning with some purchases of pictures from American artists in Europe. Among these he brings two works by L. Birge Harrison, six landscapes by A. L. Harrison, six paintings by Charles Sprague Pearce, and some crayon heads by R. G. Hardie, now studying with Cabanel.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts announces the opening of its fifty-third annual exhibition on October 23. The prizes distributed will be the usual Mary Smith prize of \$100 for the best oil or water-color painting by a Philadelphia woman, and the Charles Tappan prizes of \$200 and \$100 for the best two paintings in oil or water-color by students of the academy. In the competition, particular attention will be paid to the drawing. The following important announcement is made for 1883: Four prizes are to be awarded for the best historical painting by an American artist. The first prize will be \$3,000, and the painting receiving it will become the property of the academy, as a part of the Temple collection. The second, third and fourth prizes will be gold, silver and bronze medals, respectively.

The French Minister of Fine Arts has issued the regulations which are to govern the Triennial Exhibition in the Palace of Industry, which is to take place next year. It will be remembered that the exhibition will include only works painted since May, 1878, and is limited to 800 paintings, 200 drawings and water-colors, 300 sculptures and engravings on metals and precious stones, 50 architectural designs, and 150 etchings, engravings and lithographs. Artists are to send signed lists of the works they desire to exhibit, giving their titles, sizes, and the dates of their previous exhibition. These will be received by the *Commissariat General des Expositions des Beaux Arts* at the Palais des Champs Elysées (Porte I.), from the 1st to the 31st of January, 1883. These the jury will examine, and decide upon the works they will receive. The decision will be made known in March, but the works will not be sent in until August 1. Those artists who do not receive notice before April 1, or have other works to submit, can send them to be examined, at the same place (Porte IX.), from the 10th to the 20th of July, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. The time for the reception of the works accepted on blanks is limited to the 15th of August. The exhibitors are required to pay the carriage, and, accompanying the blanks, must give their full name, place and date of birth, names of masters, list of honors received at the Paris exhibitions, titles, and names of owners of their works. The admission will be decided by a jury made up half of the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, and half by persons chosen by the Ministry. That of painting will contain twenty-eight members; sculpture, eighteen members; architecture, sixteen members; engraving, etc., six members. The Director General of the *Beaux Arts* will be president of the jury; but each section will elect its own president and vice-president. The exhibition will open on the 15th of September, and close on the 31st of October.

The *Salon* of 1883 will open at the Palace of Industry on the 1st of May, and close on the 20th of June, 1883. The jury of admission will be elected by the majority, and all French artists who have exhibited once in the *Salon* are electors in the section in which they have exhibited, or who have contributed at the French Universal Expositions. The members eligible are the members of the Committee of Ninety, and the Council of the Administration of the Society. Forty members will be elected, and the vote will take place on the 17th of March. Only 2,500 paintings and 800 drawings and water-colors will be received. In this section there will be forty medals, divided into three classes. The medal of honor will be voted, on the 20th of May, by the jury of the section and the French exhibitors. Only two works in oils, two water-colors and two drawings by each artist will be received. The same limit is placed to works of sculpture, architecture, and engraving on metal or stones. The jury in this section will consist of thirty members, of whom twenty-four will be sculptors, two sculptors of animals, and three engravers, with five supplemental jurors. The voting for the jury will take place on the 11th of April. There are twenty medals in this section, divided into three classes. Two of the medals will be for engraving on metals and precious stones. The medal of honor will be voted for by the jury of the section and all the exhibitors that are *hors concours*. The jury of architecture will consist of fourteen members and two supplementary jurors. There will be

twelve medals—one of honor, two of the first class, four of the second, and five of the third. The voting for the jury of this section will take place on the 6th of April. The vote for the jury of the section of engraving will take place on the same date. This section has four minor divisions, viz., engraving, etching, wood engraving and lithography. To each division an artist can send two works. There will be two first medals, three second medals, and eight third medals in this section. The medal of honor will be voted for by the jury and the French exhibitors. Paintings must be sent in from the 5th to the 15th of March, inclusive. Sculpture will be received from the 21st of March to the 10th of April. Architectural drawings, engravings and lithographs are to be sent in from the 2d to the 5th of April. In the section of engraving, proofs can be substituted, up to the 27th of April, for those originally sent in. The regulations say nothing of the contemplated award of separate medals for foreign exhibitors, and it presumably has been abandoned.

MINOR NOTES.—It is intended to erect a statue in honor of Darwin in the hall of the Natural History Museum, at South Kensington, for which over \$12,000 has been subscribed.—The lecture on "The Fine Arts in Belgium," delivered by M. Edouard Seve de Bar, at the time of the exhibition of the Belgian paintings in Philadelphia, has been translated from the original French and published by Prof. Marcel Van de Velde.—M. Puvis de Chavannes, who took the *medaille d'honneur* this year, is called the Corot of figures by his brother artists. He is said to be a poor draughtsman, but a fine and original colorist. M. de Chavannes is not a young man. He became an artist thirty years ago, and, contrary to the greater number of his profession, was at that time enjoying an easy income. His first success was as a mural painter. He was employed on the frescoes of the Pantheon, and his work is compared, in tone and in the delicacy of his pinkish grays, to the Pompeian frescoes.—The 'Daphnis and Chloe' of Miss Elizabeth Gardner, in this year's *Salon*, has been called a "sweet piece of elevated sentiment."—The subject of the *Prix de Rome* competition this year was 'Mathathias Refusing to Sacrifice to the Idols,' taken from the Book of Maccabees. The subject in sculpture was the 'Martyrdom of St. Sebastian.'—The successful sculptor in the competition for the equestrian statue of Etienne Marcel in the square of the Hotel de Ville will have the right of naming the architect of the pedestal.—The attempt to deprive M. Nérot of the prize of 50,000 francs, for the best design for a monument to Victor Emanuel, has proven unsuccessful.—Ten important portraits have been loaned or given to the National Portrait Gallery, London. These are Chantrey's bust of Rennie, the engineer and architect; Boehm's terra-cotta bust of Carlyle; a portrait of Bishop Berkeley; portraits of the first Lord Dartmouth and of Hayley, the poet; the Duke of Kent, father of the Queen; Lord Hatherley, by Richmond; a full-length bronze of Lord Beaconsfield; and the portrait of Peg Woffington after her attack of paralysis in 1757. At the Hamilton sale the gallery bought the unfinished likeness of James II., by Sir Godfrey Kneller. In the background is a man-of-war, with boats putting off. Other portraits bought were a crayon likeness of Sheridan, made by Russell in 1788; a portrait of Cowley, the poet; and Burke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Mr. J. Rollins Tilton, the American artist, so long a resident of Rome, has been spending the summer at Newport, where he has held a private view of his paintings. These are water-color drawings of Italian scenes, chiefly Venetian. Mr. Tilton expects to make his future home in England.—William H. Story, the sculptor, with his wife, were passengers on the *Parthia*. Mr. Story, who is to execute the statue of Chief Justice Marshall for Philadelphia, has come to this country to arrange with the committee the details of the work. He will return to Rome in December.—Matt Morgan, the artist, has an art class in Cincinnati, which has just finished a series of studies in anatomy with Dr. R. H. Massey of that city.—The Philadelphia Academy of Design has sent 'Abraham's Sacrifice,' by Charles Sprague Pearce, to the Fine Art display of the Cincinnati Exposition. The loans, on the whole, have been very generous. St. Louis is represented by works from the collections of Robert B. Smith, T. L. Ridgeley and T. M. Dodd. J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, and the Century Company, New York, have sent generous instalments; and from Philadelphia, Messrs. J. L. and J. R. Claghorn, Henry G. Johnson and Temple have sent contributions. The entire number of works hung are 320 oil and 100 water-colors. Thus far the sales have been moderate.



PAINTED BY SEYMOUR LUCAS.

ENGRAVED BY W. GREATHACH.

INTERCEPTED DESPATCHES

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FINE ART SOCIETY.

NEW YORK. PATTERSON & NEILSON.

THE ROMANESQUE CATHEDRALS OF THE RHINE.

SPIRES, WORMS, MAYENCE.

IT has been a subject of wordy dispute among writers on architecture, whether or not there is any style of design in buildings which may properly be called Romanesque. Without entering into the technicalities involved in such a disputation, it may be well to observe that, though strictly speaking, Romanesque architecture is not theoretically far different from Gothic, the term has received such wide ac-

knowledgment, and the style possesses so well-marked practical differences from all others, that it is a useful term which may readily be admitted into service, and, in fact, has been adopted by the majority of authors as a designation implying certain known conditions of building.

Romanesque architecture in sacred edifices has been described as an avowed attempt to adapt classical forms to



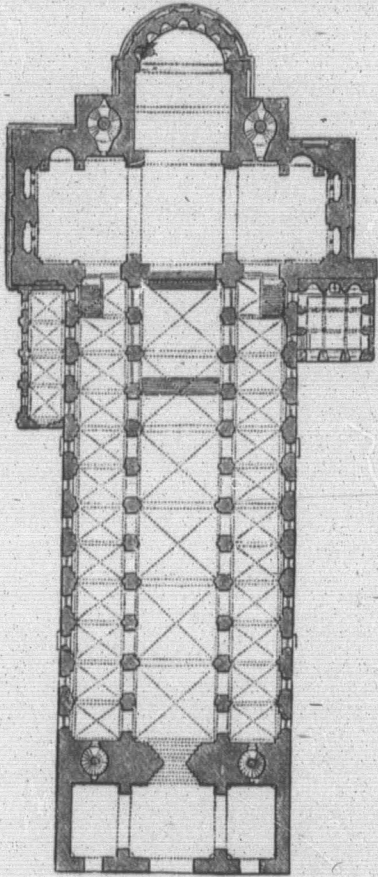
Spire Cathedral.

Christian purposes. After the establishment of the Christian as the state religion, the builders, while adhering to the ground plan of the Basilica, employed different methods of carrying out the work; and though the Roman classic was the style on which they founded their plans, they modified it so considerably as to make the term Romanesque justifiable.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

At Bethlehem the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, erected a church of the Basilica form, which is one of the most perfect; and the Church of San Vitale, at Ravenna, on the Adriatic, about half-way between Venice and Florence, probably erected by the Emperor Justin, the builder of Santa Sophia, in the sixth century, is also one of the early examples

of Romanesque architecture. Later erections were not of a round or octagonal form, like San Vitale, but were long.



Plan of Spires Cathedral.

parallelograms, with side aisles and transepts, having choirs and semicircular terminations at both ends of the building, and with entrances only at the sides, or with a principal door at the west end, in the manner shown in the plan above. The exterior was marked by numerous towers and domes. The most impressive and magnificent specimens of this style of architecture are the Rhenish cathedrals of Spire, Worms, and Mayence, these marking the highest development the Romanesque ever reached.

The architecture of the Renaissance has been described by Mr. Ruskin¹ as chiefly expressive of the pride of its builders, and so the Romanesque may be said to be principally suggestive of simplicity, honesty, and lack of ostentatious display. If compared with classic forms, it is at once acknowledged to be rude and rough, but it is the rudeness of a mighty oak contrasted with the delicacy of a polished beech; there may be lack of finish, but there is a nobility and an impressiveness which amply atones for it.

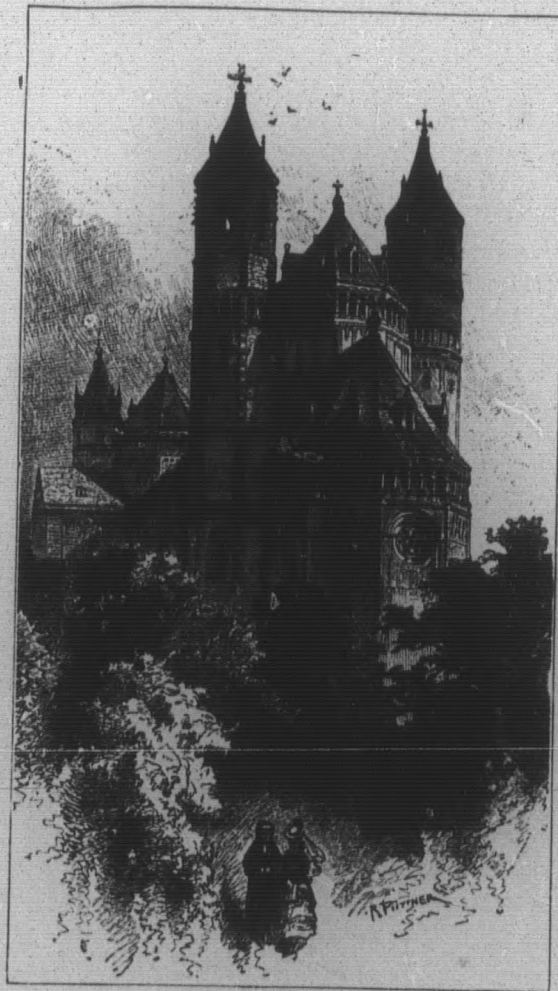
The chief of the Romanesque cathedrals is undoubtedly that of Spire. A Christian community was established there as early as the second century, and a bishop in the third. The cathedral was commenced by Conrad II., the Franconian Emperor of Germany, between 1024 and 1039, as a burial place for himself and his successors; and it received the bodies of a long line of German emperors and empresses.

For six centuries the cathedral remained almost unharmed, though the times were perilous, and many a sacred building suffered severely. The Thirty Years' politico-religious war (1618-1648) did not, however, pass without leaving some tokens of the madness of men's minds on its stately walls,

but it was reserved for the soldiers of him who accepted the title of "Most Christian Prince," Louis le Grand, to deal the deadliest blows, and well-nigh ruin the noble building. On May 31st, 1689, the armies under that king set fire to the imperial city at various places, and tried to burn the cathedral; but fortunately the massive stone building, having little of the inflammable in its composition, would not ignite, and it stood amidst a melancholy waste of desolate dwelling-places until the cowed inhabitants, ten years after, came back, though never again to the same number or prosperity as before.

Once more the sacred building was held by soldiers of France, when the warriors of the Revolution used it as a magazine, singing the Marseillaise as an offering of "Reason," in place of the ecclesiastical pageants to which it had been so long accustomed. Since then it has been restored and re-decorated.

The Cathedral of Spire, of which we give a plan,* is 435 feet long by 125 feet wide, and covers 57,000 square feet, the large proportion of one-fifth of this space being occupied by the supports, pillars, etc. The nave is 45 feet wide and 105 feet high. The building stands at one end of the city, the houses approaching it on the west side only, whilst leafy walks surround the remainder. The stone of which it is



Worms Cathedral.

built being of a warm ruddy tint, the building always looks fresh, and is quite deceptive in proclaiming its age.

* By permission of Mr. Murray, from Dr. Fergusson's "History of Architecture."

From whatever side it is approached the edifice is felt to be imposing in size, and fascinating in character. The architecture is original in treatment, and seems to be a natural outcome of the rugged and unsophisticated manliness of the designers. The grouping of the square towers and dome is singularly striking, and conveys an impression of surprise at its Eastern character, combined with wonder at the audacity of the architect, and pleasure at the magnificent way in which the entire scheme has been executed. There is little ornament on the exterior, but this want is not felt, owing to the delicate columns and rounded arches which arcade every side of the building.

Romanesque architecture, indeed, prides itself, as it were, on the manner in which the ornament is made to yield to unbroken spaces of wall. In the rose-windows and pillars, and surrounding the doorways, the designer placed his choicest ornament; but the great masses of stone are left bare, or what in any other style would be called so, though it is readily seen that more carving would weaken the whole design.

The interior is as impressive as the outside. The apparent length of the nave—greatly assisted by its narrowness—the choir raised ten steps above the level of the church, and the neat square pillars, with long semi-columns, are as uncommon as delightful. Throughout, the red stone gives a tone of gladness to everything, and the beautiful gallery of small columns, corresponding with those outside, lends variety to the whole, and carries the heavy lines of the large rounded arches upwards with airy lightness. The carving of foliage, which, though beautiful, does not obtrude itself, ought not to be omitted in an enumeration of the lesser attractions, nor should the fine decorations executed by Schraudolph about thirty years ago.

Our illustration on page 321 is taken from the summit of one of the buildings in the city, looking west, or in the direction where the Rhine passes not half a mile off. Although it does not show the lower part of the cathedral, the four lofty towers and the two domes exhibit the special features, as well as the magnificence of the Romanesque work, eloquently telling of a time when the Gothic—popularly so called—was unknown, and the pointed arch undeveloped.

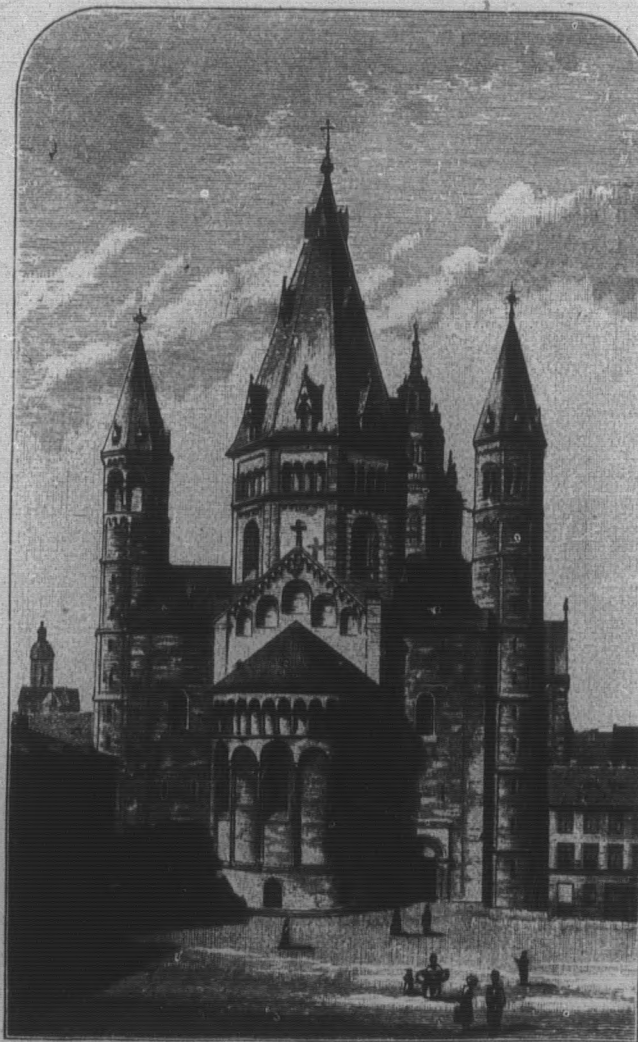
The churchyard, like many in London, has been made into a pleasant garden. The tombstones have vanished, but the famous cathedral bowl still stands. This is an immense vessel which the newly elected bishops of former days were

called on to fill with wine for the consumption of the townspeople, who drank it in response to his toast of prosperity to the city and province, and to preserve their privileges inviolate.

The City of Worms, a little more than twenty miles north of Spires, is one of the oldest in the empire, as the Romans had a station there, and the Jews, of which at present there are over a thousand in a population of fifteen thousand, claim to be descendants of a colony which settled before the Christian era. Attila destroyed the city, and Clovis rebuilt it, and Charlemagne often resided there. At the close of the Thirty Years' war Worms had over thirty thousand inhabitants, but, like its sister city, Spires, the "Most Christian"

monarch's soldiers reduced it to ashes. It was in Worms, in more prosperous and important days, that the great Diet was held, in April, 1521, when Luther was called on before the mightiest men in the empire to defend his doctrines. A costly and much spoken of, but not very impressive, monument, by Ernst Rietschel, was erected fourteen years ago in the city, to the memory of the great Reformer and his companions in the struggle. Worms is likewise interesting because the quarrel of Brunhilde and Chriemhilde, told in the "Nibelungenlied," is said to have taken place in front of the cathedral.

The Cathedral of Worms is built of stone of the same colour as Spires, and was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul in 1110; but only the western part is of that date, the remainder being seventy years later; while the tower at the north-east angle was rebuilt in 1472. The exterior, like that of Spires, is capable of many artistic combinations, and the grouping of the four circular towers and



Worms Cathedral.

two domes is pleasing from almost any point. The galleries round the western towers and domes, in Romanesque style, assist the picture, affording light and shade. The pillars of the galleries have rich capitals, and their bases are composed of curious grotesques. The other decoration is, as usual, in small quantity, but what there is, is suitable to its position. The entrance on the south side—there are no doors at the west end—is a beautiful Gothic addition of the close of the fifteenth century; and the baptistery, forming a striking contrast to the Romanesque towers and dome, is of about the same date and style.

The interior of Worms Cathedral has less of the "dim religious light" than its fellow churches, the windows being much larger than theirs. The general effect, though scarcely

so striking as Spires, is nevertheless remarkable, and the double choir—one for the chapter and one for the priests—makes a noticeable difference from that cathedral. The piers in the nave are square, and give a semi-barbaric look to the interior, almost appearing as if they never had been finished; and the design of the western choir gives indication of the approaching reign of the pointed arch.

The cathedral stands almost in the centre of the city, and nearly a mile from the Rhine. It towers far above the houses that surround it, and looks down on many bustling scenes in

the market-place close at hand. Here, as shown in our illustration below, the people come daily to make their purchases, and the picturesque dresses of the Rhemish peasantry add variety to the scene.

Around the sacred building itself life is seldom so noisy, and our other illustration (on page 322) gives a view of the western apse from the quiet garden.

Mayence Cathedral, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, is the third representative building of the Romanesque style. Though of less value as an example than either Spires or Worms, it is



Worms Cathedral from the Market-place.

interesting because of the additions which have been made from time to time. The apse at the eastern end, with the two towers alongside, have been rebuilt, and almost the entire outside of the church has been changed. The patchwork of the western tower, Gothic super-imposed upon Romanesque, though theoretically despicable, is really picturesque, and the grouping of the whole of the towers is, like Worms and Spires, striking from all points.

The interior is fine, and the raised double choirs show the same design as Worms. The two brazen doors at the

northern entrance are said to have been executed in 988, and a tablet of marble, dated 794, is thought to be the tomb of the wife of Charlemagne. The painted decorations, now in course of execution, are in questionable taste: when a space of many square feet in an angle above an arch is occupied by a single palm-tree of Noah's Ark-like shape, some idea of the want of originality of the artist may be obtained. The eastern choir, which has not yet been "decorated," forms, with its severe simplicity and pureness of stone, a sight infinitely more impressive than the painted portions.



THE FARMER'S LAD.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.

Our illustration shows the eastern end of the exterior, which has recently been carefully and beautifully restored by Herr Cuypers, a Dutch architect. An excellent idea may be obtained from this of the difference between the Romanesque and Gothic, by a comparison of the view of this apse with that of Notre Dame at Paris, as shown in Méryon's etching of the Abside of the cathedral.* The crypt, which has also been restored, is architecturally interesting, as many of the pillars are of the original foundation, and show traces in the bases of strong Byzantine influence. The crypt at Spire is also fine, but it is too dark to see anything, while Mayence is comparatively light.

The fame of the City of Mayence does not, like Spire and Worms, rest solely on the associations of the past. It, too, has a history, and a glorious one; but it retains much of its importance, and is to-day as necessary to the German Empire as when, in 1254, it was chosen leader of the League of the Rhenish towns. It was then in the full tide of its commercial prosperity, and it received the title of the "Goldne Mainz." The history of a city is, however, like the life of man. One time everything appears happy and peaceful, then a season of misfortune arrives, and calamities succeed one another with surprising rapidity. Then calm comes again, and life goes on very much as before. So has it been with Mayence. The Swedes, the servants of French "divine right," and the fraternal-equals of Gallic republicans, have occupied it as conquerors. But times are again changed, and the plodding German pursues his way in peace. Nevertheless the fear of war still hangs about the place, and never-ceasing efforts are made to maintain the far-spreading fortifications ready for any emergency.

In our illustration the tower of the Gothic Church of St. Stephen is visible in the distance. From the top of this a grand view of Central Rhineland is obtainable, and the river, as well as its tributary, the Main, may be traced for many miles.

As has frequently been pointed out, the Cathedrals of Spire, Worms, and Mayence show that the Rhenish architects of that time were able to discover an almost new manner of work, and had Gothic not forced its way into notice, the Germans would have been able to fully develop the style. The Romanesque is, as we know, founded on the classic Roman, yet it was beginning to be treated so differently by the builders of the eleventh century, that we cannot but regret that it was so quickly displaced. Mr. Ruskin mentions that, as an abstract line, the Romanesque arch is beautiful, as its type is always before us in that of the apparent vault of heaven. The Palace of the Trocadéro in Paris, and the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, are examples of what can be done in modern buildings with the rounded arch and square towers. In London the Norman Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, built in 1102, has a close resemblance to the cathedrals on the Rhine; and occasionally new churches are erected with the Romano-Byzantine architecture as a basis, but great difficulty is always found in obtaining thickness of wall sufficient to preserve the character of the design. The depth of recess in door and window, which forms a prominent feature in the Rhenish cathedrals, cannot easily be secured in modern buildings. The semicircular arch and the rosette window, however, can be employed anywhere, and even in dwelling-house architecture may be used with charming effect.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'INTERCEPTED DISPATCHES.' Engraved by W. Greatbach, from the picture by Seymour Lucas.—This was one of the first of the subject-pictures by which this artist was brought prominently into notice: it was hung on the line in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1877. Since then Mr. Lucas has wisely identified his models, and grouped his figures into the semblance of historical episodes. But in the scene before us he was content to depict an incident which, having been enacted and re-enacted times without number, in every country and every age, called for no special definition. Nevertheless he instinctively selected the period, so dear to costume painters, of Cavalier and Puritan; and if he made the former as having the best of the game, he only followed what was until lately the usual routine in such matters. Much of the merit of the picture lies in the varied facial expressions and in the brilliant colouring of the whole.

'THE FARMER'S BOY.' Fac-simile of a drawing by Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A.—When the memoir of an artist comes to be written, we almost invariably find it stated that, early in life, he evidenced his talent by covering everything he

could lay hands upon, with examples of his skill. And we have heard of a very valuable collection of drawings in black and white being formed from the scribblings indulged in by the Academicians when seated round their council board. But that this *cacoethes scribendi* is not universal amongst artists of note, has been made painfully evident to us in our endeavours to obtain sketches suitable for the purpose of reproduction in this Journal, and unfortunately every year it appears to be becoming rarer for artists to preface their works by careful studies in monochrome. Mr. Herkomer, however, is one of those who finds it impossible to keep his hand idle even in its hours of rest, as the quaint and varied fancies which adorn his notepaper, his invitation cards, and his household surroundings testify. Somewhat more serious than these is the delightful study here reproduced. It had its origin, most probably, in a farm lad, selected for his looks, from out of the Hertfordshire lanes which environ the artist's home. We have to thank the Fine Art Society for placing the drawing at our disposal for the purpose of reproduction.

'OLD CHEYNE WALK.' This view of Old Chelsea, which was drawn and etched by Arthur Severn, is mentioned in Miss Thackeray's article at page 340.

* See p. 130, *The Art Journal*, 1881.

FONTAINEBLEAU AND BARBIZON.



Y one of those curious chances so often seen in the history of Art and of nations, the Palace and Forest of Fontainebleau have each in turn played a most important part in the history of French Art. The palace three hundred years ago was the irradiating centre of the Renaissance in France, much of the lustre and glory of that golden period accompanying across the Alps the great Italian artists who found in the Fontainebleau Palace a second Vatican, and in François I. another Leo X. And now, in our own day, all that has made French Art greatest in originality and unsurpassed in poetic treatment of genre and landscape, has drawn its inspiration from the rich gloom of the forest and the rustic life which peoples its adjacent plains.

The artists of the Renaissance who have left the most permanent influence behind them on French Art are the Italians, Il Rosso, Primaticcio, Niccolo del Abati, and Benvenuto Cellini, the three former called to Fontainebleau to originate and to superintend designs for the decoration of the palace. These artists established a genuine Art school, called L'École de Fontainebleau. Vasari probably invests the work and the effects of this school with too much importance, when he describes it as second only in influence and splendour of achievement to those in Rome. Unquestionably the frescoes of Rosso, and notably those of Primaticcio, must have produced a powerful and stimulating effect upon the susceptible and imaginative French artists of the period. The superb frescoes of the latter artist in the grand Henri II. banqueting-hall of the palace are of a Michel-angelesque vigour and breadth of conception, and, owing to the admirable care with which they have been preserved, are still marvellously rich and strong in colour.

Benvenuto Cellini had the misfortune to offend, during his short stay in France, not the King, but the Queen of the King, the imperious Duchesse d'Étampes, so that the vast number of orders received from the King were but meagrely carried out. The most renowned of Cellini's works accomplished while in France is the 'Nymph of Fontainebleau,' a bas-relief in bronze, originally designed and executed for one of the doors of the palace, now to be found in the Hall of the Caryatides in the Louvre. One would like to know what has become of the magnificent works of Art which made Fontainebleau during the reigns of François I. and his successor Henri II. one of the wonders of Europe. Where, for example, can be the silver-wrought vases and the superb golden dinner set which were exhibited in the Oval Court on the occasion of the marriage of Elizabeth of France with Philip II. of Spain, vases and dishes so numerous that an *étagère* nine stories in height had to be constructed on which to display them? And where the treasures of silver-ware, of bronze and gold statuettes, wine and carved coffers which crowded every table and lined the rooms of the palace, so that, as one historian puts it, not a courtier in the palace could perform the simplest act of life without having either in his hand or under his eye some exquisite work of Art?

With the pride and egotism characteristic of the people, the French reject the idea of owing too much to their Italian

masters. Painting, they affirm, had already proved its power and its individuality in France in the works of François Clouet, the portrait painter, and of Jean Cousin, painter, sculptor, and architect, neither of whom owed his method or his technique to the school of Fontainebleau. Certain it is, however, that the two great French artists who were the direct heirs of the Renaissance movement not only learned, but mostly practised, their art in Italy itself. Claude Lorraine's magical light was a reflection of the soft Italian skies, neither his subjects nor his colouring being essentially French, while Poussin's tragic note shows the influence of his Greek and Italian models.

From the golden splendour of the Renaissance at Fontainebleau, from the spiritual Madonnas and the rapturous saints of Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto, the goddesses of Primaticcio, and the smiling Bacchantes of Cellini, to the rude peasants of Millet and the sheep of Jacques of the modern French school, is a tremendous leap. But in three hundred years Art had descended from the skies and had become human. Modern French Art has found the chief source of its inspiration in its nature, in reproducing its landscapes, and in painting the rustic life of the peasants. It is in its treatment of external nature that the French school has proved its pre-eminence, its originality, and its sincerity, making this school essentially a contemporaneous product, original, initiative, and characteristic both of the time and the temper of the nineteenth century. This is true in spite of the fact of Claude Lorraine's landscapes and the genre masterpieces of the Dutch school of two hundred years ago. The painters of our own day not only do not see nature as did these their predecessors, but they no longer feel towards her as did those painters. The artist of to-day is not satisfied in merely reproducing natural beauty; he seeks to impress upon nature the thoughts and feelings suggested by his sympathy and contact with her. Art, in a word, forty years ago ceased to be objective and became subjective. The men in France who first initiated this new movement of feeling and of original creation, curiously enough, owed their earliest impulses to the delight excited by the beauties of Fontainebleau.

Some twoscore years ago a certain number of young and audacious landscape painters, weary of the artificiality and conventionality then so pronounced in the Parisian ateliers and schools, determined to trust to their instincts and to study nature for themselves. Bundle and paint-box in hand, they left Paris, wandered about the adjacent country, in their wanderings chanced on the Forest of Fontainebleau, and upon its northern skirts discovered the then unknown little hamlet of Barbizon. With these two discoveries the whole drift and current of modern French Art were destined to run in hitherto unworked channels. With the revelation of the splendours of that forest scenery and of the sturdy pathos found in the rude simple toil of the Barbizon peasant, a school of poet-painters was born to France, who revealed the poetry that lies in the simplicity of natural life.

Among the first to visit the forest were Diaz, Dupré, and Canot; Diaz hereafter to pass his summers there, and to find his studio in the heart of the forest. Later came Jacques and Millet; Millet to hire one of the common peasants' houses in the narrow street of the little Barbizon village, and to live

there with his wife and his children till death placed him by the side of Rousseau's tomb in the hamlet's distant graveyard. And these artists were not all; the *habitués* of the forest and the village during the succeeding twenty-five years were Corot, Troyon, Nanteuil, Decamps, Français, Gérôme, Hamon, and Jadin; these, while finding fewer subjects for their pencil than did the former artists, still paid the village and forest the tribute of their artistic curiosity.

What, then, are the peculiar charms of the Forest of Fontainebleau? and what can there be in a simple little village like Barbizon thus to inspire the imagination and to enflame the poetic fire of the first painters of the present century? Clearly to understand the spirit that actuated them, the absolute sincerity of their feeling, and fully to realise the breadth of their poetic and sympathetic appreciation of the scenes and scenery their canvases reproduce, something, at least, of the character of the village and the charm of the forest should be known. Hereafter Art lovers will turn their steps thitherward, as pilgrims in search of landmarks of the "genii of the English Lakes" haunt the picturesque sites immortalised by the pen of Wordsworth and of Shelley.

One of the chief attractions of the forest is that it has retained a gloriously wild untamed look. It has an almost primeval savageness and majesty. As a rule, the more monotony a forest possesses, the more it impresses. It thus appeals to the imagination as hiding in its depths a certain awesome mystery. Its very monotony suggests infinity. But Fontainebleau owes its charm to wholly opposite characteristics. So far from being monotonous, it presents an almost inexhaustible variety of phase and feature. It has a face of a thousand moods. To call it a forest, indeed, is almost misleading, since its wooded hills, its desolate plateaux, its gorges, precipices, caverns, its dense thickets, contrasted with the verdure of its smiling plains and its grand stretches of open lands, make it in reality a vast wild unreclaimed country, whose chief beauty, to the artistic sense, is its want of cultivation. Giant boulders, strewn prodigally over hill and plain, give to the forest a magical charm of wildness and picturesqueness, but surpassing all the effects produced by the contrast of its diversified surface do the glory and splendour of the forest foliage remain its noblest beauty. There are acres of massive full-grown birch-trees, whose light green foliage contrasts superbly with the mottled beauty of their grey, sturdy, vigorous trunks and irregular branches. There are long shadowy avenues of stately oaks, under whose arms of verdure tall and slender grasses rear their shapely heads. There are groups of maples, whose light yellow glory touches and enlivens the more sombre gloom of the fir and pine, and, like some feathery ribbon woven into this rich texture, the light crisp tassels of the curled willow sport and play in the sunlight. Nowhere are the trees so densely grouped but that broad splashes of sunlight penetrate and illumine the depths of shade. Each tree in the forest seems to have been allowed room to grow. In some instances this exposure brings with it peril to the unprotected. For in the tortured twisted shapes, in the blackened trunks, and in the ghastliness of the naked leafless branches one sees evidences of the blighting fire of the lightning and the too passionate kiss of the fierce swift winds.

It is these aspects of the forest Diaz has chiefly chosen as subjects for his pencil. He delighted in this struggle of gloom and shade; he never wearied in reproducing this war of the elements; in depicting the tragedy of the crippled monarch,

some Lear of the forest, contrasting it with the virginal strength and the fresh fair beauty of some slender maidenly birch—"that bride of trees," as Ruskin calls it. Who that has ever seen one of Diaz's pictures of the Fontainebleau Forest but has learned to delight in his deeply suggestive poetic rendering? His two canvases in the Luxembourg, 'Étude de Rouleau' and 'À la Reine Blanche,' are admirable examples of his treatment of this forest scenery. In the latter he chooses the birch as the high light of the picture, the sunlight which he has transfixed upon its pure white trunk only serving to deepen the impenetrable gloom of the dense boughs in the background. All of Diaz's pictures of Fontainebleau bear a certain family likeness to one another. Without being precisely reproductions, they are variations upon the same theme. His genius was under the spell of the mystery of the forest; the chiefest revelation of its charms to him was found in its fitfully illumined gloom.

Rousseau's genius was of a more versatile range. While this artist's palette has immortalised the vernal loveliness and the tranquil pastoral beauty of the quieter sites and more poetic seasons of the forest, he also knew how to ring the changes on the more tragic notes. In 'Les Grandes Chênes du vieux Bas-Bréaux' he has touched the theme of which Diaz has given us so many renderings. In that picture are all the gloom and tangle and savage wildness of the forest; but even in this thicket of the woods the canvas is suffused with more light, the sunlight penetrates with richer beauty through the dense branches, and stretched above the tops of the trees is one of Rousseau's wonderful skies, skies which, with their floating wind-swept clouds, seem to match with earth's vigour and activity. In the picture, 'Vue des Gorges d'Arbonne,' Rousseau has painted one of the wilder scenes of the forest. In the foreground there is a desolate naked plain strewn with masses of jagged rocks, and in the distance a line of bare and roughly outlined hills, while upon rocks and hills and gorges the light falls with a certain brutal fierceness, as the sun of the East falls on the sands of the desert, there being neither shrub, nor tree, nor plant to cast a restful shadow.

Then, in a tenderer mood, the great artist painted 'La Lisière des Bas-Bréaux,' the skirts of the forest, and one of his loveliest pictures, where the borders of the wood touch the edges of the rich meadows; where, grouped on the left of the canvas, are some of the grand monarchs of the forest coming to lave their feet in the tranquil meadow stream; in the foreground a group of cattle, up to their bellies in the rich sweet grasses of the brooklet, drinking slowly, as large animals do; to the west there is a magnificent space of sky, against which a gently sloping hill defines its tender outlines, and the whole is gloriously lighted with such a glow as Rousseau, of all modern artists since Claude, has best learned the secret of rendering.

Some of Rousseau's finest effects of colour have been suggested by the plains of Barbizon, which stretch out to the northward of the forest for fifty miles or more. And Barbizon itself owes much of its now famous attractions to being, as it were, the connecting chain uniting the long level stretches of these fertile plains to the borders of the forest. The plains of Barbizon, with their broad sweeps of meadow, appeal strongly to the imagination. Their horizontality impresses one with a sense of monotony which induces, even under the most smiling auspices of sky and weather, a certain melancholy. Objects stand out with an almost startling distinctness against the vast space of the horizon, as of ships at sea; and the un-

broken width and stretch of earth suggest something of the sea's immensity and sadness. The plains reflect with an almost human responsiveness the moods and tone of the sky; under sullen swollen masses of clouds, with gusts of the fierce wild storm-winds blowing unchecked over its defenceless face, the plains seem given over to the plunder and anger of the elements.

In the magnificent picture, 'La Marais dans les Landes,' which has recently been bought by the French Government, at what seems now an extravagant price, when one remembers that during their lifetime neither Millet nor Rousseau could command for his finest pictures more than a few hundred francs, Rousseau has shown what an inspiration he found for his poetic fancy in the more tranquil rustic life of the plains. In this subject Rousseau's naturally happy nature found itself in perfect unison. The whole picture breathes the calm of early sunrise. The canvas has a vast width of sky luminous with a soft rich glow, and the flat level surface of the plains running out to meet this dazzling horizon reflects in more subdued tones the radiance of the sky. What a beautifully diversified life of nature and of humanity has he here presented, this diversity being attained by means of such simple expedients! In the foreground a herd of cattle walking through the rich moist marshes, some of them standing up to their knees in the bright limpid pools of water; to the left, under a charming grove of slender trees, the low drooping roof of a farmhouse projects its outlines against the luminous sky, the whole picture breathing nature's calm effulgent beauty, and its restful joy-giving power to man and beast. In comparing Théodore Rousseau's and Jean François Millet's pictures, it is well-nigh impossible to realise the fact that both drew their inspiration from the same scenes, lived in the same village, and painted for years in studios not a stone's throw from one another. When Millet arrived at Barbizon, Rousseau had already been settled there for several years. It has been asserted that Millet became Rousseau's pupil, but M. Alfred Sensier, in his biography of Millet, assures us that, "when they met they were of equal force. If afterward one showed the influence of the other it was Rousseau, whom Millet's art preoccupied so much that he was drawn by him toward simplicity of subject and sobriety of line." Less of a poet in the more imaginative sense perhaps than Rousseau, Millet's genius was veined with that fineness of fibre which thrilled in sympathy with the darker shadows seen in rustic life. And in Barbizon this son of a long line of peasants found himself the truer interpreter of the peasant life.

To walk through the little street of Barbizon is like walking through a gallery of Millet's pictures. The silent winding little street, wandering away from the plains with something of the uncertain irregularity of a stream, leads one directly into the forest. The houses on either side are low, with deep projecting roofs, moss-covered, having the grey and black tones Millet so loved to paint, because

he painted what he saw. The farmhouse life lies within the walled enclosure which faces on the street, and it is only when the large farm gate stands open that one sees the more active and intimate farmer-peasant's life beyond; children standing in the midst of straw-laden yards, among pigs and hens and goats; horses, threshing, the golden hayricks, and the farmer with his grimy sabots and long rake fresh from the fields. Millet has painted several of these interiors, one of the most charming being 'Teaching the Baby to Walk,' where, amidst a blooming mass of foliage, a mother stops in her work of hanging out the clothes to dry to teach her little one its first steps, while the father stoops with outstretched arms to catch his tottering babe.

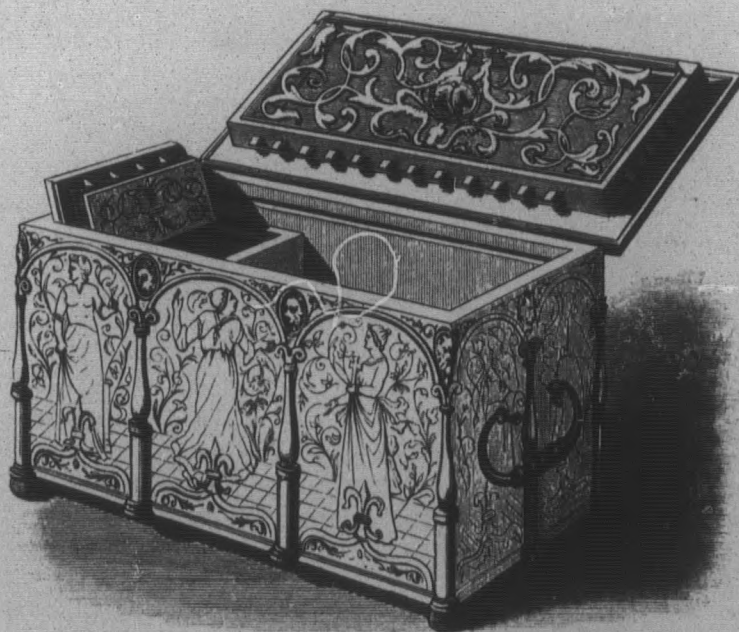
The village of Barbizon distils the atmosphere of labour, of unprogressive, unchanged, unmodernised labour. Therein lies to the artistic sense its perfect and completed charm. Labour there has all the naturalness and sincerity of toil which smacks of real struggle with the soil. The peasants of Barbizon are "real countrymen," as Millet says of them, rude, simple, hard-working folk, with something of the serious melancholy and earnestness unending labour brings with it. Many among the Barbizon peasants have the coarseness of feature and the sluggish animalness of movement which betoken some of the more degrading forms of labour, labour that makes of a man a human beast of toil.

It is certain that rarely has an artist found subjects so entirely suited to the peculiar cast of his genius as did Millet in his discovery of the Barbizon peasant. What pleased him best was "sober-suited melancholy," a touch of the darker and more sombre shadows in life. He says of himself, "You have never seen me paint anything except in a low tone; *demi-teinte* is necessary to me in order to sharpen my eyes and to clear my thoughts." Barbizon is full of "low tones." Its life reflects the "*demi-teintes*" of existence, life there being lived under the shadow of endurance rather than bright with the bloom of joyfulness. It was not the tender flush of the lovely twilight in which I first saw Barbizon bathed that made Millet's canvases seem visibly present; it was later, when day had almost disappeared, when the sky took on rich dark tints, and only the shadow of sunlight remained, when all things were tinged with a mysterious depth and gloom, that the great artist's subjects and scenes resolved themselves into vivid realities. Then, when the houses were become merely outlines and the trees but masses of shade; when some dim shape passed before the darkly lighted window; when, struggling along over the rough cobble-laid street, some worn, work-bent form tottered under its huge burden of faggots on its way from the forest—or striding across the fields of the plains, the vigorous muscular figure of some belated labourer emerged into the light, it was in that hour that the Barbizon which Millet's brush has immortalised lived its life before us, and the 'Woodman,' the 'Woman carrying Water,' the 'Sower,' and the 'Woman carding Wool' were invested with a deeper beauty yet—the beauty of reality.

A. B. BLAKE.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

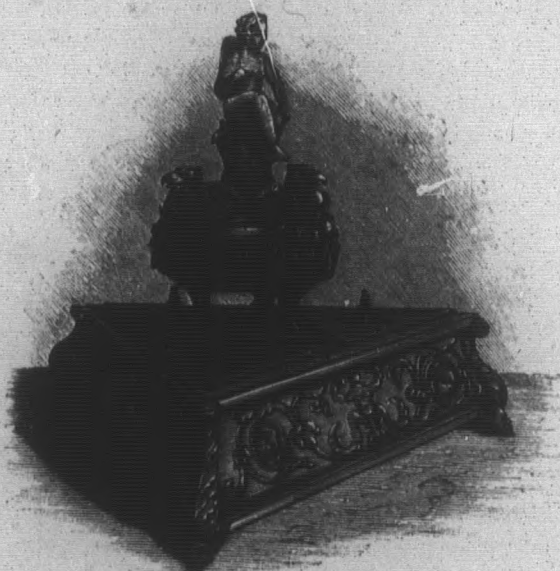
THE first example given in the present number is rather unusual, in more ways than one. It represents a specimen entirely in metal of a class of object which is not usually found in the Renaissance period executed in that material only, viz. a marriage coffer, or dowry chest. The style of this article of furniture, as most commonly occurring in Italian work in the Renaissance period, is well known to many from the numerous specimens to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, where, indeed, the repeated examples of these large coffers—many of them not differing much in general design—may be thought to occupy an amount of space somewhat disproportionate to that allotted to other not less interesting classes of objects. It must be admitted, however, that in articles of this kind, made often regardless of expense, in order to make a fine show on the auspicious occasion with which they were connected, we are likely, if anywhere, to find the best work of the place and period; and the decoration of some of these wooden marriage coffers, painted with figure-subjects, and inlaid and otherwise sumptuously ornamented, is, in some cases, splendid in the extreme. Here we have (No. 81) an example of one in which metal alone is employed, on which, therefore, painting could not so well be executed; and the place of colour and pictorial effect is supplied by the shaping and tooling of surfaces, and by niello, a style of work of which we shall have more to say in our next article. Perhaps in the instance for which this chest was made, the bride's dowry consisted more largely of money and less of bulky articles of clothing, for the reception of which the large and heavy wooden coffers were formed. Evidently, from the multiplicity of bolts or latches, it was intended to keep a considerable treasure in safety, and to be, in fact, a kind of decorative strong-box. As a design it is



No. 81.—Steel Casket, or Marriage Coffer, ornamented in Embossed and Niello Work. Sixteenth Century.

interesting, as a very good example of the treatment of architectural forms conventionalised in metal. The reminiscence of

column and capital and arch on the sides of the box is very elegant, and is carried out in the slight and thin proportions



No. 82.—Bronze Inkstand. Sixteenth Century.

peculiarly suitable to metal imitations of architectural forms. The handles are well designed, and the engraved figures in the arcade are very free and graceful in action; but this part of the design would have been all the better without the perspective effect of flooring beneath the figures, which is not the least required as standing ground for the figures, and introduces a bit of false taste in simulating the effect of perspective in connection with accessories which are, and must necessarily be, on one plane, and in a mode of execution in

which perspective illusion cannot possibly be carried out. It is, however, a very artistic piece of metal work in the main, and the phrase we used in regard to it just now, that it was a "decorative safe," serves to point a contrast between the way they did those things then, and the way they do them now. Compare this with a modern iron safe, with its brass-knob handle, flat metal surfaces, and dingy black-and-green painted panels.

The two inkstands, which we engrave next, are exceedingly graceful and artistic specimens of Renaissance work of the sixteenth century, undoubtedly Italian, probably Florentine. It is curious, however, that in designing an object so suggestive of special associations as an inkstand—associations with literature, with great writers, etc.—the artists of the Renaissance have so entirely omitted (as in other classes of articles) any attempt to introduce decoration, or figures having any illustrative reference to the objects of the article designed. In these two examples the figures, one of Cupid (No. 82) and the other of Hope (No. 83), though both good in themselves, and crowning the design in a very effective manner, have not the remotest connection with the

subject, neither have any of the adjuncts. The ornament is good, but to produce an ornamental object seems to have been the sole aim, without any regard to assisting the definition of

* Continued from page 316.

the use of the object; and, indeed, in the second of the two examples (No. 83) the figure is placed so as to actually hide the ink, and make the thing apparently a statuette on a pedestal, the inkcup being underneath the statue, which turns on a pivot when access to the ink is required. This kind of tricky construction is by no means in the best taste, nor is the tossing about of "masks and faces" on the pedestal; but it is the way of the Renaissance. The general outline of the pedestal is good and well balanced, however, and the figure is really beautiful, and, perhaps, all the more impressive from its calm and almost melancholy expression and downcast face, suggesting quite a different conception of Hope from the ordinary one—it is certainly a great deal too good a figure to be the lid of an inkstand.

The two hand-mirrors, which are engraved next, are both French work, from the design of Stephanus de l'Aulne, or Étienne de Laulne, for his name is written in these as well as in other various ways. De Laulne belonged to the comparatively early period of French Renaissance, when the art of the silversmith had recently felt the influence of the genius and style of Cellini, from whom, probably, the French ornamental designers of his day, and those immediately succeeding him, had gathered much of their inspiration. How much French Art at that time was actually imitative of Cellini we can only conjecture, since the hand of destruction seems to have fallen on all the goldsmiths' work of that period. The goldsmith's art in the time of the Renaissance in France was so important, and we know that such a quantity of work was executed in the period of Francis I. and one or two succeeding reigns, that it is difficult to understand how it can have so utterly disappeared; perhaps one explanation may be that plate in that older style was melted down to be founded anew into the style of Louis XIV. and his successors, but it is more probable that mere necessity for money led to raids upon the plate of the period, and its transition, to the melting-pot, and thence to the mint. Of the works of De Laulne, who was one of the leading goldsmiths of the period of Henri II., scarcely any undoubtedly authentic piece is known, but a certain amount of work exists which, it is pretty safe to conclude, if not his, represents his style; and of this are these two mirrors, of which the front of one, and the decorated back of the other, are shown in Nos. 83 and 84. These represent good workmanship, but it cannot be said that they represent fine design. The general shape of the handles is good, both in regard to appearance and practical suitability, but they are incrustated with ornament in a very inconsiderate manner, having no reference to their shape or function. The

manner of ornamenting the rim is still more reprehensible. The grouping together of incongruous subjects by means of a few connecting scrolls, is of course characteristic of Renaissance ornament generally, and it would be to no purpose to pick out this particular example of it for reprobation; but the want of all consideration as to outline, the manner in which the ornament is hung on in a ragged mass to the rim of the glass, is in the worst and most vulgar taste; or at least we might say so if we did not know that it was destined to be followed (in France) by still worse vulgarity—

"Within the lowest deep a lower deep"—

in the styles of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. But we have in this sort of design the first hint of the kind of ornamental art towards which France, after the earlier days of the Renaissance, was fast progressing; a style in which all that we may

call the logic of design was put on one side, and the object seemed to be merely to produce what was considered to be a rich and sumptuous effect by plastering on ornament in scrolls and masses having no relation to one another, and burying rather than ornamenting the real forms of the objects on which they were fixed, as if at random, and the more confusedly the better.

This taste for crowded ornament without regular plan, logical relation, or outline, prevailed more and more in France under the reigns of the "Grand Monarque" and his immediate successors, and seems to afford a notable example of the connection between manner or morals and design, always perhaps existing, but not always so easily to be traced as in this period of the history of ornamental art. The time was one in which the court, its views and influence, predominated over everything, when it was a kind of gilded sham, a small corrupt society, a whitened sepulchre out-

wardly, but within full of all uncleanness. No one thought, seriously, on any subject, and the ornament of the period exhibits almost in excess the levity and the love of show which pervaded the society of the day. The whole object of furniture designer and ornamentist was to produce what may be called a rampant expression of ostentatious luxury, without any trammels of reason or logic. All the ornament of the period, consequently, assumed the ostentatious and bombastic expression only too suitable to the tastes of the society for whose pleasure it was produced. Nothing could be designed in a quiet, sensible, or practical style. Everything must be screwed and twisted into curves and contortions, so as to appear as if meant for nothing but display. M. Ménard, in his "Histoire Artistique de Métal," quotes some remarks of M. Ferdinand de Lasteyrie in regard to Claude Ballin, one of the leading goldsmiths of the Louis



No. 83.—Inkstand. Renaissance.

Quatorze period, to the effect that he was an excellent master of his craft, but as to style, "He necessarily partook of the style of his day—a style the most false, the most corrupt,

specimen of his school. There is unquestionably a certain grandiose richness about this style of furniture, in which the



No. 84.—Hand-Mirror. French: Sixteenth Century.

the most depraved that ever existed. Straight lines, plane surfaces, regular curves, even symmetry, or regularity in any form whatever, were absolutely proscribed. Nothing which could be reduced to a mathematical definition was admitted in that grotesque style, the rococo (*rocaille*) as it has been denominated since, of which the innumerable breaks and contortions fatigue the eye, as much as in usage they hurt or inconvenience the hand. Some clever artists, some good carvers, no doubt treated the nude figure with grace; but even this grace was so mingled with affectation that it served to afford another proof of the prevalent decadence of taste."

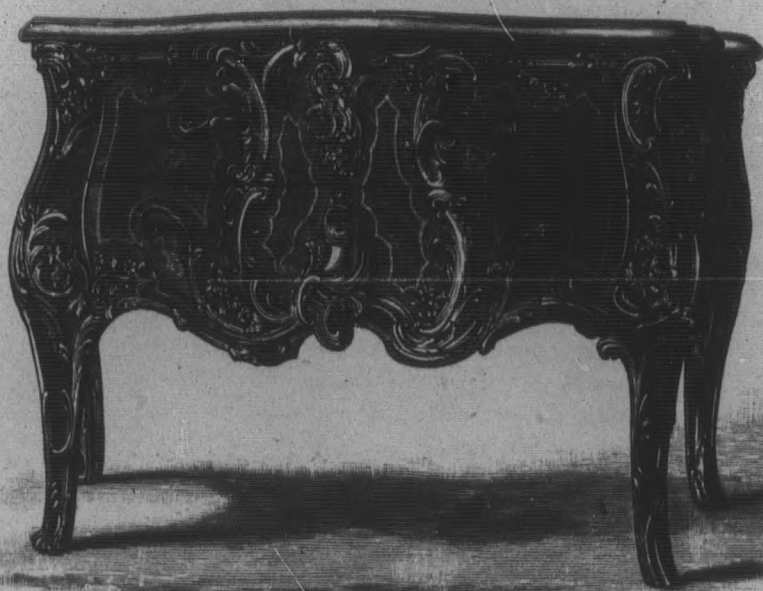
The table, which is illustrated in No. 86, represents one aspect of the style in question, as it was developed in the treatment of furniture, in which class of work Boulle was the great exemplar and authority; and the present example, if not his, is a typical



No. 85.—Hand-Mirror (back view). French: Sixteenth Century.

wood, which forms the ground, is incrustated with metal ornaments to give it glitter and brilliancy. As M. Jacquemart has observed, it is the furniture of official display rather than that of the *vie intime*; it is essentially palatial; it is furniture to be looked at and to produce an imposing *coup d'œil*, rather than furniture for use. All the lines are curved and swollen, so that

the thing cannot be conveniently placed except where there is plenty of standing room to spare; even in the curves continuous generation of lines and ornaments is avoided, and the different details are strung together with no connection except the mere contact of the convex curves, so as to produce a "gimcrack" and insecure effect, even in furniture which was in reality very carefully and substantially executed. There is, however, a certain consistency of treat-



No. 86.—Table. French (Louis XIV.): mounted with Metal.

ment running through it all which gives it the character of a homogeneous style, though it is a very bad style; and

in this period the symmetry of the answering portions of the furniture was at least preserved. But even this was



No. 87.—Top of Door of Cabinet. French: late Eighteenth Century.

thrown off in the Louis-Quinze style which followed. To quote again the historian of furniture, Jacquemart, "Caprice was pushed to such a point that often the fundamental law of Art, convenience, was totally forgotten; to create perspective for the eye, the furniture has no two sides parallel; they twist and elude each other to lean against a background far larger than the front face, so that the drawers, which are necessarily rectangular, are isolated in a void space, and leave between their sides and those of the piece of furniture spaces that are completely lost." "We have no specimen here of this style, once the received method of furniture for the best houses in this country, as well as in France; nor would it serve any good purpose to engrave what exhibits only faults to be religiously avoided in design. But it is instructive to remember how commonly admired at one time was this style, now abhorred by all who make any profession to understand decorative art, and how far fashion and general adoption may go astray from every law of good taste. The indulgence in the vagaries of the Louis-Quinze period seems to have tolerably quickly worked out its own reaction, for in the period of Louis XVI., although much of the feeling of the decorative work remains essentially the same, and the details are still compounded of fragments founded on a classic and Italian style, intermixed with toys of masks and periwigs and knots of ribbon of more thoroughly French taste, still the practical inconvenience, if not the unsightliness, of these sprawling curves seems to have been felt; and the details, themselves somewhat tamer and more orderly and refined in style, are drawn out on surfaces which present more squareness and continuity of line, and the ornamental detail is controlled within the lines formed by the main construction of the furniture, instead of crawling irregularly all over it. This is partly illustrated by the portion of the top of a cabinet (No. 87) in which the full face, crowned with vine-leaves arranged periwig-fashion, exhibits one of the vulgar features of the style; but the lines of panel and cornice are in more sober taste, and the twining foliage ornament in the panel is strictly confined within the constructional border. This is partly metal inlay and partly metal in relief; the drawing, however, does not show the inlay effect very well.

This is much better shown in the portion of an ebony cabinet which forms the last illustration in this number,

and which exhibits some of the best qualities of the style. This (No. 88) shows also how much better metal, in combination with wood, may be used in the method of inlay than in that of incrustation. Metal relieved or mounted on wood seems only in its proper place when it forms a constructional feature which adds to the strength of a portion of the work, or performs a constructive function, as in the case of hinges or lock-plates; otherwise metal merely mounted on wood looks like an excrescence, and suggests the idea, often illustrated in fact, of its comparative insecurity, as a portion which sooner or later may become separated from its ground. But metal used as inlay seems much more in its right place in this kind of ornamental work; it is capable of being used in very thin lines, even in mere wire (as also in damascening, which is wire beaten into, and incorporated with, a ground of another metal); and when thus used upon wood, the shining surface of the metal is strongly brought out in contrast with the duller surface of the wood, or, as in this case, the absolutely black surface of ebony. It must be admitted, however, that such a combination as this particular one, though brilliant in effect, is somewhat over hard and glittering. And in the case of such a ground material as ebony, it would probably be felt by most people that the combination of ivory as an inlay had a better and more truly artistic result, and that metal produces sufficient effect with a somewhat less strongly contrasted ground. The design here shown, however, has very good qualities, and is a fine piece of workmanship; and it should be observed how clearly the main lines of the construction of the design are defined, and the detail of the ornament confined within them; a method of subordination which is infinitely superior in effect to that rambling



No. 88.—Pad of Inlaid Cabinet. French: late Eighteenth Century.

irregularity of form which pervades the French decorative art of the preceding epochs.

MARSEILLES.

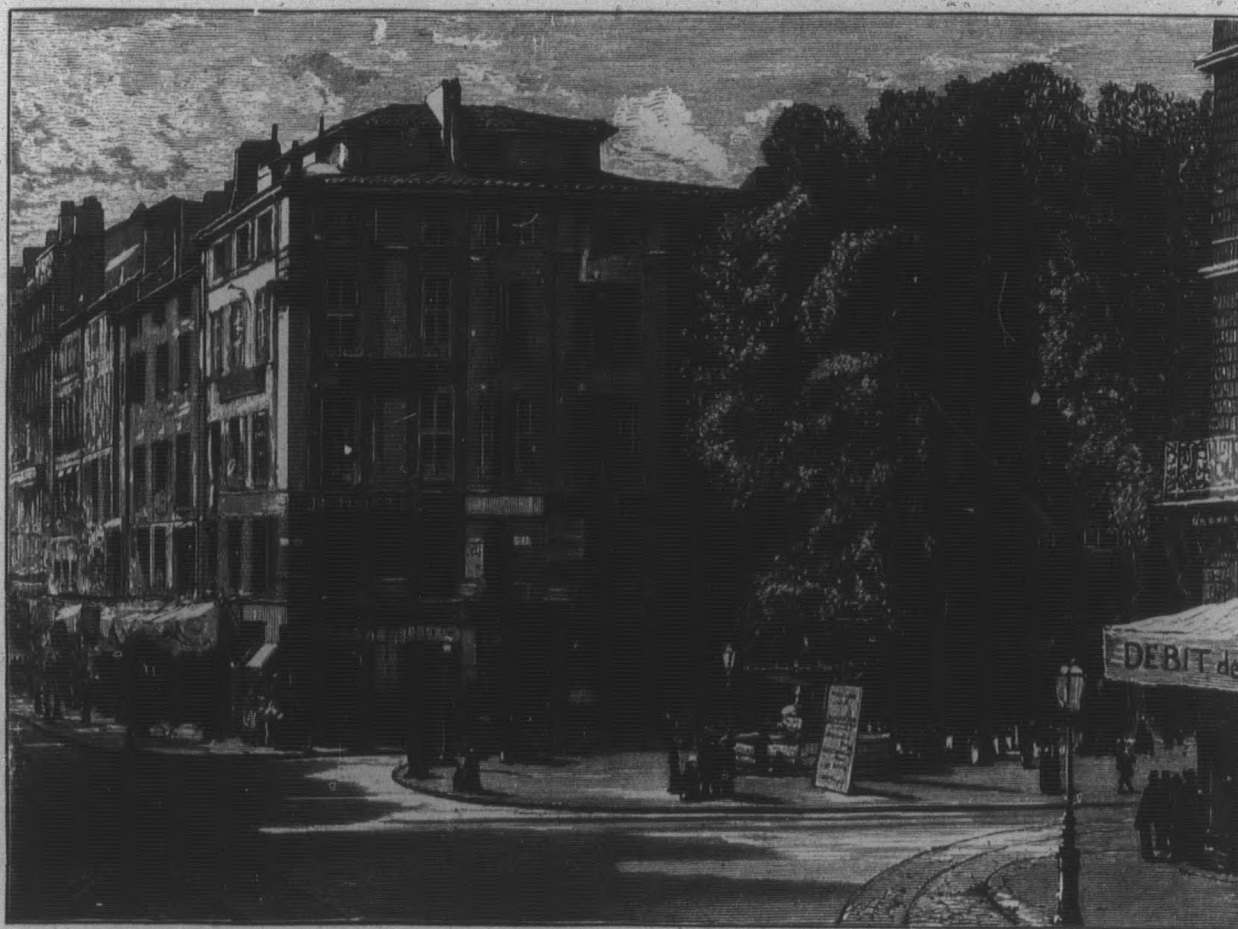


PROBABLY few travellers see more of Marseilles than the Cannebière and the Port; indeed, the larger number know only its railway station. Nor, to say truth, does it offer any particular attractions to the visitor to prolong his stay. The warm, bright sun which has welcomed him as he emerged from the long tunnel of La Nerthe is apt to alternate treacherously in the streets with the bitter blasts of the mistral, and the town itself presents no feature of sufficient interest to make him wish to delay his voyage south or east, where mild breezes temper without neutralising the heat, and where the past has suffered no injury save at the hand of time.

Like many another place, Marseilles is best seen from without. Approached by the railway, it is difficult to con-

ceive a more lovely prospect than the one which meets the eye on emerging from the tunnel already mentioned. A large valley lies enclosed between high mountains and the sea, in colour, aspect, and vegetation entirely different from anything the traveller from the north has yet seen. Immense masses of grey-blue limestone form the background. On the summits of the spurs thrown out by these hills towards the sea are beautiful clumps of dark green pines, while their sloping sides are covered, in charming contrast of shape and colour, with the grey-green olive. In the crevices of the rocks and around the base of the trees cluster the thyme, the sage, and other wild flowers, filling the air with perfume. In the centre of the valley lies Marseilles, and beyond all the silver-blue Mediterranean. Lit up by the sun, the scene is enchanting.

Within the town, notwithstanding its broad streets and stately buildings, well worthy the most important seaport and the second largest city in France, there is little of beauty



Rue Cannebière, Marseilles.

or picturesqueness; while the attractiveness of the population may be judged of by M. About's dictum, that "Marseille est la ville de France où l'égalité des hommes ressemble le moins à une chimère." The Marseillais, indeed, have always been distinguished for their restless and self-asserting character, and old as their town undoubtedly is, tracing back a remote and semi-fabulous origin to some settlers from the Greek town of Phocæa, it can boast neither families of ancient lineage nor buildings of hoar antiquity. The busy ports, the

new streets, the wide boulevards, the gigantic blocks of handsome buildings, which have swallowed up nearly every remnant of the old town, are fitly typical of the inhabitants themselves, who are all engaged in either making, or spending a fortune. Marseilles is, indeed, essentially a busy modern town, intent upon the present and the immediate future, and caring little, or not at all, for the past.

And yet its history is full of interest, and its old inhabitants were always distinguished for their skilful seamanship, their

commercial abilities, the wisdom of their institutions, and their civilisation. Cicero, speaking of Marseilles in his "Oratio pro L. Flacco," says, "Cujus ego civitatis disciplinam atque gravitatem non solum Græciæ, sed haud scio an cunctis gentibus antependendam dicam; quæ tam procul a Græcorum omnium regionibus, disciplinis linguaque divisa, cum in ultimis terris cincta Gallorum gentibus barbariæ fluctibus adluatur, sic optimatum consilio gubernatur, ut omnes ejus instituta laudare facilius possint quam æmulari." Tacitus speaks of Agricola's naturally good character having been strengthened and improved because as a boy "sedem ac magistrum studiorum Massiliam habuit, locum Græca comitate et provinciali parsimonia mixtum ac bene compositum." In the Middle Ages the trade of Marseilles with the Levant

rivalled that of Venice and Genoa. Its reputation in more modern times is hardly what it was in the days of Cicero, and its people have perhaps somewhat unjustly acquired an unenviable notoriety for revolutionary and violent proclivities. Among the distinguished men whom Marseilles may claim as her sons are Petronius Arbiter, the satirist; the illustrious navigator and astronomer, Pytheas; some of the most famous troubadours, such as Raymond des Tours and Raymond de Salles; the great preacher Mascaron; Puget, painter, sculptor, and architect; and M. Thiers.

In the opinion of the Marseillais the finest street in the world is the Cannebière. "Si Paris," they say, "avait la Cannebière, Paris serait un petit Marseille." And though that opinion may not be shared by those who have had the



The Church of St. Victor, Marseilles.

opportunity of comparing it with other streets, no one will be disposed to deny that it is, taken altogether, the finest street in Marseilles. Its name is said to be derived from *κάνναβις*, the Greek for flax, plantations of which used to flourish on the ground it now occupies. It opens out on the Old Port, and runs up into the heart of the town, whence its direction is continued under the names of the Rue de Noailles, the Allées de Meilhan, and the Boulevard de la Madeleine; to the banks of the small river Jarret, on the outskirts of the town. To the Marseillais, as has been said, it represents the *beau idéal* of everything that a street should be, and his exalted notion of it has furnished the subject for many a joke at his expense. "Toutes les fois," says M. About, "qu'un petit Provençal, frétilant d'ambition, vide

d'idées, débarque dans les bureaux d'un petit journal, son article est tout trouvé; la Cannebière! Les premiers ont plaisanté, les suivants ont enchéri, le comique a fait place au bouffon, le bouffon au grotesque, et Marseille a reçu de ses enfants cinq ou six couches de ridicule qui ne s'effaceront pas en un jour."

The Old Port at the end of the Cannebière offers a very striking and picturesque aspect, crowded as it still is with merchant vessels and sailors from all parts of the world, though the construction of the many new harbours along the northern shore of the town, and the transfer of a portion of the former Eastern trade to Italian ports, have shorn it somewhat of its importance and quasi-Oriental character.

The best time for seeing the Cannebière in its full glory is

the evening, when the pavements and the magnificent cafés which border them are crowded with a gay and lively throng, whose eager eyes, quick speech, and restless gestures betray the hot and adventurous spirit which has so often led the townspeople of Marseilles into many daring enterprises, and, it must also be added, great excesses.

The dearth of remarkable public edifices has been already referred to. One may, indeed, almost agree with the poet who said that there were only two beautiful monuments in

Marseilles, the sun and the sea. Certain it is that, notwithstanding the Cathedral, the Museum, or Palais des Arts, the Bourse, and the new streets bordered with handsome houses, there is little for the artist or the antiquary to admire. As M. Méry has wittily said, "Marseille a livré au mistral le dernier grain de sa poussière."

Among the few ancient remains the most important is perhaps the Church of St. Victor, near the south-east end of the Old Harbour. It stands on the site of an old Benedictine



The Museum, Marseilles.

abbey of the same name, founded about A.D. 410 by a monk called Cassien, a native of Provence, who had lived long in the East, and whose writings first made known in the West the origin and character of Oriental monastic institutions. The saint in whose honour the monastery was founded was a native of Marseilles, who, while serving in the Roman army, suffered martyrdom during the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian at the end of the third century. He shares in the annals of sacred legend the honour of

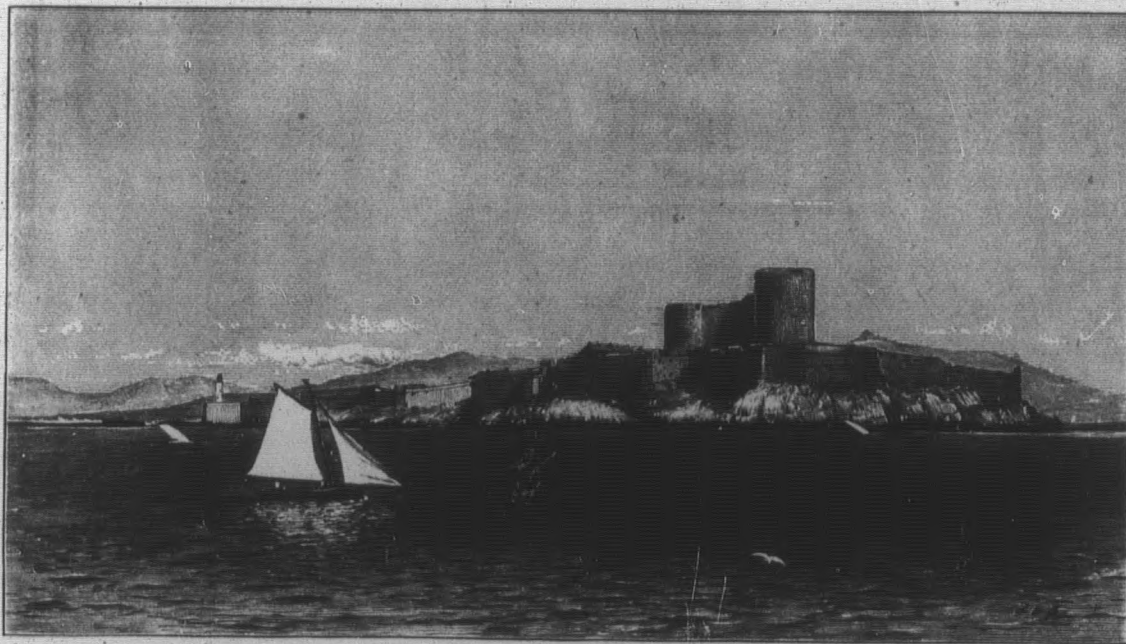
having introduced Christianity to Marseilles with St. Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, the principal events of whose life are depicted in a series of seven old bas-reliefs over the altar of the Church of Notre-Dame de la Major. A Provençal legend, indeed, recounts how that, after the ascension, Lazarus, with his two sisters, Martha and Mary (considered by some as the Mary Magdalene); Maximin, one of the seventy-two disciples; Cedon, the blind man who was restored to sight; and Marcella, the sisters' handmaiden, were

set adrift by the heathen in a vessel without sails, oars, or rudder. Guided, however, by Providence, they were safely carried to a certain harbour, which proved to be Marseilles. Being refused food and shelter, they took refuge under the porch of a pagan temple, whence Mary Magdalene preached to the people; and though they refused at first to listen to her denunciations of their idols, they after a time became convinced by her eloquence and the miracles she and her sister performed, and were converted and baptized. After the death of Maximin Lazarus became the first Bishop of Marseilles.*

To return, however, to St. Victor. The abbey is said to have been destroyed by the Saracens, and rebuilt in the eleventh century, to which period belong the crypts and substructions. Again destroyed, it was once more rebuilt in 1200, and the upper part of the edifice as we now see it dates from that epoch, with the exception of the two battlemented towers, which were raised in 1350 by Pope Urban V., who had himself been abbot of the monastery, and is supposed to have been buried there. In the catacombs belonging to the abbey, which are said to extend beneath the Old Port,

tradition places the burial-place of St. Lazarus and St. Victor. The old and highly venerated statue of the Virgin in olive-wood, ascribed to St. Luke, and known as 'La Vierge Noire,' which used to be preserved here, has now been removed to the Cathedral of Notre-Dame de la Garde.

From the oldest edifice in Marseilles we will pass to one of the most recent, the Museum, or Palais des Arts, situated quite at the other extremity of the town, at the top of the Boulevard Longchamp. It was finished in 1870, and consists of two buildings connected by an open colonnade, and between them a triumphal arch, beneath which is a figure of the river Durance, surrounded by emblematical figures; from the feet of the figure issues a cascade. This centre part is called the Château d'Eau. The building on the right contains the Museum of Natural History, that on the left the Picture Gallery. Neither of these collections is of very great importance, but that of paintings is interesting from the specimens it contains of Provençal Art. Several artists of more than local repute have been born or have flourished at Marseilles. A list of them, from the fifteenth century to the



The Château d'If, Marseilles.

present time, is given by M. Parrocel in his interesting account of the "École de Marseille." The most celebrated was Pierre Puget, who, from his varied achievements in painting, sculpture, and architecture, has been called the Michel Angelo of France. He was born at Marseilles in 1622, and died there in 1694. Several of his works are preserved in his native town. His most remarkable works in sculpture are in the Louvre, where one of the rooms containing modern sculpture is called the Salle Puget. The colossal marble group representing Milo of Crotona and the lion is sufficient to warrant the reputation he enjoyed in at any rate one branch of Art. Among other illustrious artists included in M. Parrocel's list may be included the painters Aubert, Dominique Papety, Beaume, and Recard, all born at Marseilles; and the sculptors David d'Angers, Pradier, and Guillaume, who, though not natives of the town, may claim to belong to it by reason of the works they executed there, and the memorials they have left behind them.

* Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art."

We approached Marseilles by land—we will leave it by the sea. The Old Port has been already spoken of. It was the only one up to 1853, when the Harbour of La Joliette was added; and soon after in rapid succession the Bassins Lazaret, Arenc, Du Nord, and National, the whole affording an area of one hundred and seventy acres. La Joliette is the chief harbour for passenger steamers, and from it the traveller will in all probability leave Marseilles on board one of the fine vessels of the Messageries Maritimes, whose magnificent fleet, moored in imposing lines, is well calculated to excite his admiration. Immediately on the left of the *avant-port* is the Fort St. Jean, built in the fourteenth century; and opposite to it the Fort St. Nicholas, the first stone of which, laid by Louis XIV. after his capture of the town in 1660, bore an inscription in Latin to the effect that the erection of the fort was for the purpose of preventing faithful Marseilles from being again led by perfidious rebels into revolt against its king. On the shore to the left, as we turn towards the open sea, are the Château du Pharo, the Anse du Pharo, and the

Anse des Catalans, which takes its name from the village made famous in Dumas' romance of "Monte Cristo." Beneath the cliffs runs a magnificent road, bordered with numerous villas, commanding lovely views over the Mediterranean. Several islands next challenge the attention, and among them "la roche noire et ardue sur laquelle monte, comme une superfétation du silex, le sombre Château d'If." So Dumas describes this fortress isle, rendered famous by his account of the imprisonment and escape of his hero Dantes, afterwards the mysterious Comte de Monte Cristo. The castle was built by François I., and was used as a state prison. Mirabeau was at one time confined there.

If the Golfe de Lion, which has a stormy and turbulent

reputation akin to that of the city on its shores, should be in a peaceful humour, the view from it of Marseilles and the surrounding country is very striking and beautiful. M. Thiers, himself a son of the soil, has described it in language of enthusiastic admiration, with which the traveller cannot fail to be in sympathy. But though he may look at the city and its surrounding valley from without with the full feeling that he is gazing on "un des paysages les plus riants, les plus éclatants, les plus animés, les plus grands du midi de la France," his opinion of Marseilles itself and its population will probably be very much what Cæsar's was when, as he tells us, he spared the place, "Magis pro nomine te vetustate quam pro meritis in se."

LADY DIANA'S PRAYER-BOOK.



RELICS, like roses or moonlight, are infallible loadstones of latent poetry; and among relics none are more efficacious than autographs of dead men and dead women, of whom one knows something more than just that signature. And if the interest of such relics be not only extrinsic for

their associations, but intrinsic for their actual beauty, why, then you get such gems as Lady Diana's Prayer-book.

This Lady Diana was a French cousin to the Queen of Scots, in the days of St. Bartholomew's massacre and the Huguenot wars; and her Prayer-book, beside being a jewel of manuscript illumination, contains autographs and mottoes and verses by famous historical characters. Mr. Ruskin has lately bought it for the museum of St. George's Guild, at Walkley, near Sheffield, where it can be not only seen, but studied at leisure, by all comers.

The little book has had its adventures, its last journey being to America, whither it was sent as "the Queen of Scots' Missal," till recalled to its present quieter destination and humbler description. It was made for a lady* of that House of Lorraine which ruled France for half a century and gave Scotland a queen—the mother of Mary Stuart and grandmother of our James I.; the House whose chiefs were those Dukes of Guise and that Cardinal of Lorraine of whom the Marshal de Retz said, "They are so handsome that all other princes seem like common folk beside them."

So Lady Diana, herself a beauty, as her friends at least admiringly testify, must have the loveliest possible Prayer-book that could be made by the full-blown, but not yet overblown religious Art of France. Tiny squares of regular, readable black-letter, in a sumptuous margin of vellum; daintiest delicate initialling, and gracefulest acanthus border in gold and lapis lazuli; pictures before every separate service—not in the slovenly dash and putrescent daub of the decadence, but rich alike in truth of thought and ardour of tint—crimson and blue and golden green, gradated into glorious harmonies. No modern still-life work is truer, none pretends to be more delicate, and at the same time intense, in drawing

and colour than this page, for example, sketched of the same size, in the first illustration; a dear little sweet-pea blossom in lilac and crimson, into which a velvety bee with gossamer wings is plunging; droll brown monkeys, tugging heel to heel; doves, with such downy warm breasts and sheeny grey backs as Hunt could hardly paint, their excellencies visible only with a magnifying glass; gold-hearted daisies, whose petals (in more perspective than our botany books afford) are every



St. John. From Lady Diana's Prayer-book.

one tipped with tender henna. And then what a paradise of symbolic Art in this tiny arch where the beloved disciple, companioned by his eagle, writes under the shadow of the tree of life, among

... "Waves on which weary noon
Faints in her summer swoon . . .
Around mountains and islands inviolably
Pranked on the sapphire sea."

* Three times addressed by name in Greek and Italian inscriptions.

The modern notion of illuminating is a thick line round and a flat slop in the middle; no wonder we are bored with the result! The monk who painted these borders was at least as skilful as a South Kensington prize-taker, and he did his peas-cods straight from nature, taking a summer day to model them.

Other pretty things he did, which any visitor to Sheffield can see; all sorts of real flowers and real birds and beasts; little boy David, and Goliath; the Pope and the Emperor and the Patriarch (I suppose) of Constantinople; the usual Bible scenes; saints, of course, and angels, with Virgins of that fair-haired, black-eyed type which the Pleiad poets celebrate; and, because this book is made for my Lady Diana, a full-page grand historical composition, style of Raphael, of Diana and her nymphs bathing, surprised by Actæon, who is suddenly translated into a stag. Were not the period fixed by this picture and the type of face throughout, the excellence



Fac-simile of Autograph of Mary Queen of Scots.

of the miniatures would suggest an earlier date for this missal than the middle of the sixteenth century.

It was not then the fashion to collect autographs. Nobody worried public men for specimens of their handwriting; nor plagued private ones for signatures whose quantity might make up what the collection lacked in "quality." It cannot be said that this identical Prayer-book of Lady Diana of Lorraine started the fashion; but those Alba,* preserved as earliest of their kind in the British Museum, are decidedly later in date; when the fashion, originated at French and German courts, spread to England and elsewhere; developing among the learned into serious study of character in handwriting, and degrading among the fashionable into the snobbery of displaying the collector's extended circle of aristocratic acquaintance. It was common for young German

* Is it absolutely necessary to say that this is the plural of album, a blank book?

and English loungers on the "grand tour" to carry such Alba, wherein distinguished foreigners they met might enter their names, to the credit of the genteel and studious traveller.

But our Lady Diana knew nothing of this. When she went away to be married, a young cousin, in her school-girl's hand (as I take it), wrote on the first blank page, just before the picture of the Elevation of the Host:—

"Madame, when you are at your prayers, I beg you to remember one who loves you, and desires to serve you. Your very humble and obedient cousin,

"MARGUERITE OF LORRAINE."

Such a custom has not yet quite died out, among all the frippery of modern birthday-books. I have a little *cahier* full of such farewells in French and German from many friends to their Swiss pet, on her coming to be wedded wife in England. How it makes one live the happiest hours of their life, when you can pore over the very love-speech their own hearts indited, and their own hands wrote. And how angry it makes one to see (as I did the other day) a Glaswegian text-book with an opera-singer's signature, indorsing "Thy will be done;" a Royal Academician's against "Ho, my comrades, see the signal," and so on, with other notable and notorious incongruities, which I am only too thankful to have forgotten.

Madame Diana now (Madame de Croy, we gather from internal evidence) filled the fly-leaves with such entries as the above. Her "affectionate and humble cousin Francis," the first great Duke of Guise, ruler of France, scourge of heresy; "Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine," ablest statesman of his day, mainstay of the Catholic cause; "Dorothy of Lorraine, Duchess of Brunswick;" "loving Aunt Antoinette;" René, Catherine, Elisabeth, Anne, all Lorraines; and, most celebrated of the family, the girl-queen, Mary Stuart, who writes beneath the sacred heart of Jesus:—

"Since you appoint your friends herein to trace
Names that you love to keep in memory,
I beg you give me too a little space,
And let no age cancel your gift to me."

MARY, Queen of France (and of Scots).

She was only seventeen when she wrote those verses, and had yet to learn in suffering what she taught in songs like "Las! en mon doux printemps."* But how the intimacy of it, as you see it there written down the first time and the last time—"warmed by her hand, and shadowed by her hair"—leads you in almost to the presence of the beautiful queen who wrought and suffered more wrong than any of her age or nation.

And we can be quite sure these verses are genuine, though others called hers are variously attributed. The signature is

* Written when her first husband died, and set to music by Rizzio, her ugly Florentine music master. To translate—

"Ah! in my sweet springtide
In youth, the age of gladness,
Many's the sigh I've sighed
For pain of utter sadness:
Nor delight find I yet,
Save in longing and regret.

"When I am far away
By greenwood tree or meadow
Or at the break of day,
Or in the evening shadow,
Evermore my heart yearns
For a face that ne'er returns."

identical with other undisputed autographs preserved in the British Museum, and often copied, especially by Smith and Nichols, in their collection of 1829. Some barbarian has rebound the book, and cut off half the monogram, M. S[tuart], and more than half the "and of Scots," beneath "Queen of France." Still there it is (fac-simile in the second illustration), written during her brief reign with Francis II., boy-king and girl-queen, each sixteen years old, in 1558 succeeding Henry II., accidentally speared by Scottish Montgomery. The Lorraines managed the boy by means of the girl, and got them and their naughty court thoroughly hated by the Huguenots; so that the only remarkable event of their reign was the conspiracy of Amboise, and consequent cruel massacre by our Duke and Cardinal, whose mottoes, written for Cousin Diana, are, "All by love, and nothing by force," and "Christ is my aim." Is it not incredible, this one-eyedness of humanity, seeing in itself nothing but simplicity and earnestness, and seen by the equally monophthalmic crowd as impious duplicity?

Then Mary had to leave France, and was a prisoner in England before our dated autographs begin, and decapitated there before they end.* These dates range from 1570 and 1572 (St. Bartholomew) to 1590 (Ivry), covering a horrible period of blood and fire, and all foul crimes of lust and cruelty, in the midst of which blooms our little posy of courtesy, tenderness, and faith, like wild roses on the wilder Alpine moraines.

These entries are all more or less neatly made (though rather more than less faded), in Olivia's "sweet Roman hand," the firm Italian of Waverley's Flora MacIvor; that is, writing copied from what we call italic print, as opposed to the Gothic hand and engrossing. In autograph collections you can trace the pedigree of our scholars' and doctors' cramp hand to italics and back to Monte Cassino MSS., while the round, flourished hand of commerce and law is equally traceable to the capitularies of Charlemagne; curious instance of the persistence of survivals, for it holds in spite of uniform copy-books.

Under the date of 1572 we find Charles Philip, Count of Croy, Diana's husband; Charles, her nephew; Anne, her niece; and, without date, Charles Philip, her son. The association of the Queen of Scots with the name De Croy sounds natural somehow, till one recollects Quentin Durward and his pretty Countess de Croy. There is a wizardry in Scott which makes more come out of his work than he seemed to put in.

Besides these foreign relationships, the Croys had many friends, notably the families De la Laing (another Scottish name) and De Meleun; seven of the former, and four of the latter, write their names in 1572 and 1573; then come Anne de la Marck (another echo of "Quentin Durward," for we are among Burgundians and the Spanish friends of the Guises), two D'Aramberghes, two De Berselles, three De Berlaymonts, and De Montmorency, daughter, perhaps, of the Constable, the "great growler" and Huguenot rival of the Lorraines; these are all about the same time. A Count and Countess of Salm, her relatives, in 1590; Don Garcia Enriquez, Don Hernando something, and Don Sancho something else (just in the days of Gil Blas); Francesco Visconti,

* There is nothing to show the missal ever belonged to the Queen of Scots, and this fact and every other discountenance the idea. There is a shadow of a possibility that Madame Diana, the cousin of the Lorraines in 1558, may not be the same with the Countess of Croy. But that is unlikely, because, e.g. the Count de Croy writes most of his poetry opposite the picture of Diana.

from Milan; Hannibal, Count of Monte Doglio, 1574, writes Italian verses; Frederic, Count of the Rhine, 1576, writes German verses: Cardinal Verdelli, Count de Rieux, Admiral de Ligne, and many others.

Not all of them have so simply asked the lady's prayers as her Cousin Margaret did; some merely sign their name or monogram, some rise to a motto; Count Hannibal draws a heart and arrow to illustrate "Par trop aimer mon cœur est trapasé." The prettiest motto among them is this, "Bel fin fa, chy ben amando muore." And some have made verses in different languages, in their quaint old diction and spelling. Am I tedious in turning just a few of them into English?

"Among thy lady's serfs that I am one,
O little book, be sure thou understand;
I beg thee, then, if any should demand
Who wrote these words, to say 'Twas a Meleun.'"
A. DE MELEUN, 1573.

Here are two Italian compliments:—

"The god that holds me in his sway
Of life might soon bereave me;
But should I serve for many a day
My slavery cannot grieve me;
For no such torment need I feel,
While he that wounds hath power to heal."

"He who has never looked on Paradise
Should come to gaze upon your joyous eyes,
Diana, both in name and lineament
And gracious soul, and he will be content!"

Then two in French (so like *Love's Labour Lost*):—

"I would I could, but could not that I would;
And love's a pang, being so misunderstood."

"Ah, if you saw into my breast,
You'd read the name that I love best."
F. DE STANELAS, 1573.

Another admirer, piqued perhaps by the preceding:—

"Ah, one can see men's faces clear enough,
And hear their voice and language, smooth or rough,
But what their inmost heart is bent to do,
Passes the judgment of the keenest view."
WARCHIN, 1573.

This was all compliment or flirtation, perhaps; but read these two sweet, if psalmodic, stanzas from her aunts:—

"Let this for verity
In your remembrance dwell,
That to eternity
I long to love you well."
ELISABETH OF LORRAINE.

"You have been taught how God's decree
Ingratitude reproveth;
Then love me still, where'er you be,
As much as you are loved."
CATHERINE OF LORRAINE.

And one of her husband's best to end with:—

"Here stand I at your altar, O my saint,
Who know my vows are pure without a feint,
And ever would I guard them so before you;
Your hallowed priest, my sacrifice I bring—
A burning heart for my burnt offering,
And my whole soul for ever to adore you."

You are laughing by now, I fancy, at these dear people's valentine verses. Well, they are not very grand poetry, but mean much; for they say that men who were fierce and foolish in tragical times long ago, could nevertheless read a pretty book, write a pretty hand, say a pretty word, and love a pretty lady. And she, whose ways and words you, perhaps, might think neither clean nor clever, was yet adored by many friends

G. COLLINGWOOD.

CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

No. I.

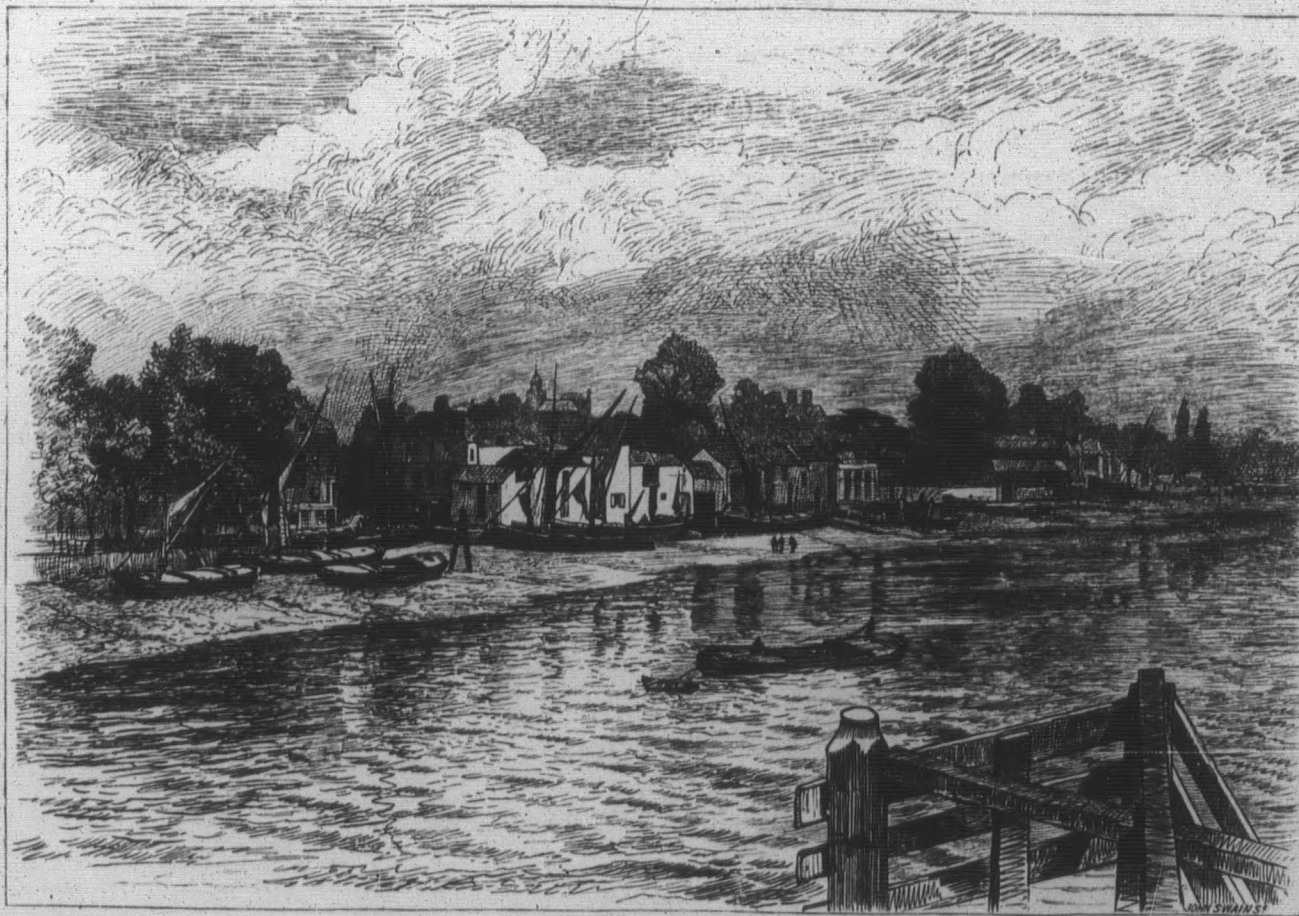


HERE is a picture that comes floating across a dozen years, bringing with it an old not-forgotten mood of what used to be. To look at it is something like watching a dissolving view shining through the row of palaces that now blaze to the sunsets where the old boats used to lie, and the sheds and the cottages used to cluster. Most of us can remember this odd corner within sound of city bells, where people hurried past without stopping, and where the quay came to an end. Here it is unchanged, in the engraving from Mr. Severn's charming drawing. You can see the street, and the busy people on their way into London. The trees are in leaf; the distant cupola of Chelsea Hospital overtops the trees; its old garden is shady beyond the wall, and the cedar we all know so well tables its dark shadows upon the

paler green of that bygone spring day. Art, whatever people may choose to say, is a good Christian democratic occupation; one of its chief doctrines is the beauty of modesty, of labour, of shabbiness, and of poor and lowly things. Art does not reject that which is splendid; it accepts good things in their places, but not the whole present stately row of the embankment, as I saw it in the winter sunset not long ago—brick carvings, latticed windows, iron and golden balconies all ablaze with light—could make a more delightful subject to the painter's hand than this tranquil heap of old sheds and whitewash and slated roofs, the boats lazily moored with furled sails and many cordages, the blue mists dropping at the end of the street, the river rolling in the foreground, and the distant hum of the city painted for us in some mysterious way, as well as the lapping of the water.

No. II.

Mr. Severn has chosen for his subject the two ends of the old avenue of Cheyne Walk, familiar to Londoners.

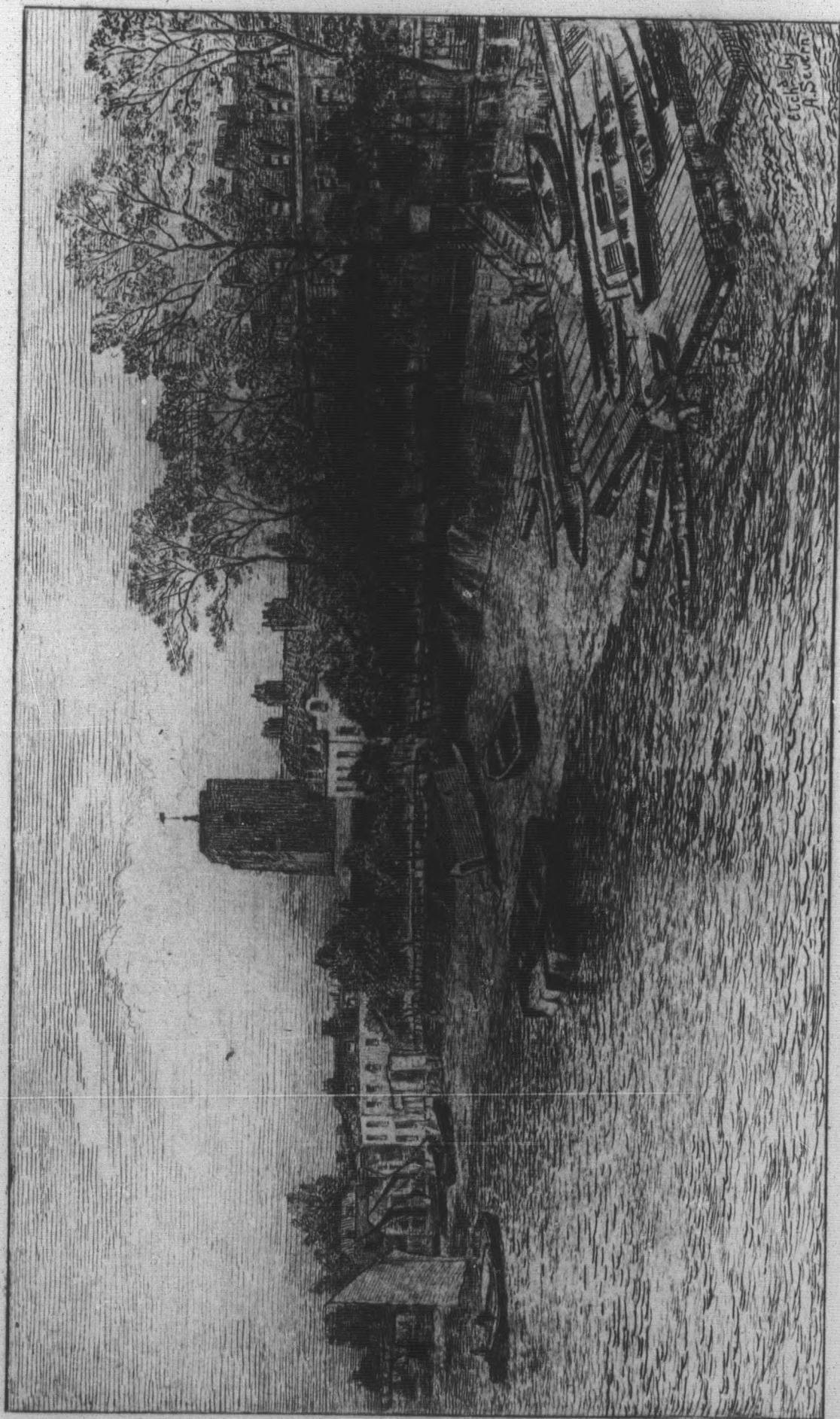


Cheyne Walk, from Battersea Bridge. From a Drawing by Arthur Severn.

This picture will be more easily recognised than the other. The square steeple of the church where Sir Thomas More lies buried, the row of trees by the river, the old house with the archway, all make up a pleasant Dutch picture of what was Cheyne Walk. Here, too, boats are moored, some upon the mud-bank, others upon a great wooden raft that lies upon the mud. There are many shadows of sudden sun and cloud and breeze; a barge with a filling sail is travelling

quickly towards the shore. The shadows are short, the light is not yet in the west, a thousand crisp little waves are on the river, and a thousand pleasant lights among the boats; a vaguely sketched figure leans against the posts of the embankment, watching some men who are overhauling a rope below.

Is this all? Perhaps to most of us this picture will mean something more than an old brick roadway, with a few trees



OLD CHEYNE WALK

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY ARTHUR SEVERN.

spreading their green; there are remembrances which belong now to Cheyne Walk and Cheyne Row, and names dear to every English heart will be for long years to come engraven upon the stones of this quiet place by the river.

The old roadway has been consecrated for us, paced by the feet of those bringing good tidings from the mountains; not for many days did she stay here who came hither but to rest for an hour before crossing the great river; but for forty years Carlyle wearily trod the old Chelsea stones. One can still see the well-known procession passing by, as one has met it time after time, the friends who made his last years' pain of life less heavy, walking slowly to his tired steps; the faithful and warm-hearted niece who tended him when his wife was gone, all following in the wake of that grand and aged figure, bowed with years, looking out from the grim and grizzled front with sweet grey eyes; so have we all seen

the old man walk along writing, as he has somewhere said, his sorrows in his footsteps on the ground. To give life was his gift, and it is with his own heart's blood and pangs that he fulfilled his mission. As we think of our old Chelsea prophet, and those who by their lives have added so immeasurably to our own, do we ask ourselves how we shall repay them? By turning from the aspect of the noble battered face, with its seams and scars of eighty years, and casting down our eyes to count the specks of dust upon his feet; by taking the passionate exaggeration of his lamenting love and remorse to point our neatest morals; by interpreting every half-humorous word with solemn seriousness? Ah! not so. Peace be to thy manes, old friend! With respect and remembrance of the past, and gratitude for help in our heaviest need, shall we speak thy name.

A. I. RITCHIE.

THE LOWLY ARTS.

ONCE upon a time Art was decorative. It was applied as a matter of course to useful or ornamental purposes, and no distinction was drawn between one kind of Art and another, excepting that of excellence. The difference between the unknown painters of the early Greek vases and Phidias was not that they were pot-painters and he a sculptor, but that he was a master and they were something less. All were alike content to work under decorative conditions, and submit to them. Whether the figures they designed were painted in outline on a simple vase of terra-cotta, or carved in relief on the frieze of a temple, the procession kept pace with its decorative purpose, and there was a consequent stateliness about the march of Art in those days. This was in an era before Fine Art. Now the Arts are so "fine" they pretend to be above any sort of allegiance or control whatever. For all that, modern sculpture has not eclipsed the art of Phidias, nor that of Michael Angelo, nor even that of the folks that came between.

We may indeed regret this separation of modern Art into pictorial and decorative. The greatest Art has always conformed to decorative conditions, and the Art of the greatest painters and sculptors has been decorative. But that is only another way of saying that the giants have in all times exceeded in stature mortals of ordinary dimensions. The perpetual iteration, however, of this fact may become tedious. It will be more profitable, therefore, for artists who make no extraordinary pretensions, to discuss Art from their own point of view—from the point of view of their own work—their own weaknesses even, and not from that of Michael Angelo, or any other giant who may be their ideal.

Admitting that we must have ideals, and lofty ones, far higher indeed than we are in the least likely to reach; admitting that the ideal of the decorator should include something of the pictorial, and that of the painter something of the decorative; each will find his immediate progress in Art facilitated by a clear comprehension of his immediate object. Taking artists as they are, not as they might be, they divide themselves pretty plainly into picture painters and decorators or designers; and, more than this, it remains yet to be proved that, things being as they are with us (we do not live

under the conditions of the past), it is possible even for a great artist to combine the two with perfect satisfaction. He may attain to some proficiency in both of them but he will excel in one. Decoration is as much a separate craft as painting, having its own conditions and its own laws, and the proficiency in either does not qualify a man for the practice of the other. "The greater," says the painter, "includes the less," implying that his capacity for painting pictures qualifies him for the design of ornament. The powers which go to make a good painter might in many cases have served equally for his equipment as ornamentist had his bent taken that direction; but the very cultivation of his powers of painting has been inevitably at the expense of those which would have served him best in ornament. Moreover his overweening respect for the achievement of painters will probably have led him to accept, as models of ornament, the very inadequate achievements of painters whose works in ornament would never, apart from their fame in their own sphere, have earned them a reputation at all.

The subdivision of Art into pictorial and decorative is, at best, only a rough-and-ready, wholesale way of expression. These two great divisions are again minutely subdivided; and of the decorative arts there are even more varieties than of pictorial—if the painter will permit us to dignify by that name crafts which he dismisses from his mind with contempt, or which he may fancy he has only to stoop and pick up without much trouble. That fallacy concerning the ease and insignificance of the applied arts has greatly hindered the progress of decorative art. If the designing of patterns, for example, is a little thing in which the painter is bound to admit that he has no facility, it is more than probable that the decoration of a house or church is a greater thing in which (unless he has devoted a large proportion of his study to it) he possesses still less. A proficient in the smallest craft must have served some sort of apprenticeship to it. Because in decoration paintings more or less pictorial may be introduced, and because the great artists of the Renaissance (who were not ashamed to be held as craftsmen first, and fine artists afterwards) were not seldom masters of two crafts, it does not in the least follow that the one includes the other. The very fact that a man chooses to

paint pictures for exhibition argues—inasmuch as he is not just the creature of circumstances, led altogether by the market—that he has naturally more leaning towards art pictorial than to art decorative; and that, in respect, at least, to feeling, he lacks something which the man who has adopted decoration as his *métier* may be taken to possess.

It must always remain a question how far the art of a man is what it is, because he would not, how far because he could not, otherwise. Who shall decide to what extent one's taste is guided by the half-unconscious consciousness of power in some one direction, or in what degree his ambition is limited by an inner sense that his facilities do not lie in another? If, for example, an artist has never seriously studied nor attempted to master the drawing of the human figure, it may be that the modesty of his ambition is due to the limits of his ability. But it is, perhaps, at least, as true to suggest that he may not have given attention to figure-drawing because he cared less for it than for another form of Art, as to say that he cares less for it because he cannot master it. Undoubtedly the exercise of an art develops in most of us a liking for it, as the appetite is said to come by eating. The love of Art and the knowledge of it grow up together. We learn to know more and more because our love is stronger; we love more and more because of our more intimate knowledge, and it is greatly to the gain of Art that the instinctive consciousness of latent faculty should so direct our ambition in life. For, were that consciousness at fault, the artist, misdirecting his aim, could fail only by a fluke to miss the mark. Complete success is only possible when effort and facility are in perfect accord.

It may be conceded—whatever the concession be worth—that the inclination to the applied Arts betrays in the artist the absence of any conscious facility in the pictorial direction. Perhaps, on the other hand, the ambition to paint pictures argues in him little capacity for the application of Art to every-day use. One may be permitted to doubt very stubbornly the ability of even the most accomplished painter to adapt himself readily to the Arts of applied design. The easy condescension with which he stoops to patronise the inferior art shows how little he appreciates the difficulties before him. A really great artist may be master of many arts, but will despise none of them, else he had never mastered it. On the whole, there is more hope that a disciple of the lesser arts may rise by force of genius to take high rank among the "highest," than that an acknowledged master of painting will ever feel himself in such sympathy with the necessities of ornament, as successfully to bring his power to bear upon the purposes of art applied.

Much of the success of the ornament of savage tribes, and of all nations in the earlier stages of civilisation, is due to the scantiness of their resources and the limits of their ability. Pictorial art could not lead them astray, for it was unknown to them, and undreamt of. The snares which beset the decorator of this generation had no power to entangle him, for he had none of the modern notions on which they could lay hold. It may be some consolation to the artist who feels that he is not endowed with the gifts that would lead him to eminence in the highest walks of Art, to remember that even the limits of his talent in one direction, rightly directed, add to its efficiency in another.

It is admitted to be characteristic of genius that it is conscious of its own power. The men who have done great things are those who felt that it was in them to do something, and, in spite of discouragement, did it. Such as have suffered

themselves to be discouraged by neglect or adverse criticism may, for the most part, be supposed to have felt within them some self-doubt that took part with the unfriendly world.

And where there is no question of genius, our efforts are instinctively, if not consciously, directed to what we apprehend it is in us to accomplish. We begin, it is true, by leaving out of account our want of education and experience, and set to work to cut our teeth on an epic poem or historic picture; but when once we settle down to work, after the first ebullition of enthusiasm, we soon begin to see (if we have any bent or faculty at all) wherein our opportunity lies, and wherein our weakness. Sometimes it is said, with half-truth, that no man is a good judge of his own work. The other half of the truth is that no other man can judge it so fairly as he. The men who have made their mark are those who were so far good critics of themselves, that they recognised where success was open to them; and it is because they sought it in that direction that they found it. Often, however, one is more conscious of strength than of the accompanying (and, perhaps, complimentary) weakness. We know, without telling, what we can do; but we are less conscious of our shortcomings. We do not always realise how much we leave undone, and how much we do ill, of that which we believe and feel to be within our reach.

The strong realist, for example, is not necessarily alive to the prosaic character of his work, nor to the sins against taste to which he is prone; the delicate idealist does not always see how nearly his beautiful dreams verge upon unreality, and how slight a hold he has upon the sympathy of stronger men.

The very choice of the craft of design shows a turn of mind quite different from that of the painter, and in many respects opposed to it. The art of the ornamentist grows naturally out of some circumstance with which he has nothing to do. Very often it grows out of use, and that is a soil on which it thrives. A handle, for example, must be roughened, in order that it may be more firmly gripped; and why should not that roughness take a form that is ornamental? Or, perhaps, it is only the eye that is offended by a monotonously plain surface, and so he disturbs its evenness with lines first of all, just to give difference of surface—light here, dark there, middle tint in another place. Then he goes on to make those differences of tint in themselves more interesting, and produces patterns, fuller or more open, according to the tint he desires to produce; and so, by simple steps, he arrives at the painted pots found in Etruria.

A poet once described a certain golden drinking vessel as "rich and rough with stories of the gods." Just so might the metal-worker himself have expressed it. The first consideration was, that it should be rich and rough; this notion of roughening was that it should catch the light in all manner of unexpected ways, and so have a richness of effect of which the smooth vessel was incapable. The "stories of the gods" were an after-thought. Why not make that roughness tell a story having additional interest? and so we have an added interest of symbolism or poetry—something over and above craftsmanship, but not of necessity belonging to it.

Successful decoration, of whatever kind, begins from this feeling of the decorative want, even where it culminates in work that seems far removed from it. It becomes a habit of the decorator to begin thus at the starting-point of what is wanted; and it is no easy thing for a man whose whole practice lies the other way, who is thinking always of his pictorial effect, to reverse his method of proceeding.

In decorative design the artist has always to bear distinctly

in mind the conditions under which he is working. One who is habitually balancing in his brain all that is for and against ornament, comes not to feel the irksomeness of the weight; it only steadies him. But to him who is not accustomed to the burden it is no light matter. It weighs on his imagination and hinders the freedom of his every movement; spontaneous action becomes impossible to him. Just in proportion to the artist's familiarity with the restraints of decorative considerations is it possible for him to work freely under them. As a matter of fact, the painter usually throws off all such restraint, and indulges in pictorial effects that are worse than to no purpose. But imagining him disposed to submit to the conditions, it is difficult for him to know all that they admit or demand, almost impossible for him to have such an easy comprehension of them as to permit free play to his invention. On the other hand, the practised ornamentist has accustomed himself never to think of design without, at the same time, realising what it is for, and how it is to be executed. It comes naturally to him not only to fulfil the demands of the case, but to go to meet them. He anticipates the difficulties likely to occur, and by so doing wins them to his side. Seeking to invent only such forms as are apt to the purpose, he comes upon forms of beauty that otherwise had escaped him. No man who is not accustomed to strict conditions can avoid some hurt to his design from their inevitable interference with his notion; least of all can he develop to the full the beauties inherent in them. The unpractised is always inclined to think too much of his design itself, and not enough of it as it will appear in execution. The expert knows that he must sometimes slightly brutalise his own design if he will prevent its entire degradation by the manufacturer or artisan. This is the excuse for outline and flat treatment, which are of considerable importance in design, although not of such stern necessity as some would have us believe. In the case of a painter who paints his own work upon the walls, there is no reason why he should not treat it in a painter-like fashion, without flatness or hard outline, so long as he does not go contrary to the conditions of his decoration. Apropos to flatness in design, the most accomplished designers of the later Gothic period and of the Renaissance did not treat figures flatly, but carried the modelling in them to the utmost perfection. But it was a perfection quite compatible with ornamental purposes. The treatment was not pictorial. If the shading was not exactly that of ordinary daylight, neither did it suggest a studio-light. They managed to do in colour what the sculptor does in marble, and to render the utmost delicacy of modelling without going further in the direction of relief than the sculptor in basso-relievo.

It may not be an easy matter to adapt the figure to ornamental design. But there is as little excuse for the contemptuous disregard of decorative considerations in figure-design, as for the ignorant caricature of the human form. Those who find the difficulty insoluble have the choice of abstaining from decoration or from figure-work.

The whole course of study of the ornamentist is different from that of the painter. In all he sees he looks for other things. There are who declare that the study of the human figure is all in all, and if you can draw that you can draw anything. If that were true (which it is not, for you can only draw perfectly what you know) still the study of the figure would not teach you design, nor give you that intuitive insight into the decorative situation which is the most indispensable qualification of the ornamentist.

In modern ornament the question of style has inevitably to be answered. Whatever our dislike for the affectation in the nineteenth century of any bygone period—and it is obviously absurd—there are two things to be observed in decoration. The one is that most of the buildings we have to operate upon have some style about them, marked enough to compel us to take it into account in what we do. Our work must not clash with that. And we shall find it difficult, indeed, to work at all in harmony with it if we know nothing more of the style than what happens to be just obvious. We only see what we look for. Would any one see all the subtleties of human form who had no knowledge of its anatomy? Neither will you see all that is in a building, unless you know something of the principles on which it was constructed.

The other thing to be observed is that, even if we were at liberty always to design our own work *ab initio*, we cannot ignore the various styles of ornament which have come down to us from the past, or been imported from distant parts of the world. There they are before us, and we cannot help but see them. It may be a pity that we cannot do, as slower-going generations did before us, and just work on in the traditions of the school into which we were born. But the fact remains that there is all this mass of various work before us, and, once we have seen it, we cannot escape its influence—try as we may. This is no advocacy of the claims of authority. It is not contended that we should design according to any authorities—the chief use of an authority is as something to *depart* from. To depart from it with *safety*, however, we ought to know it, and to digress deliberately, not err unconsciously. The styles having so many dialects, we may liken ornamental art to language—a something living and progressive, never crystallising into set forms until it is dead. Heaven forbid that we should talk always by the grammar! Yet there is all the difference between the speaker who sees reason to differ from Lindley Murray, and the man who hashes the Queen's English without knowing it. The gist of this is that the ornamentist must know a good deal about *style* if he is to save his work from being a mass of anachronisms. And any one who has attempted to master the details of, let us say, the Gothic and Renaissance styles, to say nothing of all those forms of Eastern Art, which, perhaps, can teach an ornamentist as much as anything after nature, will admit that here is a little preliminary towards ornamental design, which is enough to deter from it a man who has other and serious studies attending his daily work.

The study of style is as important to the decorator as that of the old masters is to the painter. Neither may have any thought of imitating old work, but both should be familiar with the best that has been done.

It is not now as in ancient times, when men's wants were fewer and their lives more simple. A man does not spend fifty years of his life, as Fra Giovanni did in the woodwork of the choir and sacristy at the Church of Santa Maria in Organo, at Verona, working on serenely undisturbed at his work. He is called upon at a moment's notice to design for church or house decoration, furniture, glass and tile painting, mosaic, metal work, casting, carving, inlaying, weaving, embroidery, pottery, jewellery, printing, bookbinding, and even advertisements.

He has to design for every kind of material and for every conceivable shape. It is not likely that he will be equally proficient in the design of all of these, but he has to do it; and that being so, he may be excused if he limits his attention

to mere ornament, and does not aim at including amongst his achievements the art of painting.

The most universally successful artists, whether painters or poets, are those who are sanest. Still, if one of them have only genius, we willingly forgive him his freaks, and do not care even to draw the line too rigidly at a touch of madness. The ornamentist must be sane. He is not "of imagination all compact;" he must have something of the critic in his fibre. It will not do for him to represent things as he sees them, or as he imagines them. Painting may be purely sensuous; decoration must be intelligent also.

The art of design has suffered from neglect and depreciation. It is only quite lately that it has been admitted to the companionship of the "higher" arts, and even yet it has no recognised position or standing. The diffusion of a liking for Art, of a desire to understand it, if not a judicious appreciation, is becoming daily more general; and it is only natural that the interest which, during the dark days of Art—and only then—was confined within the narrow limits of picture painting, should spread itself over the whole range of craftsmanship and manufacture. It is one thing to separate decorative from pictorial art, and another to draw invidious distinctions between what is "high" and "low." The sooner such arbitrary titles are abandoned and Art is judged on its merits, and not according to its label, the better for it and all whom it concerns.

It is a misfortune for ornament that there are important vested interests in picture painting with which we have to contend. The powerful body attracts; and the votaries of the lesser arts, instead of protesting the dignity of their calling,

are ambitious rather of attaching themselves to the train of the Art more in repute. A government department whose *raison d'être* was to develop the art of design merges into a school of painting; and when, at last, a university determines to establish a chair for the teaching of applied art, it must, forsooth, christen it "practical Fine Art," imagining, it must be supposed, that an art which was not "fine" would attract no students.

Art is enough. Let us be content with that. There may be some shrewdness in the policy of claiming something more than we know to be our due; but such pretensions stand in the way of a frank recognition of our just claims. It is at best a kind of snobbishness that makes us proud to be classed in a higher rank, whether in society or in Art. The nobler pride is the pride an artist takes in his work, not brooking the least suspicion of any unworthiness in it. Some sense of satisfaction in the doing is absolutely essential to Art. Who was it who said that, in order to arrive in due season at civic dignities, a lad should start in life with the idea that the greatest man in all the world was the Lord Mayor of London? Of a certainty no one is like to succeed in the arts applied who begins by being half ashamed of them. If we are not proud of our work, we must not quarrel with the public for taking it at our own valuation.

Should the attention now turned to decorative art last long enough to draw to it adherents who are content to be decorators, whose aim is not to rise into a higher grade of art, but to raise the art they have adopted to its highest, we may yet have a school of decoration not unworthy of the age we live in.

LEWIS F. DAY.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

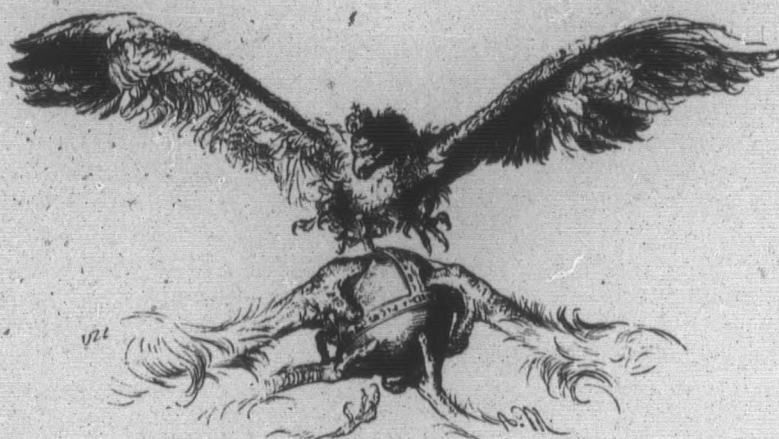
GENIUS DEVELOPED BY IMITATION OF OTHERS.—I am not only very much disposed to maintain the absolute necessity of imitation in the first stages of the art, but am of opinion that the study of other masters, which I here call "imitation," may be extended throughout our whole lives without any danger of the inconveniences with which it is charged of enfeebling the mind, or preventing us from giving that original air which every work undoubtedly ought always to have. I am, on the contrary, persuaded that by imitation only variety and even originality of invention is produced. I will go farther: even genius, at least what generally is so called, is the child of imitation.

Nature is, and must be, the fountain which alone is inexhaustible, and from which all excellences must originally flow. The great use of studying our predecessors is to open the mind, to shorten our labour, and to give us the result of the selection made by those great minds of what is grand or beautiful in nature.

It is not properly in the learning, the taste, and the dignity of the ideas that genius appears as belonging to a painter. There is a genius particular and appropriated to his own trade (as I may call it) distinguished from all others. For that power which enables the artist to conceive his subject with dignity may be said to belong to general education; and is as much the genius of a poet, or the professor of any other liberal art, or even a good critic in any of those arts, as of a painter.

Whatever sublime ideas may fill his mind he is a painter only as he can put in practice what he knows, and communicate those ideas by visible representation. If my expression can convey my idea, I wish to distinguish excellence of this kind by calling it "the genius of mechanical performance." This genius consists, I conceive, in the power of expressing that which employs your pencil, whatever it may be, as a whole; so that the general effect and power of the whole may take possession of the mind, and for a while suspend the consideration of the subordinate and particular beauties or defects.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

THE POSSIBILITIES OF ART.—Poetry as it exists now on earth, in the various remains of ancient authors, music as it exists in old tunes or melodies, painting and sculpture as they exist in the remains of antiquity and in the works of more modern genius—each is inspiration, and cannot be surpassed; it is perfect and eternal. Milton, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Raphael, the finest specimens of ancient sculpture and painting and architecture, Gothic, Grecian, Hindoo, and Egyptian, are the extent of the human mind. The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that Art can go beyond the finest specimens of Art that are now in the world is not knowing what Art is: it is being blind to the gifts of the Spirit.—*William Blake.*



The Prussian Eagle protecting the Globe of Empire.

MENZEL'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE WORKS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

THE reader may be somewhat prepared by two previous papers on Adolph Menzel to receive at their rare worth the illustrated volumes now falling under review. "The Life of Frederick the Great," which furnished four wood-cuts to our first article, had met with such high favour, that King Friedrich Wilhelm IV., in the year 1843, commissioned the artist in like manner to illustrate the literary works of the great monarch. Accordingly an *édition de luxe* in thirty quarto volumes, with two hundred designs interspersed among

the printed discourses, poetry, and correspondence, was completed in 1849. But this truly regal memorial has never been published; the few copies which issued from the press were reserved for private presentation to princes, or as special gifts to national institutions. The outer world has thus been shut out; in fact Menzel's designs over a period of thirty years have been seen by comparatively few. Herr Ludwig Pietsch, favourably known by biographic notices of the painter, and the writer of the explanatory letterpress to



Frederick the Great immobile 'mid Dangers.

the present edition, states that "with the purpose of popularising these creations of an exquisite art, so eminently

worthy of being known, his Majesty the Emperor and King has given authority to publish, separately from the text, the engraved wood-blocks preserved in the cabinet of engravings in the Royal Museum of Berlin. This edition is limited to three hundred copies," some with German text, the remainder

* Illustrations des Œuvres de Frédéric-le-Grand. Par Adolphe Menzel. Gravées sur bois par O. Vogel, A. Vogel, Fr. Unzelmann et H. Müller. 200 Feuillettes avec Texte de L. Pietsch. 4 Tomes. Berlin, 1882, Chez R. Wagner, Editeur.

in French. The compositions were drawn by Menzel himself direct on the wood, and the engravings, he writes, "attain perfect fidelity in the rendering of my designs," they are in fact "superlative as fac-similes." The engravings given in this paper are specimens of these illustrations.

It is no superlative praise to say that Menzel's designs have greater merit than Frederick's writings. The king, though a hero in arms, figured in literature somewhat as a pedant and a poetaster in letters; he was so little the patriot that he eschewed his native tongue in favour of French, and showed contempt for German by swearing in that language at his grenadiers. Thomas Carlyle is known to have been disappointed in his demi-god, and discovered in his hero the humbug. Yet the weight and magnitude of the character may be assayed when we find that a writer so considerable as Carlyle, and an artist so great as Menzel,

thought it worth while to devote a large portion of life to the history of Frederick. It were interesting, did space permit, to make comparison of the diverse views propounded by the English historian and the Prussian painter. The two, if not agreed, may be accepted on the points at issue as the best authorities in Europe; each was hard at work at the same time, and yet the one owes nothing to the other. Carlyle, with characteristic contempt for everybody but himself, does not once mention his contemporary; while Menzel, making independent research on the spot among original records, won the right to enact historian on his own account.

The works of Frederick the Great here illustrated include "Anti-Machiavelli," "The History of the Seven Years' War," "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," various political and philosophical discourses, correspondence with Voltaire and other great men of the time, also odes, elegies, and



Courier of War in Times of Peace.

sundry other poems both serious and comic. Menzel has given to these materials Art expression in two hundred compositions, which may be analyzed as follows: forty-four portraits, thirty-seven historic and military pieces, thirty-six genre subjects and miscellanies, sixty designs based on the antique or taken from ancient history, and lastly a residuum of twenty-three burlesques. The order in which these illustrations are now published is that of the original edition: each literary work is handled in succession. The series begins with the "Memoirs of Brandenburg" and ends with a vignette to "The Philosophical and Moral Epistles." The treatment throughout is of the freest, the text is not literally transcribed but boldly paraphrased, the ideas suggestive of artistic rendering are, with facile trenchant pencil disposed dramatically. Perhaps the first impression conveyed to the spectator is that

of infinite variety. Other artists, Horace Vernet, for example, in his illustrations to the "History of Napoleon," are comparatively one-sided or monotonous; but in contrast the art of Menzel stands out by its universality, by a freshness of creative power which knows no stint or staleness. In these designs the eye meets the historian, the poet, the satirist, a man true yet imaginative, an artist who holds up to nature a mirror, and yet who brings to life the dissecting knife. Genius is the only term for a force so amazing.

In one of the wood-cuts selected for these pages we see a military courier riding full tilt through fertile fields which armies soon laid desolate. The lines compose into varied harmonies; the skill is evident, yet the art is too well concealed for a mere trick. This, as well as the other cuts, are fair examples of the German school of wood-engraving formed

under Menzel; here, as in the original drawings, each touch rightly placed, is sharply accentuated with character; labour is seldom thrown away on meaningless elaboration, each line has vitality and intention.

Menzel may appear occasionally far-fetched, he sometimes goes a long way round and then forces the text into an unlooked-for meaning. Few, indeed, would guess the purport of the letterpress conjured into the sensational scene for which we have ventured to invent the title "Frederick the Great immobile 'mid Dangers." It appears that the indomitable soldier, sorely pressed by his enemies, addressed to his sister Amelia, on the eve of a battle, a poetic epistle wherein he complains that blind chance defeats the wisest council and the best-laid plans. A demon presides over the destinies of nations, yet, while statesmen and generals stagger and fall in dismay, the head of the king remains calm and collected. Such is the moral which this original and eccentric illustrator here essays to enforce.

The two small *fancy* vignettes are of value as indicative of the *capricci*, the spurts of fancy, in which this most wayward of artists abounds and rejoices. The first is one of those pictorial symbols by which abstract conceptions are embodied in concrete form. The Prussian Eagle is here seen vigilantly hovering over the globe of state, which suffers under furious attacks from envious enemies portrayed by the fierce talons of birds of prey. The eagle symbolizes the Great Frederick in his efforts to avert the threatened dismemberment of his kingdom. How concentrated is the thought, how symmetrical the form, how tersely epigrammatic the whole style and treatment! The second symbol is scarcely so neat in idea or pictorial diction, and the art suffers from a foliated ornamentation neither naturalistic nor conventional, but simply *rococo*, a style which not unfrequently mars the master's work. However, in this instance the excuse may be that the satire gains all the more sting from these base decorative adjuncts. The epigram reads as follows: "In the slumbering infant, robust, yet gross and sluggish, lies the personation of German literature as stigmatised by the king." And the note of interrogation, which will be observed beneath the figure, points the question asked by the royal satirist: When will the genius of Germany awake from her slumbers?

The answer came sooner, perhaps, than could have been anticipated, in the birth of a national literature under Kant, Lessing and Jacobi, Goethe and Schiller. The fashion of late has been to decry symbolism, but in the vigorous hands of Menzel this art, which seems to hold a lawful sphere between the imagination and the senses, shows itself no longer silly as the foolish sport of childhood, but becomes the manly recreation of the intellect, the vehicle whereby thoughts that burn find utterance in forms which speak.

The pictorial spectacle presented of the grand monarch in these handsome volumes is not wholly flattering. The House of Brandenburg does not offer so brilliant a field for the historic painter as might have been expected, yet the army of the great Elector gives to the Berlin artist occasionally the opportunity of measuring himself with Velasquez. Nevertheless the glory pertaining to Frederick must be accounted somewhat of the sounding cymbal sort; the solemn affairs of State were often draped in fustian, and the offices of Religion, few and far between, had full much the flavour of the Pharisee. Thus the illustrator had a difficult and a thankless task, and perhaps the utmost has been made of the material at his disposal. The artist's knowledge of human nature serves him well in a multitude of illustrious portraits, which read as biographies penned by a censor rather than by the courtier. Occasionally the characters look overdrawn: for example, the personifications of Voltaire border on burlesque. Houdon's statuette of the little Frenchman, which realised at the Hamilton sale a thousand guineas, is simpler and less spasmodic. Menzel, for independence, originality, and power of invention, has never been surpassed; moreover, as here seen, he goes direct to nature. His realism is pronounced and pungent; the materials of war massed in these pages might stock an arsenal, while the common properties of genre are not unworthy of Teniers. But, perhaps, the most individual traits come from the irrepressible faculty of wit and satire. If Carlyle or Macaulay had written down Frederick as the greatest of shams, the sarcasm could scarcely have been more biting. We thank Menzel for his outspoken truthfulness: history thus penned by the Muse of Comedy teaches serious lessons.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



SIR JOHN STEELL'S GROUP OF ALEXANDER AND BUCEPHALUS.

THIS noble group, which, at present, exists only in plaster, is, there is every reason to believe, about to be reproduced in bronze. The proposal is to give the group a permanent place in one of the beautiful Edinburgh squares, and with this end in view, an influential committee, headed by the Duke of Buccleuch, has been formed, and subscriptions invited. The subscriptions already amount to nearly £1,000, and as it is estimated that the bronze reproduction, with a suitable pedestal, will not exceed £1,500, it is confidently believed by the committee that the scheme only requires to be known to lovers of Art in Britain, America, and the Colonies, in order to be crowned with success.

The history of Sir John Steell's fine group is interesting. Nearly fifty years ago, when Sir John was a comparatively young man, and full of the enthusiasm which a residence at Rome engenders for classic Art, he conceived the idea of executing a colossal equestrian group of the famous conqueror and his celebrated charger. Action followed hard on the heels of imagination, and the result was the notable equestrian group now under consideration.

The celebrated anatomist, the late Professor Goodsir, one of Sir John's earliest and most cherished friends, used to say, "I love the horse, I have dissected him twice;" and so truly it might be said of Sir John, who has modelled and remodelled the animal until he has contracted a passion for him. Sir John in his day has modelled many horses—among them the well-known rearing charger of the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Register House, Edinburgh—but Bucephalus was his first, and, many competent judges think, his best.

The Alexander and Bucephalus group is ten feet in height, and highly classical, both as regards conception and execution. "As the title imports, the incident represented is the taming, by the youthful prince of Macedonia, of the redoubtable charger whose indomitable spirit had previously scorned all restraint. The animal is shown in the act of rearing, its figure being finely poised on the hind legs, and the fore feet thrown freely into the air. On the near side stands the young athlete, whose head has been modelled from a bust of Alexander in one of the Florentine galleries. He is firmly planted on his limbs, of which the right is boldly advanced. His right hand, drawn back with strong muscular action, reins in the fiery steed; the left, at the same time, patting its shoulder in a soothing manner; while he calmly watches its excited eyes, as if to discover the effect of his treatment. A loose garment shuffled from off the right shoulder by the energetic movement of the arm, droops in graceful folds over the left side of the figure, and falls in a voluminous mass under the horse's hind quarters. While individually showing good balance and proportion, the figures come well together, and, in their united effect, admirably carry out the sculptor's intention of displaying the predominance of mind over brute force."

The group when first exhibited created quite a *furor*, and obtained a prize of £50 from the Board of Trustees for Manufactures. The late Sir William Allan, P.R.S.A., wrote of it in the following terms to the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder:—"It is a work of great merit; not only in composition but in execution; and, moreover, he has contrived to give that animation to the horse which I have never seen equalled except

in the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg. I confess I was astonished to see such a work come from the hands of so young a man. I have seen almost all the finest of ancient and modern sculpture in Europe, and Mr. Steell's group stands very high in my estimation."

Sir John's group, while it attracted the attention and elicited the applause of the critics, influenced in no small degree the Scottish Art of the period. Thus the late Sir Daniel Macnee made a study of it in oils; Dyce and David Scott also executing careful drawings of it. Many noblemen and gentlemen, moreover, subscribed for small copies which were executed in bronze. Even at the early period in question, a very general opinion was expressed that the group should be executed in some enduring material; and very possibly it would have been, had not Sir John very rapidly risen into fame and had his whole time absorbed by the Scott memorial and other important commissions.

The Alexander and Bucephalus group, it will be seen, is invested with much historic interest, it being regarded by the best judges of Art as the most successful work of the kind ever executed in Scotland.

Sir John Steell was born in 1804, and studied Art in Edinburgh—where his parents resided—until 1829, when he went to Rome. Returning from that city, in 1832, he opened a studio in the Scottish capital, and he has remained there since that time. His most celebrated works are in Edinburgh, but New York, Greenwich, Glasgow, and other important places contain monuments executed during his lengthy career. The statue which first brought him into notice was that of Sir Walter Scott under the arches in the well-known monument by Kemp, in Princes Street, Edinburgh. A duplicate of this was made in bronze, in 1873, for the Central Park, New York, and the companion figure of Robert Burns was erected in the same place in October, 1880,* and a duplicate of the same in Dundee. One of his most important recent works is the equestrian statue of the Prince Consort—forming the chief portion of the Scottish national memorial to the Prince in Edinburgh—unveiled by the Queen in 1876, when the sculptor received the honour of knighthood. Many years before, however, he was appointed Her Majesty's sculptor for Scotland, and is one of the oldest members of the Royal Scottish Academy.

There is something beautiful and even pathetic in the present attempt to revive an interest in, and reproduce in an enduring form, Sir John's highly classical and striking group. Sir John is now the Nestor of British sculptors, and one of the most renowned; and we have reason to know that the present attempt to rehabilitate one of his earliest, and most graceful and vigorous works, not only meets with his most cordial approval, but affords him much gratification.

The Alexander and Bucephalus group is to Sir John very much what the first-born is to the doting parent. It marks an epoch in the sculptor's life as well as an epoch in British Art, and every one who has that Art at heart must feel that the present opportunity of securing, in some lasting form, a work of such distinguished merit, should not lightly be thrown away. The honorary secretary of the fund is Mr. Lockhart Thomson, 114, George Street, Edinburgh.

* See *The Art Journal*, 1881, page 71.

ART NOTES.

NEW YORK.—NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The Fall Exhibition is an experiment, dependent on the result of its sales. Its object was avowed, and artists were advised to moderate their canvases to good selling dimensions. While paintings are usually made to be sold, selling as the prominent motive is not the best guarantee of an interesting exhibition. Accordingly, the Fall Exhibition does not compare in point of interest with the Spring Exhibition. Their are, however, a number of thoroughly good, if unimportant works, although they require some searching. A number of artists are unrepresented, and these many of the most important names. There are fewer paintings hung than usual; these are divided between all the rooms, and every work can be seen with less trouble than in the more crowded exhibitions. The general unimportance of the exhibition is counteracted by 'The Planting of the Rape,' of Frederick W. Bridgman, accounted one of the successful paintings exhibited in this year's *Salon*. Mr. Bridgman's great merits as an artist have been long acknowledged. Notwithstanding the excellence and variety of his sketches, shown in the exhibition of his works in this city, he has been regarded as a clever artist; but one hopelessly mannered. The present work disproves this. It is simple, direct, and strong. The composition is a hillside. At the base is a man ploughing with three horses, two women are planting, and other less prominent figures. These details are all so naturally treated that they almost escape comment. The straining at the plough, the steaming horses, and the bent women, are in fact remarkable pieces of individual work, both in the nicety of observation displayed, and in their treatment, yet they sink into their relative places with such want of effort that their afterthought is an unconscious tribute to the artist. The most exquisite quality of the work is the sense of fresh morning air and light which bathe the scene. Mr. Bridgman also exhibits several oriental views in his more usual vein. Another artist who has made his mark abroad this year, and whose work, if ever, has been rarely shown here, is Frank Penfold. Three paintings are signed by him. The most important of these is 'Uninvited Guests,' a boy watching some flies supping milk. The color is sombre, and the work is treated with a heavy hand. But there is something catching in the boy's intentness. This ability to convey an emotion, sentiment or feeling, is shown, though not as forcibly, in the other two paintings, 'Waiting for Father,' a fisherman's child, and 'The Song of the Lark,' a peasant leaning over a fence to listen to the lark above, a very pretty piece of sentiment.

The foreign contributions all seem to give to the exhibition an importance that the home artists have not given. Mrs. Fannie Powell Lloyd has sent an ambitious work, 'Mary and Mary Magdalen at the Tomb.' The composition is significant but not striking. Mary Magdalen has thrown herself in passionate grief across the mother's knees. The contrast in traits between the warm, varied, carelessly-draped Mary Magdalen, and the dark, more restrained figure of the Virgin, is familiar. The background landscape is very nice, and the working up of the color, from its pensive tints to the Magdalen in a more glowing light, is successful. The figure painting is not so agreeable, but has merits enough to warrant the attempt. From Munich comes 'The Fox Family,' by A. Sellmayer, a mother with the little foxes grouped amicably about her, one of which has his instincts aroused by the sight of a squirrel on a neighboring bough. The painting has that fine workmanship which distinguishes the Munich school of animal painters, and an even more striking feature is a sort of genial humanness given to the little family.

The greater number of the paintings hung by home artists show solid work; at the same time they display an almost total lack of freshness. There is a sort of studio clearing-out look on the walls. Daniel Huntington has sent two portraits, one of which, Mrs. Schiefflin in a reddish-purple dress, a three-quarter's view, is given the place of honor. The other is a portrait of the late Dr. Washburn. The name of Mr. Huntington so thoroughly identifies his work, that it calls for nothing further. This is true of a great part of the paintings, and in this connection may be mentioned among the exhibitors, J. F. Cropsey, R. W. Hubbard, Kruseman van Elten, W. L. Sonntag, J. C. Bristol, J. R. Brevoort, A. T. Bricher, William Hart, and Edward Gay.

From a different standpoint much of the work is disappoint-

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ing. 'Afternoon Tea,' by C. Y. Turner, from whom we have been led to expect great things, has an interior which, notwithstanding the present fancy for quaintly attired maidens among old-fashioned furniture, is not satisfactory. It does not hang together, nor is it pleasing in color; there appears also some difficulty with the perspective of the right-hand corner of the fireplace. Gilbert Gaul's 'Full Hand,' two soldiers playing cards in a tent, is in no sense pictorial. That the artist has a sense of picturesqueness he showed us last year, and for this lack he has not atoned by any graces of treatment. George Maynard, the painter of several clever interiors, and of admirable figures, sends one of the former, whose pleasing qualities he has counteracted as far as possible with a disagreeable figure. Douglas Volk sends 'A Future Poet,' a hay loft, with a wide-eyed boy surrounded by books and flowers. If the canvas had been painted by an angel, or as Mr. Volk can paint, the conception would still be strained and unnatural. The treatment, however, is indifferent, and Mr. Volk has utterly failed to express that which it is presumed he intended to express. Charles Sprague Pearce sends two works, 'Disappointment' and 'Dandelion.' In neither of these is seen the influence of Bonnat, of which there is such marked traces in much of his work. This of itself is a gain; yet it cannot be said that Mr. Pearce is stronger, and certainly he is less interesting than when he shows more plainly his training. 'The Modern Rebecca,' of Edwin H. Blashfield, a young lady in pink by the side of a well, is a pleasant conception and nice in color. This is a recent painting; and there are other examples of fresher work than is evident in most of the canvases. J. G. Brown sends 'The Duet,' a man playing the violin, and trying to get in tune with a boy crying in the corner. With the aid of the catalogue the story is well told; but it does not tell itself. The treatment is broader than Mr. Brown's accustomed work, a result probably due to his painting directly from nature, and not from previous studies. Mr. Brown's studies were always fresher and more interesting than his studio work. The young Morans are both pleasantly prominent in the exhibition. Leon Moran repeats in sentiment, but on a larger canvas, his successful work of last year, in 'The Milkmaid,' and his treatment is much the same. Percy Moran has two small and well-composed canvases, 'At the Spring' and 'Winter.' In each of these there is a certain tender note, widely differing, but unerringly struck. To have something to say is even more important than saying it well, and it is gratifying that this young artist has both the doing and saying so nearly hand in hand. The larger work, a studio interior with his brother painting, is clever, but more meretricious work. The painting has the qualities of a water-color; the artist has apparently striven for nothing but color, and so much he has obtained. It is curious to see how strong the negro element is present in the exhibition, and it happens to be among the most solid work. Edgar M. Ward has a painting of an old negro resting on his hoe, 'About Quitting Time,' dry in color, but splendidly drawn. In the most of these works the chief object seems the presentation of the negro cuticle with its reflected lights. A. G. Heaton's 'Old and Young Virginny' is a fine example of this, as of also a sense of projection, so marked is the feeling of the anatomy. Alfred Kappes has worked rather for character, as in 'Is not Werry Handsome, is I?' and 'There's No Place Like Home.' The last work, however, is singularly disagreeable both in arrangement and color. 'The Head,' by Miss Ellen Stone, is a nice arrangement in color. Charles F. Ulrich, who showed last spring his power in detailed observation, is present in a similar work, 'The Old Spinner,' and marked with the same dry, cold color.

There is comparatively little landscape painting that requires comment. 'Their Labor's O'er,' by H. Bolton Jones, is an Easthampton churchyard scene, a most difficult arrangement of horizontal lines, managed with great skill, and very agreeable in its sober greens and grays. 'In the Twilight Cold and Gray,' by Carlton Wiggins, is also an old churchyard with scattered stones, a well managed though monotonous landscape, to which has been added a figure scarcely up to the landscape painting. Chas. T. Phelan, a new name, has found some picturesque material for his 'Environs of Brooklyn,' which he has treated quite as picturesquely, although his work is somewhat uneven. H. R. Poore, who sent a land-

scape with sheep, to the Spring Exhibition, excellent except for the doubt of snow or salt which had been given to the sheep, repeats the subject, and this time with, unquestionably, snow. W. P. W. Dana sends a twilight view of the Brittany Beach, with horses on the sands, that lie like glass under the fading sky. Robert Blum brings back with him a dashing little Venetian view, as spirited as his water-color work, and much better worked out. Burr H. Nichols contributes also a number of sunny sketches, which have the feeling of fresh out-of-door work. To this class must be added the two works of Theodore Robinson, 'Playmates' and 'Old Friends,' especially the latter, and Frederick Dielman's 'Nantucketer.' A landscape by John W. Alexander, whose portraits are known, shows some nice qualities of gray-greens.

The usual marine painters are present. 'Clearing Up,' by M. F. H. de Haas, is a large canvas with breakers under a clearing sky, and a fine example of Mr. de Haas's well known work. The two views by Arthur Quartley introduce the colors of still water, in which he has been so successful, in a rougher surface with good effect, and especially in the 'Coast of Holland,' whose composition adds much to the work. There is some excellent still life in the exhibition by Milne Ramsey, W. J. Harnett, W. M. Brown, and W. H. Snyder. It is to be regretted, however, that artists who can imitate so well, should not have equally developed the sense of arrangement and color. The chief sinner in this respect is W. M. Brown, who apparently endeavors to undo by his composition all that he has gained by his skill in imitation. In flower painting but little has been done. Mrs. Dillon's 'Asters,' a most beautiful arrangement in color, and distinguished by its management of detail, is the most important of these works. Miss Kate Greatorox closely follows in 'Autumn Flowers,' a blazing canvas of yellows and reds, with the forms not brought out except as suggestions. Miss Eleanor Greatorox exhibits two arrangements of roses, treated with the same absence of detail.

As an experiment the private view, in its capacity as a selling event, was on the whole successful; thirty paintings were sold, amounting in all to over \$20,000. The most prominent works sold were 'Jack in Office,' A. F. Tait, \$400; 'Their Labor's O'er,' H. Bolton Jones, \$400; 'He Loves Butter,' J. G. Brown, \$750; 'Late Afternoon,' Kruseman van Elten, \$250; 'A Chat by the Roadside,' E. L. Henry, \$200; 'November,' A. F. Tait, \$325; 'Shooting-Banjo,' John M. Tracy, \$150; 'Near the Sea,' P. Moran, \$125; 'Grandmother,' P. P. Ryder, \$350; 'The Water Cart,' W. P. W. Dana, \$350; 'Choosing a Title,' Frederick W. Freer, \$250; 'Winter,' Percy Moran, \$150; 'Morning, Dutch Coast,' Harry W. Chase, \$150; 'A Water Carrier,' Robert Blum, \$200; 'Still Life,' W. M. Harnett, \$125; 'A Head,' Ellen M. Stone, \$100; 'A Branch of Apples,' W. H. Snyder, \$80. A number of small humorous genre works by A. Costa were also rapidly sold.

'EL JALEO' by Mr. John Sargent, is really the most important work produced by an American artist abroad that has yet been brought to this country. To call Mr. Sargent an American student is a statement that requires some qualification. Mr. Sargent is an American, born at Florence, we believe, whose life has been practically spent in Paris. His art was born and has flourished among the stimulating influences of Parisian ateliers. The result we may gladly have placed to our credit, since Mr. Sargent has, while yet a young man, won for himself a place among the names engaging attention in the prominent art circles of Paris. The facts, however, are these and should be stated. 'El Jaleo' is Mr. Sargent's work in the *Salon* of '82, and was one of the distinguished paintings of the year. A thorough realization of the necessity of a man's making himself felt, is one of the chief things necessary to the production of a successful work for the *Salon*, and in this is implied a distinction which exists between paintings intended for the *Salon* and other works. Of this necessity and its results Mr. Sargent's painting is an interesting example.

In the first place, the subject is destitute of attraction in itself, which is in keeping with the prevailing tendency in both art and literature. 'El Jaleo' is a scene in a Spanish dance-house. The performers are supposed to be on a stage behind footlights. This reverses the ordinary arrangement of the lights, which proceed from below, affording strong effects in the rear, and giving fine relief to the principal figure. This is a woman, life-size, dancing. She wears a long white satin dress, which in her movement has wound its folds about her, disclosing one satin-shod foot. With one hand she holds her draperies on her hip. The other is thrown forward, one finger extended, a strong, rigid gesture, which accents the

swiftness of her motion. This is indicated by some light black draperies, flecked with green, about her shoulders, that are distended like wings. The face is partially averted. This strange fascinating figure, the expression of passionate motion, is placed in strong relief by her own shadow. In the background are the musicians; two are playing their guitars with indifference to the woman dancing, one has fallen asleep with opened mouth; a young boy watches her with interest as he plays, and on the other hand a man and two women are singing and throwing up their arms in wild enthusiasm as they play their castanets.

The work is sketchy in execution. There is but little color beyond the green in the drapery, with yellow tints in the reflections on the shadows of the satin, and an orange lying on a vacant chair. Its power lies in the profoundness of the impression it gives of the scene. This comes like a blow. To it everything else is sacrificed. The characteristic figures, the details, the time-stained walls, all keep their relative importance. Almost, as if intentionally, there are flaws in the drawing. The musicians' fingers are unnaturally long, the satin is left transparent in places. But such matters take the place of discords in music. This ability to realize a single powerful impression, and to convey it so that others may feel something of the same force, is Mr. Sargent's great power. The framing of 'El Jaleo' deserves a word of notice, since it makes a part of that effort to enforce attention in *Salon* work. The painting, as has been remarked, is supposed to be lighted from below. Accordingly, on the bottom of the frame are little polished protuberances, that suggest the absent footlights, a very ingenious piece of forethought on the artist's part. The picture was imported by Messrs. Schaus & Co., and sold to Mr. Coolidge, of Boston.

The importation of paintings this Fall has included, with a few exceptions, not a large number of important works. At Knoedler & Co.'s is a large water-color by Detaille, purchased for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The picture is an incident of the manoeuvres of the Third Army Corps, General Lebrun Commander-in-Chief. The general and his staff, passing in a wagonette, take off their caps, saluting a group of foreign officers near a hay-stack. The painting, as a whole, is one of those works whose purchase by an American is a matter of surprise. This, however, is by reason of the lack of interest in its subject, while pictorially it amounts to but little more than a recital of the incident. In detail it is exceedingly clever work, as we expect to find. The faces are portraits, and down to the last army button the painting is admirably done. By Brozik, Munkacsy's countryman, is a large work, 'The Emperor Rudolph of Germany in the Laboratory of his Alchemist,' in which the emperor is made not only a prominent figure artistically, but also an interesting one. A nice piece of flesh painting, with a face under a veil, is by a new name, Doucet, who received the Prix de Rome a few years ago, and has since married a New York lady, herself a clever artist, Miss Lola de Ruiz.

The programme for the public competition for the proposed monument to Raphael at Urbino, on the fourth centenary of his birth, March 28th, 1483, has been received, and the lithographed plan and elevation of the Grand Square and its surroundings are on exhibition at the Academy of Design. The monument is to be a statue of white Carrara marble, with attendant statues, reliefs, and other decoration bearing upon the life and works of the artist. These may be of bronze or marble, as the sculptor may declare. The cost of the monument, including the necessary transportation and setting up, must not exceed \$16,000. The foundation will be provided for by the committee. The models must be complete, and on the scale of one decimetre to the metre, and accompanied by explanatory details, estimates, etc. Models and correspondence must be sent prepaid to the secretary, Giovanni Marchigiani, Regia Accademia Raffaello, Urbino, before the 28th of February, 1883. Three prizes will be awarded: the first of \$300; second, \$200; third, \$100. The prize models will become the property of the Academy. The others, if not claimed before three months, will be considered as gifts to the Academy. The usual details of competition will be observed. Subscriptions are solicited. The names of subscribers are to be inscribed in a parchment volume, to be preserved in the house of Raphael. All subscribers of sums not less than \$10 will receive a memorial medal, and all others a portrait of Raphael.

NEW YORK CITY—Phillippoteaux's 'Panorama of the Siege of Montretout,' now on exhibition here, is one of the sights

of the city. The realistic effects are marvellous; and these have been aided by the introduction of actual trees, barrels, hot-beds, walls, and roofs apparently battered by shot and shell, a trickery which we readily pardon to panoramas. The scene is reproduced from photographs and the testimony of eye-witnesses, and is in this sense historical. The details are conceived with power, and executed with startling verisimilitude. The color is sober, for the 19th of February is the date of the siege, and there is a gray frostiness in the air, which would be worth remarking in an infinitely smaller canvas.

The opening of the various art schools begins what promises to be an unusually interesting season in art matters. On Monday, October 2d, the schools of the National Academy of Design, the Art Students' League, and the Woman's Department of the Cooper Union began. The life classes of the Academy of Design did not begin, as is the custom, until the third Wednesday of the month.

The Art Students' League has removed to No. 38 West Fourteenth street, where it has secured three floors. The antique classes during the day are under the charge of T. W. Dewing, and in the evening, of William Sartain. To these are assigned the third floor. On the fourth floor are the portrait class, under C. Y. Turner, and the office, library and reading-room. The fifth floor is given to the life classes, which in the morning are under Mr. Dewing; the afternoon, Mr. Turner; and in the evening, Mr. Sartain. The painting class in still life, and the costumed model taught by W. M. Chase, will also be on this floor. Mr. Hartley continues to lecture on anatomy, and Mr. Dielman on perspective. Evening sketch classes and an evening life class for ladies are under consideration. The usual monthly exhibitions and receptions will continue to be held. The Cooper Union Art Schools opened, as usual, with crowded lists. Mrs. Susan Carter continues at the head. R. Swain Gifford remains in charge of the oil paintings; the life and cast drawing classes are assigned to J. Alden Weir, Douglas Volk and Geo. D. Brush, who has also in charge the class in composition. John P. Davis has charge of the wood engraving; Miss C. E. Powers, the normal drawing; Miss A. A. Wood, china painting; and William H. Goodyear is the lecturer on art. The Ladies' Art Association continues its work, with some changes in the corps of instructors. J. Roy Robertson has in charge drawing and painting, and the figure; and Anthony Hockstein, animal and landscape painting and drawing; Camille Piton is the teacher of painting on porcelain; Harriet C. Lane, of copying in oil; E. C. Field, of perspective; Alice Donlevy, of children's classes. Two new classes are added—botanical drawing, under Sophia J. Knight; and form and color, taught by Alice Donlevy. The monthly receptions will take place on the 15th of each month. The newly-elected president is Mrs. E. J. Sterling. The Woman's Institute of Technical Design has removed to 124 Fifth Avenue, where its classes are carried on under greater advantages than last year. The department of carpet design is under the charge of Miss E. P. Barnes, who has been recently in charge of the designing room of the carpet mills of A. T. Stewart & Co., at Glenham, N. Y. To the corps of teachers have been added a number of lecturers on the different arts of design, including Prof. Ogden M. Rood, Prof. Walter Smith, William McCallum, of the Bigelow Carpet Co. designing rooms, and C. Rhinehardt, of Messrs. Warren, Fuller & Co's wall paper designing rooms. The prizes offered this year are by Mme. Adele Roch, for the best adaptation of natural American forms to drawing; Mrs. Anna D. French, for the best set of certificate drawings; and Messrs. Warren, Fuller & Co., for the best design in wall paper. The Technical Schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, under the care of John Buckingham, are opened, and the usual classes are continued.

The opening exhibition of the Art Students' League will take place the first Tuesday in November. The party of artists who made the journey to Europe together during the summer amused themselves during the passage by decorating the chart-room of their steamer, the *Pennland*. A portrait of Captain Weyer, of the vessel, by Frederic P. Vinton, has the place of honor. On one side is a squally day at sea, by G. W. Edwards; on the other, a woman's head, by J. C. Beckwith, which he calls the comet. Robert Blum filled one panel with a sturdy Dutch peasant, and F. H. Lungren another with a pink-robed maiden coming down a green hill. By William M. Chase is a young woman in black on the beach, and an upright marine, with a strip of landscape and a figure. Arthur Quartley signs another marine, a moonlight, with a vessel. Mr. Beckwith appears again in a snow

scene with figures, and a young gentleman having what he calls a good time; also, with Mr. Chase, he has decorated the clock and barometer. Robert Blum was equally industrious, since he ornamented the ceiling with flowers and insects, and added an Italian panel. Mr. A. A. Anderson contributed also some flower and landscape panels.

Art Association is the title under which the management of the American Art Gallery is known. The rooms have been newly fitted up with Moorish suggestiveness, and present an attractive appearance. The Exhibition of Artists' Sketches and Studies is announced to open November 2d, and is the first exhibition under the new regime. Later on it is anticipated that an exhibition of the works of Boston artists will take place.

THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB will open its exhibition at the Academy of Design, December 23d, and anticipates a fine display. Contributions are expected from abroad, principally from the very successful Black and White exhibition held at Glasgow. Several original works have arrived from Du Maurier. The Hanging Committee, as announced, is Percival de Luce, J. F. Murphy, Charles Volkmar, J. S. Hartley, H. G. Plumb. Catalogue Committee: H. O. Share, Calvin Rae Smith, Joseph Hartley. Reception Committee: W. H. Shelton, A. C. Morgan, E. M. Richards. Great things are promised of the catalogue, which is expected to be a work of art in itself.

DECORATIVE WORK.—There has been recently completed by John Lafarge and Miss Tillinghast a set of *portières* for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's new home, which exceed in richness anything of the kind ever produced before in this city. Two of these are original work after designs by Mr. Lafarge, and are altogether novel, both in their workmanship and in their scheme of decoration. These are intended for the dining-room, and accompany the panelled and inlaid ceiling that has been before described in these columns. The ground work of each is silver cloth. In one the cloth is divided into two panels by a narrow strip of pale-green plush, bordered on each side by two gold cords. In each panel is a system of scrolls, proceeding from a wreath in the centre. These scrolls are formed of couchings of gold thread. It is the color, however, and the way in which it is produced, that gives to this hanging its peculiar beauty and interest. The color exists not in a positive state, but as a flush of blue, pink, crimson, purple, like reflected lights over the surface, and whose subtilty and delicacy cannot be expressed in words. This color is given by the couchings of the silver thread with colored silks, and the shading is worked exactly as if it were a painting. The wreaths in the centre are formed of gold bands, with vines and knots of blue, pink, yellow, and purple flowers, embroidered in silks, varied with gold. One wreath encloses the date 1882; the other, a monogram, both wrought out in gold. The curtain is bordered in green plush, with gold cords, and is lined with a pale-yellow pink satin.

The second curtain is done in tapestry stitch, and is the most complete exposition of its possibilities which has yet been shown. This, in a word, attempts the same sort of effects that are produced in Gobelin tapestry; that is to say, pictorial effects, and governed by the same canons that would be a work in oil. The decoration is a festoon of fruits, hollyhocks, and other bold flowers, caught at the ends by knotted ribbons, iridescent with reflected lights. The whole curtain is pitched in a low, rich tone, and has the effect of brush work. The noteworthy feature of the curtain is the background and its relation to the decoration. The background, as is well known, is the final achievement of all art, and the difficulty of securing in decoration the proper background, has been the chief reason of its limitations to flat work. In this case, the silver cloth is wrought with the tapestry stitch, and the peculiarity of the stitch is that it admits of the same modulations and melting of tint into tint that the brush effects. Through this is the gleam of the metallic lustre, which results in an *ensemble* indescribably lovely. On this background the decoration lies, and is led into it exactly as if the brush had been used instead of the needle. Above this centre is a cross of panel of purpleish-hued silk, on which is the date, in Roman letters, worked out in silver. A scroll-like decoration in silver on the same toned plush is placed between this and the upper band, which has a design in Japanese griffins in *applique* of silks. These panels are separated by bands of gold, which, it may be remarked in passing, as of the gold fringe at the bottom, that it comes from an old altar cloth, and that the silk is taken from an old

vestment, in order not to be out of tone with the rest of the work. The curtain is bordered with a reddish, purple-toned plush.

The other *portières* are made out of some altar cloths and priests' vestments that were bought at the San Donato sale. In each, the altar cloths form the bottom of the hanging, and the vestments make the centre panel. The embroidery of the ecclesiastical garments are the most elaborate fifteenth century work. The ground is white satin, now yellow, and innumerable darns testify to its age. The richest piece of work has in the centre the picture of a saint in vestments, with clasped hands in prayer, a piece of embroidery as finished as a painting. From this centre proceeds long ornaments in heavy gold work, over ropes terminating in flower-pots. This gold work over ropes is a feature of this altar cloth. The ornament is thus brought into unusual relief, and with it is contrasted the flowers, vines, birds, and bees, with which it is mingled, done in silks, and so flat and wonderfully colored that it appears like painting. This cloth is evidently an individual piece of work, and is well worth study for its designs and artistic effects. Many of the flowers are conventional, others display the most charming imitation, and according as the fancy of the worker dictated. The same waywardness is shown in the birds. In one place the pelican pecks at her bleeding breast, a conventional piece of work; in other places the most delicate variations of plumage are rendered. In addition to the superb work, the ornament is enriched with pearls, rubies, and other stones, and a heavy border, from which tassels depend, that recall the golden pomegranate bells of the veil of the temple, which has evidently suggested the design. With this altar cloth for the lower part of the *portière* is a centre panel of a white satin vestment, with gold embroidered. On each side is a band of pale-yellow pink satin, which in turn is bordered with white satin, embroidered in gold, and one of these rare old pieces of work. The second altar cloth is entirely conventional, stronger in color, and an exquisite piece of work. The centre panel of this hanging is a vestment, whose ground is in gold, and ornamented with a floral design, in which yellows and greens predominate. This has a border of pink satin, corresponding to the other curtain, and has for its outside border white satin, on which the ornament of a scarlet vestment, embroidered in gold, has been transferred.

The hangings for the water-color room are a light *écru* jute velours, with a design stencilled on, and retraced with couchings of gold thread. The richness of the materials might indicate that the background would probably prove a rival to the paintings, and especially to works of art of the delicacy of water-colors. This, undoubtedly, would be the case, were not the color of the wall hangings so delicate, and the fact that the gold loses its prominence, and sinks into the ground color, to which it is so nearly related. Another piece of work is a frieze of red velvet, embroidered in a bold, conventional design of tulips, *fleur-de-lis*, and morning-glories, completing a piece of old Spanish embroidery.

BIRTHDAY SOUVENIRS AND WEDDING CONGRATULATIONS.

—Mr. Prang's services in the development of chromo-lithography are too well known to require comment. But this recognition does not meet all that is due him. It is easy enough to popularize chromo-lithography among classes of people not given to artistic discrimination. In fact, the borrowed custom, now so thoroughly our own, of remembering the various festivals and anniversaries with these colored tokens, appeals so generally, that it is safe to say it would have been established, if left to this feeling alone. Mr. Prang, on the contrary, has stimulated this pleasant commerce by giving it all the artistic aid of which chromo-lithography is capable, and in this way has done much to educate the public taste in such matters. He has not only employed well-known artists to furnish designs, but by his competitions has brought out the widest range of fancy and workmanship. The cards of this season reproduce the best of those designs, which attracted attention at the prize competition of last Spring, and many others from artists of equal reputation. The novelty of the season are plaques, reproducing well-known pictures, to which have been given a hard finish, resembling porcelain. These are careful examples of what is possible to produce by chromo-lithography, and will find many friends.

MINOR NOTES.—Meissonier is painting in Venice a procession of children in St. Mark's, kissing the feet of the figure of a saint.—The Tivoli Circle in New Orleans has been rechristened Lee Place, and is to have a statue, accordingly, of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The model, by Alexander Doyle, has

been shown and accepted. Gen. Lee is represented in his Confederate uniform, wearing belt, sash, and sword, but otherwise without decoration. One hand hangs by his side, holding his broad felt hat and gloves; the other rests on his hip, with elbow outward. He wears cavalry boots, and stands in a military attitude. The pose of the figure is represented as dignified and commanding. The statue will be cast in bronze in Philadelphia, and the sculptor is to receive \$10,000.

—An 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' in black and white, has been found on a panel in a tailor's shop in Hyères, bearing an anagram which is thought to be that of da Vinci.—George P. A. Healy is painting Miss Lilian Norton, the singer, as Marguerite.—An iconoclastic tide during August, at Hastings, swept away all but six of the net and rope-drying sheds under the East Cliff, that have been for so long the favorite studies of English painters. The ravages of nature have not alone shorn Hastings of its picturesqueness, says the *Athenæum*. The profile of the East Cliff, as seen from the esplanade, has been seriously damaged by removing a part of the ground judged unsafe. What has not been done in this way, has been done by business enterprise.—Franklin Simmons, the American sculptor, has recently modelled in Rome a seated female figure, which he calls Medusa, inasmuch as she is watching her hair changing into serpents. A copy is intended for London.—Henri Lehman, the late professor at the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, in his will directs that his collection of art works shall be sold at auction, and the proceeds invested in a triennial prize, to be given to that artist, no older than twenty-five, who during the previous three years has produced a work that protests by its subject and style against that abasement of art, such as the tendency of the age seems to encourage. The prize is to be \$5000, a sum sufficient to set the current thitherward. An exhibition of M. Lehman's works is to be held in January.—A shield of silver, after a design by Gustave Doré, representing 'Peace and Concord,' is to be presented by the city of Buenos Ayres to the American minister there, General Thomas O. Osborn, of Chicago.—The second of the four seated figures intended for the national monument to the pilgrim soldiers at Plymouth, has been completed. These two figures are 'Morality' and 'Education.' The latter is a colossal woman, seated; on the side of her seat is a relief representing 'Youth led by Experience.' On the other is the emblematic figure of 'Wisdom.' Beneath the statue will be a relief representing the cabin of the 'Mayflower,' with the pilgrims signing the compact. This statue is the gift of Mr. Roland Mather, of Hartford, Conn., and will cost \$20,000.—When the Washington monument is completed, its proportions will be, it is said, the same as those of the Obelisk.—A painting, representing the Judgment of Solomon, is said to have been discovered at Pompeii.—Mr. Ruskin has condescended to commend the copies of Turner's paintings, made by Miss Isabella Jay. Such copies, says Mr. Ruskin, are much more valuable than the original drawings of second-rate artists.—A statue in clay of Oliver Cromwell has been placed in the private corridor behind the House of Lords.—Defoer Bey, who lives in Paris, is the owner of the little Meissonier which Mr. Ruskin sold for £6000.—Waldstein, the young American archaeologist, in one of the galleries of sculpture in the Louvre, discovered a head which he determined belonged to the marbles of the Parthenon. By favor he obtained a cast of the head, which, it has since been found, exactly fits one of the figures among the Elgin Marbles.—M. Patera, interested in Mr. Furnivall's Wyckliffe revival, sends word that he has discovered at Prague a fifteenth century manuscript, containing a pen and ink portrait of Wyckliffe.—A more successful method than that employed by M. Falguiere, for demonstrating what it is ambition to do, cannot be conceived. The Arc de Triomphe, built to celebrate the glories of the first empire, has never received the crowning ornament, which, from the shape of the top, it was evidently intended to receive. Various suggestions have been made, but M. Falguiere has received permission to show to the public what he will do if the permission is given him. His idea is to place on the top a female figure, signifying France, standing in a Roman chariot, and holding a half-furled flag. Four horses abreast paw the air, the outside pair being led by female figures, denoting Progress. In the foreground is a group representing Liberty resisting official tyranny. Two allegorical groups will occupy the space in the rear, overlooking the Avenue de la Grande Armée. These are all made out of old boards nailed together, and the outlines given with wire netting, filled with plaster, and covered with old canvas. Over this is a coat of plaster, and the whole is staped with brown to imitate new bronze. If the group meets with acceptance, it will be copied in bronze.



PAINTED BY MARK FISHER AND J.D. WATSON.

ETCHED BY C.C. MURRAY.

"WHEN THE KYE COME HAME."

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF C.J. GALLOWAY ESQ. THORNYHOLME.

NEW YORK: PATTERSON & NEILSON.

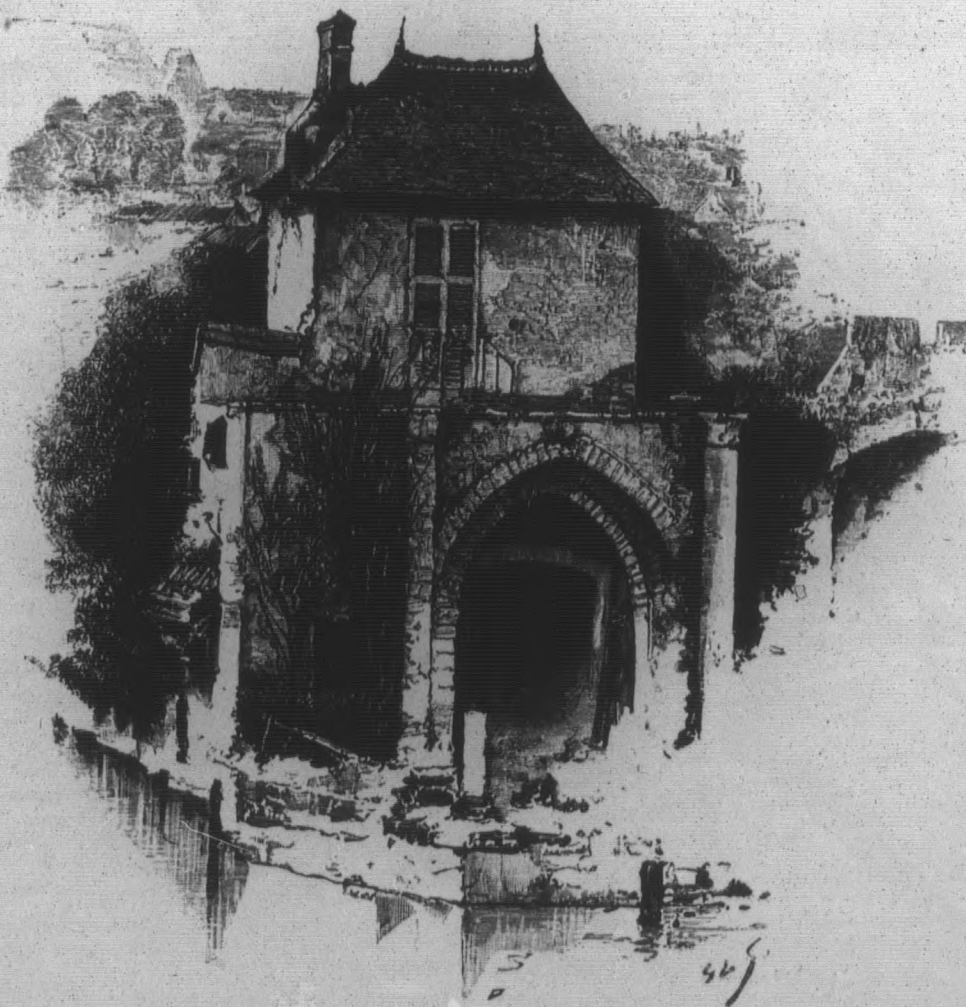
CHARTRES.



TAKE the towers of Chartres, the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, and the portal of Rheims, and you will have the finest cathedral in the world," is a saying which most people have heard, and, doubtless, they have also tried to set before their mind's eye this perfect building which never will exist. Chartres Cathedral, however, as it now stands, or rather as it stood some few years ago, was so beautiful that no such patchwork seemed necessary to enable it to satisfy all

ont essuyé six à sept cents hivers comme un jour: le temps s'est incliné devant elles, et a passé outre." What building of the nineteenth century will, after such lapse of time, wear its years so well? And yet our nineteenth-century buildings have much less to fear from one great enemy which, until comparatively recent years, played a terrible part in the history of these fine old churches of our forefathers. "Burnt by fire from heaven," the brief comment which accounts for the disappearance of many a stately tower and spire, will, we trust, appear no more in chapter records. Chartres Cathedral, probably from its exposed situation, has suffered many such misfortunes. It stands at the summit of a steep hill, rising grandly above the town which lies beneath it, and presses up to its very walls. Its spires are very lofty. When Strasburg belonged to France, those of Chartres were the second in height in the country; now they are the first, for we will not consent to recognise as a spire the iron deformity lately completed at Rouen. Their height, of course, added to

the needs of the imagination. nous amount of scaffolding was being set up against its walls, and it was only too evident that the noxious desire to do something to improve some part of the building had seized on some one possessed of authority, and the chances were that it would suffer grievously from such pernicious activity. Whatever may be said of the necessity of strengthening the masonry of any part of a cathedral like Chartres—and it is, of course, possible that such necessity may exist—it is certain that the very best builder of the present day would find it next to impossible to equal the work of his forerunner of the dark ages. The Clocher Vieux is more than seven hundred years old, and yet, as M. Viollet Leduc remarks, "On n'y voit pas une lézarde, pas une échancre, quoi qu'il ait été calciné intérieurement par deux terribles incendies." And of the cathedral itself he says, "Il n'y a pas une seule des pierres de la cathédrale qui ne soit saine, solide, adhérente aux autres, comme si elle avait été posée hier: elles



Ruins, Chartres.

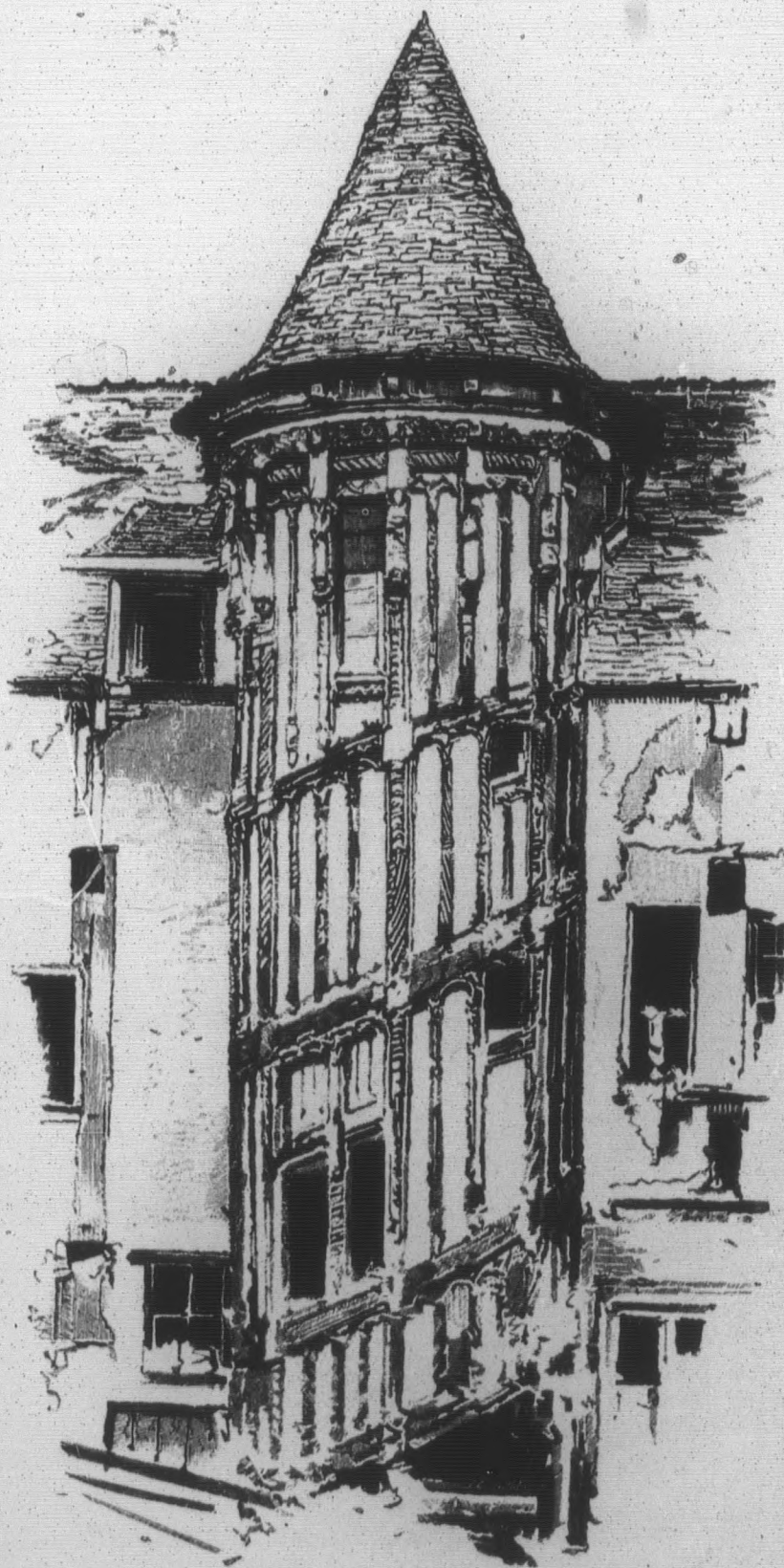
their danger, and so did the fact that so much wood was

employed in their construction. They have been repeatedly struck by lightning. In 1825, however, they were provided with lightning conductors, and now we trust that the people of

judgment, nothing to dread from fire, but will, on the contrary, save from the fire everlasting the numerous Christians who have contributed to its restoration." Both before and after

this confident speech, Chartres Cathedral has suffered more from fire than almost any other. Four successive cathedrals were burnt before 1194, and the new one then begun, and consecrated sixty-six years afterwards in the presence of Saint Louis and all his family, has been in flames no less than eight times. The pious Chartrains of other days regarded most of these fires as special attacks of the evil one, who could not endure to see the beauty of the glorious church which they had raised to the blessed Virgin. They did not hesitate to attribute the great fire of 1194 to demons, who were plainly seen of men, flying through the air in the form of crows to Notre Dame, and carrying in their mouths burning coals, which they dropped on the roof. This fire of 1194 was a most fatal one, and destroyed everything but the crypts and the two towers.

When we read the history of these towers we are doubly rejoiced that they escaped. Few are aware of the self-devotion which went to the construction of a noble church in days gone by. It was not a mere question of raising money by subscription, eked out by a bazaar, and then handing it over to a gentleman whose only manual labour was designing the building. Architects of other days worked themselves, and worked hard; they were paid little beyond the wages of common day-labourers, and yet were artists such as the world has never seen since. Jehan de Texier, or De Beauce, architect of the upper part of the Clocher Neuf, built in 1507, received seven sous six deniers a day, and the men employed under him five sous—not a large percentage on the outlay, but the result left nothing to desire. No one knows the name of the architect of the Clocher Vieux. The date, 1164, is found cut on the soffit of a window arch near its summit; it was sufficient for the man, or men, who designed that tower to see it stand in its perfection there. But the falling off in the zeal of the public at large is infinitely more noteworthy and lamentable than that of the architects. How many people know how the spires of Chartres were built? and yet it would do every one good to be familiar with the story, and to think of the piety and fervour which must have animated every human being who lent a hand to the



Escalier de la Reine Berthe.

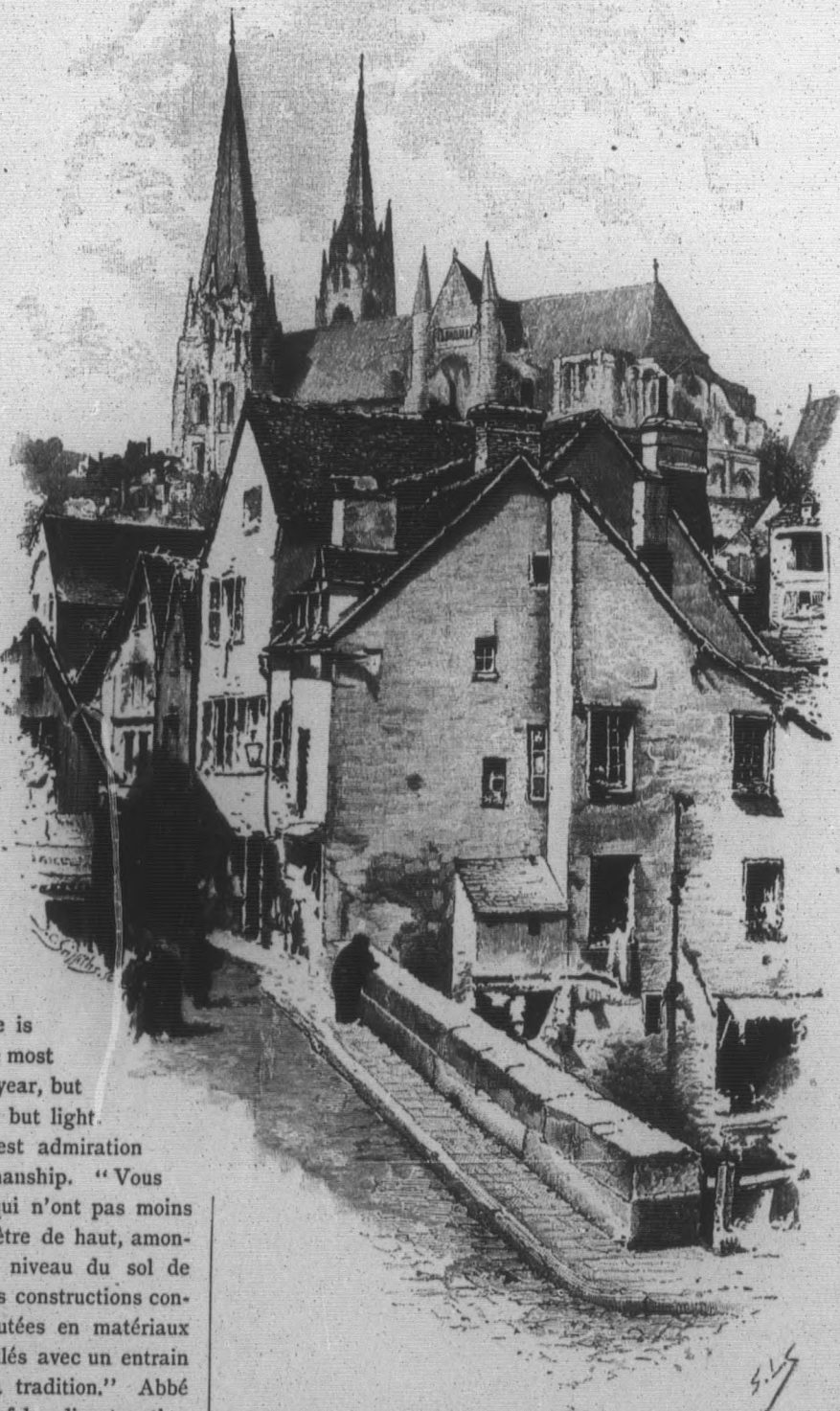
Chartres will with truth be able to say what was said in 1260, when the cathedral was entirely rebuilt in stone, "The Cathedral of Chartres has now, from this time forth till the day of

work. Would that the day could come when men once more worked in the like spirit! Tolerably fine buildings may be erected—that is the word which is now preferred—but no really

great, soul-stirring work can ever be produced without the heat of self-sacrifice which went to the building of the towers and spires of Chartres. Their foundations were laid in 1115, and for once we have a glimpse of how the work went on. Haymond, Abbé of Saint Pierre-sur-Dive, thus writes in his book on the "Miracles wrought by the Blessed Mary:"—"It is an unheard-of prodigy to see powerful men, proud of their birth and riches, and accustomed to a delicate and luxurious life, harnessing themselves to the shafts of a cart and conveying stones, lime, wood, and every necessary material for the construction of the sacred edifice. Sometimes a thousand persons, men and women, are harnessed to the same cart, so heavy is the load; nevertheless such a profound silence reigns that not the least whisper is heard. When they stop on the road they speak, but only of their sins, which they confess, with tears and prayer. Then the priests make them promise to stifle all hatred and forgive all debts. Should any one be found who is so hardened as to be unwilling to forgive his enemies, and refuse to submit to these pious exhortations, he is at once unharnessed from the cart and driven out of the holy band."

This is quoted from an extremely interesting history of Notre Dame de Chartres, written by Abbé Bulteau, to which we are much indebted. In estimating the amount of labour undertaken by these volunteers, we must not forget that the quarries from whence the stone was brought were at Berchères-l'Evêque, eight kilometres from Chartres, and that these bands of devotees had to drag their heavily laden carts over the wretchedly bad roads of nearly a thousand years ago, and up the steep hill on which Notre Dame is built. Of course, their work was for the most part done during the finer seasons of the year, but even then it must have been anything but light. M. Viollet Leduc speaks with the greatest admiration of the energy and grandeur of the workmanship. "Vous voyez," says he, "des blocs de pierre qui n'ont pas moins de deux à trois mètres de long sur un mètre de haut, amoncelés les uns sur les autres jusqu'au niveau du sol de l'église." And again he speaks of "Ces constructions conçues avec une hardiesse héroïque, exécutées en matériaux énormes, durs comme la fonte de fer, taillés avec un entrain et un vigueur dont nous avons perdu la tradition." Abbé Haymond tells us that the pious custom of banding together to build or add to some church or cathedral originated at this time at Chartres, spread rapidly to other districts, and finally over the whole of France. Especially did it prevail, he says, in those parts of the country which had churches dedicated to the Mother of Mercy. Another development of the idea was that people from other places, who had no building of their own to do, joined together, and after con-

fessing themselves and obtaining the consent and blessing of their own bishop, hastened to offer their help to the men and women of Chartres, and having bound themselves by a solemn vow to work humbly and faithfully for an appointed number of weeks or months, took service under some man

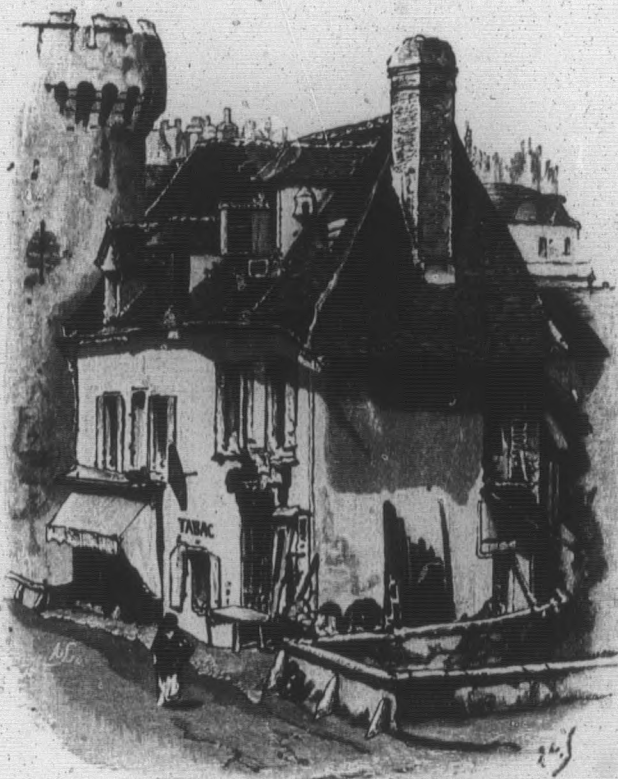


Chartres Cathedral.

who was chosen to be their chief, under whose direction they dragged their carts in silence and with humility. 'Tis little to be wondered at that a sculptured poem should rise up under the hands of men with hearts like these.

Inside the cathedral, at every turn, we come upon some mark of reverence and affection for the Virgin Mary, and an

attempt is made to connect her name with the town at a period when she yet walked the earth. A tradition is current here that even in the lifetime of our Saviour a church existed

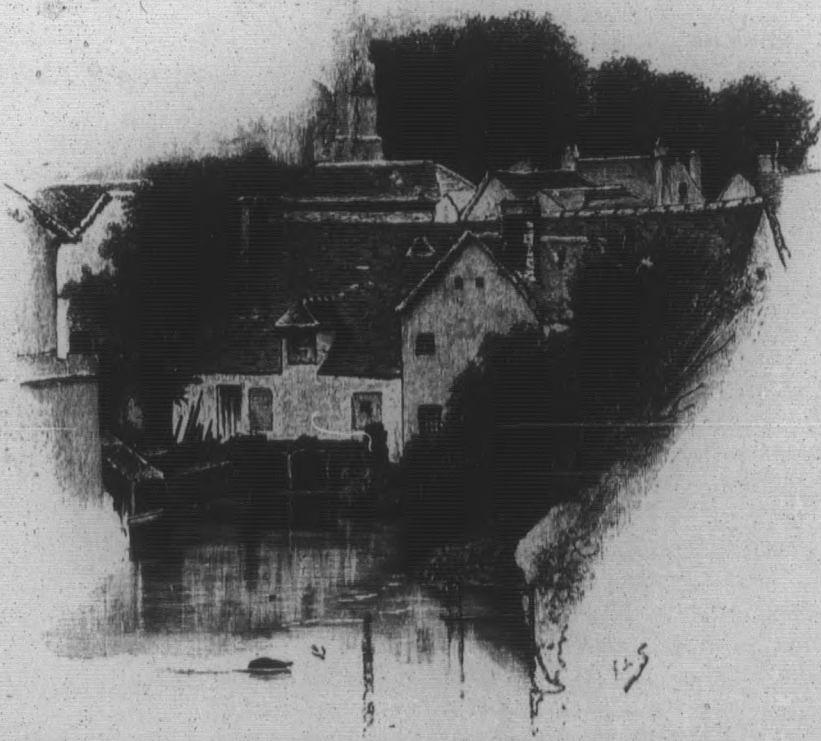


Old Houses, Chartres.

on the site of the cathedral, in honour of His Mother, and that after His death she came to visit it. A tender feeling of veneration for her has also, from the very earliest days, made the Chartres refuse to permit any one, man or woman, to be buried in the precincts. M. Rouillard, in his history of Chartres, gives us the reason:—"Ladicte Église ha cette préeminence que d'estre la couche ou le lit de la Vierge. Pour marque de ce, la terre d'icelle Église ha esté jusqu'à hui conservée pure, nette et entière, sans avoir jamais été fossoyée ni ouverte pour aucune sépulture." He goes on to relate how, in the year 1568, the "Sieur Doien," canons, and chapter of Chartres, were compelled by reiterated commands of the king, and by the entreaties of the most considerable princes and lords of the court, to inter in the choir of this church the Sieur Baron de Bourdeilles, Colonel of the Gascons, who was killed when repelling an attack on the town by the Huguenots. The Sieur Doien, the canons, and chapter, after having made all possible resistance, at last perceived that it would be better for them to acquiesce while yet there was time. They did so with the express stipulation that the ground should not be opened, neither should the bier touch the pavement, but that a grating of iron should be placed on the pavement, and on that the coffin should rest, and be shut in on all

sides with strong freestone, but that there should be no epitaph or inscription on it. The baron's body, however, even when these conditions were observed, did not remain long in its tomb. To insure its removal, the canons persuaded the people that the blessed Virgin, not choosing to endure this interment, had permitted the corpse to thrust his arm out of his grave to demand another place of sepulture. In 1661 the tomb was transferred to another place. This is the solitary occasion on which any interment has ever taken place in Notre Dame, and even then, as we have seen, the pavement was preserved from desecration. Much that to us of another faith would seem infinitely greater desecration has, however, been permitted, though not willingly. It will be seen that the pavement of the nave slopes in a very marked manner from the entrance of the choir to the great west porch. The difference between the two extremities is eighty centimètres. This slope was expressly contrived to make it easy to clean the church thoroughly after the departure of the bands of pilgrims who at one time flocked to Chartres from all parts of the kingdom, and, when there, would insist on sleeping on the pavement of the cathedral. Somehow or other they had established a right to do this, and, in spite of all that the canons could do to prevent them, succeeded in maintaining it. Any one who has seen the state in which the whole of the little island of Mont Saint Michel is left by pilgrims when they have mustered in force, will have a faint idea of the appearance of any building which has had the exclusive privilege of sheltering them.

In the middle of the nave is "La Lieue," a labyrinth or maze traced out on the pavement in black and grey marble. It has an scalloped border, and an scalloped circle in the centre. It is 30 feet in diameter, and its path is 967 feet long; but as its winding course has to be pursued on hands



Old Mill, Chartres.

and knees by those who put it to its proper use, and as a number of prayers have to be uttered at certain prescribed stations, it takes a whole hour to reach the end of the path—

about the same time as it would take to walk a league—hence perhaps the name. This penance in former days was imposed for various sins of omission or commission, and sometimes for non-fulfilment of a vow to go to the Holy Land; but in that case the weary path of the Lieue would, in all probability, have to be traversed a great number of times. The Chartrains are in the habit of affirming, that statues of the twelve apostles, in solid gold, lie buried beneath it. Another thing, which is much more usually found beneath the central stone of a labyrinth of this kind, is the grave of the architect of the cathedral. In this case neither the one nor the other is there, the ground has been searched, and there are no golden apostles, and from the invincible repugnance of the chapter to let any one be buried within the precincts of the cathedral, it is quite certain that the architect—if there was any special architect—sleeps his last sleep elsewhere. All the great men, too, who under other circumstances would have been buried in this the principal church of the town, found sepulture at Saint Pierre, or some of the other churches, and their tombs were destroyed during the Revolution.

Chartres Cathedral would repay months, nay, years, of patient study. Outside and in, it is a perfect treasure-house

of sculpture and painted glass; no cathedral has so many carved figures, none is so rich in splendid old windows. Before the age of printing, most of the education of the world was given and gained through the medium of sight; and almost the whole sacred history can be read on the walls and windows of this church. Especially fine are the great doorways, with their splendid sculptured figures of kings and saints; fine, too, are the grey, worn-looking old stone steps, which bear the impress of countless feet. For ages thousands have flocked thither to kneel before the sacred "Camisia;"

thousands, too, still flock there from the villages around, whenever the weather is bad, to invoke the help of St. Piat to enable them to get in their harvest.

The nave of Chartres is the longest in France. Much that once made it beautiful has, however, been destroyed, especially the painted windows; and the consequence is that now too great a glare of light comes in, and yet the effect is so impressive that even Napoleon I. is said to have exclaimed on entering, "Un athée doit se trouver mal ici!" It is curious to examine the effect which the same place has on men of different natures.

We can readily believe that many would find the nave bare and ugly now that it has lost its richly coloured windows and been whitewashed, but, surely, few would say with Macaulay, "The cathedral, which was my chief object at Chartres, rather disappointed me—it wants vastness."

The choir is enclosed by a wonderful screen of the most elaborate tracery, and is divided into forty-five sculptured compartments, each representing some event in the life of the Virgin Mary or of Christ. They were executed at different periods, and, as usual, those done first are much the best. The first are the work of the "mason," Jehan de Beauce. Many of the events in the life of the Virgin are, of course, of a purely imaginative character.

One compartment represents her death, which took place at her abode on the slope of Mount Sinai. Thither, according to the tradition which supplies the subject of the thirty-seventh sculpture, when her last hour came, all the disciples, dispersed in different parts of the world, were borne on clouds. She is represented as lying on her bed, having made her will, in which she commanded Saint John to give two of her garments to two maidens present, who had been with her for many years. One of these very garments is, as the Chartrains believe, still in their possession, and they regard it as their most



La Porte Guillaume, Chartres.

precious relic, though they have also a fragment of the true cross. It is called the "Sacred Camisia," or "La Tunique intérieure," and was given to the cathedral by Charles le Chauve, in 876. It is still in a good state of preservation, and is composed of two pieces of white *écru* silk, the larger of which is more than two yards long. It is wrapped in a piece of stuff much finer, and more transparent than itself, which is believed to have been a veil of the Empress Irene. There is also a piece of sculpture on the screen which represents the siege of Chartres by Rollo and his Normans. On the walls of the town stand the bishop and all the clergy in full canonicals, exhibiting before the eyes of the invaders this sacred relic of the Camisia. The invaders mocked it, but were smitten with blindness, and could neither advance nor retire.

The crypt of Chartres is said to be the largest in France, and to be constructed on the site of a Druidical temple, in which, by a kind of prophetic anticipation, a figure of the Virgin was worshipped, and regarded with the same veneration which the Chartrains of Christian times would have bestowed on it. This figure was made of black pear-wood, and was preserved for centuries; but, in 1793, the *année terrible*, the enemies of religion came, wrecked the crypt, turned it into a wine-shop, and burnt the black statue which had belonged to the Druids, before the Porte Royale. This statue must not be confused with La Vierge Noire du Pilier, which may be seen to this day surrounded by more burning tapers and silver hearts than any other image, and never without a crowd of kneeling figures about it. It is wonderful that it escaped destruction in 1793. Tradition records that it owed its safety to the happy thought of a workman, who put a *bonnet rouge* on its head. The bells did not escape. They were turned into cannon balls and *gros sous*, and a rich supply they must have yielded, for one "bourdon" weighed 13,500 kils., and the other 10,000.

As for treasures of gold, silver, and jewels, the gifts of devout kings, queens, and bishops of old, since that fatal year their place has known them no more.

We have lingered so long over Notre Dame and all the strange old traditions connected with it, that we have left ourselves little space for the town itself; and yet there are many interesting things to see in it, and we ought to descend the steep hill on which the cathedral stands to find the little river Eure, which washes its base. It is very narrow, so narrow that, when a church (St. André) on the town side required enlargement, an arch was thrown across the river, and the choir built upon it. This has, however, been destroyed, and the church has been turned into a barn. Narrow as the Eure is, it is often very picturesque, and animated, too, when the washing-sheds, which overhang it, are filled with busy women plying their trade. In this part of the town is found the Porte Guillaume. Seven great gates once gave ingress and egress to Chartres, but this is the only one left. All the others have been pulled down, and the ramparts have been levelled and turned into public walks. The Porte Guillaume is very difficult to find, and so is a picturesque fragment of a Renaissance building, the Escalier de la Reine Berthe. This is rarely mentioned in any guide-book, and we only became aware of its existence by seeing a photograph of it in a shop window, and asking the owner of the shop in what town it was to be found, on which we learnt that it was in Chartres itself. We found it at last in a side street behind some houses, nearly concealed by a carpenter's shop which was built up against it. We had to go into the shop and prevail upon the owner to move some planks and other things before we could see the lower part of the tower at all. It is of fine old grey wood, and is covered with a red tiled roof; altogether it is one of the prettiest things in the place.

MARGARET HUNT.

PAOLO TOSCHI AND CORREGGIO.

TO him who loves Art for the sake of Art, not because of a traditional greatness, there is hardly any name more cherished than that of the great painter who has made Parma the resort, from time to time, of every enthusiast, from Titian to Ruskin. And for any one thus loving the work of Correggio it would be impossible to grudge his gratitude to the artist-engraver, Paolo Toschi, who so ably interpreted for us the chief works of his cherished "Master," and preserved, in the severe and more permanent beauty of engraving, that which was fast fading in colour and threatening to soon decay altogether.

A brief sketch of Correggio's work in relation to its commemoration in Line by Toschi may prove to be interesting at a time when a quickened attention seems to have been awakened in the great engraver's productions.

As regards the life of Correggio we have few trustworthy data; on one hand we read that he was wealthy, on the other that he was poor to a degree, and even at times destitute; again, he has been described as of low birth, and again as belonging to the higher class. But we have the facts of his birth, marriage, death, parentage, and life's work, which is more than can be said of many another artist whose name

is familiar. As dates and facts are troublesome things to the memories of most people, even ardent Art lovers, it will not be impertinent to recall the personal circumstances of Correggio's life before specifying the work which has endeared his memory to every subsequent generation.

Correggio, in the Duchy of Modena, saw both the birth and death of the painter called by its name. Antonio Allegri was born in 1494, and though his father, Pellegrini, was not himself an artist, the artistic influence was not wanting in the family, for Antonio's uncle, Lorenzo Allegri, was a painter of some repute in his time. Of the young painter's boyhood hardly anything definite is known. That, wherever his education was carried on, and whatever such education was, he was not long in impressing his immediate world is evident, for when only about twenty years of age, we know that he was employed in the Monastery of St. Francis on a picture of the saint himself. Before painting the famous fresco of the 'Assumption of Christ' he is known to have been largely employed by the different religious bodies, so that there is ample evidence to show that his genius was recognised from the first. About 1520, when only in his twenty-sixth year, he commenced the fresco just mentioned upon the cupola of the Benedictine

Church of St. John at Parma, and three years later the well-known 'St. Jerome,' for which he received "four hundred gold imperials, besides some cartloads of faggots, some measures of wheat, and a fat pig." * In 1530 he completed his *chef-d'œuvre*, the great 'Assumption of the Virgin.'

In the well-known 'Holy Family,' sometimes called *La Zingarella* (from the turban worn by the Madonna) and sometimes *La Madonna del Coniglio* (from a white rabbit in the foreground), the model for the Madonna is supposed to have been his wife, Girolama Merlino, to whom he was married in his twenty-sixth year, and who died just before the completion of the great 'Assumption.' About four years after this event the great painter died, on the 5th of March, 1534, and was buried, with great pomp, in the Arrivabene Chapel in the Church of St. Francis.

Perhaps the most characteristic term to apply to Correggio's work is *harmony*. It is also distinguished for marvellous chiaroscuro effect and for powers of foreshortening quite beyond any of his contemporaries, and by a grace of execution and beauty of conception that are specially individual.

Engraving triumphs over painting in that it has an assured immortality, not in tradition alone, but in fact; for, unlike the latter, it need fear neither spoliation through war, fanaticism, nor neglect, owing to its having a multiform existence. Therefore, he who can rescue and fitly perpetuate the works of any great painter becomes himself participator in his glory, and deserving of lasting gratitude—and such an one is Paolo Toschi. Some fifty years ago, from one cause and another, mostly from the smoke of incense through generation after generation, and from the inroads of damp, many of the treasures contained in the churches of Parma were fast becoming shorn of their glory, and were here and there almost unrecognisable. Before this became irremediable, the Grand Duchess of Parma gave to Toschi, at his solicitation, a commission to engrave the famous frescoes, and from that date till his death, in 1858, the "last of the great Italian engravers" worked incessantly at what was indeed to him a labour of love. After his death the work (which he did not live to complete) was carried on by his pupil, Raimondi, who, however, never succeeded in obtaining the magic touch of his instructor.

Paolo Toschi was born in 1788 in Parma, and in youth studied under the well-known French engraver, Charles Bervic, and was thus a disciple of the same school as Longhi. He showed at an early period a most undoubted talent, but it is uncertain, had he never left Paris, if he would have achieved a name beyond even that of such contemporaneous engravers as Massard or Richomme, and hardly, probably, beyond that of Wille and Bervic. But on returning for a time to Parma, and witnessing the devastation that was slowly causing the disappearance of the noble work Correggio had there wrought three centuries before, he became animated with the desire to engrave all the frescoes, if possible, before it was too late. His enthusiasm was magnetic, and, as already mentioned, the Grand Duchess was prevailed upon to give him the requisite commission. After his appointment as Director of the Academy of Fine Arts, he founded, mainly for the sake of the assistance it would afford him in the carrying out of his great work, a school of engravers, of whom the best known are Raimondi and Dalco. To these two, and others, he assigned the subordinate details, though in some instances he undertook

the entire plate himself. That he was a thorough draughtsman as well as engraver is manifest in the drawings now mainly possessed by the Museum in Parma; moreover, he was, by temperament, peculiarly suited to interpret the kindred mind of Correggio. It was on the 15th of April, 1844, that Toschi issued the prospectus of his proposed work, that is, "proposed" so far as carrying out the scheme *in toto* was concerned, for already a good deal had been accomplished. The impressions were to be issued as they were completed, and it makes the heart of the connoisseur envious to remember that the rare and beautiful *Remarque Proofs*, the issue of which was limited to thirty, were sold at five pounds. Ordinary proofs (before letters) were issued to subscribers at about half that sum, and prints at about £1 15s. These engravings are much sought after, and though they are continually coming into the "market," good states nearly always fetch large prices; one reason for this being that, apart from their artistic value as the productions of a great engraver after a great painter, they possess an additional value in their decorative qualities. What could be more charming in this way than the exquisite series of seven plates called 'Diana's Cherub Train'—those lovely medallions, where the children, whom Correggio so loved to paint, laugh and play within their ovals of trellised vine-leaves?

Yet, strange as it may seem, the enthusiasm of the engraver did not affect more than a very limited number of Art lovers, for the better states of the impressions did not sell well—so badly, indeed, that after Toschi's death his heir found herself possessed of the greater part of them. It seems almost incredible that so lately as twenty-four years ago a government noted for its patronage of Art should have declined the purchase of these engravings at a ridiculously low price; yet it is known that Toschi's only daughter and sole heir offered to the Calcographia Camerale (the publishing house of the Papal Government) all the proofs of her father's plates at ten francs apiece—an offer that was not only declined, but met by a counter-tender of five francs for each proof. Fortunately this counter-offer was declined in turn, and the engravings remained for a time in the possession of the family, in due course being disseminated throughout Europe and America.

Perhaps the most famous of all Correggio's compositions, both as a painting and through the interpretation of engraving, is the beautiful 'Madonna della Scala,' now in the galleries of the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Parma. The enthusiastic praise of Vasari and other critics concerning this masterpiece is well known, though I do not agree with Mr. Fagan when he considers it as possibly "the loveliest impersonation of the Virgin that has ever been realised." The reason of the fresco of the Virgin and Child being designated the 'Madonna della Scala' is that it was painted in a recess of the Porta Romana, which was approached by a flight of steps, hence the "Della Scala." After some vicissitude it at last found its present resting-place in the Academy at Parma. It is the entire naturalness of this lovely painting that appeals so universally, the clinging, half-playful, half-frightened attitude of the child Christ, and the loving solicitous care of the mother.

We must be especially grateful to Toschi for his beautiful engraving of the 'Annunciation,' as the fresco in the Church of Santa Annunziata is now almost wholly destroyed; it is in the shape of a lunette, and is exceedingly lovely. Toschi has been specially successful in his rendering of the faces of the

* "The Works of Correggio," with biographical and descriptive notes by Louis Fagan. Bell and Daldy, 1875.

two divine figures, the matronly beauty of the one, and the sad *humanity* of the other.

The cupola of San Giovanni is rich with the incalculable richness of Correggio's genius, for here are to be seen the exquisite frescoes representing the Ascension, with the twelve Apostles, the Evangelists, and the Fathers of the Church. Grand in conception, they are in every sense equally fine in execution, and have been well styled models of perfection. Those who have seen either the originals or Toschi's engravings will remember the marvellous beauty. It is difficult to say in which of these four plates Toschi has been most successful—perhaps in the last, representing St. John and St. Augustine.

Probably the best known of Toschi's engravings from Correggio, after the 'Madonna della Scala,' are the lovely impressions of the series known as 'Diana's Cherub Train.' In San Ludovico there is the celebrated 'Camera di San Paolo,' which the abbess at the time of Correggio ordered him to paint; the subjects, however, are classical or mythological, and are said by some to have been suggested by Giorgio Anselmi. The chief of these is 'Diana returning from the Chase,' which was frescoed over the chimney-piece. The beauty of Diana in this engraving and fresco is thoroughly Correggiquesque, but, at the same time, not in the least like the conventional or common idea of the huntress-queen—not, indeed, sufficiently like to impress us as much as we might otherwise have been. For conventionality is sometimes right, and certainly in this instance must approximate more to the severe Greek conception than to the fair young Italian womanhood of Correggio's fresco. Beneath the fresco there was in the 'Chamber of St. Paul' a sub-roof of vine-leaves, under which are open oval spaces, wherein laughing, naked children play with emblematical weapons, or with animals,

or each other: and these make up the famous 'Cherub Train.' Beneath these latter medallions again are lunettes in *chiaroscuro*, representing sixteen separate mythologic subjects.

Anything more charming than these children-groups sporting through the trellised vine-leaves it would be difficult to imagine. Ruskin's mention of them will be remembered, as also the saying of Annibale Carracci, that they laugh "with a naturalness and simplicity that opens one's heart, and forces one to laugh with them." In these days, when decoration seems at last to be taking its due place in England, nothing could be more appropriate for wall-decorative purposes than Toschi's engravings of this series, as nowhere has he been more successful than in the exquisite rendering here of the convolvuli, and roses, and leaves of the wreaths amidst the trellis-work forming the ovals.

A specially beautiful one is that above the lunette of a young God Bacchus: the foreshortening here is wonderful, the grace and beauty alike remarkable. The backward poise of the near child's figure is as true as it is effective, and the interlacing of the limbs of the struggling twain more than adroitly managed. How beautiful, also, is that one wherein a chubby little fellow affectionately throws his arms around the neck of a deerhound!

Not only is Parma far removed from many who would fain visit it for the sake of Antonio Allegri alone, but even the Parmese themselves will soon have to lament the slow decay of much that is so valuable; for gradually the frescoes are peeling off, and many are already sorely defaced. But it is something to know, that if Parma itself were destroyed to-day no lapse of time could cause any diminution to the fame of its worthiest adopted son, for all over the world, wherever Art is cherished, he is loved in the faithful and beautiful transcriptions of Paolo Toschi.

WILLIAM SHARP.

'RICHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.'

THIS picture, etched by Leopold Flameng, from the picture by Henri Motte, represents Cardinal Richelieu standing on the mole which he constructed in 1628 to close the harbour of Rochelle. This mole was a massive work, formed of large stones laid on projections of rock, and completely stopped any communication by sea with the beleaguered city.

One of the three great objects of Richelieu's ambition, after his attainment to the red hat and the premiership of France, was to subjugate Protestantism and annihilate the Huguenots as a political party; the others being to make the power of the Crown absolute, and to reduce the strength of the House of Austria. For the first of these purposes he began a war, in 1626, with the Protestants, who had entered into a league with England. Desirous of ending the conflict by a decisive blow, he laid siege to Rochelle, and went in person to the stronghold of the Calvinists on the Bay of Biscay in order to urge it forward.

The episode which M. Henri Motte has chosen is when the English ships came to the rescue of the city. We see the Cardinal standing on the mole watching the naval encounter,

attended by some monks and a soldier in armour, who eagerly discuss the progress of the fight. The enormous iron-shod poles set *en chevaux-de-frise*, to withstand any approach by the vessels of war, make one of the most striking points in the picture; and the coolness and repose of the principal figure form a dramatic contrast to the turmoil of the sea and the peril of his exposed position. M. Motte's picture was one of the attractions of the Paris Salon of 1881, and by the power displayed in its composition and the brilliancy of its execution, has added greatly to the artist's well-earned reputation.

It may be of interest to add that the city withstood the Cardinal's forces for fourteen months, and it is estimated that out of a population of nearly thirty thousand souls, only five thousand famished men and women lived through the terrible time. But Richelieu's motive seems to have been more political than religious, as his after-treatment of the Huguenots was rather tolerant than rigorous.

The work of M. Motte has been interpreted by M. Leopold Flameng with his accustomed skill, and the difficulty of rendering in black-and-white the colour of the original has been overcome with even more than usual success.



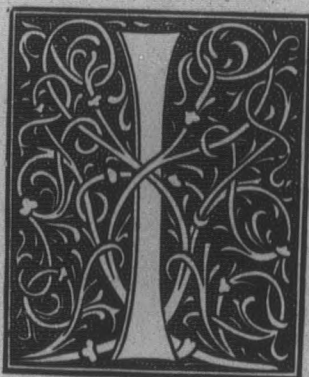
PAINTED BY HENRI MOTTE.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

RICHHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

NEW YORK: PATTERSON & NEILSON.

GEORGE REID, R.S.A.



Lf the Scottish school of Art has as yet been little prolific in painters of the highest imagination, in artists able to deal effectively with poetic subjects, it has never, since its rise in Jamesone of Aberdeen, wanted for skilled and powerful portraitists. The realism required by portraiture, its strong and immediate hold on present fact, has been in thorough sympathy with the shrewd and practical nature of the national character. But it cannot be said that the finest masterpieces in this department have been the work of men who were professed portraitists and nothing more. Even the most widely known and prolific of Scottish portrait painters, Sir Henry Raeburn, has suffered somewhat by his exclusive devotion to a single phase of Art. He is great always by his instinctive and unerring seizure of character; but had his range of subject been wider, it cannot be doubted that his works would have possessed a more complete and more constant value on their purely artistic side, that they would have avoided the mannerisms of which they frequently show traces, and been distinguished by finer qualities of lighting, texture, and flesh-painting. For the supreme achievements of Scottish portraiture we must look to men whose art had wider scope, to the 'Lord Kelly,' of Sir David Wilkie; to 'The Artist's Mother,' by Andrew Geddes; just as the greatest portraits of old Italy are by Titian and Leonardo, and the greatest of our own time by Millais. The painter with whom we have now to deal is one who has kept the portraiture which has been the main work of his life fresh and artistic, free from "the curse of commonness" and routine, by wide and varied practice as a figure-painter, a landscape-painter, and a painter of flowers.

He is a native of Aberdeen—the city that has given to Scottish Art Jamesone and Dyce, Phillip and Cassie; and was born in 1842, coming of a family which must have had in it some germs at least of Art faculty, for two of his younger brothers, Mr. A. D.

Reid and Mr. Samuel Reid, have also proved themselves accomplished and capable painters. As has been the case with almost all who have attained eminence in Art, he early showed a fondness for pictures and an aptitude for

using the pencil; and when he had reached the age of twelve, and had received the elements of an ordinary education at school, his father was anxious that he should be put in the way of learning a trade which would give at least some degree of scope for his artistic powers. He was unwilling, however, that his son should encounter the risk and uncertainty of a painter's life, desirous that he should be able to earn with certainty an honest livelihood; so George was, in 1854, bound for seven years as an apprentice with Messrs. Keith and Gibb, lithographers, in Aberdeen. Here he was not quite separated from Art; drawing of a sort was going on around him, pictures of a kind were being turned out daily by the establishment, and his own work had in it something of artistry, at least during the last two or three years of his apprenticeship, when he was mainly employed in lithographing, from sketches by one of the firm, the illustrations to Dr. John Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," a magnificent folio published by the Spalding Club. And he made the acquaintance of an actual artist, one William Niddrie, an itinerant portrait painter, who had been a pupil of James Giles, R.S.A., and who, we believe, ended his life as a porter in the Aberdeen Savings' Bank. Mr. Reid speaks of Niddrie with much respect, as a man of real instinct and enthusiasm for Art, whom poverty and untoward circumstances had prevented from attaining mastery. At any rate he taught Reid to lay the colour, gave him some general idea of the technical processes of Art, aided him, too, we doubt not, with the fire of his own enthusiasm. Once a week there was a regular lesson for two hours before eight o'clock in the morning, when George had to begin his day's work, one shilling being the fee exacted on each occasion; and in the evening, when the lithographing was over, the boy was still busy, sketching from nature, or copying Hill's

"Etchings from Nature" and the plates of Harding's "Park and Forest." In his holidays he would visit Edinburgh, choosing the time when the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy was open. On one such occasion he called on Sir George Harvey. The excellent old President of the Academy had been shown some of the lad's drawings by a friend, and had expressed a wish to see him. He re-

ceived Reid with great kindness, gave him encouragement and much good advice, and displayed to his eager eyes his own portfolios of sketches. But to the young man's inquiry, "Would he advise him to become a painter?" Harvey



St. Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen.

could only reply, "I daren't, I daren't; the decision must rest with yourself alone."

The seven years' apprenticeship came at length to an end, and having continued with his employers for several months longer and managed to save a few pounds, Reid resolved to leave for Edinburgh to prosecute seriously the study of Art. He started one chill, dark November morning, with a heart heavy and anxious enough about his future. He says that now, when he looks back upon the time, it seems all like some weird, unreal dream, and he remembers how, as the train skirted the coast between Aberdeen and Stonehaven, and the day dawned in splendour over the sea, his thoughts went instinctively to a similar effect of sunrise in the 'Columbus' by Sir George Harvey, which he had seen in Edinburgh—he, too, going out into the unknown to discover his New World.

When he arrived in Edinburgh the School of Design—that "Trustees' Academy" which has won for itself so honourable

a name in the history of Scottish Art—had just been reorganized; its method of instruction had been brought into something like uniformity with that of the South Kensington Department, and one of Reid's earliest memories of the place is of seeing Robert Scott Lauder, the painter of 'The Trial of Effie Deans,' the master of Orchardson, Pettie, and Chalmers, paying his last visit to the school and taking leave of the pupils.

After nine months of earnest study in Edinburgh Reid returned to Aberdeen, and though he received advantageous offers of work as a lithographer, he resolved to devote all his time to painting. He supported himself mainly by portraits done for a few shillings each; in his leisure moments he was busy with landscape sketching from nature, and the picturesque corners of the Cathedral and the St. Nicholas Church of Aberdeen were painted as appropriate backgrounds for such figure-pictures as 'The Monk cleaning Church Plate' and 'The Orphan soliciting Alms.' Having remained two



The Death of Savonarola, by George Reid, R.S.A.

years in his native town, he returned to Edinburgh to draw from the antique in the Sculpture Gallery, and from the figure in the life-class of the Scottish Academy.

It was about this time that he was greatly impressed by Continental Art. A friend in Aberdeen had purchased in the International Exhibition of 1862 a large landscape by Mollinger, a flat stretch of moorland, with a dark clump of trees in the middle distance, overhung by a great sky filled with golden clouds. Reid saw the picture, felt the charm of its tender sentiment, of its quiet truth to nature, felt, above all, the charm of its subdued and harmonious tonality, and was filled with a wish to study under its painter. Would Mollinger have him as a pupil? "Let the young man come by all means," wrote the Dutch painter in reply; so Reid started for Utrecht.

Here he felt the fresh and stimulating influence of one of the most powerful members of the school of revived landscape

in Holland, a school which may be traced back to England itself, to the influence of the works of Constable and Crome on the landscape-painters of France. Mollinger had been a pupil of the French Roelofs, had learned much from Troyon, and even in his short life—he died at thirty-four—he won for himself quite a foremost place among modern Dutch painters. Under his eye Reid worked unweariedly from nature, attaining a breadth and harmony of tone which could never have been acquired by practice in the manner of the Scottish landscapists of twenty years ago.

Next year Reid started for Paris, to study under Yvon, the painter of battle subjects. After a winter there he returned to Holland, and painted for several months with his friend Israels, and with this residence at the Hague, in 1871, his period of studentship may be said to have ended.

Since then he has lived mainly at Aberdeen, with such occasional, and sometimes rather prolonged visits to London

and Edinburgh and to the country, as his works of portraiture and landscape render necessary; for he has resisted that tendency towards centralisation which is so characteristic of Art and artists in our time, and has preferred to preserve his individuality in the comparative seclusion of the North, free from what he feels would be, for him, the distractions of life in a capital. He has formed for himself a charmingly artistic home some two miles from Aberdeen, near the interesting old Scotch mansion-house of the Skenes of Rubislaw, and beside some of the great granite quarries for which the district is celebrated. The place, originally a little farm-house, selected one year for summer quarters, was found to be eligible for permanent residence, and Mr. Reid has gradually built to it and enlarged it, till it has come to be quite an ideal artist's dwelling, with all the quaint corners and picturesque irregularity of a house that has *grown*—its

porch rich with the crimson and white roses which he has painted so often and so effectively; its red tiles set against the greenery of overhanging trees; and with a covered gallery, curious with leaded panes and antique-painted glass, leading to a noble studio, where the painter works surrounded by the white shapes of Greek sculpture, and with the faces of Velasquez looking down on him from great photographs on the walls. In this pleasant artistic retreat he spends his life amid his family circle and a wide *entourage* of appreciative friends.

In 1870, he was elected an Associate, and seven years later a full Member of the Royal Scottish Academy, to whose annual exhibitions he has been a liberal contributor. His works have been more occasionally seen on the walls of Burlington House, but such of them as the 'Publisher at his Desk,' of last spring, the portraits of Sir Bartle Frere



Dysart, Fife, by George Reid, R.S.A.

and of Principal Tulloch, shown in 1881, and 'The Provost of Peterhead,' of 1880, will be fresh in the recollection of many readers.

In the Town Hall of Aberdeen are three good specimens of Mr. Reid's portraiture, the full-lengths of Provost Alex. Anderson, Mr. John Angus, and Provost George Thomson, though it must be confessed that the first of these has that excessive palor of colour and blackness of shadow which was characteristic of some of the painter's earlier works. But there are other portraits which the artist has produced from time to time, less important in size than such gallery pictures, but showing at least an equal share of artistic skill, and possessing, from their subjects, a wider interest. These are a series of likenesses of men celebrated in connection with literature, science, and Art, and include an excellent

head of Mr. Millais, painted during a recent residence of the artist in Aberdeen, vivacious portraits of Mr. Charles Keene, of *Punch*; of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A.; of Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A.; and of Dr. John Brown; one of Mr. Froude, and one of Dr. Robertson Smith in his study, his pale student's face raised for a moment from the great folio of Hebraic lore over which he bends. To these may be added the 'Thomas Edward the Naturalist,' which has been transcribed by Rajon as a frontispiece to Mr. Smiles's biography, with a spirit and delicacy which entitles the little print to rank with the great head of Darwin after Ouless, as one of the very best of the Frenchman's portrait-etchings. Nor should we omit reference to a likeness of Dr. Jamieson, of Aberdeen, with its easy pose of the picturesque head against the background darkness, and its free tossing of grey hair

and beard, which has always seemed to us one of the most admirable and unforgettable of the artist's portraits. Among the works which Mr. Reid has more recently completed is a gallery picture of the Lord President Inglis in his robes of office, to be hung in the old Scottish Parliament House, and a full-length of Mr. Duncan MacLaren, ex-M.P. for Edinburgh.

If we discover in Mr. Reid's portraits, in their gravity, their reticence, their sobriety of colour, some trace of the artist's continental training, we find still more distinct signs of the same influence in his landscape work. It was as a landscapist that he painted in Holland, and he has learned much from the works of modern Dutchmen, from their low-toned scenes, so full of harmony and of pathos—scenes in which, as the poet says of Del Sarto's pictures and Del Sarto's life, "a common grey-ness silvers everything, all in a twilight," and which contrast so strangely with the older Art of Holland, with the rich, dark, glowing colour and concentrated light of Rembrandt, with the vivid, sharply opposing shade and sunshine of De Hooze. Indeed, the three most important external facts to be remembered in connection with the landscape of Mr. Reid are his residence in the Netherlands, his study under Mollinger, and his friendship with Israels. How different was the treasure-trove which our artist brought with him from over-seas from that with which another Aberdeen painter, John Phillip, returned freighted to his native land: the one coming from Spain with dreams of splendid tinting, of lustrous-eyed, dark-skinned beauties; the other bringing with him from Holland a sense of all the pleasantness and all the harmony that may lie in a few quiet, slightly varied tones, set side by side with skill. Not that Mr. Reid has by any means copied Dutch work in a servile way, or submitted himself passively to its influence; he has simply chosen the school of Art which was most germane to his own instincts and turn of mind—a school which happened not to be that of his own country—and has worked after its traditions in a freely independent and original manner.

The scenes that he paints are possessed and permeated with a spirit of pensive quietude. All through his landscape art the painter shows his power of making much out of little; choosing, by preference, quiet lighting and sober colour; choosing, too, not seldom, scenes of the most ordinary and every-day sort, like that of the large canvas which he titles 'Whins in Bloom,' with its foreground of rough sea-bents

brightened with the homely gold of the sturdy shrub, its flat receding distance and strip of dark blue-grey sea lying quietly beneath the grey brooding sky. In his diploma picture of 'Dornoch,' deposited in the Scottish National Gallery, we have a somewhat similar effect, over a similar sea-coast scene; but here, in the middle distance, we see the little town, with its picturesque intricacies of gables and square church-tower, and have pleasant warmth of colour in the mellow tiles that surmount the grey walls.

The artist has seldom set himself to depict the full glory of those moments when "triumph takes the sunset hour," and the heavens flush with crimson and flash with gold; rather he chooses the time when the sun has just set, and the "quiet-coloured eve, miles on miles," broods over the dark-

ening landscape, the sky spreading clear and delicate with hues of pale yellow and faint tender green against the solemn purple of the gathering night. Even when he paints Venice—the very city of enchantment and gorgeous dreams—he does not strive to follow any precedent of Turnerian splendour, he gives us no sumptuousness of sunrise or sunset tinting; only much refined loveliness of red towers and white domes and grey roofs, that raise themselves against the quiet blue, and mirror themselves, with soft play of mingling colour, in the calm lagoon beneath. Often in his rendering of the autumn woods, as in the little picture titled 'October,' we have much strength and sober richness of hue; but even here, as always in his landscape art, the dominant feeling is one of sobriety and quietude. In his 'Norham,' shown in the Royal Academy of 1879, in its bank covered with the ruddy fading trees and topped with the ruined walls of the an-

cient tower, in the curve of foreground river flowing quietly beneath the still grey sky, he has caught and embodied in a marvellous way the sentiment of the season, when the calm of autumn is passing into the sleep of winter. Again, in 'November,' painted for The Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, we have an impressive rendering of a lonely tarn among the hills, with its great beds of withered reeds among which is seen the solitary figure of a heron, its belt of trees that cross the canvas focussing the picture with warmth of russet hue, and the chill summits of snow-clad mountains that gleam mysteriously through the mist of the distance, with their suggestion of the desolation of the coming winter. And midwinter itself the artist has painted effectively more than once, notably in



Johnny Gibb, of Gushetneuk, by George Reid, R.S.A.

his 'Jedburgh Abbey' and his 'March of Montrose.' The sobriety and quiet poetry of the artist's landscapes is well indicated in the view of Dysart, which illustrates the present article.

If we were to judge Mr. Reid only by his exhibited work, we could scarcely call him distinctively a figure-painter. Some of his earlier pictures are, indeed, figure-pieces, and in an important landscape, 'The Peat-moss,' of 1869, the forms of rustic labourers appear prominently; but the former works are small in size and comparatively immature in treatment, while in the latter the figures are introduced greatly on the principles of the landscape-painter, and the picture owes most of its interest to its corner of fir forest and to its stretch of brown moorland and of blue sky. Mr. Reid is, however, at present engaged upon a large historical picture of 'Savonarola,' and we are fortunate in being able to present our readers with a reproduction from the artist's drawing of the subject. The time selected is the night before the execution of the prophet-monk of Florence, when, as Burlamacchi relates, the old man lay down on the floor of his prison, and asked Nicolini, the "Penitent of the Order of the Temple" who attended him, to support his head in his lap, that he might sleep for awhile and gather strength for the trying scenes of the morrow. The composition is of the simplest: we see just the bare cell and its two inmates, the dark-robed friar bending over the sleeping man who lies beside him, with the first chill light of the May morning resting upon his pale, worn, grand old face. The chiaroscuro of the picture is broad and noble, the subject is treated in a way at once profoundly mysterious and suggestive, and yet strangely realistic; and the work may fairly be said to prove the artist's power of painting a truly impressive and dramatic figure-picture.

It is only of recent years that Mr. Reid has been known as a painter of flowers. Perhaps some incitement towards this branch of Art may have come from the sight of a particularly fine flower-piece by Diaz, acquired by the same friend who possesses that work of Mollinger's which first attracted Mr. Reid to the Art of Holland; but, if so, he has only received incitement from the Frenchman's work, not guidance, for his own manner of flower painting is especially individual. One remembers the stately and elaborate flower-pictures of the old Dutch masters, how they realised their subjects with delicate and prolonged brush work, gathering together infinitely varied blossoms, arranging them in studied order in superb vases, and placing on the table beside them some suggestion of a feast in cut fruit, or richly chased goblet, or fantastic Venetian glass; and one remembers, too, that what we most admire in such pictures is just the artist's dexterity, that they too commonly leave one cold with a sense of remoteness from nature, spite of all the adroitly painted dew drops that glisten on the leaves, and the carefully articulated insects that hide among the petals. And we know the exquisitely homely and rustic flower and fruit pictures of William Hunt; how he "fudges out" his little subjects—the phrase was the artist's own—with delighted labour of prolonged cross-hatching and stippling. But Mr. Reid's work and its method contrast both with that of the Dutch painters and of the Englishman. It is done always at speed, aiming at breadth of effect and at a splendour of colour which the artist has as yet denied himself in his portraiture and landscape. He does not bring together a selected variety of blossoms,

but in each picture he deals with a single kind of flower and its leaves, painted with the simplest of accessories and against a plain background of cool grey or rich warm brown; it may be a few marguerites in a pot of embossed brass, or marsh marigolds in a blue vase, or, grandest of all, a great cluster of roses, white and red, lying on a slab of polished marble, which reflects their colours with softly opaline delicacy. Frequently such studies are made in a couple of sittings; the first spent in laying the colours in their places, and then one long day of strenuous labour, from earliest summer morning till latest twilight, and the work is completed.

Something still remains to be said about Mr. Reid's numerous and very excellent book illustrations—such as the St. Machar's Cathedral, which we reproduce—the original drawings for which show quite a marvellous daintiness and delicacy of touch. The first volume to which he contributed designs was "The Selected Writings of John Ramsay, M.A.," a former editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*. The various essays of the book deal much with the antiquities of the city of "Bon Accord," and the artist has found congenial subjects for his pencil in views of King's College, and the old church of St. Nicholas, and in various studies of the "sculptured stones" of his native place. The final illustration is a pathetic little subject, 'The Grave of Ramsay' in the "Auld Kirkyard" of Aberdeen, seen in the evening light, and under the dreary sobbing of winter rain.

A better-known volume is Mr. Smiles's charming biography of Thomas Edward, the Scotch naturalist, published in 1876, with the frontispiece, etched by Rajon, which we have mentioned, and illustrated with wood-cuts from our artist's designs—sea-coast views, for the most part, in Aberdeen and Banffshire. In 1879 Mr. Reid contributed to the memoir of his friend and brother artist, the late G. Paul Chalmers, a view of Montrose, and interiors of the painter's studio and of its little adjoining room—the limbo of his uncompleted works, over which, in moments of depression, he used to brood so despondingly. The final vignette of the volume is also from Mr. Reid's pencil, a symbolic design of a strange shadowy skeleton hand coming from the darkness and plucking the pencils and palette from the human fingers that hold them—a drawing which repeats, with still weirder emphasis, the sentiment of 'The Grave of Ramsay.'

The book, however, which shows most comprehensively and adequately Mr. Reid's power of design, is an edition of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," published in 1880. The story, which is full of the quaintest, raciest humour, deals with life in Aberdeenshire some forty or fifty years ago, and its admirable fidelity to types of character and turns of speech, which are fast disappearing before the levelling culture of school boards and other engines of modern improvement, will give to the book a distinct antiquarian and philological value before many years are over. The illustrations—one of which, the shrewd, strong, worn head of Johnny Gibb himself, we reproduce—setting aside altogether their excellent artistic qualities, have in fullest measure a precisely parallel kind of interest, for the "portraits" of the *dramatis personæ* of the story have been drawn from typical specimens of actual living Aberdonians, and the landscape subjects of its scenes have been sketched with the utmost precision from nature.

J. M. GRAY.

SEINE SCENERY.



FEW persons outside of France have any acquaintance with, or knowledge of, the rare beauties of Seine scenery. The river has thus far escaped the vulgarity of becoming a common tourist's high-road. The general impression is current that the Seine, being destitute of the

legendary romance of the vine-clad Rhine, the vivid and somewhat spectacular scenic effects of the Italian lakes, or even the lawn-like finish of the Thames, offers no attractions to either amateur or tourist. This opinion only proves the falsity of opinion based upon superficial knowledge. From the artistic point of view, perhaps, no other one river in Europe possesses a character of scenery so pre-eminently beautiful, or one so replete with the charm of contrast, or rich in variety; for the picturesque portions of the noble river are by no means confined to the grandeur and wildness of the Fontainebleau forests, or of the animated quays and crumbling mediaeval houses of the ancient city of Rouen. To one in search of scenes which shall unite the charms of beautiful river scenery with the added note of pastoral and village rusticity, almost every turning of the river will reveal a mine of wealth. It is a characteristic of the scenery of the Seine that it is eminently sketchable at almost every point. For it is more than a purely picturesque, it is an essentially poetic river. A conclusive proof of its superiority in point of artistic resources and suggestiveness is, perhaps, that no other European river scenery has had so overwhelming an influence upon modern Art. During the past forty years, in which the Seine and its tributaries have been the principal camping-ground of the best French landscape-painters, the peculiarities of its scenery, and the features of its rustic life, have formed the taste, and developed a wholly original mode of treatment of genre and landscape in the modern French school.

The two principal characteristics of the scenery of the Seine are its naturalness, and its possessing in the highest degree that individuality which marks its landscapes as distinctively French. The Seine could never be mistaken at any point for other than a French river. The Parisian masters, in transferring to their canvases the peculiarities of the river and shore aspects, have produced a school of landscape as essentially national in character as that which marks the Dutch and Flemish masterpieces of two hundred years ago. The low wide meadows, the stately poplars, the reedy shores, and the delicate atmosphere which veils the jumble of roofs, and the quaint towers and turrets that are lanced from the Seine shores, have already become as familiar features of modern French landscape, as the cone-shaped hills of Flanders and the flat windmill-dotted fields of Holland, which make the character of the landscape in Dutch and Flemish canvases.

I have spoken of the naturalness of the Seine landscape. It is this which makes its lasting charm. Along these banks nature neither rises to the sublime nor does she appear in too wild or dishevelled a state. There is a happy blending of the cultivated and the uncultivated, of nature tamed and yet enjoying the wilder *abandon* of freedom. Nowhere are the scenes too grand or too wide for the pencil; the hills suggest, but do not attain, the majestic; the wide, flat fields and the

long stretches of meadows are broken into possible distances by a gently sloping ground or an avenue of tall poplars. The villages and farm-houses dotted along its banks wear a thoroughly rustic air; the villas and châteaux crowning its low hills become naturally a part of the landscape by their happy adaptation, architecturally, to the character of their surroundings; while the not infrequent ruins of monastery or ancient castle group charmingly with the fluffy foliage and dense shrubbery.

Perhaps the "impressionist's" most ideal landscape would be found among the villages of the upper Seine, that part of the Seine which flows between Fontainebleau and Rouen, as beyond Rouen the river takes on a stronger and bolder character both in its breadth and in the quality of its scenery.

First in point of beauty among the villages contiguous to Fontainebleau, is Grètz, a little village not directly upon the Seine, but upon its little tributary, the Loing. Grètz can be reached in an hour's drive from the town or palace of Fontainebleau. This charming village must have grown here, close to the low sweet level of the winding river's banks, with a view to its being sketched. Not a feature necessary to the making of a picture is wanting. The village street lies back some distance from the shore, the backs of the houses fronting upon the river, the village and the river life made one by the straggling rose, fruit, and vegetable gardens running down between their high stone wall enclosures to the very edges of the swiftly flowing streams. As one views the village from the mid-stream, one has the outlined irregularity of the village houses limned against the sky. To the right, between the tall grenadier-like poplars, or the higher branches of the willow, rises a beautiful group of old buildings; the blue spaces of the sky are seen through the arches and ruins of the old château of La Reine Blanche, that queen having made, centuries ago, Grètz her dwelling-place. The massive, simple lines of the castle's Norman tower contrast finely with the belfry of the still more ancient church close beside it, the dark façades of these old buildings being relieved by the gay touches of colour upon the adjacent houses. A queer old bridge appears to leap directly from the very courtyard of the château to the opposite shore, and on the bridge is constantly moving some picture of rustic life, peasants with loads of grapes or fagots, a herd of oxen laboriously dragging the teeming hay-cart, a group of chattering villagers, or the shepherd leading his flock to richer pastures. The river banks themselves are not wanting in the beauty of human activity. In the gardens, as our boat drifted along the banks, were half-a-dozen bent old women weeding, sowing, and plucking. Farther down, beyond the bridge, is the washerwomen's stand, the bare arms, short skirts, and gay kerchiefs of these sturdy peasant women, with the bits of colour their home-spun linens yield, making delightful contrasts with the delicate arabesques which the tender light foliage made against the sky. On the left the meadows and fields run out to meet the horizon with the flatness of a sea at calm, a feature of the landscape which invests the scenery with the charm of a certain indefiniteness. This, together with the soft-rounded finish of the river foliage, the touch of wildness imparted by the clusters of the tall weeds and grasses which fringe its banks and the romantic and picturesque features of its ruins,

bridges, and old houses, unite in making the place one of the most preferred haunts of French artists.

The upper valley of the Seine, that portion of the river lying between Paris and Rouen, seems at a first glance to be a country as sterile in artistic resources as it is uninteresting to the average tourist. But the French artist, so far from finding the flat, wide stretches of field and meadow, the scanty foliage, and the scattered groups of farm-houses which border the river banks, either too prosaic or too trite for his pencil, has discovered from a close study of this apparently commonplace valley scenery a new feature of landscape beauty. This feature has been the present original treatment of flat surfaces of ground and of large sunlit spaces. The character of all this valley scenery may be summed up in a few words; tilled fields running down to the water's edge; wild uncultivated fields and rich dank meadows, their flatness broken here and there by a clustering group of low shrubbery, by rows of the slim, straight French poplars, or an avenue of stunted, bulbous-trunked willows, with their straight, reed-like branches. The entire landscape has but two-lines, the horizontality of the meadows and the perpendicular uprising of the trees, except that far off in the distance run the waving outlines of the hills of Normandy. Such is the aspect of the country in which some of the first among contemporaneous French artists have found new sources of inspiration. Those wide sunlit meadows, breathing the rich luxuriance of nature in undisturbed serenity; the golden spaces of the air shimmering like some netted tissue between tree and tree; the shadows cast by a single tree across the length of a field: an intimate knowledge and study of this landscape have taught the French brush the secret of its power in painting a flat picture, and in wresting from sunlight the glory of its gold. The peculiar qualities of the atmosphere at certain seasons of the year make the Seine valley especially useful to Art students. In the spring nothing can exceed the delicacy, purity and fineness of the colouring of the foliage, and the tones of light are marvellous in their dainty refinement and suggestiveness. Nature seems to be making a sketch in outline of a picture which summer is to fill in, so pure are the outlines of foliage and landscape in that wonderful medium of delicately coloured ether. In summer, sunlight fairly drenches the fields, and the unenclosed spaces of light seem its spiritualised soul. Autumn colours, also, here seem richer, firmer, more glowing than in other parts of France, and the October twilights in their brilliance and duration approach an American tint.

The first breaks in the monotony of the valley scenery are the approaches to, and the immediate suburbs about, Rouen. The river banks just below are particularly picturesque. The river between Rouen and La Bouille assumes a character different from that which marks it above the city. It was my special good fortune to traverse this portion sometime before sunrise. We left the city behind us masked in grey mist, only the iron *flèche* of the cathedral piercing the cottony wrappings. On the motionless Seine not a ripple was astir, and the morning fog held leaves and trees in a close, breathless embrace. But at Croisset, with the shooting of the sun above the horizon came the melting hues and the freshening breath of morning. As the clouds, slowly rolled apart, give us glimpses of the magnificent panorama of Rouen set in its circlet of hills, the effect was that of the gradual lifting of a drop-curtain upon some fine scenic landscape. The river itself was a jewel of colour, reflecting the faintly tinted

shipping along the wharves, the rich emerald of the trees, and the shadowy grasses along the shores. The steamer on its way steers in and out among a hundred little islands which give a magical effect of enchantment, so fairy-like and exquisite are their shapes and forms. With Croisset, Hautot, Loquence and Sahurs, the majesty of the Rouen quays, wharves, spires, and cathedral towers gives place to the richer, softer beauty of rural village loveliness. These little villages are each one prettier and more attractive than the other, with charming old houses and ruined old châteaux and churches. But the most beautiful picture greeted our eyes as we approached La Bouille, which is picturesquely set against the greenery of a hilly background, its bright, light-coloured houses so close to the water's edge that the river was like a broken rainbow of colour, reflecting their tints in its ripples. The turret of an old château and a bit of neglected terraced wall added their note of suggestive romance to the scene; while for the foreground of the picture was a large sailing sloop slowly unfurling its sails like some huge bird preparing to take its flight. Across the river was a magnificent expanse of meadow and tilled field, with a poplar now and then to serve as a sentinel guarding the bursting grain. The banks of the river are delightfully diversified by clusters of old thatched farm-houses, spreading fishing-nets, and old boats moored in tiny creeks. As we passed the last of the village houses, there were some wonderful effects of light and colour; all the confused indecision of light scurrying clouds piled above the meadows; the uncertain vagueness of a mist rolling still, like the skirts of a fleecy robe, over the distant river bends; and immediately about us the warmth, brilliance, and goldenness of sunrise in its early splendour. Couched amidst the mysterious shade of some dense foliage was the bending form of an old woman, filling her pitcher at the river-side, scarlet kerchiefed and dun skirted. Off in the grey distance was the figure of a peasant woman carrying her child upon her back, her tall, straight form magnified into strange attitude by the misty atmosphere. A brush capable of strong handling, and an eye trained to seize the more fleeting beauties of nature, would have found in this La Bouille picture a poem of colour and tenderness.

I have already mentioned the naturalness of the rustic life of the Seine fields and farm-houses. The sturdy simplicity of the Normandy peasant is his well-known characteristic. The farmers at the plough, the fishermen mending their nets, the shepherd tending his flocks, are not the least poetic of the elements which make the charm of this river scenery. There reigns here an Arcadian calm, a certain patriarchal simplicity. The complicated ingenuities and labour-saving machines of modern invention have not as yet become the fashion among these Normandy peasant-farmers, and thus every agricultural implement, seen out-of-doors, seems available for an artist's purpose. The ploughs are marvels of ancient construction; oxen and horses are harnessed in ways only known to those who have learned the science as a secret handed down from sire to son; and carts, threshing-machines, rakes, and hoes have an air of venerability that matches well with the old gabled houses and the worn rustic dress of the farmers. It is this aspect of age which imparts such beautiful low tones of colour to the pictures of human life along these shores. There are no flaring, flashing hues, no brilliant dashes of colour; instead, the tones of landscape, sky, atmosphere, and the human life blend in a beautiful harmony of

soft, low tints. In matters of toilet, the Normandy peasant's taste is perfect. The farmers wear blouses of dark, sober blues; the women short skirts of dull green, brown or homespun grey; their aprons are snuff-colour or lilac, and their close-fitting embroidered cap, or the coloured kerchief tied over their heads, brings into admirable relief their brilliant complexions, strong prominent features, and flaxen tresses.

In that morning's journey from Rouen to Havre we enjoyed a delightful variety of out-door life. In the early sunrise hours there were visible the first symptoms of the farm-house in early rising. The farmer was seen striding over the dew-wet meadows to open barns or to drive forth the cattle; women were busy milking, and the children trudging to the river with pails and pitchers to be filled. Later, the fields were alive with the ploughmen's cries, and men and women were starting out, rakes and scythes in hand, for their day's work; children stood up to their chins in the yellow grain, in the midst of the scarlet *coquelicots* and the star-eyed daisies. Towards noon there was a pretty picture of a farmer wheeling along the river-bank a huge load of green grass, atop of which were seated two round, moon-faced children whose laps and hands were full of the brilliant field-flowers. Behind them walked the mother with a rake slung over her shoulder, her short skirts and scant draperies permitting a noble freedom of step and movement, her head poised as only the head of a woman used to the balancing of heavy burdens is ever held. Hers was altogether a striking figure, and the brush of Vollen or of Breton would have seized upon her to embody the type of one of his rustic beauties, whose mingled fierceness and grace make their peasants the rude goddesses of the plough.

One of the chief charms of the Seine scenery is the variety and contrast its shores present. One passes directly from the calm and the rural naturalness of sloping meadows fringed with osiers, willows, and poplars, to the walled quays of Caudebec, with its spires, broad avenues, and garden-enclosed houses. Caudebec is characterized by an imposing château crowning its hillside, by beautiful gardens, terraces, its long row of "striped" houses stretching along its quays, and the beauty of its cathedral spire rising above the tree-tops.

Perhaps Villequier may be said to be the culminating point of beauty upon the Seine. Here the river seems only like a large lake, a fact which invests the landscape with its noble uprising hills and the beautiful, thickly wooded

spurs of the hillocks, with something of the rounded finished aspect which belongs to lake scenery. The lovely village of Villequier itself peeps in and out of its encompassing trees as if with a conscious air of coquetry. The bright, gaily coloured houses grouped upon the water's edge give a touch of Italian brilliancy to the scene, while its fine château Villequier and the old Gothic spire of the village church add the noble lines to the *ensemble*.

This bay of Villequier is the beginning of the bolder beauty of the Seine scenery. Its quieter aspects lie above Villequier. The artist in search of striking scenes and a rich variety of contrasts will find this part of the river afford fine material. On the way to Quillebœuf and Tancarville the shores of the river assume a hundred different aspects. There is the forest of Bretonne, the lovely valley of the Bolbec, the beautiful château of Etalan, and the ruins of the twelfth-century church. Quillebœuf itself stands boldly out into the river, perched upon a spur of rising ground, and is, perhaps, the most pretentious town upon the Seine. After Quillebœuf and Tancarville the loftier hills and thickly wooded shores of the river give place to wide, flat marshes and open valleys. The marshes just beyond Quillebœuf are, to our taste, its most distinguishing beauty; they run directly out to the most distant points of the horizon, and the rich yellow-green grass, with its brilliant bouquets of wild flowers scattered profusely over the flat treeless surface, makes a kaleidoscope of colour under the broad unbroken splendour of the noon-day sun. Cattle in large herds, horses, and sheep, pasture upon the rich meadows, so that the animal-painter finds here a superb landscape for the setting of his ruminating cows, fleecy sheep, or wild unbridled colts.

Just beyond these meadows the Seine loses all the character of a river. It has assumed, before its final plunge into the ocean, the turbulent, tumultuous aspect of a small sea, and like a lover wearing his lady's colours, the river turns to the deeper greys and colder blues of the sea's dark tint. The boat stops long enough at the wonderful old sea-port town of Honfleur for one to catch a glimpse of its quaint turreted houses, its crooked narrow streets, its wharves with their picturesque assemblage of lateen-shaped sails. Then Havre is reached, and with those swarming quays and bright pebbly shores the Seine is lost in the great Atlantic.

A. BOWMAN BLAKE.

'BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.'

THIS is engraved by G. J. Stodart, from the statue by H. P. MacCarthy. We are indebted to Mr. Walter MacFarlane, of Glasgow, for permission to engrave it. In according this, he sends some notes on the subject which will be read with interest. After stating that the first idea of the statue was derived from his own experience of married life, Mr. MacFarlane says, "In 1877 I gave the commission to Mr. MacCarthy, the subject 'Confiding, adoring Love,' the position, dress, etc., to be in strict accordance with rustic Scottish life, taking for the groundwork my ideal, 'Burns and Highland Mary.' The sculptor's capacity for expressing contemporary thought much impressed me, judging from his former works; and now the masterly rendering of the work has more than realised my best expectations."

"Engaged as I have been throughout life with the Industrial Arts, please allow me to express in a few words what I believe to be the great obstacle to the progress of sculptural art in this country. As a rule, sculptors ignore contemporary subjects, and follow with a blind zeal the mythology of by-gone ages, with all its classic accessories, as if this world, in relation to this art, was ever to be after the Greek ideal; this may satisfy the conventional aspirations and semi-refined taste of the cultured upper classes, but falls short and appeals not to the people or wealthy industrial class, who now, speaking generally, are the patrons of Art, and who, following a true instinct, seek for subjects from the scenes around them, and from contemporary history, which they understand."



ENGRAVED BY GEO. STODART FROM THE STATUE BY H. P. MACCARTHY.

NEW YORK: PATTERSON & NELSON.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*



THE general title which we have prefixed to these articles must, in some cases, as the reader will have already perceived, be taken with some reservation. We cannot, for example, describe the first of our illustrations (No. 89) in this number as Artistic Metal Work, at least in the true sense in which alone our critical conscience will allow us to apply that adjective. The cabinet here shown was no doubt intended by its designers and makers to be artistic; it is a work of Art in that sense; but it is by no means to be taken as a model in taste and style by the artist or artistic cabinet-maker of to-day. All of it is apparently well executed; parts of it are pretty. The figures in the angles appear to be well modelled, and are well introduced so as to be sufficiently prominent, and, at the same time, so as not to break violently the square lines of the whole. But the festoons and the bundle of miscellaneous articles straggling over the front are in a poor and tawdry taste; and worse, much worse, is the design of the legs upon which the whole stands. All this square and solid superstructure is supported, it appears, on sheafs of arrows, the feathered ends of which form a kind of capital under the soffit of the cabinet. Anything in worse and more flimsy taste could hardly be imagined, and the work, in spite of the pretty finish of some parts of it, must be regarded in the light of an "awful warning." It represents the taste of the Louis XVI. period. The figures and the floral and bas-relief decorations are in metal work.

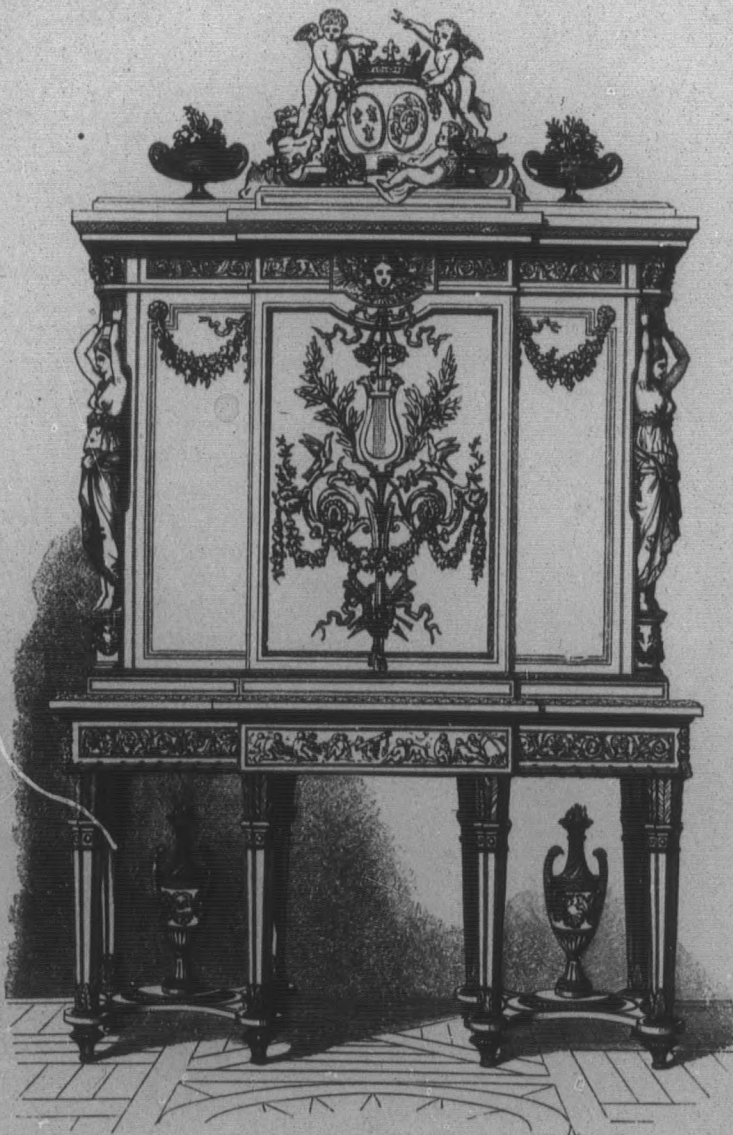
The next illustration (No. 90) belongs to the same class as some which we gave in the last number; it is one of the vivacious and ingenious designs of Étienne de Laulne. Like one or two of those of his which were previously illustrated, it

represents a rich effect and brilliant modelling, with no coherence of parts, no law running through the design. The lower part of the handles is the best designed, because here there is at least some appearance of coherence among the various portions which make up the whole. It is true that a cherub's head nestles among the scrolls at the base (reminiscent of the "unnecessary infant" in Mr. Burnand's "New Sandford and Merton"), and that the upper scrolls sprout into female breasts and female heads in a wonderful and unexpected manner, but the parts are bound together to some extent, and appear to develop from each other more or less. But the portion immediately below the mirror-frame is simply a conglomeration of figures and fruit packed together with nothing that can be called design at all, and looking, in fact,

as if a good shake would send it all to pieces. Such a piece of work as this may deserve praise as workmanship, but certainly not as design, for there is nothing to call design in it; so that here again our adjective "artistic" must be held to be limited in its application.

From a mirror we pass by an easy transition to a scent-bottle (No. 91), and here our æsthetic conscience is revived, for we can offer this conscientiously as an example of artistic metal work. The general shape is very pretty, piquant, and equally suitable for its usual position of hanging by a chain, and for holding in the hand for use; and the leading lines are clear and well defined, and within those lines the ornamental surface design, a free and flowing though tolerably symmetrical foliage ornament based on classic types, is allowed to display the fancy of the designer in a manner perfectly in keeping, in good taste, and subordination to the constructive out-

line of the whole. It may be questioned whether, as the scent-bottle is obviously intended to be swung by the chains which are shown at each side, the foot below the bottle is not superfluous, and rather an injury to the general outline. The decoration of the bulb, white on black, appears to be intended

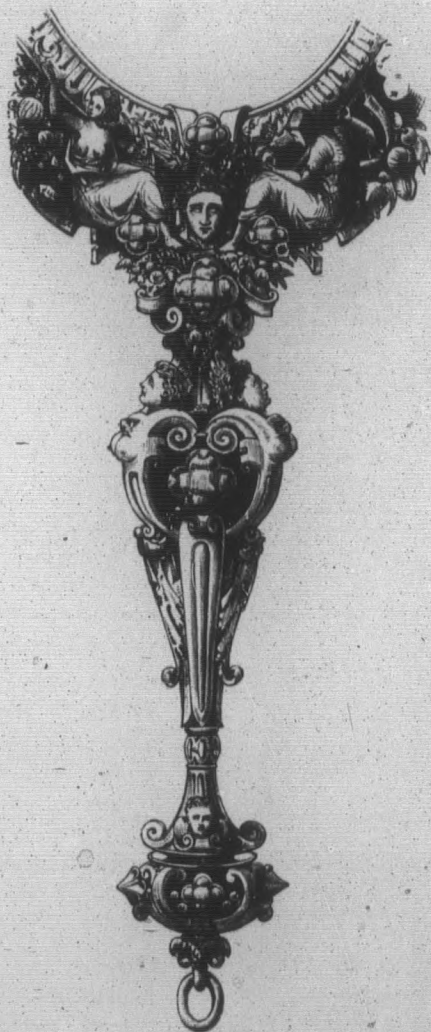


No. 89.—Cabinet. French (Louis XVI.).

* Concluded from page 332.

for niello work (of which a word just now), but we have no information on this head, nor, we are sorry to say, any details as to the date, place, and maker of this very pretty little piece of *bijouterie*.

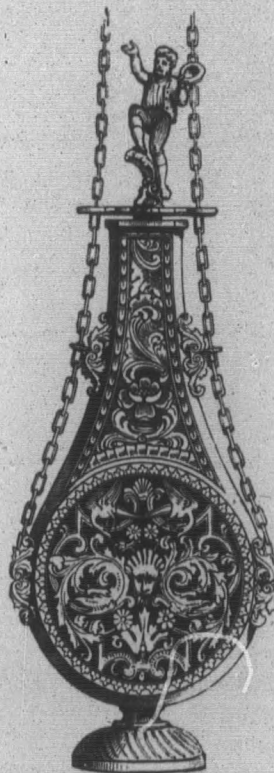
We have next two specimens which are more purely personal ornaments, the two wreaths or brooches (Nos. 92 and 93), which form rather an instructive pair, in the way of comparison as to style and treatment. We are now dealing with objects in which utility plays no part, but which are purely for ornament; but in these also there is an appearance of solidity and coherence of parts to be observed, and the want of this is felt as a defect. These two examples are both said to be—and probably rightly—of the school of Ghirlandajo, but they are of very different merit. That shown in No. 92



No. 90.—Handle of Mirror, by De Laulne.

has just the same defect as part of De Laulne's mirror-handle. It is rich in effect and delicate in execution, but it has no principle, no rule. It is just a set of heterogeneous realistic articles strung together without a motive, and looking very much as if they were literally threaded on a string, and would all scatter with the least violence. The other is very different in this respect. It has a visible and adequate connecting ring or hoop in the interior rim, and the design is grouped around this in such a manner as to form a well-defined band of ornament of about equal thickness; and the thick heavy scrolls which twine round the whole seem to bind the various parts together, and give that look of firmness and coherence which the other design so much wants. It may be said that

such a thing as a brooch may reasonably be made to look fragile; but this should be by the delicacy and tenuity of the



No. 91.—Silver Scent-Bottle.

various parts, not by making them appear as if they were all in danger of breaking away at a touch.

Very interesting, by way of contrast, are the two next examples (Nos. 94 and 95), which are German work of the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century, and represent the period in Germany in which Renaissance forms had partly been taken up, but were still influenced by Gothic taste. In both these examples we see the Italian Renaissance foliage, or something based on it, but marked by the greater fulness of German workmanship, arranged in symmetrical forms which are essentially Gothic, and derived from the cross and quatrefoil. The effect of both these is very good, rich and yet elegant; and they certainly represent a better school of orna-



No. 92.—Wreath or Brooch. Italian.

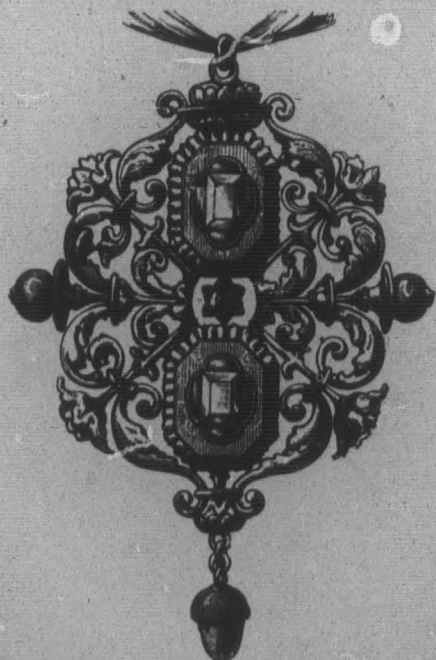
ment, one of purer and more truly artistic taste than that illustrated in the two preceding examples.

The three last small illustrations represent specimens of Renaissance work in *niello*, a process which belongs to the same order of work, in fact, as enamel, for it consists in filling in interstices artificially formed in the metal with another sub-



No. 93.—Wreath or Brooch. Italian.

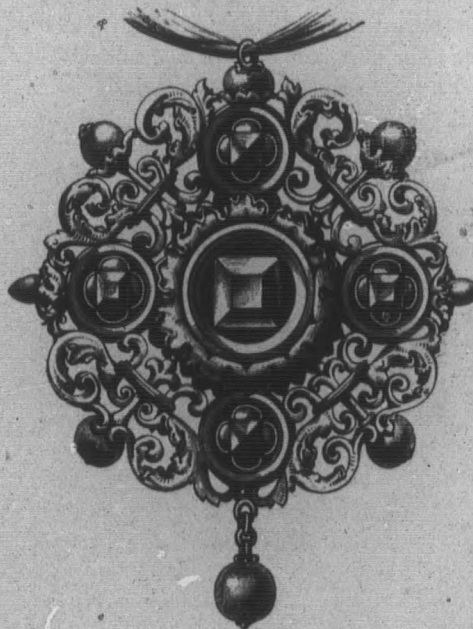
stance which can be worked in while soft, and which subsequently hardens; only, that in this case there is no colour, the filling being black, and the metal used mostly silver, as its white surface offers the most effective contrast to the black filling. The process is essentially the same as that which is so familiar to us in the lettering of brass name-plates, in which the sinking punched out for the letters is then filled with a black composition. Niello on the precious metals is a very old form of Art, as it is known to have been practised in the seventh century, though disused subsequently. The credit of having revived it is ascribed to Finiguerra, a goldsmith of Florence, in the fifteenth century. The process of niello had its practical results also, as it is supposed to have first suggested the idea of printing from engraved plates. Probably a plate of metal just filled with the niello compound, not yet dry, left its impression on some paper or other surface on which it was placed, and so suggested the idea of taking off other impressions. The paste used in the Renaissance period was composed of silver, copper, lead, sulphur, and borax, worked into the hollows of the metal, and then fused by heating



No. 94.—Pendant. German.

the plate, so as to allow of the composition settling completely into the metal matrix, and the superfluous portions being cut

away, and the whole rubbed down to a perfectly smooth and even surface before it finally hardens. There is the same alternative in niello as in enamel design: we may either leave the metal surface as the design, or make the design in black, leaving the metal as the ground. The latter is practically the easiest and simplest, as it renders much less cutting away of the metal necessary; but the effect of the design in the white lustre of silver on the black ground is so much more brilliant and effective than the reverse way, that this system has been generally followed, and it will be observed that all the specimens given here have the design in white on a black ground. Of the three No. 96 is the best design. It shows a very elegant and pretty adaptation of the style of foliage design common in Renaissance carved work to niello work, the extremities of the sprays being broken up into little dots, giving a very light and elegant appearance exactly suitable to the general character and effect of the style of work, and preserving a sufficient reference to natural foliage to keep up the association. The other two examples, also very elegant and

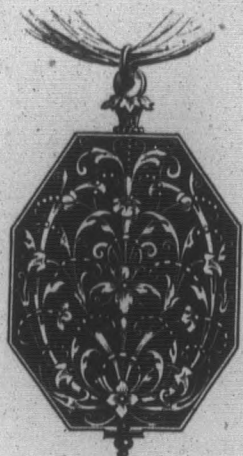


No. 95.—Pendant. German.

pretty, are in a more prosaic and mechanical style. They resemble a good deal the kind of semi-Arabic design which was fashionable on Venetian book-covers in the early days of bookbinding; patterns in which the main form is defined by straps or bands intertwined in symmetrical patterns, amid and around which twines a design in fainter lines, and with a very slight reminiscence of natural types. This manner of design, pretty, but artificial and deficient in feeling, has had many admirers, but the highest spirit of Art is not in it.

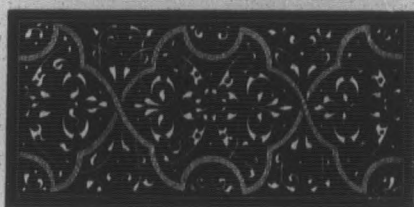
In concluding this series of examples of metal work, we may remark on the very varied principles and habits of treating metal which we have had occasion to notice. There may be said to be some epochs in Art which are metal epochs, and some which are not; some in which the treatment of the coarser metals for weapons of war and for construction is best understood, and others in which the treatment of the precious metals in delicate ornamental work is the most successful; and though the principles which should govern metal design are nearly the same either for large or for delicate work, as a matter of fact the same generation which has succeeded in

the artistic treatment of the one class of work has not always succeeded in the other. In the Greek period, for instance,



No. 96.—Pendant. Niello Work.

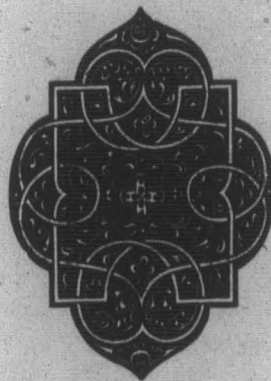
with which we began, the treatment of ornamental gold work was exquisite, and has never been surpassed in purity of taste; but metal work of a larger class, in both Greek and Roman periods, is generally much less distinctly characteristic of metal in its form. The true metal age was the mediæval, in which both iron-work on a large scale for grilles and door hinges, and silver and gold work for ornaments and for church plate, were



No. 97.—Panel. Niello Work.

treated with almost unerring instinct, and with the greatest force and character. The Renaissance taste brought the

reign of architectural details and of figures back again into metal work, and much of the work of that epoch is distinguished by richness of effect and clever modelling and tooling, but by no recognition of the peculiar qualities of metal; much of the work executed in gold, silver, and bronze being such as might just as effectively have been carved in wood. The taste of the early part of the present century in metal work was nearly as bad as could be; and the great improvement which has taken place since, in this country at all events, is in great measure due to the influence of the Gothic revival, which has led to a considerable revival also of the mediæval method of treating metal work. It should be



No. 98.—Panel. Niello Work.

our aim to continue to advance in this good path, now partially regained, and to carry out the spirit of mediæval metal work without adhering to its mere forms. Among the examples that have been given there are many hints to be found, both as to what to emulate, and also (as we have been careful to point out) what to avoid; and some of the examples of the latter class may, nevertheless, have had their value in suggesting ideas, designs in which the same *motif* might be carried out with better attention to the conditions requisite to produce what can be called really artistic metal work.

CHILDHOOD AND ART.*

THE eighteenth century was not generally productive of good painting or sculpture. Old energies seem to have worn themselves out; European society was overlaid by affectation in manners, and falsity of sentiment. How could the Arts, which require so fresh a spring of enthusiasm, and an honest, healthy love of nature as it really is, show any vigour in such an atmosphere? To represent childhood, the age of simplicity, these hearty qualities, so uncommon in that period of decay, are indispensable. England, on the other hand, slower in the first instance to reap advantage from the Renaissance movement, did not suffer so much from this moral decay; and it is to our native artists that the conclusion of these articles will chiefly be devoted. Something, however, must be said about other countries first.

In earlier pages of this series we have referred to a favourite subject of representation, the winged children that represented angels in sacred Art, and *amorini*, Loves or Cupids, in secular

compositions. Under the hands of men of tender affection and elevation of mind—Donatello, for instance, or Raphael—these latter creatures partook more of the purity, grace, and pathos of the ideal angel, than of the mere natural beauty of the old heathen representative of animal passion. This spirit seems to have died out of the eighteenth-century cherubs; we see them sprawling on vaulted ceilings, supporting huge, ungainly draperies of plaster over shrines and altars from which the noble old Gothic canopies had been removed. Perhaps the best and most artistic representations of children at that time are to be seen in the gay compositions of the porcelain workers of Saxony, and the various factories of central Germany. Such art was carried to the highest point of excellence to which it could reach under the patronage of Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. Well-trained artists were invited from Italy to superintend the modelling and painting of a manufacture, the fine examples of which are held in such high estimation at the present day. Little children dancing, or dressed as shepherds and shep-

* Concluded from page 188.

herdresses, or as Cupids, are common among these productions. All the little figures partake of the affectation, the false sentiment, the sham notions of the impossible Arcadia of their time; but they are modelled with spirit, often with admirable skill, and always with perfect command of the material at the disposal of the artist.

The licentious court of Louis XV. encouraged the same sort of treatment of our subject where children entered into the compositions of modellers and painters. Among the latter were Watteau, Fragonard, and Boucher, accomplished artists. Over the doors of reception rooms of all kinds, compositions of Cupids, winged or otherwise, were painted in imitation of white marble reliefs, or dressed like grown persons, making concerts of various musical instruments. Children figured in painted ceilings, in the "apotheoses" of victorious kings and generals, where those personages were received at the entrance, and presented with the freedom, of the Temple of Fame. Cupids were carved and gilt as decorative details of mirror frames; roofs of state carriages; and so on in a thousand ornamental varieties. Probably Italian designers were the prime authors of this kind of ornamentation. It abounds with skilful manipulation, and much of it has a good feeling for real decorative effect, and harmonious balance of the various parts and divisions which are traceable in its arrangements. The roundness, graceful action, and smiling cheerfulness of children were well enough understood by such artists, but none of those interpreted the higher aspects of childhood which command the reverence due to the age of innocence.

Jean Baptiste Greuze deserves special notice. He was a painter of children and young girls during the latter half of the century, and his subjects were domestic scenes of rural life and single figures of young girls. The qualities of innocence and simplicity are not always characteristic of these pictures; there is something "modish" and precocious in the expression of most of them; their highest recommendation is rather "prettiness" than any more elevated character of real beauty.

From this barren field we now turn our attention to a succession of native English artists of great merit. William Hogarth was born before the close of the seventeenth century. The pictures which are best known are his satirical series, such as the 'Rake's Progress,' 'Marriage à la Mode,' etc. It is in his portraiture that he treats children with tenderness. One of the most attractive of his paintings is a set of portraits of the Graham children, exhibited this year at Burlington House. The group consists of a boy and three girls, the youngest, an infant, in a wheeled chair. The boy is turning a small barrel organ; a goldfinch is singing in a cage above; a cat mewing over the back of a chair; one of the little girls holding out her frock and dancing; the other grasping the baby's arm; the latter crowing with delight. The children are healthy, tender, and smiling, treated with simplicity and freshness of feeling, and the painting of the faces and accessory details powerful and easy, leaving nothing to desire as to the representation of fashion and material. Unfortunately such pictures by Hogarth are rare.

George Knapton, a contemporary, has left a large family painting of the children of Frederic, Prince of Wales, now at Hampton Court, full of interest, though not free from faults. Francis Cotes, his pupil, painted some members of the same family. One of his pictures, Princesses Louisa Anne and Caroline Matilda, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the Old Masters Exhibition of 1881.

* During the reigns of the first two Georges a broad line of demarcation separated the court and fashionable life of the time from the more retired and hearty English manners of the country families and of the middle classes. George III., an Englishman born, carried these honest manners into court life. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, in their paintings of men, women, and children, give testimony to a more healthy social life among the upper classes of English society. All these painters show at their best in their representations of children.

Of the portraits of children by Sir Joshua Reynolds a few may be enumerated. A picture of Lady Herbert, with a beautiful infant boy, nude, and crouching by her side, caressing his mother's face with his hands, belonging to Lord Carnarvon. The 'Fortune Teller,' a little girl with a handkerchief over her head, dressed as a gipsy, holding the hand of a little brother in cavalier dress, who looks up slyly at the spectator. Another of a Duke of Marlborough and his family; a little girl in the foreground, smiling at the spectator, holds up a hideous mask to frighten a sister, who shrinks back, clutching the frock of an older girl; a spaniel dog recognises the child through this disguise. An indescribable charm pervades both pictures; they are at Blenheim. A group of two winged girls watching a sleeping baby, called 'Guardian Angels' (Duke of Leeds); Lady Caroline Montague, a child in a little black cloak and muff, exhibited a year or two since (Duke of Buccleuch); Master John Crewe, a little boy in the costume of Henry VIII.; Lady Caroline Clinton, a child in a woman's cap and feathers, feeding chickens (Earl of Radnor); Sophia Matilda, infant daughter of the Duchess of Gloucester, lying on the ground in a long baby's frock and cap, with her little arm round the head of a white poodle; Miss Boothby, a little girl in a woman's cap, a shawl crossed over her chest, and black mittens; the Lambe family, two brothers holding up a baby in triumph (Marquis of Ripon). A family group, Lady Smyth and her children, exhibited this winter, will be found engraved at page 68. Among more ideal compositions we may number the five heads, all of the daughter of Lord W. Gordon (No. 182 in our National Gallery). As an example of refined, "high-born" beauty, few of Reynolds's pictures surpass this graceful composition. The 'Age of Innocence,' the 'Infant Samuel,' and 'Robinetta' are also in the National Gallery.

Next to Reynolds we place Thomas Gainsborough, his contemporary—in some respects his superior. He was, perhaps, more faithful to nature in rendering the finer shades of expression on his faces, and his pictures have not suffered by time. His children are beautiful paintings. A fine example, 'Rustic Children,' is in the National Gallery. A boy's head was exhibited last winter at Burlington House, No. 261. His well-known 'Blue Boy' is in the Westminster Gallery. A collection of portrait heads of the children of George III. is at Windsor. They were rapidly painted, and are lifelike and full of beauty. A little girl carrying a spaniel puppy belongs to the Earl of Coventry. Unfortunately his portraits of children are not common.

George Romney was another contemporary, though scarcely the equal of either the last two. His portraits of little boys and girls are amongst the most beautiful of his works. A portrait of a little boy, with fair curling hair hanging loose over his shoulders, and cut straight across the forehead, was exhibited last winter, No. 251. He wears a boy's dress, not a man's in miniature. Other boys' portraits have been

painted by him, similar in dress and attitude. Groups of girls of various ages, in plain white frocks, classical in the dignity and simplicity of their treatment, occur amongst his family pictures.

Angelica Kauffman, a Swiss lady of great accomplishment, deserves a word of praise for the tender feeling, seen in her works, for the forms and faces of the young. The personal interest that was felt for her in this country gave her works a popularity which has not been maintained since her death, though it must be said that they are now once more "coming into fashion" along with the furniture of our great-grandmothers. Her children, and her young maidens, were the best figures she designed. They are soft, smiling, innocent bodies, to whom occasional weakness need be no reproach.

The name with which we may best wind up a review of those older masters of our English school who have proved themselves lovers and designers of children, is that of Thomas Stothard. He died in 1834, at the age of seventy-nine. The best years of his life belong to the present century. He was a designer and draughtsman rather than a painter, though he did exhibit oil pictures at the Royal Academy. The most interesting works he executed are his designs for book illustrations, and they are very numerous. Those for "Peregrine Pickle," "Clarissa," "The Rape of the Lock," and some in Rogers's poems, are among the best. All his representations of children and of the young are pure and graceful. They possess a charm which many stronger hands and better trained artists, before and since his time, have failed to impart to their works. Some of his admirers have spoken of him as the "English Raffaele;" praise which he owes to the tenderness and the serenity of his children.

Sir Thomas Lawrence succeeded to the place held by the great portrait-painters of the last century. His children are sometimes beautiful productions. His picture of 'Master Lambton,' which has been engraved, is one of his best.

The children painted by Sir William Ross, a miniature painter on ivory, have a beauty that has rarely been surpassed.

The schoolboys and village children of William Mulready are well known from his paintings in the national collections and from engravings. They are full of individual character, admirably studied, and carried out with the most earnest attention to detail.

Here we must bring these notices to an end. Into the excellencies of living artists we do not propose to enter. One popular name amongst those of our Academicians will occur to most readers, and many others would deserve careful notice were there room for it in our limited space. We hope to deal with the entire subject more fully at a future opportunity.

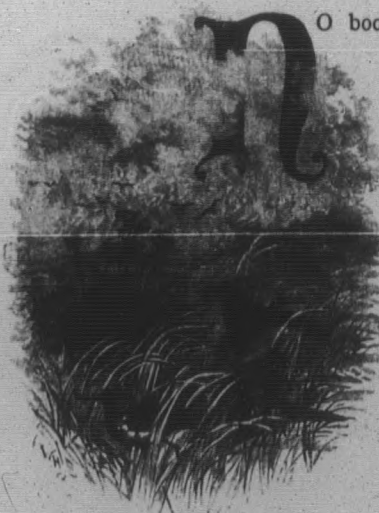
To take leave of a theme so full of charm, so touching in the memories and suggestions to which it gives rise, is to put aside what can but be a labour of love. States rise and fall; the world changes; men become possessed by the mind of the age in which they live. This subtle spirit acts widely on the national character, and expresses itself more or less distinctly on the features of successive ages. But little children, so pure, so affectionate, so generous, will be to-morrow what they are to-day—what they were a thousand years ago—what the authors of our race once were in the days of their innocence—

"By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand."

If such they are, men must be old indeed in mind and spirit, not in years only, when the love, the trustfulness, and the beauty of children have lost the power to stir their hearts, when that spring of hope is dry, that promise of a future, better and happier than their own, which the contemplation of a rising generation should inspire.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF "LORNA DOONE."*



NO book was ever more suggestive of illustrations than the romance by which Mr. Blackmore made his greatest reputation; yet no book, perhaps, was ever less dependent on illustrations for its power to make vivid and definite pictures, delightful in colour and distinct in form, upon the reader's heart and mind. The partnership between artist and author has often

Trollope's opinion shall not beguile us into citing as an instance of one who gained by the alliance between the pen and the pencil—about the debt which Dickens owed to his illustrators there can be no manner of doubt. Such an association as that between George Eliot and Sir Frederick Leighton will always have an interest—the interest attaching to the contiguity of two great names; but in their art they were not united. With the art as well as the name of Charles Dickens, however, many generations will link the art and the name of Seymour, of Hablot Browne, of Cruikshank, and of Fildes. That it was possible for two of these artists to claim the paternity of some of the novelist's characters shows at least how thoroughly and quickly his creations—for his they were—became the common property of himself and his illustrators.

But Mr. Blackmore's relationship with his illustrators is of quite a different degree. The wild moorland, mantled with mists, or lurid with the ominous light from the Dunkery beacon; the waste of snow, out of which John Ridd dug his sheep, and over which he bore from a fate worse than death the lady he loved; the fecund farm, with its immortal family group; the bog into which Carver sank with all his sins

* "Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor." By R. D. Blackmore. With illustrations by F. Armstrong, W. Small, and W. H. J. Boot. Sampson Low & Co.

heavy upon him; the brute-like John Fry; and the man-like, or woman-like horse of Squire Faggus; all these are portraits and pictures which Mr. Blackmore has made indelibly on the memory of his readers; and Mr. W. Small can add nothing to their power, Mr. Armstrong nothing to their charm. Still Mr. Blackmore's illustrators have a happy task, and they do real service by bringing into shape, but not coarsely, some of those mystic and romantic episodes and sights which many a reader, for want of weird imagination, might chance to miss. But between the author of "Lorna Doone" and the artists there could never be any emulation at all. Dickens and Seymour might have wrangled for ever over the creation of Mr. Winkle; and husbands and wives may be vague about the initiative of even the most important act of their lives,

and never be quite able to tell which of them it was who proposed to the other; but there can never be any question at all but that Mr. Blackmore's creations are entirely and delightfully his own.

Nature is never tiresome, because she never copies herself. Mr. Blackmore is never tiresome, because he always copies nature. He has not given us, in his descriptions of nature, the conventional rendering which finds favour with so many artists, but the result of a literal and loving study. He knows that among nature's millions of leaves not one is the exact counterpart of another; and he knows that one summer is not like another summer, any more than one year of a man's life is exactly like the year that has gone before it, or that which will follow after it. All who have felt strongly with



John Ridd carries Ruth home.

their fellow-creatures seem to divide themselves into the lovers of men and the lovers of what is arbitrarily called nature—all, that is, except Mr. Blackmore. He not only enters into the large and single soul of his hero, and into the delicacies of his heroine, but he feels the feelings of a horse and of a dog, and of a vine putting forth tendrils to the sun, and feels them from within. Two admirable sketches of horse character are those of Winnie and Kickums. Who but he would pause to make us understand the mortification of a mare taken into a stream she could have leapt over? Who but he, too, has groped and moved and grown in fancy with the plants? It is by reason of this extension of sympathy that his work is so fitly illustrated by landscape and by figures intermixed—the landscape which he can describe so well in

its bleak solitude, but so much better when against the sky appears the figure of lawless bandit or of sweetest maiden. And rightly are the landscape illustrations not mere imaginary passages of unindividual hills and trees, for the author's hills and trees are never generalised. They are as individual, as full of the incidents and accidents of character as Rembrandt's portraits. Nor is the colour of the time truer in Mr. Blackmore's hands than the colour of the place; and it is one of the special greatnesses of "Lorna Doone" among his books that in it are these two truths so eminently combined. Thus the very portraits of the moors, and the forests in which the action of his strong story takes place, have been most aptly used to illustrate it, in the best sense of illustration.

Devonshire may well be proud of its romancer, and think

his book, as he himself tells us he has heard that some sons of Devon think it, "as good as clotted cream, almost!" But all England, as well as Exmoor, is proud of the author of "Lorna Doone," who has shown himself to be of the very best type of Englishmen. It needs no local associations, no

knowledge of the soil, to make us feel at home with Mr. Blackmore's heroes and heroines in their haunts. "Spring's dimmest mysteries" he has penetrated; the voice of the summer he knows by heart, and the spirit of winter he has subdued. Thoreau, by looking at the flowers, could tell the



Lynmouth.

time of the year, almost to a day; but Mr. Blackmore can look at nature quite as closely, and can learn from her something more. He can rejoice with a great joy in the summer sun, "as it comes slanting over the hill-tops with hope on every beam, adance to the laughter of the morning;" and in "the lustrous meadows all awaking, dressed in pearl, all amazed at their own glistening, like a maid at her own ideas." And, later in the year, he glories in an October sunrise, when "the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened

mountains, stately with a depth of awe, and memory of tempests," and when "autumn's mellow hand" was on the trees, "and their joy towards the sun was less to a bridegroom than a father." All this he knows, but more than this—that the most beautiful of nature's things is the face of a woman; and that the lights of the morning, "casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich red-rose, all are proclaiming 'God is here.'"

WILFRID MEYNELL.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.' Painted by Mark Fisher and J. D. Watson, etched by C. O. Murray.—A partnership in Art matters is of infrequent occurrence, and when it happens is not always a happy one. The difficulty of working in unison of colour is probably the great drawback to an issue sufficiently successful, to prevent the work of each member being easily distinguishable from his fellow's. Could this be avoided, the benefit to each should be considerable in

a case like the present, where one artist excels in figure and the other in landscape painting, and furthermore when a life-long sympathy has existed between the artists themselves.

'RICHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.' By L. Flammeng, after Henri Motte. Described at page 360.

'BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.' By G. J. Stodart, after H. P. MacCarthy. Described at page 368.

ART NOTES.

NEW YORK. — THE SKETCH EXHIBITION AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERY.—The exhibition of summer sketches has the merit of freshness, although it does not come up to the expectations with which the announcement of such an exhibition was received. This must, however, be received in the popular sense of the pleasure to be derived from an exhibition of works of art. Those who find themselves interested in processes as well as in results, will find in the sketch exhibition both instruction and entertainment. This is especially true of a certain class of works, chiefly portraits and figures; the memoranda of landscape giving much more detail. The idea of the sketch, in respect to its suggestions for future works, is fully met in the studies for dining-room panels, and the motives for a frieze, by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield. In these we perceive how the artist has wrought out the subject first in his own mind, how completely it is in his grasp before he has touched his brush to the canvas. The ability to do or not to do this is one of the prime distinctions between artists in their modes of work, and he who can thus see things as a whole, has an immense advantage over him who works objectively. In the three panels for a dining-room, which the artist calls 'Rhine Wine, Red Wine, and Champagne,' the idea is exceedingly clever. In the first, a female figure sits clasping a large jar; in the background are a few castellated towers. The second figure sits in dreamy mood among vine leaves. The third lifts her head exultantly among the vines, with floating bubbles in the air about her. The mental states which the three wines induce are very delicately suggested by the different attitudes. The charm of the work, however, lies in the chord of color which the drapery makes, and taken from the three different wines. Here everything is complete, as far as the intention of the work goes, and the fulfillment becomes simply a matter of larger canvas and more time. In the frieze the color scheme is at once perfect, melting from tint into tint in the draperies of the three figures, which are also Greek in type. Mr. Dowdall's five-hour study for a portrait has all the essential qualities of portraiture, vitality, vigor, color, and the foundation of firm modelling. Miss Elizabeth Boott's study of the head of a gypsy, shows the same possession of her intentions before she has begun her work. Her touch is firm and assured, although hasty, and the management of her color, which is rich and novel, is well marked out. Mr. J. G. Brown's study of an old man, 'I'm a Little Deaf,' is bolder, more spirited than his finished work as it is usually found on the Academy walls. Mrs. Whitman's 'Rhododendrons' is a superb piece of work, both in color and texture. It is difficult, however, to distinguish between Mrs. Whitman's studies and pictures. This, which is presumed to be a sketch, is even more completely brought out than Mrs. Whitman's usual contributions to exhibitions. An admirable work, a girl's head, by Peter Kraimer, is among the best things of the exhibition in sturdy, honest portraiture. Near by, hangs the two portrait studies of Carroll Beckwith, superficially so clever, but without what may be called staying qualities. This is true also of 'The Last Page,' by Charles Sprague Pearce, which has so much that is interesting, but which goes only so far, when what is not done can be only conjectural. To this class of studies

1882.

must also be added the 'Breton Girl,' of Percy Moran. In all the interest which the young Morans have excited, the thought that they might be contented in the line of their various successes has frequently arisen. That they themselves are guarding against this is apparent from the variety of subjects which engage them. In the present exhibition they send studies of landscape, some capital studies of animals, and especially good, the fluffiness and dramatic pose of the 'White Rooster,' by Leon Moran. A larger work, 'Brush Burning,' by Leon Moran, is but another drawing of the peasant girl who has served him so often. This fact, however, does not take away from the capital suggestion, both in color and feeling, he has given of the burning brush.

A great part of the pleasure of the exhibition is due to a knot of animal painters. Wm. Hart sends several studies of cattle. Mr. Hart belongs to the older school of painters, whose merits, wanting the dash of the younger men, have not attracted the same attention. Yet no one who visits the sketch exhibition can but admit that, with greater finish, Mr. Hart loses anything of breadth in these studies. Small works all, there is nothing trifling or petty about them. Thomas Allen's studies of Jersey cattle have the same fidelity and natural charm so favorably noticed in his pictures. Mr. Poore exhibits a large, bold study, 'The off Ox,' and Wm. Lefebvre two water-color studies of cows, too high to be seen well. J. M. Tracy sends two studies of a dog's head, known otherwise as 'Banjo,' which he seems to paint *con amore*, and consequently well. J. Alden Weir also sends a large study of a dog, which is much more satisfactory than his landscape, in which the foliage suggests the use of a pudding stick, since it is without modelling, and but little differentiating qualities, either of color or form.

Much of the still life is excellent. Wm. Huston's study of pears must be included in this, and Miss Thayer's grapes and basket. Although why she does not try for something more picturesque than bold representation, she alone can answer. The value of the flower studies of Miss Kate and Miss Eleanor Greatorox have been heretofore a subject of remark. 'The Chrysanthemums' of Miss Kate Greatorox are a splendid example, both of color and drawing. Miss Abbott, without considering the picturesqueness of her subject, sends a capital study of blackberries, noting down with great accuracy the incidental qualities of the leaves, as well as their texture, color, and the structural peculiarities of the plant.

The landscape studies have less the value of studies, than of unimportant, although good, pictures. Such are the few works exhibited by Arthur Quartley, if the canvases of a marine painter may be classed among landscapes. Three works of Mr. Quartley are not so much memoranda, as motive for paintings, and one of these, 'Low Tide, Long Island,' is not so much a suggestion for a picture, as a beautiful picture itself. The small study for Charles T. Phelan's large Academy work, 'The Environs of Brooklyn,' is hung here, and is even better in color than that painting. George H. Smillie exhibits some Easthampton sketches, one of which has a lovely quality of warm greenish-grays. Max Wenzl, a new name, sends from Washington some New Jersey and Washington views, chosen with a sense of the picturesque, a distinction which

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Morgan McIlhenny's almost photographically real view of the sand banks near Squan will make prominent by contrast. An artist who can thus transfer the face of nature to canvas ought to be able to do more. Mr. Van Elten's studies, and those of Theodore Robinson, so evidently fresh, out-of-door work, deserve mention. Mr. Champney, who spent an industrious summer abroad, exhibits two charming water-color landscapes. A new name, Louis Gaylor, sends some strong interesting heads, day and candle-light effects, and Mr. Elihu Vedder a timely and picturesque view of the recent Park Theatre fire, of which several words should be said.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM LOAN EXHIBITION.—While the collection of paintings at the Metropolitan Museum is of less consequence than usual, the interests are so varied that the present exhibition is fully as entertaining as its predecessors. Very few owners of fine paintings are willing to relinquish them for that season in which they occupy their own homes exclusively, and each year those having the burden of preparation for the Winter exhibition have found their task more difficult. This Fall they have wisely given over a great part of the space allotted to paintings in the East Gallery to a collection of tapestries, and while the general effect is as brilliant as usual, the tapestries have furnished a new source of entertainment to the public. There are seventeen pieces of them, illustrating the distinctions between Gobelins, Beauvais, and the Flemish tapestries. The most striking and picturesque of these is the Beauvais copy of 'The Forges of Vulcan,' by Boucher, with its delicate coloring, fine perspective, cloud effects, and well-told story. Two large scenes, 'La Belle Chasse du Duke de Guise,' and 'The Return From the Chase,' and some garden scenes after Watteau are from the Gobelins. Two garden scenes and a large village festival after Teniers, are Flemish works. There is also a series of scenes from the life of David, crowded with figures. As the object of these displays given by the Metropolitan Museum are not so much for amusement as instruction, the opportunity for acquaintance with these varied pieces, all in excellent preservation, is too important to be neglected.

The loan exhibition of paintings is of less consequence than usual. Many of the works have been seen frequently, and none are of great importance. The most noteworthy painting, in the sense of less familiarity with the artist, is Jean Paul Laurens's 'Le Bas Empire-Honorius.' The conception, the stolid boy weighed down with the insignia of power, has a dramatic sombreness; the color is in fine sympathy, and the painting, solid substantial work. The work is owned by Mr. D. O. Mills. There is a fine example of Gallait in the 'Mendicants,' owned by Mr. Victor Newcomb, and a delightful Monticelli 'La Festa,' loaned by Cottier & Co. Among the new contributions to the Museum is a large canvas, 'A Recruiting Scene in the Tyrol,' by Alvis Gabl, and presented by Wimmer & Co., of Munich. The composition is interesting, and the figure of the conscript youth more than usually attractive. Mrs. Bloomfield Moore has given to the Museum a landscape by young Browning, 'The Meuse,' from Bonvigne, Belgium, a somewhat tame work from a young artist, which has an interest entirely aside from its merits. The Museum has also received from Mrs. Henry G. Norton a large and vigorous Norwegian landscape by Theodore Wust. The gallery of old paintings remains much the same, except that there has been returned to the Museum 'The Flight into Egypt,' ascribed to Rubens, which for the last four years has been in the hands of James Oliver, who has successfully transferred it from the wood to canvas. Anticipating the exhibition of the 'Madonna of the Candelabra,' by Raphael, owned by Mr. Munro Butler Johnston, which, through Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, has been loaned to the Museum, a steel engraving has been placed for public inspection. The painting itself is almost circular, 25½ inches in diameter. The date of painting it is thought is about 1576, at the time when the 'Madonna della Sedia' was produced. For a long time it was in the Borghese palace at Rome, from whence it was purchased by Prince Lucien Bonaparte. It was bought at the sale of the Duke of Lucca by Mr. H. A. J. Munro, in 1840, for 150 guineas. In 1878, when put up for sale with Mr. Munro's collection, it was bought in by the family for 19,500 guineas. Of the painting, Passavant states that the 'Angels with the Candelabra' are not by Raphael, and the coloring suggests Giulio Romano. The painting has been engraved several times, the first in 1796, by Ernest Morace. Much interest is felt in its exhibition, and some hope expressed that it may yet be bought for the Museum.

The most important acquisition to the Museum is the Luca della Robbia work, secured by Mr. Henry Marquand. The inscription states that it is from the tomb of the Prince of

Piombino, from whence it was taken fifty years ago. It is an alto-relievo, in a remarkable state of preservation, on a shield-shaped base. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin. The Virgin is represented in the centre, with clasped hands engaged in prayer, surrounded with cherub heads; floating half-length figures of angels blowing pipes are on the sides; above is a row of cherub heads, and below four saints, with the empty tomb between. With the exception of two panels with flowers in color, the relief is in blue and white—the blue giving the relief. To turn aside for a moment from a technical review of the work as a remarkable example of the master potter of his time to the sculptor's art and to its artistic feeling, we can only then realize how great a man Luca della Robbia was. The figures are full of beauty and grace, and are not only vitalized, but satisfy the imagination in their conception. This is art in its highest sense, although expressed in so humble a material as clay. The material in fact is an afterthought. The services of Luca della Robbia to pottery have been more clearly estimated. If he did not discover the white stanniferous glaze which Vasari attributes to him, he at least made it his own in the splendid development it found in his hands. The decoration has been placed in an alcove on the lower floor, and with wise forethought the walls of the alcove have been lined with photographs of the works of Luca della Robbia, and those of his nephews, Andrea and Giovanni.

One of the recent purchases of the Museum has been the collection of Peruvian antiquities, made by Mr. Richard Gibbs, when Minister to Peru. This includes ancient pottery, relics from tombs, stuffs, and a curious drinking cup of silver, shaped like a head. In the same department is the collection of Mexican and Aztec antiquities, formed by Dr. Robert H. Lamborn, which is known as one of the finest in the country. In other departments some changes have been made. The ivories are removed to the ground floor, and here also is now to be found the collection of old lace. To the collection of Oriental porcelain, has been added a large white Chinese Mandarin vase, with panels of cloisonné enamel, and insects in relief of gilt bronze. Since the opening of the exhibition a medallion portrait of Michael Angelo in bronze, the work of F. Beer in Paris, has been presented to the Museum by Dr. Joseph Weiner, on condition that no cast of it shall be taken, in accordance with his agreement with the sculptor.

The arrival of Dr. Seymour Haden, to whom and to his brother-in-law, Whistler, the revival of etching is chiefly due, has been an event of marked interest. The various receptions tendered him have been the occasion of collective exhibitions of his works, and the circumstances of these have greatly favored the study, not only of the etchings, but of his methods of work. The principal collection of his etchings is one owned by Mr. Frederick Keppel, and especially selected by Mr. Haden himself. It numbers not only the different published states of many of the etchings, but the trial proofs and experimental mezzotint copies for future use. Accompanying this is the catalogue, made by Sir William Baker, including works as late as 1881, and with the additional advantage of annotations by Mr. Haden himself. From these it is possible to generalize and learn just what Mr. Haden holds most essential, in what respect he sacrifices one effect to another, and what constitutes revision in the successive prints. The possibilities of etching lie in its suggestiveness. If Mr. Haden's power as an etcher could be summed up in a single sentence, it would express above all his ability to seize the vital characteristic, the salient feature of a scene. In looking over the different states of the same work, it is observed how he in fact disdains every superfluous stroke, how impatient he is of mere detail. In his favorite impression of the 'Calais Pier,' one of his best known and most powerful works, a reproduction it will be remembered of Turner, the sky is almost entirely removed, and much of the wave drawing omitted, but no one can say that there is any loss of force.

Popular judgment, however, does not meet Mr. Haden in this. One of his most successful plates, 'Shere Mill Pond,' is filled with most exquisite detail. Of this plate Mr. Hamerton says, with a single exception by Claude, it is the finest landscape etching in the world. Yet Mr. Haden in this same annotated catalogue says, while admitting that the rendering of such detail is now far beyond his powers, adds that in an artistic sense it is far inferior to the 'Essex Farm,' 'Challow Farm,' and 'Lancashire River.' The explanation of this is, from the etcher's standpoint, the inability to work out with so limited a medium the complete ideal. Every artist, whatever his materials, has to some extent felt this. But, on the other hand, to the etcher the line with meaning has double value.

To return to 'Shere Mill Pond,' the delicacy and richness of

the foliage, the placid beauty of the scene, the force of the duck's flight, rising from the troubled water, all contribute to make it one of those finished pieces of work especially gratifying to the lay mind. In the 'Essex Farm,' and in 'Challow Farm,' the merits are of an entirely different kind. Every line has meaning. In the first mentioned there is the group of houses that give name to the plate, and beyond the water dotted with boats—all in all, a scene which only long study exhausts.

The most profitable, and in that sense popular, of Mr. Haden's etchings, is 'The Agamemnon.' To the public the popularity has its root in the feeling which Turner's 'Temeraire' inspired. The old vessel lies half dismantled after long and active service. It is entirely a line etching, and Mr. Hamerton calls attention to the skillful way in which the shading is felt by the simple disposition of the drawing. The water in 'The Agamemnon,' the light, rippling, moving current is one of the happiest results of Mr. Haden's art. Of the success of this etching, some one of an arithmetical turn of mind has estimated that for each minute's work on it, Mr. Haden received fifteen dollars.

In 'Erith Marshes,' also one of Mr. Haden's preferred etchings, the most is effected with the least effort. There is a boundless sense of air and space, scarcely more than suggested, while the work is massed in a narrow space in the foreground. In looking over the revised plates, the changes usually are of this nature. In 'The Willows,' a couple of sheep drawn with force, are added to the foreground. In 'Wareham Bridge,' the horses crossing the stream are brought out stronger. In 'Sawley Abbey,' sheep have been added since the catalogue was made, and the sky cleared away. In the noble print, 'Greenwich,' three plates show how essential he feels strengthening the foreground to be. In one a boat is left, while in another it is darkened, and in the third and last it is strengthened and broken. On the same plate, the most prominent of the figures have been removed. In figures, Mr. Haden is by no means successful, a fact which he realizes. In 'The Towing Path,' the ungainly figure of a woman leading a dog is taken out, and a second dog added. In 'Windsor,' one of the larger prints, there is the delicate beauty of the landscape in the distance, a striking large tree in the foreground, a couple of figures bathing, and a boat drawn with firm, sure, swift touch, making a plate which unites all of Mr. Haden's most individual work.

The 'Sunset in Tipperary,' a dry point etching, excels all the others in richness of tone. The difficulty in such work is the printing, and in the various prints of this plate some are more heavily clouded with ink than the others. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Haden's etchings are all printed in his own house, and bear his signature on the margin, in pencil, as well as on the plate. This is worth remembering, since there have been various attempts to counterfeit his etchings in this country. Of Mr. Haden's conscientiousness in his work, it may be added that that which gives additional value to 'Shere Mill Pond,' is that the plate was destroyed by him after the 210th impression, as he believed it to be failing, notwithstanding a London dealer had offered 40 guineas for one corner alone.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, who preceded the arrival of Dr. Seymour Haden several days, has already become domesticated at the studio building, the Rembrandt, and has been received with the honors due him. Mr. Herkomer, as well as Mr. Haden, will lecture, during the winter, on etching, wood engraving, and kindred subjects before art students, and both will find attentive listeners. The differences between the two men are strongly marked. Mr. Haden's precepts and advice proceed from his experiences. Mr. Herkomer's theories pre-exist, and his practice goes to sustain them. His artistic career is full of interest. Born of a wood carver in Bavaria, in 1849, he was taken to England when eight years old, and there lived until he was seventeen, when he returned to Munich to study art. In 1866 he went back to England, and studied wood carving at the South Kensington schools. After several years of tentative efforts in different directions, he sent a large water-color drawing to the Dudley gallery, which excited attention. From this time Mr. Herkomer's success was assured. He became a prominent illustrator in the London *Graphic*, and in 1875 added greatly to his reputation by 'The Last Muster,' a large work in oils, at the Royal Academy. This same picture, with another, secured him one of the grand medals awarded at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. Mr. Herkomer's work is even more closely associated with various art theories, which he will doubtless expound to us here. In accordance with these he has ac-

quired a reputation in portraiture, and brings with him the portraits of Archibald Forbes, Ruskin, James Russell Lowell, and Hans Richter in illustration of these.

A final and praiseworthy attempt is making to complete the arrangements for acquiring a pedestal for the Bartholdi statue, which has been almost too long neglected. A letter from Mr. Robert C. Winthrop seems to have given the necessary impetus to the movement. Mr. Winthrop writes with much enthusiasm of the work, which will be finished by May next. Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, who is much interested in the undertaking, and has acquainted himself with the details, has been added to the committee, and the work will go immediately forward. President Arthur has given assurance that the government will provide for its place on Bedloe's Island. Messrs. Theodore Weston, Worthington Whittridge and Lieut.-Commander Gorringe have been appointed a sub-committee on the erection of the pedestal, and will employ the architect, Richard M. Hunt, for the purpose, if the funds are raised. It is estimated that the pedestal will cost \$250,000. It will be 60 feet high and raise the torch to 309 feet, which is 22 feet higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Composition Class of the Art Student's League was made additionally interesting during the month by the visit of Mr. Hubert Herkomer who made an address to the students, and commented on the work before him. On the subject of portraiture he urged that everything characteristic should be reproduced. The impressionist relied too much on what was merely artistic. With that what was true should also be combined, the complexion, the salient features of the hands, and above all the expression. To get this a sitter should be encouraged to talk on whatever interested him most.—Mr. Montague Flagg has returned from Paris, where he has been for ten years, and taken a studio in New York for the winter.—Mr. Wordsworth Thompson has sailed for Europe, where he will be gone for a year, chiefly in Spain and Italy.—It has been decided not to sell the collection of the late Samuel Hawk. 'Alma Tadema,' is finishing for it, a painting, ordered before the owner's death.—The American Water-Color Society has elected as members, H. Bolton Jones, W. H. Lippencott, C. Y. Turner, Robert Blum, Fred. N. Freer, Hamilton Hamilton, C. D. Weldon, G. H. McCord. The Hanging Committee for the next exhibition is Thomas Hovenden, H. P. Smith, James D. Smillie.—The Fall Exhibition of the Academy of Design closed Saturday, Nov. 18th. The attendance has been very good, and the sales have amounted to \$18,850. Among the later paintings sold have been: 'The Village Philosopher,' by Louis Gaylor, \$200; 'Morning,' K. Van Elten, \$450; 'Day Dreams,' M. S. Waterhouse, \$125; 'Belated Travelers,' Wordsworth Thompson, \$800; 'Just Ripe,' H. Ruel, \$200; 'Brittany Beach,' W. P. W. Dana, \$400; 'On the Place at Pont Aven,' Burr H. Nichols, \$350; 'At the Spring,' Percy Moran, \$200; 'Fresh Rolls for Breakfast,' George H. Wright, \$300; 'Uninvited Guests,' F. H. Penfold, \$225; 'Leopard Tamer,' Gerome Ferris, \$350; 'Fishing Boats,' F. H. Wallers, \$75; 'Nantucket,' Fred. Dielman, \$250; 'In the Garden,' Gerome Ferris, \$250.—A reception was given by the Lotos Club to Dr. Seymour Haden, at which was exhibited a collection of his works. The same club has entertained Mr. Hubert Herkomer recently. The opening exhibition of the Union League Club was of etchings and other black and white work.—Olin L. Warner and A. P. Ryder have returned from a summer trip to Tangier.—The New York contribution to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts Exhibition is 125 paintings.—The auction sale of Oriental porcelain bronzes and stuffs, that has been for some time going on at the Kirby Art Rooms, has been the most prominent of this kind held in New York for several years. The collection is the property of Messrs. Sutton and Moore, and was remarkably well chosen, although but little known. The sale arises from a dissolution of partnership, and the prices for the most part have ruled extremely low.—Mr. Lockwood de Forest, who has been in India for the past two years collecting material for Louis C. Tiffany & Co., has returned, bringing with him a store of art fabrics of different kinds from the East. These include some magnificent wood carvings copied from the stone tracery of a mosque in the Province of Guzerat, which Ferguson, in his *History of Architecture*, declares to be the most perfect tracery in existence. The ornament is pure Indian, and was executed before the Mahomedan conquest, whose influence on decoration is shown in other carvings which Mr. de Forest has brought with him.—The Decorative Art Society pro-

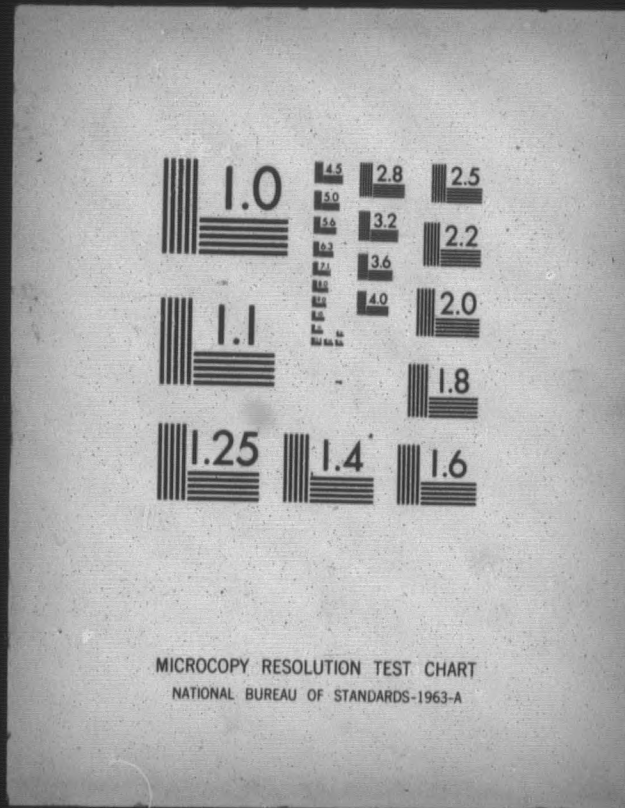
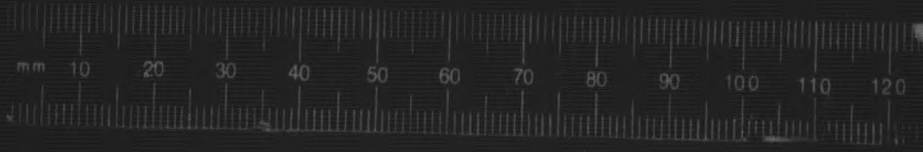
poses the establishment of free classes in the minor industrial arts for both sexes. These will include classes in plain sewing, embroidery, wood carving, hammered brass, mosaic work, and the rudiments of modelling and design.

CHICAGO.—Mr. Francis A. and Mr. Anthony J. Drexel have given a commission to Henry Munger of Philadelphia for a bronze fountain to be erected in memory of their father, Francis M. Drexel, on Drexel Boulevard, Chicago. The fountain, which has just been completed, is twenty-eight feet high. The statue of Mr. Drexel surmounts the second basin, which, from the thirteen stars of its circumference, discharges water in the first basin. This is supported by four relief panels, typifying, first, the ocean, in Neptune riding on a dolphin; second, the lake, in a woman gathering pond lilies; third, a spring, with a woman holding a cup; and fourth, a river in a landscape, with a mountain, a mill, and a young man fishing. The figures are all life size.—The designs for the monument to Mr. Lincoln to be erected in Lincoln Park from money left by the late Eli M. Bates, has been submitted. Two of these are commonplace, although one is an admirable portrait. The third, submitted by a young Chicago sculptor, represents Mr. Lincoln on a barrel making a stump speech, surrounded by a group of upturned faces. The composition is said to be very picturesque, and the faces thoroughly typical; but unfortunately the execution has not been carried far enough to allow the committee to judge of its merits. It is a pity that with such originality in the design, that time should not be allowed the sculptor to carry it further, and see if it would not bear being put in a more enduring form.

PRANG'S CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Mr. Prang has never done better work—that is, so far as he has translated the exact spirit of the artist's work, than in his reproduction of the Christmas cards, whose originals were exhibited last spring. Of these, perhaps that of Miss Dora Wheeler is less satisfying. Its color and its gradations were so delicate and so subtle that it would be a difficult task to reproduce it perfectly, and the card has that unfinished look which the original had, and although this was not objectionable in the drawing, it is in a measure unpleasant in the reproduction. But for the most part the cards lose nothing, and several, those for example of Frederick Dielman, Alfred Fredericks and Walter Satterlee, distinctly gain. The second prize card of Miss L. B. Humphrey is especially good in color, in the reproduction—the melting of tint into tint surpassing the drawing. 'The Laurel Gatherers,' the prize card of Miss Florence E. Taber, is a beautiful example of the perfect rendering of the artist's work to be effected by the chromo-lithography. The variety and excellence of many of the new cards are worthy of comment. Miss Fidelia Bridges is the artist of several meadow scenes, in the peculiar vein which her water-colors brought into notice. Miss Rosina Emmet has a pleasant design, which has never been seen before this season. The Christmas idea is

much more fully brought out than usual, especially in its human and genial aspect. The reverse side of many of the cards are worthy of attention. These are generally covered with an adaption of Japanese decorative motives, and on the whole, show how much more skillful and familiar, even indifferent artists are becoming, by means of the practice which the demand for such souvenirs has given them.

MINOR NOTES.—Van Marcke has been suffering from paralysis in one of his arms.—'Le Polichinelle,' one of Meissonier's smallest works, has been bought from a Viennese collection for \$8,000 by M. Secretan.—J. Tissot has etched ten plates for an illustrated edition of 'Renée Mauperin,' Edmond de Goncourt's new work.—William Morris has recently had on exhibition in Manchester a collection of rugs and carpets made at his shops, in which he claims to supply the good work which formerly came from the Orient, but which, under the modern contract system, is fast disappearing.—The St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts is about to establish a journal, the *Messenger of Fine Arts*.—A life school for the study of the nude has been organized in Cincinnati by Mr. Matt Morgan, who has succeeded in establishing an European scholarship of \$1,200.—The first Loan Exhibition at the South is now holding at Atlanta, Ga.—Two exhibitions are now open at Philadelphia; that of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts has not succeeded in repeating the display of paintings from art students abroad that distinguished it last year.—Discussion is still going on concerning the Longfellow Memorial in Westminster Abbey. The matter does not seem to have fallen into proper hands.—Charles Bonnegrace, a pupil of Baron Gros, at one time a notable portrait painter, but of late years eclipsed by the newer school, recently died in Paris.—Miss Rosa Corder, a young English artist, has recently made a reputation for painting the portraits of horses. This is a special branch of portraiture which is in high favor in England.—Mr. Holman Hunt is about finishing the work on which he has been engaged for several years, 'The Flight Into Egypt.' The composition is novel. Above the principal group, angels are seen moving in the air, supposed to be the souls of the children that have been killed by Herod's decree. The color is striking, being an intense moonlight effect.—A statue of Garibaldi has been modelled by Signor Tomaso Gagliardi, the sculptor of the pediment of the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington, and to be erected in that city. Garibaldi is represented in easy posture, with his left hand on his sword hilt, his right hand on a map of Italy, with the index finger pointing to Rome. His head is uncovered; he wears a military cloak thrown back, revealing his historic red shirt, with a cravat loosely tied under the collar.—Mr. Alma Tadema proposes to avoid making anachronisms in costume among painters by the founding of a costume society, and by making a series of illustrations which shall represent the costumes of all nations at all periods.



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